

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

**2446/02**

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

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

**OCR Supplied Materials:**

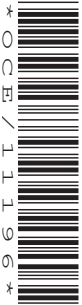
- 8 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

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

**Wednesday 13 January 2010  
Afternoon**

**Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name 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 6 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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## 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)

*Tommy's Dead*

You may give over plough, boys,  
 You may take the gear to the stead;  
 All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
 Will never get beer and bread.  
 The seed's waste, I know, boys; 5  
 There's not a blade will grow, boys;  
 'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys –  
 He's going blind, as I said, 10  
 My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
 To see him in the shed;  
 The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
 She's neither here nor there, boys,  
 I doubt she's badly bred; 15  
 Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
 There'll be no more corn, boys,  
 Neither white nor red;  
 There's no sign of grass, boys,  
 You may sell the goat and the ass, boys, 20  
 The land's not what it was, boys,  
 And the beasts must be fed;  
 You may turn Peg away, boys,  
 You may pay off old Ned,  
 We've had a dull day, boys, 25  
 And Tommy's dead.

Outside and in,  
 The ground is cold to my tread,  
 The hills are wizen and thin,  
 The sky is shrivelled and shred; 30  
 The hedges down by the loan  
 I can count them bone by bone,  
 The leaves are open and spread.  
 But I see the teeth of the land,  
 And hands like a dead man's hand, 35  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fled,  
 And the summer's empty and cold;  
 Over valley and wold, 40  
 Wherever I turn my head,  
 There's a mildew and a mould;  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead. 45

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

What are you about, boys?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys, 50  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed;  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead. 55

Sydney Dobell

(b)

*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 5  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

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, 10  
And freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins

**Either** 1 Compare the poets' striking portrayals of mourning for dead soldiers in these two poems. [30]

**Or** 2 Compare how the poets convey to you powerful impressions of warfare in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (Tennyson) and *The Destruction of Sennacherib* (Byron). [30]

**Or** 3 Compare the ways in which the poets make *Song* (Brontë) and *The Hyaenas* (Kipling) so moving for you. [30]

4 (a)

*The Way Through the Woods*

They shut the road through the woods  
 Seventy years ago.  
 Weather and rain have undone it again,  
 And now you would never know  
 There was once a road through the woods 5  
 Before they planted the trees.  
 It is underneath the coppice and heath  
 And the thin anemones.  
 Only the keeper sees  
 That, where the ring-dove broods, 10  
 And the badgers roll at ease,  
 There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
 Of a summer-evening late,  
 When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools 15  
 Where the otter whistles his mate,  
 (They fear not men in the woods,  
 Because they see so few.)  
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew, 20  
 Steadily cantering through  
 The misty solitudes,  
 As though they perfectly knew  
 The old lost road through the woods. ...  
 But there is no road through the woods. 25

Rudyard Kipling

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

(b)

*Binsey Poplars*

Felled 1879

My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,  
 Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,  
 All felled, felled, are all felled;

Of a fresh and following folded rank

Not spared, not one

That dandled a sandalled

Shadow that swam or sank

On meadow and river and wind-wandering  
 weed-winding bank.

5

O if we but knew what we do

When we delve or hew –

Hack and rack the growing green!

Since country is so tender

To touch, her being so slender,

That, like this sleek and seeing ball

But a prick will make no eye at all,

Where we, even where we mean

To mend her we end her,

When we hew or delve:

After-comers cannot guess the beauty been.

Ten or twelve, only ten or twelve

Strokes of havoc unselfe

The sweet especial scene,

Rural scene, a rural scene,

Sweet especial rural scene.

10

15

20

25

Gerard Manley Hopkins

**Either** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey to you their love of the countryside in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or** 5 In what different ways do the poets create unpleasant impressions of town life in *Conveyancing* (Hood) and *London* (Blake)?

Remember to refer to the words and phrases the poets use.

**[30]**

**Or** 6 What do you find striking and amusing about *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd* (Raleigh) as a response to *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love* (Marlowe)?

Remember to refer to the words and phrases both poets use.

**[30]**

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*Nurse's Song (Innocence)*

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
 And laughing is heard on the hill,  
 My heart is at rest within my breast,  
 And everything else is still.

“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
 And the dews of night arise;  
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away  
 Till the morning appears in the skies.”

5

“No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
 And we cannot go to sleep;  
 Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
 And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.”

10

“Well, well, go & play till the light fades away,  
 And then go home to bed.”  
 The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd  
 And all the hills ecchoed.

