

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION  
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**2446/01**

**Scheme B**

Unit 6 Poetry and Prose Pre-1914  
(Foundation Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

**OCR Supplied Materials:**

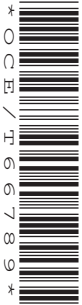
- 8 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

- This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**

**Tuesday 19 May 2009  
Morning**

**Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name clearly in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully and make sure that you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer **two** questions:
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Poetry pre-1914**.
  - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Prose pre-1914**.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 4 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **46**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.



## SECTION A

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Poetry pre-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	4–7	1–6
WILLIAM BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	8–9	7–9
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	10–11	10–12

OCR: *Opening Lines: War*

1 (a)

*Ode, Written in the  
Beginning of the Year 1746*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

5

By fairy hands their knell is wrung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

10

William Collins

(b)

*On the Idle Hill*

On the idle hill of summer,  
Sleepy with the flow of streams,  
Far I hear the steady drummer  
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder  
On the roads of earth go by,  
Dear to friends and food for powder,  
Soldiers marching, all to die.

5

East and west on fields forgotten  
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,  
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;  
None that go return again.

10

Far the calling bugles hollo,  
High the screaming fife replies,  
Gay the files of scarlet follow:  
Woman bore me, I will rise.

15

A. E. Housman

OCR: *Opening Lines: War* (Cont.)

**Either 1** What strikingly different feelings about soldiers who die in war do you find in these two poems?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use. **[21]**

---

**Or 2** What do you find particularly moving about the deaths of Pete in *Come up from the fields father ...* (Whitman) and Tommy in *Tommy's Dead* (Dobell)?

You should consider what you find moving about:

- their families' feelings
- the words and phrases the poets use.

**[21]**

**Or 3** What do you find memorable about the stories of war in *Song* (Brontë) and *The Man He Killed* (Hardy)?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use in your answer. **[21]**

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

*The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd*

If all the world and love were young,  
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pretty pleasures might me move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold, 5  
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
 And Philomel becometh dumb;  
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields 10  
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields:  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten 15  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs –  
 All these in me no means can move 20  
 To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;  
 Had joys no date, nor age no need;  
 Then these delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country* (Cont.)

(b)

*On Wenlock Edge ...*

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;  
 His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;  
 The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
 And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger 5  
 When Uricon the city stood:  
 'Tis the old wind in the old anger,  
 But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman 10  
 At yonder heaving hill would stare:  
 The blood that warms an English yeoman,  
 The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,  
 Through him the gale of life blew high;  
 The tree of man was never quiet: 15  
 Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,  
 It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:  
 Today the Roman and his trouble 20  
 Are ashes under Uricon.

A. E. Housman

**Either** 4 What do you find striking about the descriptions of the countryside in these two poems? [21]

**Or** 5 What very different feelings about places do *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats) and *A Dead Harvest in Kensington Gardens* (Meynell) convey to you?

You should consider:

- why Yeats is attracted to the Isle
- Meynell's feelings about the city's fallen leaves
- the language the poets use. [21]

**Or** 6 What strong impressions of London do *Conveyancing* (Hood) and *Symphony in Yellow* (Wilde) give to you?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use. [21]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*A Cradle Song (Innocence)*

Sweet dreams form a shade  
 O'er my lovely infant's head;  
 Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
 By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down  
 Weave thy brows an infant crown.  
 Sweet sleep, Angel mild,  
 Hover o'er my happy child.

5

Sweet smiles in the night  
 Hover over my delight;  
 Sweet smiles, Mother's smiles,  
 All the livelong night beguiles.

10

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
 Chase not slumber from thy eyes.  
 Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
 All the dovelike moans beguiles.

15

Sleep sleep, happy child,  
 All creation slept and smil'd;  
 Sleep sleep, happy sleep,  
 While o'er thee thy mother weep.

20

Sweet babe, in thy face  
 Holy image I can trace.  
 Sweet babe, once like thee,  
 Thy maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
 When he was an infant small.  
 Thou his image ever see,  
 Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

25

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;  
 Who became an infant small.  
 Infant smiles are his own smiles;  
 Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

30



WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)(b) *Infant Sorrow* (Experience)

My mother groan'd! my father wept.  
 Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
 Helpless, naked, piping loud:  
 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,  
 Striving against my swadling bands,  
 Bound and weary I thought best  
 To sulk upon my mother's breast.

