

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

2444/01

Scheme A

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts (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.

**Thursday 28 January 2010
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.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section C: 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.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **42**.
- This document consists of **36** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION C – Prose pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 22

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section A – Drama pre-1914		
SHAKESPEARE: <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4–5	1–2
SHAKESPEARE: <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	6–7	3–4
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IBSEN: <i>An Enemy of the People</i>	10–11	7–8

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1	<i>Enter</i> LEONATO and DOGBERRY the Constable and VERGES the Headborough		
LEONATO:	What would you with me, honest neighbour?		
DOGBERRY:	Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.		5
LEONATO:	Brief I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me.		
DOGBERRY:	Marry this it is, sir.		
VERGES:	Yes in truth it is, sir.		
LEONATO:	What is it, my good friends?		
DOGBERRY:	Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter, an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help I would desire they were, but in faith honest, as the skin between his brows.		10
VERGES:	Yes I thank God, I am honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.		
DOGBERRY:	Comparisons are odorous – <i>palabras</i> , neighbour Verges.		15
LEONATO:	Neighbours, you are tedious.		
DOGBERRY:	It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers. But truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.		
LEONATO:	All thy tediousness on me, ah?		20
DOGBERRY:	Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.		
VERGES:	And so am I.		
LEONATO:	I would fain know what you have to say.		25
VERGES:	Marry, sir, our watch tonight, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.		
DOGBERRY:	A good old man, sir, he will be talking – as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out'. God help us, it is a world to see. Well said i'faith, neighbour Verges. Well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul i'faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread. But God is to be worshipped – all men are not alike. Alas, good neighbour.		30
LEONATO:	Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.		
DOGBERRY:	Gifts that God gives.		35
LEONATO:	I must leave you.		
DOGBERRY:	One word, sir, our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.		
LEONATO:	Take their examination yourself, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.		40
DOGBERRY:	It shall be suffigance.		

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing* (Cont.)

Either 1 What do you find particularly amusing and dramatic about this moment in the play?

You should consider:

- what the conversation between Leonato and the men of the Watch is about
- the way Dogberry uses words.

[14]

Or 2 You are Leonato. You are just about to meet Claudio for the marriage to your 'niece', who is in fact Hero in disguise.

You might be thinking about:

- what Claudio has done
- what you feel about Hero marrying Claudio now.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*3 *Capulet's mansion. Enter Juliet.*

JULIET: The clock struck nine when I did send the Nurse;
 In half an hour she promised to return.
 Perchance she cannot meet him – that's not so –
 O she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts, 5
 Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills.
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill 10
 Of this day's journey, and from nine to twelve
 Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She would be swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love, 15
 And his to me.
 But old folks – many feign as they were dead,
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
 O God she comes! O honey nurse, what news?

Enter Nurse and Peter 20

NURSE: Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
 Peter, stay at the gate.

Exit Peter

JULIET: Now good sweet Nurse – O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
 Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily. 25
 If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet* (Cont.)

Either 3 What does this passage reveal to you about how Juliet is feeling at this moment in the play? [14]

Or 4 You are Tybalt. You have just left the masked ball after the disagreement with your uncle, Lord Capulet.

You might be thinking about:

- what Lord Capulet has just said to you
- your feelings about Romeo.

