

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

2444/02

Unit 4 Pre-1914 Texts (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.

Thursday 27 January 2011
Morning

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.
- 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 **32** 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.

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

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Answer **one** question from this Section.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 1 DON PEDRO: The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.
- BENEDICK: O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her. You shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation, follows her.
- 5
10
15
20
- Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE, LEONATO and HERO.*
- DON PEDRO: Look, here she comes.
- BENEDICK: Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies – rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?
- 25
- DON PEDRO: None, but to desire your good company.
- BENEDICK: O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my Lady Tongue.
- 30
- [Exit.]

Either 1 How does Shakespeare make this passage so amusing? **[20]**

Or 2 You are Borachio. Dogberry and the Watch have just locked you in jail.
Write your thoughts. **[20]**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3** LADY CAPULET: We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company 5
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
- JULIET: Indeed I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him – dead –
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vexed. 10
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To hear him named – and cannot come to him –
To wreak the love I bore my cousin 15
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.
- LADY CAPULET: Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
- JULIET: And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship? 20
- LADY CAPULET: Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child,
One who to put thee from thy heaviness
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.
- JULIET: Madam, in happy time what day is that? 25
- LADY CAPULET: Marry my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
- JULIET: Now by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too, 30
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear 35
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.
- LADY CAPULET: Here comes your father, tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Either 3 How does Shakespeare memorably portray the different feelings that Juliet and Lady Capulet show here? [20]

Or 4 How does Shakespeare make Mercutio such a memorable character?

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

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*throws himself into an armchair by the writing-table*].
 One night after dinner at Lord Radley's the Baron began talking about success in modern life as something that one could reduce to an absolutely definite science. With that wonderfully fascinating quiet voice of his he expounded to us the most terrible of all philosophies, the philosophy of power, preached to us the most marvellous of all gospels, the gospel of gold. I think he saw the effect he had produced on me, for some days afterwards he wrote and asked me to come and see him. He was living then in Park Lane, in the house Lord Woolcomb has now. I remember so well how, with a strange smile on his pale, curved lips, he led me through his wonderful picture gallery, showed me his tapestries, his enamels, his jewels, his carved ivories, made me wonder at the strange loveliness of the luxury in which he lived; and then told me that luxury was nothing but a background, a painted scene in a play, and that power, power over other men, power over the world, was the one thing worth having, the one supreme pleasure worth knowing, the one joy one never tired of, and that in our century only the rich possessed it. 5 10 15 20
- LORD GORING: [*with great deliberation*] A thoroughly shallow creed.
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: [*rising*]. I didn't think so then. I don't think so now. Wealth has given me enormous power. It gave me at the very outset of my life freedom, and freedom is everything. You have never been poor, and never known what ambition is. You cannot understand what a wonderful chance the Baron gave me. Such a chance as few men get. 25
- LORD GORING: Fortunately for them, if one is to judge by results. But tell me definitely, how did the Baron finally persuade you to – well, to do what you did? 30
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: When I was going away he said to me that if I ever could give him any private information of real value, he would make me a very rich man. I was dazed at the prospect he held out to me, and my ambition and my desire for power were at that time boundless. Six weeks later certain private documents passed through my hands. 35
- LORD GORING: [*keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the carpet*]. State documents? 40
- SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Yes.
 [*LORD GORING sighs, then passes his hand across his forehead and looks up*].
- LORD GORING: I had no idea that you, of all men in the world, could have been so weak, Robert, as to yield to such a temptation as Baron Arnheim held out to you. 45

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: Weak? Oh, I am sick of hearing that phrase. Sick of using it about others. Weak? Do you really think, Arthur, that it is weakness that yields to temptation? I tell you that there are terrible temptations that it requires strength, strength and courage, to yield to. To stake all one's life on a single moment, to risk everything on one throw, whether the stake be power or pleasure, I care not – there is no weakness in that. There is a horrible, a terrible courage. I had that courage. I sat down the same afternoon and wrote Baron Arnheim the letter this woman now holds. He made three-quarters of a million over the transaction. 50

LORD GORING: And you? 55

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN: I received from the Baron £110,000. 60

LORD GORING: You were worth more, Robert.

