

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

2444/02

Scheme A

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts (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.

**Thursday 27 May 2010
Afternoon**

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 **60**.
- 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 C – Prose pre-1914

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

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

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Section A – Drama pre-1914		
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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	BENEDICK:	Soft and fair friar, which is Beatrice?	
	BEATRICE:	[Unmasks] I answer to that name, what is your will?	
	BENEDICK:	Do not you love me?	
	BEATRICE:	Why no, no more than reason.	
	BENEDICK:	Why then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,	5
		Have been deceived, they swore you did.	
	BEATRICE:	Do not you love me?	
	BENEDICK:	Troth no, no more than reason.	
	BEATRICE:	Why then my cousin, Margaret and Ursula	
		Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.	10
	BENEDICK:	They swore that you were almost sick for me.	
	BEATRICE:	They swore that you were wellnigh dead for me.	
	BENEDICK:	'Tis no such matter, then you do not love me?	
	BEATRICE:	No truly, but in friendly recompense.	
	LEONATO:	Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.	15
	CLAUDIO:	And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her,	
		For here's a paper written in his hand,	
		A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,	
		Fashioned to Beatrice.	
	HERO:	And here's another,	20
		Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,	
		Containing her affection unto Benedick.	
	BENEDICK:	A miracle, here's our own hands against our hearts: come, I will	
		have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.	
	BEATRICE:	I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yield upon great	25
		persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told, you were	
		in a consumption.	
	BENEDICK:	[Kisses her] Peace I will stop your mouth.	
	DON PEDRO:	How dost thou, Benedick the married man?	
	BENEDICK:	I'll tell thee what, prince: a college of witcrackers cannot flout	30
		me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satire or an	
		epigram? No, if a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear	
		nothing handsome about him: in brief, since I do purpose to	
		marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say	35
		against it, and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said	
		against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for	
		thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou	
		art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.	
	CLAUDIO:	I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might	40
		have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double	
		dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not	
		look exceeding narrowly to thee.	
	BENEDICK:	Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are	
		married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives'	45
		heels.	
	LEONATO:	We'll have dancing afterwards.	
	BENEDICK:	First, of my word, therefore play music. Prince, thou art sad, get	
		thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more reverend than	
		one tipped with horn.	
		<i>Enter MESSENGER</i>	50
	MESSENGER:	My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,	
		And brought with armed men back to Messina.	
	BENEDICK:	Think not on him till tomorrow, I'll devise thee brave punishments	
		for him: strike up, pipers.	
		<i>Dance [and exeunt]</i>	55

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

Either 1 How does Shakespeare make this such an enjoyable ending to the play? [20]

Or 2 You are Don John. You have just told Claudio that you will meet him at midnight and show him that Hero is disloyal.

Write your thoughts. [20]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*3 *A churchyard in Verona, outside the tomb of the Capulets*

ROMEO:	Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man; Fly hence and leave me; think upon these gone; Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head By urging me to fury. O be gone.	5
	By heaven, I love thee better than myself, For I come hither armed against myself. Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say A madman's mercy bid thee run away.	10
PARIS	I do defy thy conjuration, And apprehend thee for a felon here.	
ROMEO	Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy!	
	<i>[They fight.]</i>	
PAGE	O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. <i>[Exit.]</i>	15
PARIS	O I am slain. If thou be merciful Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.	
ROMEO	In faith I will. Let me peruse this face. Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me Paris should have married Juliet. Said he not so? Or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so? O give me thy hand, One writ with me in sour misfortune's book. I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave. A grave? O no, a lantern, slaughtered youth; For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.	20
	<i>[Lays Paris in the tomb.]</i>	25

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

Either 3 How does Shakespeare make this such a moving and dramatic moment in the play? [20]

Or 4 How does Shakespeare make **ONE** of the following characters particularly memorable for you?

