

**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 (sent with general stationery)

**Other materials required:**

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

**Wednesday 12 January 2011**  
**Afternoon**

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure 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.
- 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.

**INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR**

- Do not send this question paper for marking; it should be retained in the centre or destroyed.



## 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)

*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, 5  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such 10  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much.  
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace

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

- Either**    **1**    Compare how the poets vividly convey to you the speakers' feelings about war in these two poems. **[30]**
- 
- Or**        **2**    In what ways do the poets create strikingly different impressions of soldiers in *Vitaī Lampada* (Newbolt) and *On Lieutenant Eyre's Narrative of the Disasters of Cabul* (Hood)? **[30]**
- Or**        **3**    Compare the ways in which the poets convey their admiration for soldiers in *The Volunteer* (Asquith) and *Ode, Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746* (Collins). **[30]**

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country*

4 (a)

*The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd*

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

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

5

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

10

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

15

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

20

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

Sir Walter Raleigh

(b)

*The Eagle*

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
 He watches from his mountain walls,  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

5

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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

- Either** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets powerfully convey to you the harsher side of nature in these two poems. [30]
- 
- Or** 5 In what different ways do the poets strongly express their love for the countryside in *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* (Yeats) and *Binsey Poplars* (Hopkins)? [30]
- Or** 6 Compare how the poets make you feel sympathy for the people they portray in *London* (Blake) and *The Song of the Shirt* (Hood). [30]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

*London*

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-forg'd 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 10  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

(b)

*The Human Abstract*

Pity would be no more  
If we did not make somebody Poor;  
And Mercy no more could be  
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace, 5  
Till the selfish loves increase:  
Then Cruelty knits a snare,  
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears, 10  
And waters the ground with tears;  
Then Humility takes its root  
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade 15  
Of Mystery over his head;  
And the Catterpillar and Fly  
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit, 20  
Ruddy and sweet to eat;  
And the Raven his nest has made  
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea  
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree;  
But their search was all in vain:  
There grows one in the Human Brain.



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

**Either** 7 Compare the ways in which Blake creates such disturbing impressions of human misery in these two poems. **[30]**

---

**Or** 8 Compare the ways in which Blake conveys to you strong feelings about freedom and control in *Nurse's Song* (Experience) and *The Garden of Love* (Experience). **[30]**

**Or** 9 How does Blake convey similar feelings about caring for others in **TWO** of the following poems?

*On Another's Sorrow* (Innocence)

*A Cradle Song* (Innocence)

*The Lamb* (Innocence)

**[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  
 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  
 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  
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,  
 And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

5

10

15

(b)

*The Darkling Thrush*

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

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

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

5

10

15

20

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

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

*31 December 1900*

**Either** 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy uses descriptions of winter scenes to convey strong feelings in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or** 11 How does Hardy's writing encourage you to see situations in a new light in both *The Ruined Maid* and *The Man He Killed*?

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

**Or** 12 Compare the ways in which Hardy's writing encourages you to share the narrators' disappointment in **TWO** of the following poems:

*To Lizbie Browne*  
*A Broken Appointment*  
*On the Departure Platform.*

**[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 The visions of romance were over. Catherine was completely awakened. Henry's address, short as it had been, had more thoroughly opened her eyes to the extravagance of her late fancies than all their several disappointments had done. Most grievously was she humbled. Most bitterly did she cry. It was not only with herself that she was sunk – but with Henry. Her folly, which now seemed even criminal, was all exposed to him, and he must despise her for ever. The liberty which her imagination had dared to take with the character of his father, could he ever forgive it? The absurdity of her curiosity and her fears, could they ever be forgotten? She hated herself more than she could express. He had – she thought he had, once or twice before this fatal morning, shown something like affection for her. – But now – in short, she made herself as miserable as possible for about half an hour, went down when the clock struck five, with a broken heart, and could scarcely give an intelligible answer to Eleanor's inquiry, if she was well. The formidable Henry soon followed her into the room, and the only difference in his behaviour to her, was that he paid her rather more attention than usual. Catherine had never wanted comfort more and he looked as if he was aware of it. 5
- The evening wore away with no abatement of this soothing politeness; and her spirits were gradually raised to a modest tranquillity. She did not learn either to forget or defend the past; but she learned to hope that it would never transpire farther, and that it might not cost her Henry's entire regard. Her thoughts being still chiefly fixed on what she had with such causeless terror felt and done, nothing could shortly be clearer, than that it had been all a voluntary, self-created delusion, each trifling circumstance receiving importance from an imagination resolved on alarm, and everything forced to bend to one purpose by a mind which, before she entered the Abbey, had been craving to be frightened. She remembered with what feelings she had prepared for a knowledge of Northanger. She saw that the infatuation had been created, the mischief settled long before her quitting Bath, and it seemed as if the whole might be traced to the influence of that sort of reading which she had there indulged. 10
- Charming as were all Mrs Radcliffe's works, and charming even as were the works of all her imitators, it was not in them perhaps that human nature, at least in the midland counties of England, was to be looked for. Of the Alps and Pyrenees, with their pine forests and their vices, they might give a faithful delineation; and Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, might be as fruitful in horrors as they were there represented. Catherine dared not doubt beyond her own country, and even of that, if hard pressed, would have yielded the northern and western extremities. But in the central part of England there was surely some security for the existence even of a wife not beloved, in the laws of the land, and the manners of the age. Murder was not tolerated, servants were not slaves, and neither poison nor sleeping potions to be procured, like rhubarb, from every druggist. 15
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JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

**Either** 13 How does Austen's writing make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel? [30]

---

**Or** 14 Does Austen's portrayal of Isabella Thorpe encourage you just to dislike her?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

**Or** 15 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which Austen's writing makes particularly entertaining for you. [30]

- 16 They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralyzed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.
- “Bitzer,” said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, “have you a heart?” 5
- “The circulation, Sir,” returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, “couldn’t be carried on without one. No man, Sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart.”
- “Is it accessible,” cried Mr. Gradgrind, “to any compassionate influence?”
- “It is accessible to Reason, Sir,” returned the excellent young man. “And to nothing else.” 10
- They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind’s face as white as the pursuer’s.
- “What motive—even what motive in reason—can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth,” said Mr. Gradgrind, “and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!” 15
- “Sir,” returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, “since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank-robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom’s situation. And I wish to have his situation, Sir, for it will be a rise to me, and will do me good.” 20
- “If this is solely a question of self-interest with you—” Mr. Gradgrind began.
- “I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Sir,” returned Bitzer; “but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to, is a person’s self-interest. It’s your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, Sir, as you are aware.” 25
- “What sum of money,” said Mr. Gradgrind, “will you set against your expected promotion?”
- “Thank you, Sir,” returned Bitzer, “for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head would propose that alternative, I have gone over the calculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank.” 30
- “Bitzer,” said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! “Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance.” 35
- “I really wonder, Sir,” rejoined the old pupil in an argumentative manner, “to find you taking a position so untenable. My schooling was paid for; it was a bargain; and when I came away, the bargain ended.” 40
- 45



CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

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

---

**Or** 17 How does Dickens's writing encourage you to admire Sissy Jupe?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or** 18 Explore how Dickens's writing makes some aspects of Coketown life so shocking for you.  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

A hand seized the lantern, the door was opened, the rays burst out from their prison, and Bathsheba beheld her position with astonishment.

The man to whom she was hooked was brilliant in brass and scarlet. He was a soldier. His sudden appearance was to darkness what the sound of a trumpet is to silence. Gloom, the *genius loci* at all times hitherto, was now totally overthrown, less by the lantern-light than by what the lantern lighted. The contrast of this revelation with her anticipations of some sinister figure in sombre garb was so great that it had upon her the effect of a fairy transformation.

5

It was immediately apparent that the military man's spur had become entangled in the gimp which decorated the skirt of her dress. He caught a view of her face.

10

'I'll unfasten you in one moment, miss,' he said, with new-born gallantry.