Either 5 How does Wilde make this such a dramatic moment in the play? [20]

Or 6 You are Lady Chiltern. You have just persuaded your husband to write to Mrs Cheveley to tell her that he does not want to see her again.

Write your thoughts. [20]

IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

7	[<i>DOCTOR STOCKMANN comes out of his room, with the open letter in his hand.</i>]	
DR. STOCKMANN:	[<i>waving the letter</i>]. Well! Here's a bit of news that will set a few tongues wagging about the town!	
BILLING:	News?	5
MRS. STOCKMANN:	What news?	
DR. STOCKMANN:	A great discovery, Katherine!	
HOVSTAD:	Really?	
MRS. STOCKMANN:	Which you've made?	
DR. STOCKMANN:	Which I've made, yes. [<i>Walks up and down.</i>] Now let them come as they always do, and say it's some madman's crazy idea! Ah, but they'll watch their step this time! They'll watch out this time, I'll bet.	10
PETRA:	But, Father, tell us what this is all about.	
DR. STOCKMANN:	Yes, yes, just give me time and you'll hear all about it. Ah, if only I had Peter here! Yes, it lets you see how we men go about our affairs as blind as bats ...	15
HOVSTAD:	What do you mean, Doctor?	
DR. STOCKMANN:	[<i>stands by the table</i>]. Is it not generally believed that our town is a healthy place?	20
HOVSTAD:	Yes, of course.	
DR. STOCKMANN:	A quite exceptionally healthy place, in fact ... a place highly commended on this score both for the sick and for the healthy ...	
MRS. STOCKMANN:	Yes, but my dear Thomas ...	25
DR. STOCKMANN:	And have we not recommended it and acclaimed it? I myself have written repeatedly, both in the <i>Herald</i> and in a number of pamphlets ...	
HOVSTAD:	Well, what of it?	
DR. STOCKMANN:	And then these Baths – the so-called 'artery' of the town, or the 'nerve centre', and the devil only knows what else they've been called ...	30
BILLING:	'The throbbing heart of the town', as I was once, in a festive moment, moved to call it.	
DR. STOCKMANN:	Quite so. But do you know what they are in reality, these great and splendid and glorious Baths that have cost such a lot of money – do you know what they are?	35
HOVSTAD:	No, what are they?	
MRS. STOCKMANN:	Yes, what are they?	
DR. STOCKMANN:	The Baths are nothing but a cesspool.	40
PETRA:	The Baths, Father!	
MRS. STOCKMANN:	[<i>at the same time</i>]. Our Baths!	
HOVSTAD:	[<i>likewise</i>]. But, Doctor ... !	
BILLING:	Absolutely incredible!	
DR. STOCKMANN:	The whole establishment is a whited poisoned sepulchre, I tell you! A most serious danger to health! All that filth up at Mölledal, where there's such an awful stench – it's all seeping into the pipes that lead to the pump-room! And that same damned, poisonous muck is seeping out on the beach as well!	45
HORSTER:	Where the bathing place is, you mean?	50
DR. STOCKMANN:	Exactly.	

- HOVSTAD: How are you so certain about all this, Doctor?
- DR. STOCKMANN: I have investigated the position with scrupulous thoroughness. Oh, I've had my suspicions long enough. Last year there were a number of curious cases of sickness among the visitors ... typhoid and gastric fever ... 55
- MRS. STOCKMANN: Yes, so there were.
- DR. STOCKMANN: It was thought at the time that the visitors had brought their infections with them. But afterwards ... during the winter ... I began to have other ideas. So I carried out a few tests on the water, as far as I could. 60
- MRS. STOCKMANN: So *that's* what's been keeping you so busy!
- DR. STOCKMANN: Yes, you may well say I've been busy, Katherine. But of course I didn't have all the necessary scientific equipment. So I sent some samples – drinking water as well as sea-water – up to the university to get an exact chemical analysis. 65

Either 7 How does Ibsen make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

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

Or 8 How does Ibsen make Mrs Stockmann a memorable character in the play?