15

(b)

*NURSE'S Song (Experience)*

When the voices of children are heard on the green  
 And whisp'rings are in the dale,  
 The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,  
 My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
 And the dews of night arise;  
 Your spring & your day are wasted in play,  
 And your winter and night in disguise.

5

**Either** 7 How does Blake make the feelings of the nurses so strikingly different in these two poems? **[30]**



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

**Or 8** Compare the ways in which Blake so movingly portrays people who are suffering in *The Chimney Sweeper* (Innocence) and *London* (Experience). **[30]**

**Or 9** Compare how Blake conveys strong feelings about the way adults treat children in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Little Black Boy* (Innocence)

*A Cradle Song* (Innocence)

*The Chimney Sweeper* (Experience). **[30]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

*Drummer Hodge*

i

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
 Uncoffined – just as found:  
 His landmark is a kopje-crest  
 That breaks the veldt around;  
 And foreign constellations west  
 Each night above his mound. 5

ii

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –  
 Fresh from his Wessex home –  
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
 The Bush, the dusty loam,  
 And why uprose to nightly view  
 Strange stars amid the gloam. 10

iii

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
 Will Hodge for ever be;  
 His homely Northern breast and brain  
 Grow to some Southern tree,  
 And strange-eyed constellations reign  
 His stars eternally. 15

(b)

*The Darkling Thrush*

I leant upon a coppice gate  
 When Frost was spectre-gray,  
 And Winter's dregs made desolate  
 The weakening eye of day.  
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
 Like strings of broken lyres,  
 And all mankind that haunted night  
 Had sought their household fires. 5

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
 The Century's corpse outleant,  
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
 The wind his death-lament.  
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
 Was shrunken hard and dry,  
 And every spirit upon earth  
 Seemed fervourless as I. 10

At once a voice arose among  
 The bleak twigs overhead  
 In a full-hearted evensong  
 Of joy illimited;  
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
 In blast-beruffled plume,  
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
 Upon the growing gloom. 20

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

So little cause for carolings 25  
 Of such ecstatic sound  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
 Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled through  
 His happy good-night air 30  
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
 And I was unaware.

*31 December 1900*

**Either 10** Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys to you strong feelings about death and isolation in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or 11** Compare the ways in which Hardy makes 'Melina (in *The Ruined Maid*) and the wife (in *A Wife and Another*) such striking and surprising characters.

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases Hardy uses. **[30]**

**Or 12** Explore the different ways in which Hardy vividly conveys to you unhappiness about the passing of time in **TWO** of the following poems:

*I Look Into My Glass*  
*A Broken Appointment*  
*The Self-Unseeing.*

**[30]**



## 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: Short Stories	26–27	31–33

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

13

When the contents of the letter were ascertained, John Thorpe, who had only waited its arrival to begin his journey to London, prepared to be off. 'Well, Miss Morland,' said he, on finding her alone in the parlour, 'I am come to bid you good-bye.' Catherine wished him a good journey. Without appearing to hear her, he walked to the window, fidgeted about, hummed a tune, and seemed wholly self-occupied. 5

'Shall not you be late at Devizes?' said Catherine. He made no answer; but after a minute's silence burst out with, 'A famous good thing this marrying scheme upon my soul! A clever fancy of Morland's and Belle's. What do you think of it, Miss Morland? / say it is no bad notion.'

'I am sure I think it a very good one.'

10

'Do you? – that's honest, by heavens! I am glad you are no enemy to matrimony however. Did you ever hear the old song, "Going to one wedding brings on another?" I say, you will come to Belle's wedding I hope.'

'Yes, I have promised your sister to be with her, if possible.'

'And then you know' – twisting himself about and forcing a foolish laugh – 'I say, then you know, we may try the truth of this same old song.'

15

'May we? – but I never sing. Well, I wish you a good journey. I dine with Miss Tilney today, and must now be going home.'

'Nay, but there is no such confounded hurry. – Who knows when we may be together again? – Not but that I shall be down again by the end of a fortnight, and a devilish long fortnight it will appear to me.'

20

'Then why do you stay away so long?' replied Catherine – finding that he waited for an answer.

'That is kind of you, however – kind and good-natured. – I shall not forget it in a hurry. – But you have more good-nature and all that, than anybody living I believe. A monstrous deal of good-nature, and it is not only good-nature, but you have so much, so much of everything, and then you have such – upon my soul I do not know anybody like you.'