5

**Either** 7 What striking impressions of the infants does Blake create for you in these two poems?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Blake uses.

[21]

**Or** 8 What powerful feelings about the destruction of love does Blake convey to you in *The Sick Rose* (Experience) and *The Garden of Love* (Experience)?

You should consider:

- the effect of the worm on the rose in *The Sick Rose*
- the effect of the Chapel on the Garden in *The Garden of Love*
- the words and phrases Blake uses.

[21]

**Or** 9 What strong feelings do Blake's descriptions of animals and the natural world convey to you in **TWO** of the following poems?

*The Lamb* (Innocence)

*Night* (Innocence)

*The Tyger* (Experience)

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Blake uses.

[21]

10 (a)

*She at His Funeral*

They bear him to his resting-place –  
 In slow procession sweeping by;  
 I follow at a stranger's space;  
 His kindred they, his sweetheart I.

Unchanged my gown of garish dye,  
 Though sable-sad is their attire;  
 But they stand round with griefless eye,  
 Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

5

(b)

*The Ruined Maid*

'O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!  
 Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?  
 And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?' –  
 'O didn't you know I'd been ruined?' said she.

– 'You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,  
 Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;  
 And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!' –  
 'Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined,' said she.

5

– 'At home in the barton you said "thee" and "thou",  
 And "thik oon", and "theäs oon", and "t'other"; but now  
 Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!' –  
 'Some polish is gained with one's ruin,' said she.

10

– 'Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak  
 But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,  
 And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!' –  
 'We never do work when we're ruined,' said she.

15

– 'You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,  
 And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem  
 To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!' –  
 'True. One's pretty lively when ruined,' said she.

20

– 'I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,  
 And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!' –  
 'My dear – a raw country girl, such as you be,  
 Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined,' said she.

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

- Either** 10 What do you find striking about the portrayal of “the sweetheart” (in *She at His Funeral*) and of “Melia” (in *The Ruined Maid*)?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Hardy uses. [21]

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- Or** 11 What strong feelings are conveyed to you by Hardy’s descriptions of winter in *The Darkling Thrush* and *In Tenebris I*?

You should consider:

- the effects of winter
- the moods of the speakers
- the words and phrases Hardy uses.

[21]

- Or** 12 What makes you feel the sadness of death in war in **TWO** of the following poems?

*Drummer Hodge*  
*A Wife in London*  
*The Man He Killed*

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Hardy uses. [21]



## SECTION B

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>Prose pre-1914</b>		
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	14–15	13–15
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	16–17	16–18
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	18–19	19–21
GEORGE ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	20–21	22–24
EDGAR ALLAN POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	22–23	25–27
H. G. WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	24–25	28–30
KATE CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	26–27	31–33

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 13 'Northanger is not more than half my home; I have an establishment at my own house in Woodston, which is nearly twenty miles from my father's, and some of my time is necessarily spent there.'
- 'How sorry you must be for that!'
- 'I am always sorry to leave Eleanor.' 5
- 'Yes; but besides your affection for her, you must be so fond of the abbey! – After being used to such a home as the abbey, an ordinary parsonage-house must be very disagreeable.'
- He smiled, and said, 'You have formed a very favourable idea of the abbey.'
- 'To be sure I have. Is not it a fine old place, just like what one reads about?' 10
- 'And are you prepared to encounter all the horrors that a building such as "what one reads about" may produce? – Have you a stout heart? – Nerves fit for sliding panels and tapestry?'
- 'Oh! yes – I do not think I should be easily frightened, because there would be so many people in the house – and besides, it has never been uninhabited and left deserted for years, and then the family come back to it unawares, without giving any notice, as generally happens.' 15
- 'No, certainly. – We shall not have to explore our way into a hall dimly lighted by the expiring embers of a wood fire – nor be obliged to spread our beds on the floor of a room without windows, doors, or furniture. But you must be aware that when a young lady is (by whatever means) introduced into a dwelling of this kind, she is always lodged apart from the rest of the family. While they snugly repair to their own end of the house, she is formally conducted by Dorothy the ancient house-keeper up a different staircase, and along many gloomy passages, into an apartment never used since some cousin or kin died in it about twenty years before. Can you stand such a ceremony as this? Will not your mind misgive you, when you find yourself in this gloomy chamber – too lofty and extensive for you, with only the feeble rays of a single lamp to take in its size – its walls hung with tapestry exhibiting figures as large as life, and the bed, of dark green stuff or purple velvet, presenting even a funeral appearance. Will not your heart sink within you?' 20 25 30
- 'Oh! but this will not happen to me, I am sure.'
- 'How fearfully will you examine the furniture of your apartment! – And what will you discern? – Not tables, toilettes, wardrobes, or drawers, but on one side perhaps the remains of a broken lute, on the other a ponderous chest which no efforts can open, and over the fireplace the portrait of some handsome warrior, whose features will so incomprehensibly strike you, that you will not be able to withdraw your eyes from it. Dorothy meanwhile, no less struck by your appearance, gazes on you in great agitation, and drops a few unintelligible hints. To raise your spirits, moreover, she gives you reason to suppose that the part of the abbey you inhabit is undoubtedly haunted, and informs you that you will not have a single domestic within call. With this parting cordial she curtsseys off – you listen to the sound of her receding footsteps as long as the last echo can reach you – and when, with fainting spirits, you attempt to fasten your door, you discover, with increased alarm, that it has no lock.' 35 40
- 'Oh! Mr Tilney, how frightful! – This is just like a book! – But it cannot really happen to me.' 45

