

**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:**

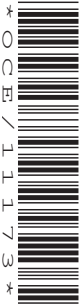
- 8 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

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

**Tuesday 25 May 2010**  
**Morning**

**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.



## 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)

*The Man He Killed*

'Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry, 5  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

'I shot him dead because – 10  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so: my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps, 15  
Off-hand like – just as I –  
Was out of work – had sold his traps –  
No other reason why.

'Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown.' 20

Thomas Hardy

(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

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

- Either**    **1**    Compare the ways in which these two poems vividly reveal to you the poets' feelings about war. **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **2**    In what different ways do the poets convey a powerful impression of the suffering war causes, in *After Blenheim* (Southey) and *Come up from the fields father ...* (Whitman)? **[30]**
- Or**        **3**    Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly portray war as noble and honourable in *The Volunteer* (Asquith) and *Vitaï Lampada* (Newbolt). **[30]**

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

*Composed Upon Westminster Bridge,  
September 3, 1802*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth

(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

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

**Either** 4 How do the poets create strikingly different impressions of London for you in these two poems? [30]

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**Or** 5 Compare how the poets movingly convey their feelings about a particular place in *Beeny Cliff* (Hardy) and *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats).

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use. [30]

**Or** 6 Compare how the poets vividly describe the natural world in *To Autumn* (Keats) and *The Eagle* (Tennyson). [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*Holy Thursday* (Innocence)

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
 The children walking two & two, in red & blue & green,  
 Grey-headed beadles walk'd before, with wands as white as snow,  
 Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!  
 Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.  
 The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands.

5

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,  
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among.  
 Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
 Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

10

(b)

*Holy Thursday* (Experience)

Is this a holy thing to see  
 In a rich and fruitful land,  
 Babes reduc'd to misery,  
 Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
 Can it be a song of joy?  
 And so many children poor?  
 It is a land of poverty!

5

And their sun does never shine,  
 And their fields are bleak & bare,  
 And their ways are fill'd with thorns:  
 It is eternal winter there.

10

For where-e'er the sun does shine,  
 And where-e'er the rain does fall,  
 Babe can never hunger there,  
 Nor poverty the mind appall.

15



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

**Either** 7 How does Blake create such strikingly different impressions of childhood in these two poems? **[30]**

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**Or** 8 Compare the ways in which Blake expresses powerful feelings about love and relationships in *On Another's Sorrow* (Innocence) and *The Sick Rose* (Experience). **[30]**

**Or** 9 Compare the ways in which Blake creates such disturbing images in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Tyger* (Experience)

*The Garden of Love* (Experience)

*Infant Sorrow* (Experience).

**[30]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (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,  
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me 15  
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,  
     And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

(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 5  
 That down the diminishing platform bore  
 Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough  
     To the carriage door.

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 15  
     Had vanished quite. ...

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

– ‘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** 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys to you strong feelings about lovers parting in these two poems. [30]

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**Or** 11 Compare the ways in which Hardy makes you think deeply about the impact of war in *A Wife in London* and *The Man He Killed*. [30]

**Or** 12 Explore the different ways in which Hardy encourages you to feel sympathy for the speakers in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Valenciennes*  
*To Lizbie Browne*  
*In Tenebris I.*

[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

Catherine was too wretched to be fearful. The journey in itself had no terrors for her; and she began without either dreading its length, or feeling its solitariness. Leaning back in one corner of the carriage, in a violent burst of tears, she was conveyed some miles beyond the walls of the Abbey before she raised her head; and the highest point of ground within the park was almost closed from her view before she was capable of turning her eyes towards it. Unfortunately, the road she now travelled was the same which only ten days ago she had so happily passed along in going to and from Woodston; and, for fourteen miles, every bitter feeling was rendered more severe by the review of objects on which she had first looked under impressions so different. Every mile, as it brought her nearer Woodston, added to her sufferings, and when within the distance of five, she passed the turning which led to it, and thought of Henry, so near, yet so unconscious, her grief and agitation were excessive.

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The day which she had spent at that place had been one of the happiest of her life. It was there, it was on that day that the General had made use of such expressions with regard to Henry and herself, had so spoken and so looked as to give her the most positive conviction of his actually wishing their marriage. Yes, only ten days ago had he elated her by his pointed regard – had he even confused her by his too significant reference! And now – what had she done, or what had she omitted to do, to merit such a change?