Mercutio
Benvolio
Lady Capulet

Remember to support your choice with details from the play. [20]

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 MRS CHEVELEY: [*in her most nonchalant manner*]. My dear Sir Robert, you are a man of the world, and you have your price, I suppose. Everybody has nowadays. The drawback is that most people are so dreadfully expensive. I know I am. I hope you will be more reasonable in your terms. 5
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*rises indignantly*]. If you will allow me, I will call your carriage for you. You have lived so long abroad, Mrs Cheveley, that you seem to be unable to realise that you are talking to an English gentleman.
- MRS CHEVELEY: [*detains him by touching his arm with her fan, and keeping it there while she is talking*]. I realise that I am talking to a man who laid the foundation of his fortune by selling to a Stock Exchange speculator a Cabinet secret. 10
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*biting his lip*]. What do you mean? 15
- MRS CHEVELEY: [*rising and facing him*]. I mean that I know the real origin of your wealth and your career, and I have got your letter, too.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: What letter?
- MRS CHEVELEY: [*contemptuously*]. The letter you wrote to Baron Arnheim, when you were Lord Radley's secretary, telling the Baron to buy Suez Canal shares – a letter written three days before the Government announced its own purchase. 20
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*hoarsely*]. It is not true.
- MRS CHEVELEY: You thought that letter had been destroyed. How foolish of you! It is in my possession. 25
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: The affair to which you allude was no more than a speculation. The House of Commons had not yet passed the bill; it might have been rejected.
- MRS CHEVELEY: It was a swindle, Sir Robert. Let us call things by their proper names. It makes everything simpler. And now I am going to sell you that letter, and the price I ask for it is your public support of the Argentine scheme. You made your own fortune out of one canal. You must help me and my friends to make our fortunes out of another! 30
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: It is infamous, what you propose – infamous! 35

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

Either 5 How does Wilde affect your opinion of Sir Robert in this passage? [20]

Or 6 You are Lord Goring. Your father, Lord Caversham, has just told you that it is high time you got married.

Write your thoughts. [20]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 PETRA: So you were right after all.
- DR STOCKMANN: Ah, you remember, Petra? I wrote in opposing it, when they were drawing up the plans. But at that time nobody would listen to me. Well, now I'm going to let them have it. Naturally I've written a report for the Board – it's been lying there all ready for the past week. I was only waiting for this to come. [He points to the letter] But now we'll get this off at once. [He goes into his room and comes back with a sheaf of papers] Look! Four closely written sheets! And the letter attached. A newspaper, Katherine! Something to wrap it in. Good! There we are! Give it to ... to ... [Stamps his foot] ... what the devil's her name again? Anyway, give it to that girl, and tell her to take it straight down to the Mayor. 5
- [Mrs Stockmann takes the packet and goes out through the dining-room] 10 15
- PETRA: What do you think Uncle Peter's going to say, Father?
- DR STOCKMANN: What do you expect him to say? He can't help but be pleased that an important matter like this has been brought to light, surely.
- HOVSTAD: Do you mind if we put a little paragraph in the *Herald* about your discovery? 20
- DR STOCKMANN: I should be extremely grateful if you would.
- HOVSTAD: The sooner the public hears about this, the better.
- DR STOCKMANN: Certainly
- MRS STOCKMANN: [returning] She's just gone with it now. 25
- BILLING: You'll be the leading light of the town, Dr Stockmann, damn me if you won't!
- DR STOCKMANN: [walks happily up and down] Oh, don't be silly! I've only done my duty. It just happened to be a lucky strike, that's all. All the same ... 30
- BILLING: Hovstad, don't you think the town ought to organize something to show its appreciation to Dr Stockmann?
- HOVSTAD: I'll certainly put it forward.
- BILLING: And I'll talk it over with Aslaksen.
- DR STOCKMANN: Please, please, my dear friends! Let's have no more of this nonsense. I won't hear of it. And if the Board starts getting any idea about increasing my salary, I shall refuse. Do you hear me, Katherine? – I won't take it. 35
- MRS STOCKMANN: Quite right, Thomas.
- PETRA: [raising her glass] Your health, Father! 40
- HOVSTAD: } Your health, Dr Stockmann!
- BILLING: }
- HORSTER: [clinking glasses with him] Here's wishing you joy of it!
- DR STOCKMANN: Thank you, my dear friends, thank you! I am extremely happy ... What a wonderful thing it is to feel that one's been of some service to one's home town and fellow citizens. Hurrah, Katherine! 45
- [He puts his arms round her and whirls her round and round; she screams and tries to resist. Laughter, applause and cheering for the Doctor. The boys poke their heads in at the door] 50

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

Either 7 How does Ibsen make this such a striking conclusion to the first Act of the play? [20]

Or 8 How does Ibsen make Dr Stockmann's brother, the Mayor, such an unpleasant character?