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

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (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,
Off-hand like – just as I – 15
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)

Tommy's Dead

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

Send the colt to the fair, boys – 10
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;

The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys, 15
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,

There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;
There's no sign of grass, boys, 20
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,

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

The land's not what it was, boys,
 And the beasts must be fed;
 You may turn Peg away, boys,
 You may pay off old Ned,
 We've had a dull day, boys, 25
 And Tommy's dead.

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

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

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

Sydney Dobell

Either 9 Compare the ways in which the poets make you feel sympathy for the narrators in these two poems.

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and phrases the poets use. [20]

Or 10 Compare some of the ways in which the poets make you feel shock or horror in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Destruction of Sennacherib (Byron)

On The Idle Hill (Housman)

The Hyaenas (Kipling).

[20]

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

11 (a)

Symphony in Yellow

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

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

5

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

10

Oscar Wilde

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

(b) *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

Either 11 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly present everyday things in these two poems. **[20]**

Or 12 Explore some of the different ways in which the poets express strong feelings in **TWO** of the following poems:

London (Blake)*The World* (Rossetti)*To Autumn* (Keats). **[20]**

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

On Another's Sorrow

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

5

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

10

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

15

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

20

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O! no, never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

25

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy maker is not near.

30

O! he gives to us his joy
That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled & gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

35

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

(b)

The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,
 And saw what I never had seen:
 A Chapel was built in the midst,
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
 And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
 So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
 That so many sweet flowers bore;

5

And I saw it was filled with graves,
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
 And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
 And binding with briars my joys & desires.

10

Either 13 Compare how Blake conveys strikingly different ideas about love in these two poems.

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and phrases Blake uses.

[20]

Or 14 Compare how Blake makes **TWO** of the following poems so moving:

Holy Thursday (Innocence)
Nurse's Song (Innocence)
The Chimney-Sweeper (Innocence).

Remember to refer closely to some of the words and phrases that Blake uses.

[20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

She at His Funeral

They bear him to his resting-place –
 In slow procession sweeping by;
 I follow at a stranger's space;
 His kindred they, his sweetheart I.

Unchanged my gown of garish dye,
 Though sable-sad is their attire;
 But they stand round with griefless eye,
 Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

5

(b)

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 stroked its sum,
 You did not come.

5

You love not me,
 And love alone can lend you loyalty;
 – I know and knew it. But, unto the store
 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 soothe a time-torn man; even though it be
 You love not me?

10

15

Either 15 Compare how Hardy so powerfully conveys to you the feelings of the speakers in these two poems.

Remember to refer to some of the words and phrases that Hardy uses.

[20]

Or 16 Compare how Hardy creates such memorable impressions of **TWO** of the following women:

Lizbie in *To Lizbie Browne*

'Melia in *The Ruined Maid*

The woman in *On the Departure Platform*.

[20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 'Yes, a great deal. That is – no, not much, but what she did say, was very interesting. Her dying so suddenly,' (slowly, and with hesitation it was spoken,) 'and you – none of you being at home – and your father, I thought – perhaps had not been very fond of her.'
- 'And from these circumstances,' he replied, (his quick eye fixed on her's,) 'you infer perhaps the probability of some negligence – some – (involuntarily she shook her head) – or it may be – of something still less pardonable.' She raised her eyes towards him more fully than she had ever done before. 'My mother's illness,' he continued, 'the seizure which ended in her death *was* sudden. The malady itself, one from which she had often suffered, a bilious fever – its cause therefore constitutional. On the third day, in short as soon as she could be prevailed on, a physician attended her, a very respectable man, and one in whom she had always placed great confidence. Upon his opinion of her danger, two others were called in the next day, and remained in almost constant attendance for four-and-twenty hours. On the fifth day she died. During the progress of her disorder, Frederick and I (*we* were both at home) saw her repeatedly; and from our own observation can bear witness to her having received every possible attention which could spring from the affection of those about her, or which her situation in life could command. Poor Eleanor was absent, and at such a distance as to return only to see her mother in her coffin.'
- 'But your father,' said Catherine, 'was *he* afflicted?' 5
- 'For a time, greatly so. You have erred in supposing him not attached to her. He loved her, I am persuaded, as well as it was possible for him to – We have not all, you know, the same tenderness of disposition – and I will not pretend to say that while she lived, she might not often have had much to bear, but though his temper injured her, his judgment never did. His value of her was sincere; and, if not permanently, he was truly afflicted by her death.' 10
- 'I am very glad of it,' said Catherine, 'it would have been very shocking!' – 15
- 'If I understand you rightly, you had formed a surmise of such horror as I have hardly words to – Dear Miss Morland, consider the dreadful nature of the suspicions you have entertained. What have you been judging from? Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English, that we are Christians. Consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you – Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at them?' 20