15

The only offence against him of which she could accuse herself, had been such as was scarcely possible to reach his knowledge. Henry and her own heart only were privy to the shocking suspicions which she had so idly entertained; and equally safe did she believe her secret with each. Designedly, at least, Henry could not have betrayed her. If, indeed, by any strange mischance his father should have gained intelligence of what she had dared to think and look for, of her causeless fancies and injurious examinations, she could not wonder at any degree of his indignation. If aware of her having viewed him as a murderer, she could not wonder at his even turning her from his house. But a justification so full of torture to herself, she trusted would not be in his power.

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Anxious as were all her conjectures on this point, it was not, however, the one on which she dwelt most. There was a thought yet nearer, a more prevailing, more impetuous concern. How Henry would think, and feel, and look, when he returned on the morrow to Northanger and heard of her being gone, was a question of force and interest to rise over every other, to be never ceasing, alternately irritating and soothing; it sometimes suggested the dread of his calm acquiescence, and at others was answered by the sweetest confidence in his regret and resentment. To the General, of course, he would not dare to speak; but to Eleanor – what might he not say to Eleanor about her?

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In this unceasing recurrence of doubts and inquiries, on any one article of which her mind was capable of more than momentary repose, the hours passed away, and her journey advanced much faster than she looked for. The pressing anxieties of thought, which prevented her from noticing anything before her, when once beyond the neighbourhood of Woodston, saved her at the same time from watching her progress; and though no object on the road could engage a moment's attention, she found no stage of it tedious. From this, she was preserved too by another cause, by feeling no eagerness for her journey's conclusion; for to return in such a manner to Fullerton was almost to destroy the pleasure of a meeting with those she loved best, even after an absence such as hers – an eleven weeks absence. What had she to say that would not humble herself and pain her family; that would not increase her own grief by the confession of it, extend an useless resentment, and perhaps involve the innocent with the guilty in undistinguishing ill-will? She could never do justice to Henry and Eleanor's merit, she felt it too strongly for expression; and should a dislike be taken against them, should they be thought of unfavourably, on their father's account, it would cut her to the heart.

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JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

**Either** 13 In what ways does Austen convey to you a vivid sense of Catherine's distress at this point in the novel? **[30]**

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**Or** 14 How does Austen encourage you to laugh at John Thorpe and to dislike him?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or** 15 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Austen makes Catherine's misunderstanding of another character particularly entertaining.  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16

He thought he saw the curtain move. He looked again, and he was sure it moved. He saw a hand come forth and grope about a little. Then the curtain moved more perceptibly, and the woman in the bed put it back, and sat up.

With her woful eyes, so haggard and wild, so heavy and large, she looked all round the room, and passed the corner where he slept in his chair. Her eyes turned to that corner, and she put her hand over them as a shade, while she looked into it. Again they went all round the room, scarcely heeding Rachael if at all, and returned to that corner. He thought, as she once more shaded them—not so much looking at him, as looking for him with a brutish instinct that he was there—that no single trace was left in those debauched features, or in the mind that went along with them, of the woman he had married eighteen years before. But that he had seen her come to this by inches, he never could have believed her to be the same.

All this time, as if a spell were on him, he was motionless and powerless, except to watch her.

Stupidly dozing, or communing with her incapable self about nothing, she sat for a little while with her hands at her ears, and her head resting on them. Presently, she resumed her staring round the room. And now, for the first time, her eyes stopped at the table with the bottles on it.

Straightaway she turned her eyes back to his corner, with the defiance of last night, and moving very cautiously and softly, stretched out her greedy hand. She drew a mug into the bed, and sat for a while considering which of the two bottles she should choose. Finally, she laid her insensate grasp upon the bottle that had swift and certain death in it, and, before his eyes, pulled out the cork with her teeth.

Dream or reality, he had no voice, nor had he power to stir. If this be real, and her allotted time be not yet come, wake, Rachael, wake!

She thought of that, too. She looked at Rachael, and very slowly, very cautiously, poured out the contents. The draught was at her lips. A moment and she would be past all help, let the whole world wake and come about her with its utmost power. But in that moment Rachael started up with a suppressed cry. The creature struggled, struck her, seized her by the hair; but Rachael had the cup.

Stephen broke out of his chair. 'Rachael, am I wakin' or dreamin' this dreadfo' night?'

'Tis all well, Stephen. I have been asleep, myself. 'Tis near three. Hush! I hear the bells.'

The wind brought the sounds of the church clock to the window. They listened, and it struck three. Stephen looked at her, saw how pale she was, noted the disorder of her hair, and the red marks of fingers on her forehead, and felt assured that his senses of sight and hearing had been awake. She held the cup in her hand even now.