Remember to support your views with details from the play. [20]

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)

*To Lucasta,
Going to the Wars*

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

5

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

10

Richard Lovelace

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

(b)

The Drum

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round:
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms 5
 Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
 And when Ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round: 10
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns, and ruined swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
 And all that Misery's hand bestows, 15
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott

Either 9 Compare the ways in which the poets convey feelings about men being called to war in these two poems. [20]

Or 10 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create vivid impressions of battlefields in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Destruction of Sennacherib (Byron)

After Blenheim (Southey)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (Tennyson). [20]

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

11 (a)

Conveyancing

O, London is the place for all,
 In love with loco-motion!
 Still to and fro the people go
 Like billows of the ocean;
 Machine or man, or caravan, 5
 Can all be had for paying,
 When great estates, or heavy weights,
 Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
 Wherein you may be shaken, 10
 And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
 Tho' always *overtaken*;
 In racing tricks he'll never mix,
 His nags are in their last days,
 And *slow* to go, altho' they show 15
 As if they had their *fast days*!

Then if you like a single horse,
 This age is quite a *cab-age*,
 A car not quite so small and light
 As those of our Queen *Mab* age; 20
 The horses have been *broken well*,
 All danger is rescinded,
 For some have *broken both their knees*,
 And some are *broken winded*.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end, 25
 The stages are worth knowing –
 There is a sort, we call 'em short,
 Although the longest going –
 For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
 Till you grow faint and sicky, 30
 Perched up behind, at last to find,
 Your dinner is all *dickey*!

Long stages run from every yard:
 But if you're wise and frugal,
 You'll never go with any Guard 35
 That plays upon a bugle,
 'Ye banks and braes,' and other lays
 And ditties everlasting,
 Like miners going all your way,
 With *boring* and with *blasting*. 40

Instead of *journeys*, people now
 May go upon a *Gurney*,
 With steam to do the horse's work,
 By *powers of attorney*;
 Tho' with a load it may explode, 45
 And you may all be *un-done*!
 And find you're going *up to Heav'n*,
 Instead of *Up to London*!

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

To speak of every kind of coach,
 It is not my intention; 50
 But there is still one vehicle
 Deserves a little mention;
 The world a sage has call'd a stage,
 With all its living lumber,
 And Malthus swears it always bears 55
 Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
 For ever and a day hence,
 For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
 You'll never want conveyance; 60
 Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
 It is no sight for laughter –
 Away it goes, and leaves my nose
 To join in running after!

Thomas Hood

(b)

London

I wander through each chartered street,
 Near where the chartered 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
 Every blackening church appalls; 10
 And the hapless soldier's sigh
 Runs in blood down palace walls.

But most through midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful harlot's curse
 Blasts the newborn infant's tear, 15
 And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

William Blake

Either 11 Compare some of the ways in which the poets vividly convey aspects of life in London in these two poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create memorable images of nature in **TWO** of the following poems:

To Autumn (Keats)*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* (Marlowe)'*On Wenlock Edge...*' (Housman).

[20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (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, 5
 And the dews of night arise;
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies.'

'No, no, let us play, for it is yet day, 10
 And we cannot go to sleep;
 Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
 And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.'

'Well, well, go & play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed.'
 And the little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd 15
 And all the hills echoed.

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)**(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 13 How does Blake's writing create such different pictures of the Nurses and the way they each speak to the children in these two poems? **[20]**

Or 14 Compare how Blake conveys powerful feelings of anger in **TWO** of the following poems:

Holy Thursday (Experience)
The Garden of Love (Experience)
London (Experience).