Either 17 Explore how Austen's writing here makes you feel sympathy for Henry. [20]

Or 18 How does Austen make John Thorpe such a hateful character?

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

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 'Just wait a moment, Loo! Before we go, I should like to speak to him a moment. Something comes into my head. If you'll step out on the stairs, Blackpool, I'll mention it. Never mind a light, man!' Tom was remarkably impatient of his moving towards the cupboard, to get one. 'It don't want a light.'
- Stephen followed him out, and Tom closed the room door, and held the lock in his hand. 5
- 'I say!' he whispered, 'I think I can do you a good turn. Don't ask me what it is, because it may not come to anything. But there's no harm in my trying.'
- His breath fell like a flame of fire on Stephen's ear, it was so hot.
- 'That was our light porter at the Bank,' said Tom, 'who brought you the message tonight. I call him our light porter, because I belong to the Bank too.' 10
- Stephen thought 'What a hurry he is in!' He spoke so confusedly.
- 'Well' said Tom. 'Now look here! When are you off?'
- 'T'day's Monday,' replied Stephen, considering. 'Why, sir, Friday or Saturday, nigh 'bout.' 15
- 'Friday or Saturday,' said Tom. 'Now, look here! I am not sure that I can do you the good turn I want to do you – that's my sister, you know, in your room – but I may be able to, and if I should not be able to, there's no harm done. So I tell you what. You'll know our light porter again?'
- 'Yes, sure,' said Stephen. 20
- 'Very well,' returned Tom. 'When you leave work of a night, between this and your going away, just hang about the Bank an hour or so, will you? Don't take on, as if you meant anything, if he should see you hanging about there; because I shan't put him up to speak to you, unless I find I can do you the service I want to do you. In that case he'll have a note or a message for you, but not else. Now look here! You are sure you understand.' 25
- He had wormed a finger, in the darkness, through a buttonhole of Stephen's coat, and was screwing that corner of the garment tight up, round and round, in an extraordinary manner.
- 'I understand, sir,' said Stephen. 30
- 'Now look here!' repeated Tom. 'Be sure you don't make any mistake then, and don't forget. I shall tell my sister as we go home, what I have in view, and she'll approve, I know. Now look here! You're all right, are you? You understand all about it? Very well then. Come along, Loo!'

Either 19 Explore how Dickens's writing makes Tom's behaviour so despicable here. [20]

Or 20 To what extent does Dickens make you feel sorry for Mr Gradgrind by the end of the novel?