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

**Either** 13 What makes this such an entertaining moment in the novel for you? [21]

---

**Or** 14 What do you think makes Henry Tilney such a likeable and attractive character in the novel? [21]

**Or** 15 What are your feelings about the way General Tilney treats Catherine?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [21]

16

“But, my dear Tom, if your sister has not got it—”

“Not got it, Mr. Harthouse? I don’t say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She could get it. It’s of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn’t marry old Bounderby for her own sake, or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn’t she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do with it; she is sharp enough; she could manage to coax it out of him, if she chose. Then why doesn’t she choose, when I tell her of what consequence it is? But no. There she sits in his company like a stone, instead of making herself agreeable and getting it easily. I don’t know what you may call this, but / call it unnatural conduct.”

5

10

There was a piece of ornamental water immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Gradgrind Junior, as the injured men of Coketown threatened to pitch their property into the Atlantic. But he preserved his easy attitude; and nothing more solid went over the stone balustrades than the accumulated rosebuds now floating about, a little surface-island.

15

“My dear Tom,” said Harthouse, “let me try to be your banker.”

“For God’s sake,” replied Tom, suddenly “don’t talk about bankers!” And very white he looked, in contrast with the roses. Very white.

20

Mr. Harthouse, as a thoroughly well-bred man, accustomed to the best society, was not to be surprised—he could as soon have been affected—but he raised his eyelids a little more, as if they were lifted by a feeble touch of wonder. Albeit it was as much against the precepts of his school to wonder, as it was against the doctrines of the Gradgrind College.

25

“What is the present need, Tom? Three figures? Out with them. Say what they are.”

“Mr. Harthouse,” returned Tom, now actually crying; and his tears were better than his injuries, however pitiful a figure he made: “it’s too late; the money is of no use to me at present. I should have had it before to be of use to me. But I am very much obliged to you; you’re a true friend.”

30

A true friend! “Whelp, whelp!” thought Mr. Harthouse, lazily; “what an Ass you are!”

“And I take your offer as a great kindness,” said Tom, grasping his hand. “As a great kindness, Mr. Harthouse.”

35

“Well,” returned the other, “it may be of more use by-and-by. And, my good fellow, if you will open your bedevilments to me when they come thick upon you, I may show you better ways out of them than you can find for yourself.”

“Thank you,” said Tom, shaking his head dismally, and chewing rosebuds. “I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Harthouse.”

40

“Now, you see, Tom,” said Mr. Harthouse in conclusion, himself tossing over a rose or two, as a contribution to the island, which was always drifting to the wall as if it wanted to become a part of the mainland: “every man is selfish in everything he does, and I am exactly like the rest of my fellow-creatures. I am desperately intent,” the languor of his desperation being quite tropical; “on your softening towards your sister—which you ought to do; and on your being a more loving and agreeable sort of brother—which you ought to be.”

45

“I will be, Mr. Harthouse.”

“No time like the present, Tom. Begin at once.”

“Certainly I will. And my sister Loo shall say so.”

50

“Having made which bargain, Tom,” said Harthouse, clapping him on the shoulder again, with an air which left him at liberty to infer—as he did, poor fool—



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

that this condition was imposed upon him in mere careless good nature to lessen his sense of obligation, "we will tear ourselves asunder until dinner-time."