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images that Blake uses. **[20]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

A Broken Appointment

You did not come,
 And marching Time drew on, and wore me numb –
 Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
 Than that I thus found lacking in your make
 That high compassion which can overbear
 Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake
 Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour struck its sum,
 You did not come. 5

You love not me,
 And love alone can lend you loyalty; 10
 Of human deeds divine in all but name,
 Was it not worth a little hour or more
 To add yet this: Once you, a woman, came
 To sooth a time-torn man; even though it be
 You love not me? 15

(b)

On the Departure Platform

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
 She left me, and moment by moment got
 Smaller and smaller, until to my view
 She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
 That down the diminishing platform bore
 Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough
 To the carriage door. 5

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
 Behind dark groups from far and near, 10
 Whose interests were apart from ours,
 She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
 That flexible form, that nebulous white;
 And she who was more than my life to me
 Had vanished quite ... 15

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
 And in season she will appear again –
 Perhaps in the same soft white array –
 But never as then! 20

– 'And why, young man, must eternally fly
 A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well?'
 – O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
 I cannot tell.

THOMAS HARDY: Selected Poems (Cont.)

Either 15 Compare how Hardy creates vivid feelings of sadness and loss in these two poems. **[20]**

Or 16 Compare some of the ways in which Hardy creates such strong feelings of anger in **TWO** of the following poems:

She At His Funeral
I Look Into My Glass
In Tenebris 1.

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and images that Hardy uses. **[20]**

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>	24–25	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 Dejected and humbled, she had even some thoughts of not going with the others to the theatre that night; but it must be confessed that they were not of long continuance: for she soon recollected, in the first place, that she was without any excuse for staying at home; and, in the second, that it was a play she wanted very much to see. To the theatre accordingly they all went; no Tilneys appeared to plague or please her; she feared that, amongst the many perfections of the family, a fondness for plays was not to be ranked; but perhaps it was because they were habituated to the finer performances of the London stage, which she knew, on Isabella's authority, rendered every thing else of the kind 'quite horrid.' She was not deceived in her own expectation of pleasure; the comedy so well suspended her care, that no one, observing her during the first four acts, would have supposed she had any wretchedness about her. On the beginning of the fifth, however, the sudden view of Mr. Henry Tilney and his father, joining a party in the opposite box, recalled her to anxiety and distress. The stage could no longer excite genuine merriment—no longer keep her whole attention. Every other look upon an average was directed towards the opposite box; and, for the space of two entire scenes, did she thus watch Henry Tilney, without being once able to catch his eye. No longer could he be suspected of indifference for a play; his notice was never withdrawn from the stage during two whole scenes. At length, however, he did look towards her, and he bowed—but such a bow! no smile, no continued observance attended it; his eyes were immediately returned to their former direction. Catherine was restlessly miserable; she could almost have run round to the box in which he sat, and forced him to hear her explanation. Feelings rather natural than heroic possessed her; instead of considering her own dignity injured by this ready condemnation—instead of proudly resolving, in conscious innocence, to shew her resentment towards him who could harbour a doubt of it, to leave to him all the trouble of seeking an explanation, and to enlighten him on the past only by avoiding his sight, or flirting with somebody else, she took to herself all the shame of misconduct, or at least of its appearance, and was only eager for an opportunity of explaining its cause.
- The play concluded—the curtain fell—Henry Tilney was no longer to be seen where he had hitherto sat, but his father remained, and perhaps he might be now coming round to their box. She was right; in a few minutes he appeared, and, making his way through the then thinning rows, spoke with like calm politeness to Mrs. Allen and her friend.—Not with such calmness was he answered by the latter: 'Oh! Mr. Tilney, I have been quite wild to speak to you, and make my apologies. You must have thought me so rude; but indeed it was not my own fault,—was it, Mrs. Allen? Did not they tell me that Mr. Tilney and his sister were gone out in a phaeton together? and then what could I do? But I had ten thousand times rather have been with you; now had not I, Mrs. Allen?'
- 'My dear, you tumble my gown,' was Mrs. Allen's reply.