Write your thoughts. [14]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 LORD GORING: Nothing. But, my dear Lady Chiltern, I think, if you will allow me to say so, that in practical life –
- LADY CHILTERN: [*smiling*]. Of which you know so little, Lord Goring –
- LORD GORING: Of which I know nothing by experience, though I know something by observation. I think that in practical life there is something about success, actual success, that is a little unscrupulous, something about ambition that is unscrupulous always. Once a man has set his heart and soul on getting to a certain point, if he has to climb the crag, he climbs the crag; if he has to walk in the mire – 5
- LADY CHILTERN: Well?
- LORD GORING: He walks in the mire. Of course I am only talking generally about life. 10
- LADY CHILTERN: [*gravely*]. I hope so. Why do you look at me so strangely, Lord Goring? 15
- LORD GORING: Lady Chiltern, I have sometimes thought that ... perhaps you are a little hard in some of your views on life. I think that ... often you don't make sufficient allowances. In every nature there are elements of weakness, or worse than weakness. Supposing, for instance, that – that any public man, my father, or Lord Merton, or Robert, say, had, years ago, written some foolish letter to someone ... 20
- LADY CHILTERN: What do you mean by a foolish letter?
- LORD GORING: A letter gravely compromising one's position. I am only putting an imaginary case. 25
- LADY CHILTERN: Robert is as incapable of doing a foolish thing as he is of doing a wrong thing.
- LORD GORING: [*after a long pause*]. Nobody is incapable of doing a foolish thing. Nobody is incapable of doing a wrong thing.
- LADY CHILTERN: Are you a Pessimist? What will the other dandies say? They will all have to go into mourning. 30
- LORD GORING: [*rising*]. No, Lady Chiltern, I am not a Pessimist. Indeed I am not sure that I quite know what Pessimism really means. All I do know is that life cannot be understood without much charity, cannot be lived without much charity. It is love, and not German philosophy, that is the true explanation of this world, whatever may be the explanation of the next. And if you are ever in trouble, Lady Chiltern, trust me absolutely, and I will help you in every way I can. If you ever want me, come to me for my assistance, and you shall have it. Come at once to me. 35
- LADY CHILTERN: [*looking at him in surprise*]. Lord Goring, you are talking quite seriously. I don't think I every heard you talk seriously before.
- LORD GORING: [*laughing*]. You must excuse me, Lady Chiltern. It won't occur again, if I can help it. 40
- LADY CHILTERN: But I like you to be serious. 45

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband* (Cont.)

Either 5 What good impressions of Lord Goring do you form at this point in the play?

Remember to refer closely to details from the extract.

[14]

Or 6 You are Lady Chiltern. You have just met Mrs Cheveley at your party, for the first time since you left school.

You might be thinking about:

- your feelings about meeting her in your own house
- your impressions of her now.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 DR STOCKMANN: [*after the noise has died down somewhat*] Be reasonable! Can't you bear to hear the voice of truth just for once? I don't expect you all to agree with me straight off. But I must say I expected Mr Hovstad to admit I was right when he'd got over his first shock. Mr Hovstad claims to be a free-thinker ... 5
- VOICES: [*in astonished undertones*] Free-thinker, did he say? What? Mr Hovstad a free-thinker?
- HOVSTAD: [*shouting*] Prove it, Dr Stockmann! Have I ever said so in black and white?
- DR STOCKMANN: [*reflectively*] No, damn it, you are right. You've never had the guts. Well, I don't want to embarrass you, Mr Hovstad. Let's say it's me who's the free-thinker, then. What I'm going to do is prove to you, scientifically, that when the *People's Herald* tells you that you – the general public, the masses – are the real essence of the people, it's just a lot of bunkum. Don't you see it's just a journalistic lie? The public is only the raw material from which a people is made. [*Murmurs, laughter and general disturbance in the room*] Well, isn't that the way it is with life generally? Look at the difference between pedigree and cross-bred animals. Look at an ordinary barn-yard hen, for instance – fat lot of meat you get off a scraggy old thing like that! And what about the eggs it lays? Any decent, self-respecting crow could do as well. But take a pure-bred Spanish or Japanese hen, or take a pheasant or a turkey – ah! what a difference! Or I might mention dogs, which are so like humans in many ways. Think first of an ordinary mongrel – I mean one of those filthy, shaggy rough dogs that do nothing but run about the streets and cock their legs against all the walls. Compare a mongrel like that with a poodle who has been properly fed and had grown up among quiet voices and soft music. Don't you think the poodle's brain will have developed quite differently from the mongrel's? You bet it will! That kind of pedigree dog can be trained to do the most fantastic tricks – things an ordinary mongrel could never learn even if it stood on its head. 10
15
20
25
30
- [*Uproar and laughter*] 35
- A MAN: [*shouts*] Are you trying to make out we are dogs now?
- ANOTHER MAN: We're not animals, Doctor!
- DR STOCKMANN: Ah, but that's exactly what you are, my friend! We are as good animals as any man could wish for. But you don't find all that many really outstanding ones. Oh, there's a tremendous difference between the poodles and the mongrels amongst us men. And the funny thing is that Mr Hovstad fully agrees with me as long as we are talking about four-footed animals ... 40
- HOVSTAD: Yes, it's all right for them.
- DR STOCKMANN: All right. But as soon as I apply the principle to two-legged creatures, that's the end of it for Mr Hovstad. He hasn't the courage of his convictions, he doesn't take things to their logical conclusion. So he turns the whole theory upside down and proclaims in the *Herald* that that the barn-yard hen and the street-corner mongrel – that these are the finest exhibits in the menagerie. But that's always the way, and always will be as long as a man still remains infected by the mass mind, and hasn't worked his way free to some kind of intellectual distinction. 45
50

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People* (Cont.)