When Tom appeared before dinner, though his mind seemed heavy enough, his body was on the alert; and he appeared before Mr. Bounderby came in. "I didn't mean to be cross, Loo," he said, giving her his hand, and kissing her. "I know you are fond of me, and you know I am fond of you."

After this, there was a smile upon Louisa's face that day, for some one else. Alas, for some one else!

"So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

55

60

**Either 16** What do you feel about Tom Gradgrind and James Harthouse as you read this passage? [21]

**Or 17** What do you find moving about the relationship between Sissy and Louisa in the novel?

You might consider:

- their childhood friendship
- how Sissy helps the adult Louisa
- what Dickens tells us about their futures.

[21]

**Or 18** What makes Stephen Blackpool's relationship with his trade union such a dramatic part of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [21]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

The men and women being all busily engaged in saving the hay – even Liddy had left the house for the purpose of lending a hand – Bathsheba resolved to hive the bees herself, if possible. She had dressed the hive with herbs and honey, fetched a ladder, brush, and crook, made herself impregnable with armour of leather gloves, straw hat, and large gauze veil – once green but now faded to snuff colour – and ascended a dozen rungs of the ladder. At once she heard, not ten yards off, a voice that was beginning to have a strange power in agitating her.

5

‘Miss Everdene, let me assist you; you should not attempt such a thing alone.’

Troy was just opening the garden gate.

Bathsheba flung down the brush, crook, and empty hive, pulled the skirt of her dress tightly round her ankles in a tremendous flurry, and as well as she could slid down the ladder. By the time she reached the bottom Troy was there also, and he stooped to pick up the hive.

10

‘How fortunate I am to have dropped in at this moment!’ exclaimed the sergeant.

15

She found her voice in a minute. ‘What! and will you shake them in for me?’ she asked, in what, for a defiant girl, was a faltering way; though, for a timid girl, it would have seemed a brave way enough.

‘Will I!’ said Troy. ‘Why, of course I will. How blooming you are today!’ Troy flung down his cane and put his foot on the ladder to ascend.

20

‘But you must have on the veil and gloves, or you’ll be stung fearfully!’

‘Ah, yes. I must put on the veil and gloves. Will you kindly show me how to fix them properly?’

‘And you must have the broad-brimmed hat, too; for your cap has no brim to keep the veil off, and they’d reach your face.’

25

‘The broad-brimmed hat, too, by all means.’

So a whimsical fate ordered that her hat should be taken off – veil and all attached – and placed upon his head, Troy tossing his own into a gooseberry bush. Then the veil had to be tied at its lower edge round his collar and the gloves put on him.

30

He looked such an extraordinary object in this guise that, flurried as she was, she could not avoid laughing outright. It was the removal of yet another stake from the palisade of cold manners which had kept him off.

Bathsheba looked on from the ground whilst he was busy sweeping and shaking the bees from the tree, holding up the hive with the other hand for them to fall into. She made use of an unobserved minute whilst his attention was absorbed in the operation to arrange her plumes a little. He came down holding the hive at arm’s length, behind which trailed a cloud of bees.

35

‘Upon my life,’ said Troy, through the veil, ‘holding up this hive makes one’s arm ache worse than a week of sword-exercise.’ When the manoeuvre was complete he approached her. ‘Would you be good enough to untie me and let me out? I am nearly stifled inside this silk cage.’

40

To hide her embarrassment during the unwonted process of untying the string about his neck, she said:

‘I have never seen that you spoke of.’

45

‘What?’

‘The sword-exercise.’

‘Ah! would you like to?’ said Troy.

Bathsheba hesitated. She had heard wondrous reports from time to time by dwellers in Weatherbury, who had by chance sojourned awhile in Casterbridge, near the barracks, of this strange and glorious performance, the sword-exercise. Men and boys who had peeped through chinks or over walls into the barrack-yard returned

50

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd* (Cont.)

with accounts of its being the most flashing affair conceivable; accoutrements and weapons glistening like stars – here, there, around – yet all by rule and compass. So she said mildly what she felt strongly.

55

‘Yes; I should like to see it very much.’

**Either 19** What do you find particularly striking about Troy’s effect on Bathsheba at this moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the impact on Bathsheba of Troy’s arrival
- the descriptions of their hiving of the bees
- the suggestions of the growing closeness between them.