Either 17 How does Austen make you sympathise with Catherine here? [20]

Or 18 Explore the ways in which Austen's writing exposes the unpleasant nature of **EITHER** Frederick Tilney **OR** Isabella Thorpe. [20]

19

It appeared from the little this man said to those about him, which was quickly repeated all over the circle, that the lost man had fallen upon a mass of crumbled rubbish with which the pit was half choked up, and that his fall had been further broken by some jagged earth at the side. He lay upon his back with one arm doubled under him, and according to his own belief had hardly stirred since he fell, except that he had moved his free hand to a side pocket, in which he remembered to have some bread and meat (of which he had swallowed crumbs), and had likewise scooped up a little water in it now and then. He had come straight away from his work, on being written to, and had walked the whole journey; and was on his way to Mr Bounderby's country-house after dark, when he fell. He was crossing that dangerous country at such a dangerous time, because he was innocent of what was laid to his charge, and couldn't rest from coming the nearest way to deliver himself up. The Old Hell Shaft, the pitman said, with a curse upon it, was worthy of its bad name to the last; for, though Stephen could speak now, he believed it would soon be found to have mangled the life out of him.

When all was ready, this man, still taking his last hurried charges from his comrades and the surgeon after the windlass had begun to lower him, disappeared into the pit. The rope went out as before, the signal was made as before, and the windlass stopped. No man removed his hand from it now. Every one waited with his grasp set, and his body bent down to the work, ready to reverse and wind in. At length the signal was given, and all the ring leaned forward.

For, now, the rope came in, tightened and strained to its utmost as it appeared, and the men turned heavily, and the windlass complained. It was scarcely endurable to look at the rope, and think of its giving way. But, ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass safely, and the connecting chains appeared, and finally the bucket with the two men holding on at the sides – a sight to make the head swim, and oppress the heart – and tenderly supporting between them, slung and tied within, the figure of a poor, crushed, human creature.

A low murmur of pity went round the throng, and the women wept aloud, as this form, almost without form, was moved very slowly from its iron deliverance, and laid upon the bed of straw. At first, none but the surgeon went close to it. He did what he could in its adjustment on the couch, but the best that he could do was to cover it. That gently done, he called to him Rachael and Sissy. And at the time the pale, worn, patient face was seen looking up at the sky, with the broken right hand lying bare on the outside of the covering garments, as if waiting to be taken by another hand.

They gave him drink, moistened his face with water, and administered some drops of cordial and wine. Though he lay quite motionless looking up at the sky, he smiled and said, 'Rachael'.

She stooped down on the grass at his side, and bent over him until her eyes were between his and the sky, for he could not so much as turn them to look at her. 'Rachael, my dear.'

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

Either 19 How does Dickens make this moment in the novel so distressing? [20]

Or 20 Explore the ways in which Dickens makes the circus people so likeable and attractive. [20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 Boldwood, more like a somnambulist than a wakeful man, pulled out the large canvas bag he carried by way of a purse, and searched it.
- ‘I have twenty-one pounds more with me,’ he said. ‘Two notes and a sovereign. But before I leave you I must have a paper signed ...’
- ‘Pay me the money,’ Troy replied, ‘and we’ll go straight to her parlour, and make any arrangement you please to secure my compliance with your wishes. But she must know nothing of this cash business.’ 5
- ‘Nothing, nothing,’ said Boldwood, hastily. ‘Here is the sum, and if you’ll come to my house we’ll write out the agreement for the remainder, and the terms also.’
- ‘First we’ll call upon her.’ 10
- ‘But why? Come with me tonight, and go with me tomorrow to the surrogate’s.’
- ‘But she must be consulted; at any rate informed.’
- ‘Very well; go on.’
- They went up the hill to Bathsheba’s house. When they stood at the entrance, Troy said, ‘Wait here a moment.’ Opening the door, he glided inside, leaving the door ajar. 15
- Boldwood waited. In two minutes a light appeared in the passage. Boldwood then saw that the chain had been fastened across the door. Troy appeared inside, carrying a bedroom candlestick.
- ‘What, did you think I should break in?’ said Boldwood, contemptuously. 20
- ‘Oh, no; it is merely my humour to secure things. Will you read this a moment? I’ll hold the light.’
- Troy handed a folded newspaper through the slit between the door and doorpost, and put the candle close. ‘That’s the paragraph,’ he said, placing his finger on a line. Boldwood looked and read – 25