Either 7 What do you think makes this such a dramatic moment in the play? [14]

Or 8 Which **ONE** character in *An Enemy of the People* do you most admire?
Remember to support your choice with details from the play. [14]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section B – Poetry pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	14–17	9–12
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	18–19	13–14
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	20–21	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (a)

From *After Blenheim*

I

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun:
 And by him sported on the green 5
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found: 10
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head, 15
 And with a natural sigh
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
 'Who fell in the great victory.

IV

'I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about; 20
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men,' said he,
 'Were slain in that great victory.'

Robert Southey

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War (Cont.)*(b) From *Come up from the fields father ...*

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind, 5

Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)
Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well. 10

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap. 15

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our son, O stricken mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital, 20
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans. 25

Walt Whitman

Either 9 What makes the pictures of nature and the surroundings in these opening lines of the poems so striking for you?

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images of the poems. [14]

Or 10 What makes you sympathise with the soldiers in **TWO** of the following poems?

Song (Brontë)
The Charge of the Light Brigade (Tennyson)
The Hyaenas (Kipling)

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images the poets use. [14]

OCR *Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country*

11 (a)

Symphony in Yellow

An omnibus across the bridge
Crawls like a yellow butterfly,
And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay 5
Are moored against the shadowy wharf,
And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade 10
And flutter from the Temple elms,
And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

Oscar Wilde

OCR Opening Lines: Section D: Town and Country (Cont.)

(b)

A Dead Harvest
In Kensington Gardens

Along the graceless grass of town
They rake the rows of red and brown, –
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,
Raked long ago and far away.

5

A narrow silence in the park.
Between the lights a narrow dark.
One street rolls on the north; and one,
Muffled, upon the south doth run;
Amid the mist the work is done.

10

A futile crop! – for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the shedding of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

15

Alice Meynell

Either 11 What vivid pictures of London scenes do these two poems create for you?

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [14]

Or 12 What feelings of regret or longing do the poets convey to you in **TWO** of the following poems?

The Way Through the Woods (Kipling)

Beeny Cliff (Hardy)

The Lake Isle of Innisfree (Yeats)

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images the poets use. [14]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

From *Night (Innocence)*

The sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine;
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine. 5
 The moon like a flower,
 In heaven's high bower,
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
 Where flocks have took delight; 10
 Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
 The feet of angels bright;
 Unseen they pour blessing,
 And joy without ceasing, 15
 On each bud and blossom,
 And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
 Where birds are cover'd warm;
 They visit caves of every beast,
 To keep them all from harm; 20
 If they see any weeping
 That should have been sleeping,
 They pour sleep on their head
 And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey, 25
 They pitying stand and weep;
 Seeking to drive their thirst away,
 And keep them from the sheep.
 But if they rush dreadful,
 The angels, most heedful, 30
 Receive each mild spirit,
 New worlds to inherit.

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

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man, 5
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry 10
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear 15
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

Either 13 What different feelings do the descriptions in these two poems create for you? **[14]**

Or 14 What moving thoughts about children do **TWO** of the following poems convey to you?

Holy Thursday (Innocence)

Nurse's Song (Innocence)

Infant Sorrow (Experience)

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images that Blake uses. **[14]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

Neutral Tones

We stood by a pond that winter day,
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;
 – They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove 5
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;
 And some words played between us to and fro
 On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing 10
 Alive enough to have strength to die;
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives, 15
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

THOMAS HARDY: Selected Poems (Cont.)

(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 5
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry, 15
 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervourless as I.

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

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 15 What powerful feelings do Hardy's descriptions of nature and the natural world convey to you in these two poems? [14]

Or 16 What thoughts about war do **TWO** of the following poems powerfully convey to you?