'I thought it must be near three,' she said, calmly pouring from the cup into the basin, and steeping the linen as before. 'I am thankful I stayed! 'Tis done now, when I have put this on. There! And now she's quiet again. The few drops in the basin I'll pour away, for 'tis bad stuff to leave about, though ever so little of it.' As she spoke, she drained the basin into the ashes of the fire, and broke the bottle on the hearth.

She had nothing to do, then, but to cover herself with her shawl before going out into the wind and rain.

'Thou'lt let me walk wi' thee at this hour, Rachael?'

'No, Stephen. 'Tis but a minute, and I'm home.'

'Thou'rt not fearfo';' he said it in a low voice, as they went out at the door; 'to leave me alone wi' her!'

As she looked at him, saying, 'Stephen?' he went down on his knee before her, on the poor mean stairs, and put an end of her shawl to his lips.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

'Thou art an Angel. Bless thee, bless thee!'

'I am, as I have told thee, Stephen, thy poor friend. Angels are not like me. Between them, and a working woman fu' of faults, there is a deep gulf set. My little sister is among them, but she is changed.' 55

She raised her eyes for a moment as she said the words; and then they fell again, in all their gentleness and mildness, on his face.

'Thou changest me from bad to good. Thou mak'st me humbly wishfo' to be more like thee, and fearfo' to lose thee when this life is ower, and a' the muddle cleared awa'. Thou'rt an Angel; it may be, thou hast saved my soul alive!' 60

**Either 16** In what ways does Dickens make this such a powerful moment in the novel? **[30]**

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**Or 17** How does Dickens make the relationship between James Harthouse and Louisa Bounderby such a gripping part of the novel? **[30]**

**Or 18** Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Dickens makes you particularly angry about the unfairness of life in Coketown.

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

Though the overshadowing trees and the approach of eventide enveloped them in gloom, Bathsheba could see plainly enough to discern the extreme poverty of the woman's garb, and the sadness of her face.

'Please, sir, do you know at what time Casterbridge Unionhouse closes at night?' 5

The woman said these words to Troy over his shoulder.

Troy started visibly at the sound of the voice; yet he seemed to recover presence of mind sufficient to prevent himself from giving way to his impulse to suddenly turn and face her. He said, slowly –

'I don't know.' 10

The woman, on hearing him speak, quickly looked up, examined the side of his face, and recognised the soldier under the yeoman's garb. Her face was drawn into an expression which had gladness and agony both among its elements. She uttered an hysterical cry, and fell down.

'O, poor thing!' exclaimed Bathsheba, instantly preparing to alight. 15

'Stay where you are, and attend to the horse!' said Troy, peremptorily throwing her the reins and the whip. 'Walk the horse to the top: I'll see to the woman.'

'But I ...'

'Do you hear? Clk – Poppet!'

The horse, gig, and Bathsheba moved on. 20

'How on earth did you come here? I thought you were miles away, or dead! Why didn't you write to me?' said Troy to the woman, in a strangely gentle, yet hurried voice, as he lifted her up.

'I feared to.'

'Have you any money?' 25

'None.'

'Good Heaven – I wish I had more to give you! Here's – wretched – the merest trifle. It is every farthing I have left. I have none but what my wife gives me, you know, and I can't ask her now.'

The woman made no answer. 30

'I have only another moment,' continued Troy, 'and now listen. Where are you going tonight? Casterbridge Union?'

'Yes; I thought to go there.'

'You shan't go there; yet, wait. Yes, perhaps for tonight; I can do nothing better – worse luck! Sleep there tonight, and stay there tomorrow. Monday is the first free day I have; and on Monday morning, at ten exactly, meet me on Grey's Bridge just out of the town. I'll bring all the money I can muster. You shan't want – I'll see that, Fanny; then I'll get you a lodging somewhere. Goodbye till then. I am a brute – but goodbye!' 35

After advancing the distance which completed the ascent of the hill, Bathsheba turned her head. The woman was upon her feet, and Bathsheba saw her withdrawing from Troy, and going feebly down the hill by the third milestone from Casterbridge. Troy then came on towards his wife, stepped into the gig, took the reins from her hand, and without making any observation whipped the horse into a trot. He was rather agitated. 40

'Do you know who that woman was?' said Bathsheba, looking searchingly into his face.

'I do,' he said, looking boldly back into hers.

'I thought you did,' said she, with angry hauteur, and still regarding him. 'Who is she?' 50

He suddenly seemed to think that frankness would benefit neither of the women. 'Nothing to either of us,' he said. 'I know her by sight.'