[21]

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**Or 20** Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where you feel some sympathy for Boldwood and **ONE** other moment where your feelings about him are different. [21]

**Or 21** What do you think makes the fire and the reunion between Bathsheba and Gabriel (in Chapter 6) such a dramatic part of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

22

Meanwhile, why could he not make up his mind to the absence of children from a hearth brightened by such a wife? Why did his mind fly uneasily to that void, as if it were the sole reason why life was not thoroughly joyous to him? I suppose it is the way with all men and women who reach middle age without the clear perception that life never *can* be thoroughly joyous: under the vague dulness of the grey hours, dissatisfaction seeks a definite object, and finds it in the privation of an untried good. Dissatisfaction, seated musingly on a childless hearth, thinks with envy of the father whose return is greeted by young voices – seated at the meal where the little heads rise one above another like nursery plants, it sees a black care hovering behind every one of them, and thinks the impulses by which men abandon freedom, and seek for ties, are surely nothing but a brief madness. In Godfrey's case there were further reasons why his thoughts should be continually solicited by this one point in his lot: his conscience, never thoroughly easy about Eppie, now gave his childless home the aspect of a retribution; and as the time passed on, under Nancy's refusal to adopt her, any retrieval of his error became more and more difficult.

5

10

15

On this Sunday afternoon it was already four years since there had been any allusion to the subject between them, and Nancy supposed that it was for ever buried.

'I wonder if he'll mind it less or more as he gets older,' she thought; 'I'm afraid more. Aged people feel the miss of children: what would father do without Priscilla? And if I die, Godfrey will be very lonely – not holding together with his brothers much. But I won't be over-anxious, and trying to make things out beforehand: I must do my best for the present.'

20

With that last thought Nancy roused herself from her reverie, and turned her eyes again towards the forsaken page. It had been forsaken longer than she imagined, for she was presently surprised by the appearance of the servant with the tea-things. It was, in fact, a little before the usual time for tea; but Jane had her reasons.

25

'Is your master come into the yard, Jane?'

'No 'm, he isn't,' said Jane, with a slight emphasis, of which, however, her mistress took no notice.

30

'I don't know whether you've seen 'em, 'm,' continued Jane, after a pause, 'but there's folks making haste all one way, afore the front window. I doubt something's happened. There's niver a man to be seen i' the yard, else I'd send and see. I've been up into the top attic, but there's no seeing anything for trees. I hope nobody's hurt, that's all.'

35

'O, no, I daresay there's nothing much the matter,' said Nancy. 'It's perhaps Mr Snell's bull got out again, as he did before.'

'I wish he mayn't gore anybody, then, that's all,' said Jane, not altogether despising a hypothesis which covered a few imaginary calamities.

40

'That girl is always terrifying me,' thought Nancy; 'I wish Godfrey would come in.'

She went to the front window and looked as far as she could see along the road, with an uneasiness which she felt to be childish, for there were now no such signs of excitement as Jane had spoken of, and Godfrey would not be likely to return by the village road, but by the fields.

45

She continued to stand, however, looking at the placid churchyard with the long shadows of the gravestones across the bright green hillocks, and at the glowing autumn colours of the Rectory trees beyond. Before such calm external beauty the presence of a vague fear is more distinctly felt – like a raven flapping its slow wing across the sunny air. Nancy wished more and more that Godfrey would come in.

50

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either 22** What do you think makes this passage so full of tension and suspense? **[21]**

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**Or 23** What do you think makes the relationship between Dunsey (Dunstan) and Godfrey Cass such a powerful part of the novel?

Remember to refer to details from the novel in your answer. **[21]**

**Or 24** In what ways does Dolly Winthrop add to your enjoyment of the novel?

You should consider:

- her character
- her role in the village
- her relationship with Silas.

**[21]**

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Fall of the House of Usher*

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust – but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold – then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

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From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened – there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind – the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight – my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder – there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters – and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the '*House of Usher*'.