Valenciennes
Drummer Hodge
The Man He Killed

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images that Hardy uses. [14]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section C – Prose pre-1914		
AUSTEN: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	23	17–18
DICKENS: <i>Hard Times</i>	24	19–20
HARDY: <i>Far From the Madding Crowd</i>	26–27	21–22
ELIOT: <i>Silas Marner</i>	28	23–24
POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	30–31	25–26
WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	32–33	27–28
CHOPIN: <i>Short Stories</i>	34–35	29–30

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 They made their appearance in the Lower Rooms; and here fortune was more favourable to our heroine. The master of the ceremonies introduced to her a very gentlemanlike young man as a partner;—his name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five and twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it. His address was good, and Catherine felt herself in high luck. There was little leisure for speaking while they danced; but when they were seated at tea, she found him as agreeable as she had already given him credit for being. He talked with fluency and spirit – and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with—‘I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here; I have not yet asked you how long you have been in Bath; whether you were ever here before; whether you have been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert; and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent—but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are I will begin directly.’
- 5
- 10
- 15
- ‘You need not give yourself that trouble, sir.’
- ‘No trouble I assure you, madam.’ Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, ‘Have you been long in Bath, madam?’
- 20
- ‘About a week, sir,’ replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.
- ‘Really!’ with affected astonishment.
- ‘Why should you be surprized, sir?’
- ‘Why, indeed!’ said he, in his natural tone—‘but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprize is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable than any other.—Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?’
- 25
- ‘Never, sir.’
- ‘Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?’
- ‘Yes, sir, I was there last Monday.’
- ‘Have you been to the theatre?’
- 30
- ‘Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday.’
- ‘To the concert?’
- ‘Yes, sir, on Wednesday.’
- ‘And are you altogether pleased with Bath?’
- ‘Yes—I like it very well.’
- 35
- ‘Now I must give one smirk, and then we may be rational again.’

Either 17 What first impressions of Henry Tilney do you form here?

You should consider:

- Catherine’s reactions to him
- the way he speaks to her.

[14]

Or 18 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where you feel that a character behaves very selfishly.

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel.

[14]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'Father, I want to speak to you.'
- 'What is the matter? How strange you look! And good Heaven,' said Mr Gradgrind, wondering more and more, 'have you come here exposed to this storm?'
- She put her hands to her dress, as if she hardly knew. 'Yes.' Then she uncovered her head, and letting her cloak and hood fall where they might, stood looking at him; so colourless, so dishevelled, so defiant and despairing, that he was afraid of her. 5
- 'What is it? I conjure you, Louisa, tell me what is the matter.'
- She dropped into a chair before him, and put her cold hand on his arm.
- 'Father, you have trained me from my cradle.'
- 'Yes, Louisa.' 10
- 'I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny.'
- He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating, 'Curse the hour? Curse the hour?'
- 'How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father, what have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed once, in this great wilderness here!' 15
- She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.
- 'If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say this; but, father, you remember the last time we conversed in this room?' 20
- He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now, that it was with difficulty he answered, 'Yes, Louisa.'
- 'What has risen to my lips now, would have risen to my lips then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have never nurtured in yourself; but O! if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day!' 25

Either 19 What do you find so moving about this moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the relationship that exists between Louisa and her father
- how they speak to each other here.

[14]

Or 20 What do you think makes Mrs Sparsit such an unpleasant character?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel.

[14]