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

'What is her name?'

'How should I know her name?'

'I think you do.'

'Think if you will, and be ...' The sentence was completed by a smart cut of the whip round Poppet's flank, which caused the animal to start forward at a wild pace. No more was said.

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**Either**    **19**    Explore the ways in which Hardy creates such a tense and moving moment in the novel here. **[30]**

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**Or**        **20**    What does Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba's relationship with Boldwood make you feel about her?

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

**Or**        **21**    How does Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba and Gabriel at the end of the novel encourage you to feel that they will have a happy married life together?

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

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

22

Someone opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

'Dear, I'm so thankful you're come,' she said, going towards him. 'I began to get ...'

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned towards her with a pale face and a strange unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm; not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. 'Tell her to keep away, will you?' said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

'Sit down, Nancy – there,' he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. 'I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock – but I care most about the shock it'll be to you.'

'It isn't father and Priscilla?' said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

'No, it's nobody living,' said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. 'It's Dunstan – my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him – found his body – his skeleton.'

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on: 'The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly – from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies – has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting-whip, with my name on: he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen.'

Godfrey paused: it was not so easy to say what came next. 'Do you think he drowned himself?' said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

'No, he fell in,' said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: 'Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner.'

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonour.

'O Godfrey!' she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonour must be felt still more keenly by her husband.

'There was the money in the pit,' he continued – 'all the weaver's money. Everything's being gathered up, and they're taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you: there was no hindering it; you must know.'

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind – that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said; 'Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me – I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been "I will" and "I won't" with me all my life – I'll make sure of myself now.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

'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.'

55

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.

**Either**    **22**    In what ways does Eliot make this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the novel? **[30]**

**Or**        **23**    How does Eliot create such a strong impression of Silas's loneliness and isolation in the early chapters of the novel? **[30]**

**Or**        **24**    What do you find amusing and entertaining about Eliot's portrayal of the local villagers at the Rainbow Inn?

Remember to refer to details from the novel in your answer. **[30]**

25 (a)

*The Black Cat*

For the most wild yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not – and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburden my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified – have tortured – have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but horror – to many they will seem less terrible than *baroques*. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the commonplace – some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.

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From my infancy I was noted for the docility and humanity of my disposition. My tenderness of heart was even so conspicuous as to make me the jest of my companions. I was especially fond of animals, and was indulged by my parents with a great variety of pets. With these I spent most of my time, and never was so happy as when feeding and caressing them.

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(b)

*The Cask of Amontillado*

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length*, I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled – but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

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It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

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**Either 25** How does Poe make these two openings so gripping?

**[30]**

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

- Or**    **26** Explore the ways in which Poe makes the character of Auguste Dupin particularly fascinating for you in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter*.

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

- Or**    **27** How in your view does Poe portray **TWO** characters (each from a different story) as particularly evil?

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

28

'Where's that muddy-faced mongrel?' cried Uncle Jim. 'Let 'im come out to me! Where's that blighted whisp with the punt pole—I got a word to say to 'im. Come out of it, you pot-bellied chunk of dirtiness, you! Come out and 'ave your ugly face wiped. I got a Thing for you. ... 'Ear me?'

'E's 'iding, that's what 'E's doing,' said the voice of Uncle Jim, dropping for a moment to sorrow, and then with a great increment of wrathfulness: 'Come out of my nest, you blinking cuckoo, you, or I'll cut your silly insides out! Come out of it, you pockmarked Rat! Stealing another man's 'ome away from 'im! Come out and look me in the face, you squinting son of a Skunk! ...'

Mr Polly took the ginger beer and went thoughtfully upstairs to the bar.

'E's back,' said the plump woman as he appeared. 'I knew 'e'd come back.'

'I heard him,' said Mr Polly, and looked about. 'Just gimme the old poker handle that's under the beer-engine.'

The door opened softly, and Mr Polly turned quickly. But it was only the pointed nose and intelligent face of the young man with the gilt spectacles and the discreet manner. He coughed, and the spectacles fixed Mr Polly.

'I say,' he said with quiet earnestness, 'there's a chap out here seems to *want* some one.'

'Why don't he come in?' said Mr Polly.

'He seems to want you out there.'

'What's he want?'

'I *think*,' said the spectacled young man, after a thoughtful moment, 'he appears to have brought you a present of fish.'

'Isn't he shouting?'

'He *is* a little boisterous.'

'He'd better come in.'