MARRIAGES

On the 17th inst., at St Ambrose’s Church, Bath, by the Revd G. Mincing, B.A., Francis Troy, only son of the late Edward Troy, Esq., M.D. of Weatherbury, and sergeant 11th Dragoon Guards, to Bathsheba, only surviving daughter of the late Mr John Everdene, of Casterbridge. 30

‘This may be called Fort meeting Feeble, hey, Boldwood?’ said Troy. A low gurgle of derisive laughter followed the words.

The paper fell from Boldwood’s hands.

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

- Either** **21** What does Hardy's writing make you feel about Troy and Boldwood at this moment in the novel? **[20]**
-
- Or** **22** Explore the ways in which Hardy memorably portrays Bathsheba's treatment of Gabriel Oak. **[20]**

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 'Nancy,' said Godfrey, slowly, 'when I married you, I hid something from you—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife; Eppie is my child.'
- He paused, dreading the effect of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap. 5
- You'll never think the same of me again,' said Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice.
- She was silent.
- 'I oughtn't to have left the child unowned: I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her—I suffered for it.' 10
- Still Nancy was silent, looking down: and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple, severe notions? 15
- But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice, only deep regret.
- 'Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?' 20
- At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.
- 'And—Oh, Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with me: I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be.' 25
- The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.
- 'But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if I'd told you,' said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. 'You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd have been.' 30

Either 23 How does Eliot make you feel sympathy for Godfrey and Nancy here? [20]

Or 24 Explore how Eliot makes any **ONE** incident in the novel particularly amusing for you. [20]

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Turn to page 30 for Question 25.

25 (a)

The Masque of the Red Death

It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry – and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form. 5 10

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all. 15

(b)

The Tell-Tale Heart

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; – but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased – and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound – much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath – and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly – more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men – but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed – I raved – I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder – louder – *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! – no, no! They heard! – they suspected! – they *knew!* – and they were making a mockery of my horror! – this I thought, and this I think. But any thing was better than this agony! Any thing was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! – and now – again! – hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!* – 5 10 15

‘Villains!’ I shrieked, ‘dissemble no more! I admit the deed! – tear up the planks! – here, here! – it is the beating of his hideous heart!’

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

Either 25 How do you think Poe's writing makes these two endings so powerful? [20]

Or 26 How does Poe's writing make the narrators in **TWO** of the following stories particularly disturbing?

The Black Cat

The Imp of the Perverse

The Cask of Amontillado

Remember to refer closely to details from the stories. [20]