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(b)

*The Imp of the Perverse*

At first, I made an effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I walked vigorously – faster – still faster – at length I ran. I felt a maddening desire to shriek aloud. Every succeeding wave of thought overwhelmed me with new terror, for, alas! I well, too well, understood that to *think*, in my situation, was to be lost. I still quickened my pace. I bounded like a madman through the crowded thoroughfares. At length, the populace took the alarm and pursued me. I felt *then* the consummation of my fate. Could I have torn out my tongue, I would have done it – but a rough voice resounded in my ears – a rougher grasp seized me by the shoulder. I turned – I gasped for breath. For a moment I experienced all the pangs of suffocation; I became blind, and deaf, and giddy; and then some invisible fiend, I thought, struck me with his broad palm upon the back. The long-imprisoned secret burst forth from my soul.

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They say that I spoke with a distinct enunciation, but with marked emphasis and passionate hurry, as if in dread of interruption before concluding the brief but pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman and to hell.

Having related all that was necessary for the fullest judicial conviction, I fell prostrate in a swoon.

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But why shall I say more? To-day I wear these chains, and am *here!* To-morrow I shall be fetterless! – but *where?*

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales* (Cont.)

**Either** 25 What do you find gripping here about the endings to these two stories?

You should consider:

- the dramatic nature of the situations
- the thoughts and feelings of the narrators
- the words and phrases Poe uses.

[21]

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**Or** 26 What do you think makes the fear and suffering of the narrators so vivid in *The Pit and the Pendulum* and *The Premature Burial*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

**Or** 27 What captures your interest in the mysteries surrounding **TWO** of the following?

The masked figure (in *The Masque of the Red Death*)

Captain Kidd's treasure (in *The Gold-Bug*)

The missing letter (in *The Purloined Letter*)

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

28

Then Mr Polly stood hesitating, razor in hand, and then sat down. He was trembling violently, but quite unafraid.

He drew the blade lightly under one ear. 'Lord!' but it stung like a nettle!

Then he perceived a little blue thread of flame running up his leg. It arrested his attention, and for a moment he sat, razor in hand, staring at it. It must be paraffin! On his trousers that had caught fire on the stairs. Of course his legs were wet with paraffin! He smacked the flicker with his hand to put it out, and felt his leg burn as he did so. But his trousers still charred and glowed. It seemed to him necessary that he must put this out before he cut his throat. He put down the razor beside him to smack with both hands very eagerly. And as he did so a thin, tall, red flame came up through the hole in the stairs he had made and stood still, quite still as it seemed, and looked at him. It was a strange-looking flame, a flattish salmon colour, redly streaked. It was so queer and quiet-mannered that the sight of it held Mr Polly agape.

'Whuff!' went the can of paraffin below, and boiled over with stinking white fire. At the outbreak, the salmon-coloured flames shivered and ducked and then doubled and vanished, and instantly all the staircase was noisily ablaze.

Mr Polly sprang up and backwards, as though the uprushing tongues of fire were a pack of eager wolves.

'Good Lord!' he cried, like a man who wakes up from a dream.

He swore sharply, and slapped again at a recrudescing flame upon his leg.

'What the Deuce shall I do? I'm soaked with the confounded stuff!'

He had nerved himself for throat-cutting, but this was fire!

He wanted to delay things, to put the fire out for a moment while he did his business. The idea of arresting all this hurry with water occurred to him.

There was no water in the little parlour and none in the shop. He hesitated for a moment whether he should not run upstairs to the bedroom and get a ewer of water to throw on the flames. At this rate, Rumbold's would be ablaze in five minutes. Things were going all too fast for Mr Polly. He ran towards the staircase door, and its hot breath pulled him up sharply. Then he dashed out through the shop. The catch of the front door was sometimes obstinate; it was now, and instantly he became frantic. He rattled and stormed and felt the parlour already ablaze behind him. In another moment he was in the High Street with the door wide open.

The staircase behind him was crackling now like horsewhips and pistol-shots.

He had a vague sense that he wasn't doing as he had proposed, but the chief thing was his sense of that uncontrolled fire within. What was he going to do? There was the fire-brigade station next door but one.

The Fishbourne High Street had never seemed so empty.

Far off, at the corner by the God's Providence Inn, a group of three stiff hobbledehoys in their black, neat clothes conversed intermittently with Taplow, the policeman.

'Hi!' bawled Mr Polly to them. 'Fire! Fire!' and, struck by a horrible thought, the thought of Rumbold's deaf mother-in-law upstairs, began to bang and kick and rattle with the utmost fury at Rumbold's shop door.

'Hi!' he repeated, 'Fire!'

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H. G. WELLS: *The History of Mr Polly* (Cont.)