'O no – I can do it, thank you,' she hastily replied, and stooped for the performance.

The unfastening was not such a trifling affair. The rowel of the spur had so wound itself among the gimp cords in those few moments, that separation was likely to be a matter of time.

15

He too stooped, and the lantern standing on the ground betwixt them threw the gleam from its open side among the fir-tree needles and the blades of long damp grass with the effect of a large glowworm. It radiated upwards into their faces, and sent over half the plantation gigantic shadows of both man and woman, each dusky shape becoming distorted and mangled upon the tree-trunks till it wasted to nothing.

20

He looked hard into her eyes when she raised them for a moment; Bathsheba looked down again, for his gaze was too strong to be received point-blank with her own. But she had obliquely noticed that he was young and slim, and that he wore three chevrons upon his sleeve.

25

Bathsheba pulled again.

'You are a prisoner, miss; it is no use blinking the matter,' said the soldier, drily. 'I must cut your dress if you are in such a hurry.'

'Yes – please do!' she exclaimed, helplessly.

30

'It wouldn't be necessary if you could wait a moment,' and he unwound a cord from the little wheel. She withdrew her own hand, but, whether by accident or design, he touched it. Bathsheba was vexed; she hardly knew why.

His unravelling went on, but it nevertheless seemed coming to no end. She looked at him again.

35

'Thank you for the sight of such a beautiful face!' said the young sergeant, without ceremony.

She coloured with embarrassment. 'Twas unwillingly shown,' she replied, stiffly, and with as much dignity – which was very little – as she could infuse into a position of captivity.

40

'I like you the better for that incivility, miss,' he said.

'I should have liked – I wish – you had never shown yourself to me by intruding here!' She pulled again, and the gathers of her dress began to give way like liliputian musketry.

'I deserve the chastisement your words give me. But why should such a fair and dutiful girl have such an aversion to her father's sex?'

45

'Go on your way, please.'

'What, Beauty, and drag you after me? Do but look; I never saw such a tangle!'

'O, 'tis shameful of you; you have been making it worse on purpose to keep me here – you have!'

50

'Indeed, I don't think so,' said the sergeant, with a merry twinkle.



GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 22 'He said he should like to be married, because he was a-going in four-and-twenty, and had got a deal of gardening work, now Mr Mott's given up; and he goes twice-a-week regular to Mr Cass's, and once to Mr Osgood's, and they're going to take him on at the Rectory.'
- 'And who is it as he's wanting to marry?' said Silas, with rather a sad smile. 5
- 'Why, me, to be sure, daddy,' said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; 'as if he'd want to marry anybody else!'
- 'And you mean to have him, do you?' said Silas.
- 'Yes, some time,' said Eppie, 'I don't know when. Everybody's married some time, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true: for, I said, look at father – he's never been married.' 10
- 'No, child,' said Silas, 'your father was a lone man till you was sent to him.'
- 'But you'll never be lone again, father,' said Eppie, tenderly. 'That was what Aaron said – "I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie." And I said, "It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron." And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you – that was what he said.' 15
- 'And should you like that, Eppie?' said Silas, looking at her.
- 'I shouldn't mind it, father,' said Eppie, quite simply. 'And I should like things to be so as you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy: I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you – he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?' 20
- 'Yes, child, nobody could behave better,' said Silas, emphatically. 'He's his mother's lad.'
- 'But I don't want any change,' said Eppie. 'I should like to go on a long, long while, just as we are. Only Aaron does want a change; and he made me cry a bit – only a bit – because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did.' 25
- 'Eh, my blessed child,' said Silas, laying down his pipe as if it were useless to pretend to smoke any longer, 'you're o'er young to be married. We'll ask Mrs Winthrop – we'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks: if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. But there's this to be thought on, Eppie: things *will* change, whether we like it or not; things won't go on for a long while just as they are and no difference. I shall get older and helplesser, and be a burden on you, belike, if I don't go away from you altogether. Not as I mean you'd think me a burden – I know you wouldn't – but it 'ud be hard upon you; and when I look for'ard to that, I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me – somebody young and strong, as'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end.' Silas paused, and, resting his wrists on his knees, lifted his hands up and down meditatively as he looked on the ground. 30
- 'Then, would you like me to be married, father?' said Eppie, with a little trembling in her voice. 40
- 'I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie,' said Silas, emphatically; 'but we'll ask your godmother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son too.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