25

'Oh! dear, there are a great many people like me, I dare say, only a good deal better. Good morning to you.'

30

'But I say, Miss Morland, I shall come and pay my respects at Fullerton before it is long, if not disagreeable.'

'Pray do. – My father and mother will be very glad to see you.'

'And I hope – I hope, Miss Morland, *you* will not be sorry to see me.'

'Oh! dear, not at all. There are very few people I am sorry to see. Company is always cheerful.'

35

'That is just my way of thinking. Give me but a little cheerful company, let me only have the company of the people I love, let me only be where I like and with whom I like, and the devil take the rest, say I. – And I am heartily glad to hear you say the same. But I have a notion, Miss Morland, you and I think pretty much alike upon most matters.'

40

'Perhaps we may, but it is more than I ever thought of. And as to *most matters*, to say the truth, there are not many that I know my own mind about.'

'By Jove, no more do I. It is not my way to bother my brains with what does not concern me. My notion of things is simple enough. Let me only have the girl I like, say I, with a comfortable house over my head, and what care I for all the rest? Fortune is nothing. I am sure of a good income of my own; and if she had not a penny, why so much the better.'

45

'Very true. I think like you there. If there is a good fortune on one side, there can be no occasion for any on the other. No matter which has it, so that there is enough. I hate the idea of one great fortune looking out for another. And to marry for money I think the wickedest thing in existence – Good day. – We shall be very glad to see

50

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

you at Fullerton, whenever it is convenient.' And away she went. It was not in the power of all his gallantry to detain her longer. With such news to communicate, and such a visit to prepare for, her departure was not to be delayed by anything in his nature to urge; and she hurried away, leaving him to the undivided consciousness of his own happy address, and her explicit encouragement.

55

**Either 13** In what ways does Austen make this such an amusing moment in the novel? **[30]**

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**Or 14** How does Austen's portrayal of Mrs Allen contribute to your enjoyment of *Northanger Abbey*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or 15** How does Austen persuade you to think that Catherine learns from her experiences?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16

'Very well,' said this gentleman, briskly smiling, and folding his arms. 'That's a horse. Now, let me ask you girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?'

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, 'Yes, Sir!' Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, 'No, Sir!' – as the custom is, in these examinations. 5

'Of course, No. Why wouldn't you?'

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer. Because he wouldn't paper a room at all, but would paint it.

'You *must* paper it,' said the gentleman, rather warmly. 10

'You must paper it,' said Thomas Gradgrind, 'whether you like it or not. Don't tell us you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?'

'I'll explain to you, then,' said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, 'why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality – in fact? Do you?' 15

'Yes, Sir!' from one half. 'No, Sir!' from the other.

'Of course, No,' said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. 'Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don't have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact.' 20

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

'This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery,' said the gentleman. 'Now, I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?' 25

There being a general conviction by this time that 'No, Sir!' was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes: among them Sissy Jupe.

'Girl number twenty,' said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up. 30

'So you would carpet your room – or your husband's room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband – with representations of flowers, would you?' said the gentleman. 'Why would you?'

'If you please, Sir, I am very fond of flowers,' returned the girl.

'And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?' 35

'It wouldn't hurt them, Sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, Sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy——'

'Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn't fancy,' cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. 'That's it! You are never to fancy.' 40

'You are not, Cecilia Jupe,' Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, 'to do anything of that kind.'

'Fact, fact, fact!' said the gentleman. And 'Fact, fact, fact!' repeated Thomas Gradgrind.

'You are to be in all things regulated and governed,' said the gentleman, 'by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery; you cannot be permitted to paint foreign birds and butterflies upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must 50



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,' said the gentleman, 'for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.'

55

The girl curtsied, and sat down. She was very young, and she looked as if she were frightened by the matter-of-fact prospect the world afforded.

**Either** 16 In what ways does Dickens's writing here both amuse and disturb you? **[30]**

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**Or** 17 How does Dickens memorably portray the way Tom Gradgrind treats his sister Louisa?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or** 18 How does Dickens make so enjoyable for you **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where a character is made to look foolish?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

The trimmings of her dress, as they quivered against the light, showed how agitated she was, and at last she burst out crying. 'And you'll not – press me – about anything more – if I say in five or six years?' she sobbed, when she had power to frame the words.

'Yes, then I'll leave it to time.'

5

'Very well. If he does not return, I'll marry you in six years from this day, if we both live,' she said solemnly.

'And you'll take this as a token from me.'