- 27 'Look here,' said Mr Polly, 'I'm wild for the love of you! I can't keep up this gesticulatioous game any more. I'm not a knight. Treat me as a human man. You may sit up there smiling, but I'd die in torments to have you mine for an hour. I'm nobody and nothing. But look here! Will you wait for me five years? You're just a girl yet, and it wouldn't be hard.' 5
- 'Shut up!' said Christabel, in an aside he did not hear, and something he did not see touched her hand.
- 'I've always been just dillententytating about till now, but I could work. I've just woke up. Wait till I've got a chance with the money I've got.'
- 'But you haven't got much money!' 10
- 'I've got enough to take a chance with, some sort of chance. I'd find a chance. I'll do that, anyhow. I'll go away. I mean what I say. I'll stop trifling and shirking. If I don't come back it won't matter. If I do –'
- Her expression had become uneasy. Suddenly she bent down towards him.
- 'Don't!' she said in an undertone. 15
- 'Don't – what?'
- 'Don't go on like this! You're different. Go on being the knight who wants to kiss my hand as his – what did you call it?' The ghost of a smile curved her face.
- 'Gurdrum!'
- 'But – !' 20
- Then through a pause they both stared at each other, listening. A muffled tumult on the other side of the wall asserted itself.
- 'Shut up, Rosie!' said a voice.
- 'I tell you I will see! I can't half hear. Give me a leg up!'
- 'You idiot! He'll see you. You're spoiling everything.' 25
- The bottom dropped out of Mr Polly's world. He felt as people must feel who are going to faint.
- 'You've got some one –' he said aghast.
- She found life inexpressible to Mr Polly. She addressed some unseen hearers.
- 'You filthy little Beasts!' she cried, with a sharp note of agony in her voice, and swung herself back over the wall and vanished. There was a squeal of pain and fear, and a swift, fierce altercation. 30
- For a couple of seconds he stood agape.
- Then a wild resolve to confirm his worst sense of what was on the other side of the wall made him seize a log, put it against the stones, clutch the parapet with insecure fingers, and lug himself to a momentary balance on the wall. 35
- Romance and his goddess had vanished.
- A red-haired girl with a pigtail was wringing the wrist of a schoolfellow, who shrieked with pain and cried, 'Mercy! mercy! O-o-o! Christabel!'
- 'You idiot!' cried Christabel. 'You giggling idiot!' 40

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

Either 27 How does Wells's writing make this moment in the novel both amusing and moving at the same time? **[20]**

Or 28 How does Wells make **ONE** of the following characters particularly memorable?

Parsons (in the Port Burdock Drapery Bazaar)

Mr Johnson (Mr Polly's cousin)

The plump woman (the landlady of the Potwell Inn)

Remember to support your choice with details from the novel. **[20]**

29 (a)

Her Letters

It seemed no longer of any moment to him that men should come and go; and fall or rise in the world; and wed and die. It did not signify if money came to him by a turn of chance or eluded him. Empty and meaningless seemed to him all devices which the world offers for man's entertainment. The food and the drink set before him had lost their flavour. He did not longer know or care if the sun shone or the clouds lowered about him. A cruel hazard had struck him there where he was weakest, shattering his whole being, leaving him with but one wish in his soul, one gnawing desire, to know the mystery which he had held in his hands and had cast into the river. 5

One night when there were no stars shining he wandered, restless, upon the streets. He no longer sought to know from men and women what they dared not or could not tell him. Only the river knew. He went and stood again upon the bridge where he had stood many an hour since that night when the darkness then had closed around him and engulfed his manhood. 10

Only the river knew. It babbled, and he listened to it, and it told him nothing, but it promised all. He could hear it promising him with caressing voice, peace and sweet repose. He could hear the sweep, the song of the water inviting him. 15

A moment more and he had gone to seek her, and to join her and her secret thought in the immeasurable rest.

(b)

Tonie/At Chenière Caminada

He stood still in the middle of the banquette when they had left him, watching them go toward the market. He could not stir. Something had happened to him—he did not know what. He wondered if the news was killing him.

Some women passed by, laughing coarsely. He noticed how they laughed and tossed their heads. A mockingbird was singing in a cage which hung from a window above his head. He had not heard it before. 5

Just beneath the window was the entrance to a barroom. Tonie turned and plunged through its swinging doors. He asked the bartender for whisky. The man thought he was already drunk, but pushed the bottle towards him nevertheless. Tonie poured a great quantity of the fiery liquor into a glass and swallowed it at a draught. The rest of the day he spent among the fishermen and Barataria oystermen; and that night he slept soundly and peacefully until morning. 10

He did not know why it was so; he could not understand. But from that day he felt that he began to live again, to be once more a part of the moving world about him. He would ask himself over and over again why it was so, and stay bewildered before this truth that he could not answer or explain, and which he began to accept as a holy mystery. 15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 29 Explore the ways in which Chopin vividly depicts here the feelings of the two men after the deaths of the women they loved. **[20]**

Or 30 How does Chopin's writing make **TWO** of the following stories particularly moving for you?

Beyond the Bayou

The Father of Désirée's Baby

The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[20]

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