**Either**    **22**    How do you think Eliot's writing makes the relationship between Eppie and Silas so moving here? **[30]**

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**Or**        **23**    In what ways does Eliot make the discovery of Dunsey's skeleton in the Stone Pits such a dramatic and significant part of the novel? **[30]**

**Or**        **24**    Which **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel does Eliot's writing make the most amusing for you?

Remember to support your choice(s) with details from the novel. **[30]**

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

*The Fall of the House of Usher*

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was – but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me – upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain – upon the bleak walls – upon the vacant eye-like windows – upon a few rank sedges – and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees – with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium – the bitter lapse into everyday life – the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart – an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it – I paused to think – what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher?

(b)

*The Masque of the Red Death*

The 'Red Death' had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal – the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the 'Red Death'.

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

**Either 25** Explore the ways in which Poe's writing makes these two openings so gripping. **[30]**

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**Or 26** How does Poe make the minds of the murderers so chilling for you in *The Imp of the Perverse* and *The Cask of Amontillado*?

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

**Or 27** How does Poe make acts of violence particularly disturbing for you in **TWO** of the following stories?

*The Murders in the Rue Morgue*

*The Tell-Tale Heart*

*The Black Cat*

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

28 'Hole!' said Mr Polly, and then for a change, and with greatly increased emphasis: 'Ole!' He paused, and then broke out with one of his private and peculiar idioms. 'Oh! *Beastly* Silly Wheeze of a hole!'

He was sitting on a stile between two threadbare-looking fields, and suffering acutely from indigestion. 5

He suffered from indigestion now nearly every afternoon in his life, but as he lacked introspection he projected the associated discomfort upon the world. Every afternoon he discovered afresh that life as a whole, and every aspect of life that presented itself, was 'beastly'. And this afternoon, lured by the delusive blueness of a sky that was blue because the March wind was in the east, he had come out in the hope of snatching something of the joyousness of spring. The mysterious alchemy of mind and body refused, however, to permit any joyousness in the spring. 10

He had had a little difficulty in finding his cap before he came out. He wanted his cap—the new golf cap—and Mrs Polly must needs fish out his old soft brown felt hat. "Ere's your 'at," she said, in a tone of insincere encouragement. 15

He had been routing among the piled newspapers under the kitchen dresser, and had turned quite hopefully and taken the thing. He put it on. But it didn't feel right. Nothing felt right. He put a trembling hand upon the crown and pressed it on his head, and tried it askew to the right, and then askew to the left. 20

Then the full sense of the offered indignity came home to him. The hat masked the upper sinister quarter of his face, and he spoke with a wrathful eye regarding his wife from under the brim. In a voice thick with fury he said, 'I s'pose you'd like me to wear that silly Mud Pie for ever, eh? I tell you I won't. I'm sick of it. I'm pretty near sick of everything, comes to that... Hat!' 25

He clutched it with quivering fingers. 'Hat!' he repeated. Then he flung it to the ground, and kicked it with extraordinary fury across the kitchen. It flew up against the door and dropped to the ground with its ribbon band half off. 30

'Shan't go out!' he said, and sticking his hands into his jacket pockets, discovered the missing cap in the right one. 35

There was nothing for it but to go straight upstairs without a word, and out, slamming the shop door hard. 40

'Beauty!' said Mrs Polly at last to a tremendous silence, picking up and dusting the rejected headdress. 'Tantrums,' she added. 'I 'aven't patience.' And moving with the slow reluctance of a deeply offended woman, she began to pile together the simple apparatus of their recent meal, for transportation to the scullery sink. 45