Boldwood had come close to her side, and now he clasped one of her hands in both his own, and lifted it to his breast.

10

'What is it? Oh I cannot wear a ring!' she exclaimed, on seeing what he held; 'besides, I wouldn't have a soul know that it's an engagement! Perhaps it is improper? Besides, we are not engaged in the usual sense, are we? Don't insist, Mr Boldwood – don't!' In her trouble at not being able to get her hand away from him at once, she stamped passionately on the floor with one foot, and tears crowded to her eyes again.

15

'It means simply a pledge – no sentiment – the seal of a practical compact,' he said more quietly, but still retaining her hand in his firm grasp. 'Come, now!' And Boldwood slipped the ring on her finger.

'I cannot wear it,' she said, weeping as if her heart would break. 'You frighten me, almost. So wild a scheme! Please let me go home!'

20

'Only tonight: wear it just tonight, to please me!'

Bathsheba sat down in a chair, and buried her face in her handkerchief, though Boldwood kept her hand yet. At length she said, in a sort of hopeless whisper –

'Very well, then, I will tonight, if you wish it so earnestly. Now loosen my hand; I will, indeed I will wear it tonight.'

25

'And it shall be the beginning of a pleasant secret courtship of six years, with a wedding at the end?'

'It must be, I suppose, since you will have it so!' she said, fairly beaten into non-resistance.

30

Boldwood pressed her hand, and allowed it to drop in her lap. 'I am happy now,' he said. 'God bless you!'

He left the room, and when he thought she might be sufficiently composed sent one of the maids to her. Bathsheba cloaked the effects of the late scene as she best could, followed the girl, and in a few moments came downstairs with her hat and cloak on, ready to go. To get to the door it was necessary to pass through the hall, and before doing so she paused on the bottom of the staircase which descended into one corner, to take a last look at the gathering.

35

There was no music or dancing in progress just now. At the lower end, which had been arranged for the workfolk specially, a group conversed in whispers, and with clouded looks. Boldwood was standing by the fireplace, and he, too, though so absorbed in visions arising from her promise that he scarcely saw anything, seemed at that moment to have observed their peculiar manner, and their looks askance.

40

'What is it you are in doubt about, men?' he said.

One of them turned and replied uneasily: 'It was something Laban heard of, that's all, sir.'

45

'News? Anybody married or engaged, born or dead?' inquired the farmer, gaily. 'Tell it to us, Tall. One would think from your looks and mysterious ways that it was something very dreadful indeed.'

'O no, sir, nobody is dead,' said Tall.

50

'I wish somebody was,' said Samway, in a whisper.

'What do you say, Samway?' asked Boldwood, somewhat sharply. 'If you have anything to say, speak out; if not get up another dance.'

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

'Mrs Troy has come downstairs,' said Samway to Tall. 'If you want to tell her, you had better do it now.'

55

'Do you know what they mean?' the farmer asked Bathsheba, across the room.

'I don't in the least,' said Bathsheba.

There was a smart rapping at the door.

**Either**    **19**    Explore some of the ways in which Hardy makes this such a gripping moment in the novel. **[30]**

---

**Or**        **20**    How does Hardy encourage you to feel such strong sympathy for Fanny Robin?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or**        **21**    How does Hardy make the covering of the ricks (in Chapter 37) such an exciting and revealing part of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

22

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns, grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a-day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not wile away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound, until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving – looking towards the end of his pattern, or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to his mind: hoarding was common in country districts in those days; there were old labourers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock-beds; but their rustic neighbours, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to ‘run away’ – a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love – only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner’s face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him ‘Old Master Marner’.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either** 22 How does Eliot vividly convey the effect that Silas's gold has on him at this point in the novel? **[30]**

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**Or** 23 In what ways does Eliot make the New Year's Eve party at the Red House such a memorable and significant part of the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or** 24 Explore the moment in the novel where Eliot encourages you to feel the most sympathy for Nancy.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

'If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?' 5

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. 'A madman,' I said, 'has done this deed – some raving maniac, escaped from a neighbouring *Maison de Santé*.'

'In some respects,' he replied, 'your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Españaye. Tell me what you can make of it.' 10

'Dupin!' I said, completely unnerved; 'this hair is most unusual – this is no *human* hair.' 15

(b)

*The Masque of the Red Death*

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumour of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise – then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust. 5

**Either** 25 How do you think Poe creates such a powerful feeling of suspense in these two extracts? [30]

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

- Or**     **26** Explore the ways in which Poe makes the endings to these **TWO** stories particularly dramatic and unexpected:

*The Pit and the Pendulum*  
*The Premature Burial.*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. **[30]**

- Or**     **27** How does Poe make the narrators particularly fascinating for you in **TWO** of the following stories?