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Turn to page 26 for Question 21.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 Bathsheba took from her desk a gorgeously illuminated and embossed design in post-octavo, which had been bought on the previous day at the chief stationer's in Casterbridge. In the centre was a small oval enclosure; this was left blank, that the sender might insert tender words more appropriate to the special occasion than any generalities by a printer could possibly be. 5
- 'Here's a place for writing,' said Bathsheba. 'What shall I put?'
- 'Something of this sort, I should think,' returned Liddy promptly:
- 'The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Carnation's sweet,
And so are you.'
- 10
- 'Yes, that shall be it. Just suits itself to a chubby-faced child like him,' said Bathsheba. She inserted the words in a small though legible handwriting; enclosed the sheet in an envelope, and dipped her pen for the direction.
- 'What fun it would be to send it to the stupid old Boldwood, and how he would wonder!' said the irrepressible Liddy, lifting her eyebrows, and indulging in an awful mirth on the verge of fear as she thought of the moral and social magnitude of the man contemplated. 15
- Bathsheba paused to regard the idea at full length. Boldwood's had begun to be a troublesome image – a species of Daniel in her kingdom who persisted in kneeling eastward when reason and common sense said that he might just as well follow suit with the rest, and afford her the official glance of admiration which cost nothing at all. She was far from being seriously concerned about his nonconformity. Still, it was faintly depressing that the most dignified and valuable man in the parish should withhold his eyes, and that a girl like Liddy should talk about it. So Liddy's idea was 20
- at first rather harassing than piquant. 25
- 'No, I won't do that. He wouldn't see any humour in it.'
- 'He'd worry to death,' said the persistent Liddy.
- 'Really, I don't care particularly to send it to Teddy,' remarked her mistress. 'He's rather a naughty child sometimes.' 30
- 'Yes – that he is.'
- 'Let's toss, as men do,' said Bathsheba, idly. 'Now then, head, Boldwood; tail, Teddy. No, we won't toss money on a Sunday, that would be tempting the devil indeed.'
- 'Toss this hymn-book; there can't be much sinfulness in that, miss.'
- 'Very well. Open, Boldwood – shut, Teddy. No; it's more likely to fall open. Open, 35
Teddy – shut, Boldwood.'
- The book went fluttering in the air and came down shut.
- Bathsheba, a small yawn upon her mouth, took the pen, and with offhand serenity directed the missive to Boldwood.

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

Either 21 What makes Bathsheba's behaviour at this moment in the novel so striking for you? [14]

Or 22 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel which makes you feel especially sympathetic towards Fanny Robin. [14]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and ‘make her remember.’ The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth. 5
- ‘Naughty, naughty Eppie,’ he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—‘naughty to cut with the scissors, and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.’ 10
- He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, ‘Opy, opy!’ and Silas let her out again, saying, ‘Now Eppie ’ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place.’ 15
- The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more. 20
- In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, ‘Eppie in de toal-hole!’ 25
- This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas’s belief in the efficacy of punishment. ‘She’d take it all for fun,’ he observed to Dolly, ‘if I didn’t hurt her, and that I can’t do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o’ trouble, I can bear it. And she’s got no tricks but what she’ll grow out of.’ 30

Either 23 What do you find amusing here about the difficulties that Silas experiences in being a father to Eppie? [14]

Or 24 What impressions of Squire Cass and his sons do you form when they first appear in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [14]

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Turn to page 26 for Question 25.

25 (a)

The Black Cat

One night, returning home, much intoxicated, from one of my haunts about town, I fancied that the cat avoided my presence. I seized him; when, in his fright at my violence, he inflicted a slight wound upon my hand with his teeth. The fury of a demon instantly possessed me. I knew myself no longer. My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body; and a more than fiendish malevolence, gin-nurtured, thrilled every fibre of my frame. I took from my waistcoat pocket a penknife, opened it, grasped the poor creature by the throat, and deliberately cut one of its eyes from the socket! I blush, I burn, I shudder while I pen the damnable atrocity. 5

When reason returned with the morning – when I had slept off the fumes of the night's debauch – I experienced a sentiment half of horror, half of remorse, for the crime of which I had been guilty; but it was, at best, a feeble and equivocal feeling, and the soul remained untouched. I again plunged into excess, and soon drowned in wine all memory of the deed. 10

In the meantime the cat slowly recovered. The socket of the lost eye presented, it is true, a frightful appearance, but he no longer appeared to suffer any pain. He went about the house as usual, but, as might be expected, fled in extreme terror at my approach. I had so much of my old heart left, as to be at first grieved by this evident dislike on the part of a creature which had once so loved me, but this feeling soon gave way to irritation. 15

(b)

The Premature Burial

An officer of artillery, a man of gigantic stature and of robust health, being thrown from an unmanageable horse, received a very severe contusion upon the head, which rendered him insensible at once; the skull was slightly fractured, but no immediate danger was apprehended. Trepanning was accomplished successfully. He was bled, and many other of the ordinary means of relief were adopted. Gradually, however, he fell into a more and more hopeless state of stupor, and, finally, it was thought that he died. 5

The weather was warm, and he was buried with indecent haste in one of the public cemeteries. His funeral took place on Thursday. On the Sunday following, the grounds of the cemetery were, as usual, much thronged with visitors, and about noon an intense excitement was created by the declaration of a peasant that, while sitting upon the grave of the officer, he had distinctly felt a commotion of the earth, as if occasioned by some one struggling beneath. At first little attention was paid to the man's asseveration; but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Spades were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was shamefully shallow, was in a few minutes so far thrown open that the head of its occupant appeared. He was then seemingly dead; but he sat nearly erect in his coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. 15

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

Either 25 What do you find particularly shocking in these two passages? [14]

Or 26 What makes the ways in which Auguste Dupin solves the mysteries so memorable for you in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*?