The repast she had prepared for him did not seem to her to justify his ingratitude. There had been the cold pork from Sunday, and some nice cold potatoes, and Rashdall's Mixed Pickles, of which he was inordinately fond. He had eaten three gherkins, two onions, a small cauliflower head, and several capers with every appearance of appetite, and indeed with avidity; and then there had been cold suet pudding to follow, with treacle, and then a nice bit of cheese. It was the pale, hard sort of cheese he liked; red cheese he declared was indigestible. He had also had three big slices of greyish baker's bread, and had drunk the best part of the jugful of beer... But there seems to be no pleasing some people. 50

'Tantrums!' said Mrs Polly at the sink, struggling with the mustard on his plate, and expressing the only solution of the problem that occurred to her. 55

And Mr Polly sat on the stile and hated the whole scheme of life—which was at once excessive and inadequate of him. He hated Fishbourne, he hated Fishbourne High Street, he hated his shop and his wife and his neighbours—every blessed neighbour—and with indescribable bitterness he hated himself. 60

'Why did I ever get in this silly Hole?' he said. 'Why did I ever?'

He sat on the stile, and looked with eyes that seemed blurred with impalpable flaws at a world in which even the spring buds were wilted, the sunlight metallic, and the shadows mixed with blue-black ink.



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

**Either 28** Explore the ways in which Wells makes this such a vivid introduction to Mr Polly's unhappiness with his life. **[30]**

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**Or 29** How does Wells convey to you the great attraction the Potwell Inn has for Mr Polly?

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

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

Mr Johnson  
Mr Rasper  
Uncle Jim

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

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories*

31 (a)

*A Matter of Prejudice*

Suddenly she became aware that footsteps were approaching, and threatening to invade her privacy – not only footsteps, but screams! Then two little children, one in hot pursuit of the other, darted wildly around the corner near which she sat.

The child in advance, a pretty little girl, sprang excitedly into Madame Carambeau's lap, and threw her arms convulsively around the old lady's neck. Her companion lightly struck her a "last tag," and ran laughing gleefully away.

5

The most natural thing for the child to do then would have been to wriggle down from madame's lap, without a "thank you" or a "by your leave," after the manner of small and thoughtless children. But she did not do this. She stayed there, panting and fluttering, like a frightened bird.

10

Madame was greatly annoyed. She moved as if to put the child away from her, and scolded her sharply for being boisterous and rude. The little one, who did not understand French, was not disturbed by the reprimand, and stayed on in madame's lap. She rested her plump little cheek, that was hot and flushed, against the soft white linen of the old lady's gown.

15

The cheek was very hot and very flushed. It was dry, too, and so were the hands. The child's breathing was quick and irregular. Madame was not long in detecting these signs of disturbance.

Though she was a creature of prejudice, she was nevertheless a skilful and accomplished nurse, and a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to health. She prided herself upon this talent, and never lost an opportunity of exercising it. She would have treated an organ-grinder with tender consideration if one had presented himself in the character of an invalid.

20

Madame's manner towards the little one changed immediately. Her arms and her lap were at once adjusted so as to become the most comfortable of resting places. She rocked very gently to and fro. She fanned the child softly with her palm leaf fan, and sang "*Partant pour la Syrie*" in a low and agreeable tone.

25

The child was perfectly content to lie still and prattle a little in that language that madame thought hideous. But the brown eyes were soon swimming in drowsiness, and the little body grew heavy with sleep in madame's clasp.

30

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)**(b)** *A Respectable Woman*

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tête-à-tête with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two. 5

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a Society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eye-glasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself. 10 15

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home, and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem. 20

**Either** 31 How does Chopin's writing convey the surprising nature of Madame Carambeau's and Mrs. Baroda's thoughts and actions in these two passages? [30]

**Or** 32 How does Chopin's writing make so disturbing the behaviour of Armand in *The Father of Désirée's Baby*/*Désirée's Baby* and Tonie in *Tonie*/*At Chênière Caminada*?

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

**Or** 33 How does Chopin's writing make the endings of **TWO** stories in the selection particularly moving for you?

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

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