The manner of the spectacled young man intensified. 'I wish you'd come out and persuade him to go away,' he said. 'His language—*isn't* quite the thing—ladies.'

'It never was,' said the plump woman, her voice charged with sorrow.

Mr Polly moved towards the door and stood with his hand on the handle. The gold-spectacled face disappeared.

'Now, my man,' came his voice from outside, 'be careful what you're saying—'

'OO in all the World and Hereafter are you to call me me man?' cried Uncle Jim, in the voice of one astonished and pained beyond endurance, and added scornfully, 'You gold-eyed Geezer, you!'

'Tut, tut!' said the gentleman in gilt glasses. 'Restrain yourself!'

Mr Polly emerged, poker in hand, just in time to see what followed. Uncle Jim in his shirt-sleeves, and a state of ferocious decolletage, was holding something—yes!—a dead eel by means of a piece of newspaper about its tail, holding it down and back and a little sideways in such a way as to smite with it upward and hard. It struck the spectacled gentleman under the jaw with a peculiar dead thud, and a cry of horror came from the two seated parties at the sight. One of the girls shrieked piercingly, 'Horace!' and every one sprang up. The sense of helping numbers came to Mr Polly's aid.

'Drop it!' he cried, and came down the steps waving his poker and thrusting the spectacled gentleman before him, as heretofore great heroes were wont to wield the oxhide shield.

Uncle Jim gave ground suddenly, and trod upon the foot of a young man in a blue shirt, who immediately thrust at him violently with both hands.

'Lea go!' howled Uncle Jim. 'That's the Chap I'm looking for!' and pressing the head of the spectacled gentleman aside, smote hard at Mr Polly.

But at the sight of this indignity inflicted upon the spectacled gentleman a woman's heart was stirred, a pink parasol drove hard and true at Uncle Jim's wiry neck, and at the same moment the young man in the blue shirt sought to collar him, and lost his grip again.

'Suffragettes!' gasped Uncle Jim, with the ferrule at his throat.

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

**Either 28** Explore some of the ways in which Wells makes you laugh at this point in the novel. **[30]**

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**Or 29** How does Wells make Mr Polly's friendship with Parsons such an entertaining and significant part of the novel?

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

**Or 30** How far does Wells's portrayal of Miriam encourage you to feel sympathy for her?

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

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

*The Dream of an Hour/The Story of an Hour*

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination. 5

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

‘Free! Body and soul free!’ she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. ‘Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.’ 10

‘Go away. I am not making myself ill.’ No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

How fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long. 15

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom. 20

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife. 25

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills. 30

(b)

*Lilacs*

Adrienne remained stunned. She could not gather her faculties to grasp the meaning of this singular reception. The lilacs fell from her arms to the stone portico on which she was standing. She turned the note and the parcel stupidly over in her hands, instinctively dreading what their contents might disclose. 5

The outlines of the crucifix were plainly to be felt through the wrapper of the bundle, and she guessed, without having courage to assure herself, that the jeweled necklace and the altar cloth accompanied it.

Leaning against the heavy oaken door for support, Adrienne opened the letter. She did not seem to read the few bitter reproachful lines word by word—the lines that banished her forever from this haven of peace, where her soul was wont to come and refresh itself. They imprinted themselves as a whole upon her brain, in all their seeming cruelty—she did not dare to say injustice. 10

There was no anger in her heart; that would doubtless possess her later, when her nimble intelligence would begin to seek out the origin of this treacherous turn. Now, there was only room for tears. She leaned her forehead against the heavy oaken panel of the door and wept with the abandonment of a little child. 15

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

She descended the steps with a nerveless and dragging tread. Once as she was walking away, she turned to look back at the imposing facade of the convent, hoping to see a familiar face, or a hand, even, giving a faint token that she was still cherished by some one faithful heart. But she saw only the polished windows looking down at her like so many cold and glittering reproachful eyes. 20

In the little white room above the chapel, a woman knelt beside the bed on which Adrienne had slept. Her face was pressed deep in the pillow in her efforts to smother the sobs that convulsed her frame. It was Sister Agathe.

After a short while, a lay Sister came out of the door with a broom, and swept away the lilac blossoms which Adrienne had let fall upon the portico. 25

**Either** 31 How does Chopin's writing make the endings of these two stories so upsetting for you? [30]

**Or** 32 In what ways does Chopin portray the power of love in *At the 'Cadian Ball* and *Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada*? [30]

**Or** 33 Choose **TWO** men (each from a different story) with whom you find it difficult to sympathise and explore how Chopin makes you feel this way.

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

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