Remember to refer closely to details from the stories. [14]

- 27 He went slowly upstairs. The vague perplexity common to popular heroes pervaded his mind. He entered the bedroom and turned up the electric light. It was quite a pleasant room, one of the best in the Temperance Hotel, with a nice clean flowered wallpaper, and a very large looking-glass. Miriam appeared to be asleep, and her shoulders were humped up under the clothes in a shapeless, forbidding lump that Mr Polly had found utterly loathsome for fifteen years. He went softly over to the dressing-table and surveyed himself thoughtfully. Presently he hitched up the trousers. 'Miles too big for me,' he remarked. 'Funny not to have a pair of breeches of one's own ... Like being born again. Naked came I into the world.' 5
- Miriam stirred and rolled over, and stared at him. 10
- 'Hello!' she said.
- 'Hello.'
- 'Come to bed?'
- 'It's three.'
- Pause while Mr Polly disrobed slowly. 15
- 'I been thinking,' said Miriam. 'It isn't going to be so bad after all. We shall get your insurance. We can easy begin all over again.'
- 'H'm', said Mr Polly.
- She turned her face away from him and reflected.
- 'Get a better house,' said Miriam, regarding the wallpaper pattern. 'I've always 20
'ated them stairs.'
- Mr Polly removed a boot.
- 'Choose a better position where there's more doing,' murmured Miriam ...
- 'Not half so bad,' she whispered ...
- 'You wanted stirring up,' she said, half asleep ... 25
- It dawned upon Mr Polly for the first time that he had forgotten something. He ought to have cut his throat!
- The fact struck him as remarkable, but as now no longer of any particular urgency. It seemed a thing far off in the past, and he wondered why he had not thought of it before. Odd thing life is! If he had done it he would never have seen 30
this clean and agreeable apartment with the electric light ... His thoughts wandered into a question of detail. Where could he have put down the razor? Somewhere in the little room behind the shop, he supposed, but he could not think where more precisely. Anyhow it didn't matter now.
- He undressed himself calmly, got into bed, and fell asleep almost immediately. 35

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

Either 27 What does this passage reveal to you about Mr Polly and his feelings about Miriam? **[14]**

Or 28 What do you find memorable about **ONE** of the following moments in the novel?

The dismissal of Parsons from the Port Burdock Bazaar

Mr Polly's wedding

Mr Polly's first arrival at the Potwell Inn

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel. **[14]**

29 (a)

Beyond the Bayou

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.

La Folle shut her eyes, ran suddenly down the shallow bank of the bayou, and never stopped till she had climbed the opposite shore. 5

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

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." 10

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.

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!" 15

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

"Yonda, La Folle done cross de bayou!"

Children, old men, old women, young ones with infants in their arms, flocked to doors and windows to see this awe-inspiring spectacle. Most of them shuddered with superstitious dread of what it might portend. "She totin' Chéri!" the cry rose. 20

Some of the more daring gathered about her, and followed at her heels, only to fall back with new terror when she turned her distorted face upon them. Her eyes were bloodshot.

(b)

The Father of Désirée's Baby

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

Presently her husband entered the room, and without noticing her, went to a table and began to search among some papers which covered it.

"Armand," she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. "Armand," she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. "Armand," she panted once more, clutching his arm, "look at our child. What does it mean? tell me." 5

He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. "Tell me what it means!" she cried despairingly. 10

"It means," he answered lightly, "that the child is not white; it means that you are not white."

A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her, nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. "It is a lie—it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair," seizing his wrist. "Look at my hand—whiter than yours, Armand," she laughed hysterically. 15

"As white as La Blanche's," he said cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child.

When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmondé. 20

"My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live."

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 29 What do you think makes these two passages so startling and powerful? **[14]**

Or 30 What are your opinions of **TWO** of the following women?

The Wife (*Her Letters*)

Mrs Mallard (*The Dream of an Hour*)

Adrienne (*Lilacs*)

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories you have chosen. **[14]**

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