*The Fall of the House of Usher*  
*The Black Cat*  
*The Cask of Amontillado*

Remember to support your choices with details from the stories. **[30]**

28

He put an arm over the back of the seat, and assumed a more comfortable attitude. He glanced at Miriam, who was sitting in a lax thoughtful pose with her eyes on the flowers. She was wearing her old dress. She had not had time to change, and the blue tones of her old dress brought out a certain warmth in her skin, and her pose exaggerated whatever was feminine in her rather lean and insufficient body, and rounded her flat chest delusively. A little line of light lay across her profile. The afternoon was full of transfiguring sunshine, children were playing noisily in the adjacent sandpit, some Judas trees were abloom in the villa gardens that bordered the recreation ground, and all the place was bright with touches of young summer colour. It all merged with the effect of Miriam in Mr Polly's mind.

5

Her thought found speech. 'One did ought to be happy in a shop,' she said, with a note of unusual softness in her voice.

It seemed to him that she was right. One did ought to be happy in a shop. Folly not to banish dreams that made one ache of townless woods and bracken tangles and red-haired linen-clad figures sitting in dappled sunshine upon grey and crumbling walls and looking queenly down on one with clear blue eyes. Cruel and foolish dreams they were, that ended in one's being laughed at and made a mock of. There was no mockery here.

15

'A shop's such a respectable thing to be,' said Miriam thoughtfully.

'I could be happy in a shop,' he said.

20

His sense of effect had made him pause.

'If I had the right company,' he added.

She became very still.

Mr Polly swerved a little from the conversational ice-run upon which he had embarked.

25

'I'm not such a blooming Geezer,' he said, 'as not to be able to sell goods a bit. One has to be nosy over one's buying, of course. But I shall do all right.'

He stopped, and felt falling, falling through the aching silence that followed.

'If you get the right company,' said Miriam.

'I shall get that all right.'

30

'You don't mean you've got some one—?'

He found himself plunging.

'I've got some one in my eye this minute,' he said.

'Elfrid!' she said, turning to him. 'You don't mean—'

Well, *did* he mean? 'I do!' he said.

35

'Not reely!' She clenched her hands to keep still.

He took the conclusive step.

'Well, you and me, Miriam, in a little shop, with a cat and a canary—' He tried too late to get back to a hypothetical note. 'Just suppose it!'

'You mean,' said Miriam, 'you're in love with me, Elfrid?'

40

What possible answer can a man give to such a question but 'Yes!'

Regardless of the public park, the children in the sandpit, and every one, she bent forward and seized his shoulder and kissed him on the lips. Something lit up in Mr Polly at the touch. He put an arm about her and kissed her back, and felt an irrevocable act was sealed. He had a curious feeling that it would be very satisfying to marry and have a wife—only somehow he wished it wasn't Miriam. Her lips were very pleasant to him, and the feel of her in his arm.

45

They recoiled a little from each other, and sat for a moment flushed and awkwardly silent. His mind was altogether incapable of controlling its confusions.

'I didn't dream,' said Miriam, 'you cared—Sometimes I thought it was Annie, sometimes Minnie—'

50

'Always I liked you better than them,' said Mr Polly.



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

‘I loved you, Elfrid,’ said Miriam, ‘since ever we met at your poor father’s funeral. Leastways I *would* have done if I had thought—You didn’t seem to mean anything you said.’ 55

‘I can’t believe it!’ she added.

‘Nor I,’ said Mr Polly.

‘You mean to marry me and start that little shop?’

‘Soon as ever I find it,’ said Mr Polly.

‘I had no more idea when I came out with you—’ 60

‘Nor me.’

‘It’s like a dream.’

They said no more for a little while.

‘I got to pinch myself to think it’s real,’ said Miriam. ‘What they’ll do without me at ’ome I can’t imagine. When I tell them—’ 65

For the life of him Mr Polly could not tell whether he was fullest of tender anticipations or regretful panic.