**Either 28** What do you think makes this such an amusing and dramatic moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- Mr Polly's situation and state of mind at this point
- the descriptions of the fire and of Mr Polly's reactions to it
- the words and phrases Wells uses.

[21]

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**Or 29** What do you find particularly likeable about the character of Mr Polly?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 30** How do the characters of Mr and Mrs Johnson add to your enjoyment of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

31 (a)

*The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*

When the baby was about three months old Désirée awoke one day to the conviction that there was something in the air menacing her peace. It was at first too subtle to grasp. It had only been a disquieting suggestion; an air of mystery among the blacks; unexpected visits from far-off neighbors who could hardly account for their coming. Then a strange, an awful change in her husband's manner, which she dared not ask him to explain. When he spoke to her, it was with averted eyes, from which the old love-light seemed to have gone out. He absented himself from home; and when there, avoided her presence and that of her child, without excuse. And the very spirit of Satan seemed suddenly to take hold of him in his dealings with the slaves. Désirée was miserable enough to die.

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She sat in her room, one hot afternoon, in her peignoir, listlessly drawing through her fingers the strands of her long, silky brown hair that hung about her shoulders. The baby, half-naked, lay asleep upon her own great mahogany bed, that was like a sumptuous throne, with its satin-lined half-canopy. One of La Blanche's little quadroon boys—half naked too—stood fanning the child slowly with a fan of peacock feathers. Désirée's eyes had been fixed absently and sadly upon the baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her. She looked from her child to the boy who stood beside him, and back again; over and over. "Ah!" It was a cry that she could not help; which she was not conscious of having uttered. The blood turned like ice in her veins, and a clammy moisture gathered upon her face.

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She tried to speak to the little quadroon boy; but no sound would come, at first. When he heard his name uttered, he looked up, and his mistress was pointing to the door. He laid aside the great, soft fan, and obediently stole away, over the polished floor, on his bare tiptoes.

25

She stayed motionless, with gaze riveted upon her child, and her face the picture of fright.

(b)

*Beyond the Bayou*

She had reached the abandoned field. As she crossed it with her precious burden, she looked constantly and restlessly from side to side. A terrible fear was upon her—the fear of the world beyond the bayou, the morbid and insane dread she had been under since childhood.

When she was at the bayou's edge she stood there, and shouted for help as if a life depended upon it:

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"Oh, P'tit Maître! P'tit Maître! *Venez donc!* Come! come! *Au secours!* Help! help! *Au secours!*"

No voice responded. Chéri's hot tears were scalding her neck. She called for each and every one upon the place, and still no answer came.

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She shouted, she wailed; but whether her voice remained unheard or unheeded, no reply came to her frenzied cries. And all the while Chéri moaned and wept and entreated to be taken home to his mother.

La Folle gave a last despairing look around her. Extreme terror was upon her. But love struggled more powerfully to impel her forward. She clasped the child close against her breast, where he could feel her heart beat like a muffled hammer.

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La Folle shut her eyes, ran suddenly down the shallow bank of the bayou, and never stopped till she had climbed the opposite shore.

She stood quivering an instant as she opened her eyes. Then she plunged into the foot-path through the fearful trees.

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KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

She spoke no more to Chéri, but muttered constantly, “*Bon Dieu, ayez pitié La Folle!* (O good God, pity La Folle!) *Bon Dieu, ayez pitié moi!* Good God, help me.”

Instinct seemed to guide her. When the pathway spread clear and smooth enough before her, she again closed her eyes tightly against the sight of that unknown and terrifying world that to her looked more crimson than flame. 25

A child, playing in some weeds, caught sight of her as she neared the quarters. The little one uttered a cry of dismay.

“La Folle!” she screamed, in her piercing treble. “La Folle done cross de bayou!”

As quick as light the cry passed down the line of cabins. 30

“Yonda, La Folle done cross de bayou!”

**Either 31** What powerful feelings of fear do these two extracts bring to life for you?

You should consider:

- why the characters are afraid
- the language Chopin uses. [21]

**Or 32** Do you feel sympathy for Tonie in *Tonie/At Chênière Caminada* and for the husband in *Her Letters*, or do you feel otherwise?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [21]

**Or 33** What makes **TWO** of the following characters particularly memorable for you?

Mrs Mallard in *The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour*

Madame Carambeau in *A Matter of Prejudice*

Armand Aubigny in *The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [21]

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