**Either 28** Explore the ways in which Wells creates such an amusing proposal scene here. [30]

**Or 29** How does Wells convey to you such a vivid sense of Mr Polly’s unhappiness as a shopkeeper in Fishbourne?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

**Or 30** How does Wells encourage you to laugh at **ONE** or **TWO** of the following characters?

Mr Garvace  
Mr Voules  
Mr Rumbold

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

*At the 'Cadian Ball*

Now and then were short lulls in the dance, when couples flocked out upon the galleries for a brief respite and a breath of air. The moon had gone down pale in the west, and in the east was yet no promise of day. After such an interval, when the dancers again assembled to resume the interrupted quadrille, Calixta was not among them. 5

She was sitting out upon a bench in the shadow, with Alcée beside her. They were acting like fools. He had attempted to take a little gold ring from her finger; just for the fun of it, for there was nothing he could have done with the ring but replace it again. But she clinched her hand tight. He had pretended that it was a very difficult matter to open it. Then he kept the hand in his. They seemed to forget about it. He played with her ear-ring, a thin crescent of gold hanging from her small brown ear. He caught a whisp of the kinky hair that had escaped its fastening, and rubbed the ends of it against his shaven cheek. 10

'You know, last year in Assumption, Calixta.' They belonged to the younger generation, so preferred to speak English. 15

'Don't come say Assumption to me, M'sieur Alcée. I done yeard Assumption till I'm plumb sick.'

'Yes, I know. The idiots! Because you were in Assumption, and I happened to go to Assumption, they must have it that we went together. But it was nice—*hein*, Calixta?—in Assumption?' 20

They saw Bobinôt emerge from the hall and stand a moment outside the lighted doorway, peering uneasily and searchingly into the darkness. He did not see them, and went slowly back.

'There is Bobinôt looking for you. You are going to set poor Bobinôt crazy. You'll marry him some day; *hein*, Calixta?' 25

'I don't say, no, me,' she replied, striving to withdraw her hand, which he held more firmly for the attempt.

'But come, Calixta; you know you said you would go back to Assumption, just to spite them.'

'No, I never said that, me. You mus' dreamt that.' 30

'Oh, I thought you did. You know I'm going down to the city.'

'W'en?'

'To-night.'

'You betta make has'e, then; it's mos't day.'

'Well, to-morrow 'll do.' 35

'W'at you goin' do, yonda?'

'I don't know. Drown myself in the lake, maybe; unless you go down there to visit your uncle.'

Calixta's senses were reeling; and they well-nigh left her when she felt Alcée's lips brush her ear like the touch of a rose. 40

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)(b) *Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*

Tonie could now faintly hear the Angelus bell himself. A vision of the church came with it, the odor of incense and the sound of the organ. The girl before him was again that celestial being whom Our Lady of Lourdes had once offered to his immortal vision.

It was growing dusk when they landed at the pier, and frogs had begun to croak among the reeds in the pools. There were two of Mlle. Duvigné's usual attendants anxiously awaiting her return. But she chose to let Tonie assist her out of the boat. The touch of her hand fired his blood again. 5

She said to him very low and half-laughing: 'I have no money tonight, Tonie; take this instead,' pressing into his palm a delicate silver chain, which she had worn twined about her bare wrist. It was purely a spirit of coquetry that prompted the action, and a touch of the sentimentality which most women possess. She had read in some romance of a young girl doing something like that. 10

As she walked away between her two attendants she fancied Tonie pressing the chain to his lips. But he was standing quite still, and held it buried in his tightly-closed hand; wanting to hold as long as he might the warmth of the body that still penetrated the bauble when she thrust it into his hand. 15

He watched her retreating figure like a blotch against the fading sky. He was stirred by a terrible, an overmastering regret, that he had not clasped her in his arms when they were out alone, and sprung with her into the sea. It was what he had vaguely meant to do when the sound of the Angelus had weakened and palsied his resolution. Now she was going from him, fading away into the mist with those figures on either side of her, leaving him alone. He resolved within himself that if ever again she were out there on the sea at his mercy, she would have to perish in his arms. He would go far, far out, where the sound of no bell, could reach him. There was some comfort for him in the thought. 20 25

**Either** 31 How does Chopin's writing here reveal the nature of the relationships between Calixta and Alcée in *At the 'Cadian Ball* and Claire and Tonie in *Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*? [30]

**Or** 32 In what ways does Chopin portray prejudice so powerfully in *A Matter of Prejudice* and *The Father of Désirée's Baby/Désirée's Baby*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [30]

**Or** 33 Explore the ways in which Chopin makes any **TWO** stories in this selection particularly shocking for you.

Remember to support your choices with details from the stories. [30]

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