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 Gabriel leapt over the hedge, and saw that he was not alone. The first man he came to was running about in a great hurry, as if his thoughts were several yards in advance of his body, which they could never drag on fast enough.
- 'O, man – fire, fire! A good master and a bad servant is fire, fire! – I mane a bad servant and a good master. O, Mark Clark – come! And you, Billy Smallbury – and you, Maryann Money – and you, Jan Coggan, and Matthew there!' Other figures now appeared behind this shouting man and among the smoke, and Gabriel found that, far from being alone, he was in a great company – whose shadows danced merrily up, and down, timed by the jiggling of the flames, and not at all by their owners' movements. The assemblage – belonging to that class of society which casts its thoughts into the form of feeling, and its feelings into the form of commotion – set to work with a remarkable confusion of purpose. 5 10
- 'Stop the draught under the wheat-rick!' cried Gabriel to those nearest to him. The corn stood on stone staddles, and between these, tongues of yellow hue from the burning straw licked and darted playfully. If the fire once got *under* this stack, all would be lost. 15
- 'Get a tarpaulin – quick!' said Gabriel.
- A rick-cloth was brought, and they hung it like a curtain across the channel. The flames immediately ceased to go under the bottom of the corn-stack, and stood up vertical. 20
- 'Stand here with a bucket of water and keep the cloth wet,' said Gabriel again.
- The flames, now driven upwards, began to attack the angles of the huge roof covering the wheat-stack.
- 'A ladder,' cried Gabriel.
- 'The ladder was against the straw-rick and is burnt to a cinder,' said a spectre-like form in the smoke. 25
- Oak seized the cut ends of the sheaves, as if he were going to engage in the operation of 'reed-drawing', and digging in his feet, and occasionally sticking in the stem of his sheep-crook, he clambered up the beetling face. He at once sat astride the very apex, and began with his crook to beat off the fiery fragments which had lodged thereon, shouting to the others to get him a bough and a ladder, and some water. 30
- Billy Smallbury – one of the men who had been on the waggon – by this time had found a ladder, which Mark Clark ascended, holding on beside Oak upon the thatch. The smoke at this corner was stifling, and Clark, a nimble fellow, having been handed a bucket of water, bathed Oak's face and sprinkled him generally, whilst Gabriel, now with a long beech-bough in one hand, in addition to his crook in the other, kept sweeping the stack and dislodging all fiery particles. 35

Either 21 How does Hardy make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [20]

Or 22 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel when Hardy makes you feel particularly annoyed by Bathsheba. [20]

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 23 'Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say, as you've been robbed? speak out.'
- 'He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him,' cried Jem Rodney, hastily. 'What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it.' 5
- 'Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say,' said the landlord. 'Now then, Master Marner.'
- Silas now told his story under frequent questioning, as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.
- This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbours, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud. 10
- The slightest suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him, gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbours to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, 'Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mused' as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be, that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait till the door was left unlocked, was a question which did not present itself. 15
- 'It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner,' said the landlord. 'You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink – but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account.' 20
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Either 23 How does Eliot's writing make this moment in the novel both moving and amusing? [20]

Or 24 What do you think makes Eliot's portrayal of the relationship between Silas and Dolly Winthrop so touching?

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

The Fall of the House of Usher

- 25 (a) 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 afterdream 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? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down – but with a shudder even more thrilling than before – upon the remodelled and inverted images of the grey sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales* (Cont.)*The Masque of the Red Death*

(b) 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. 5

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. 10
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, 20
there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the 'Red Death'.

Either 25 Explore how Poe immediately attracts your interest in these two openings. [20]

Or 26 How does Poe's writing make **TWO** moments (each from a different story) so horrifying for you?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [20]

- 27 Parsons, with a dazed expression, began to descend the steps slowly. Mr Garvace turned about. 'Where's Morrison? Morrison!' Morrison appeared.
- 'Take this window over,' said Mr Garvace, pointing his bunch of fingers at Parsons. 'Take all this muddle out and dress it properly.' 5
- Morrison advanced and hesitated.
- 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said Parsons with an immense politeness, 'but this is my window.'
- 'Take it all out,' said Mr Garvace, turning away.
- Morrison advanced. Parsons shut the door with a click that arrested Mr Garvace. 10
- 'Come out of that window,' he said. 'You can't dress it. If you want to play the fool with a window –'
- 'This window's All Right,' said the genius in window dressing, and there was a little pause.
- 'Open the door and go right in,' said Mr Garvace to Morrison. 15
- 'You leave that door alone, Morrison,' said Parsons.
- Polly was no longer even trying to hide behind the stack of Bolton sheetings. He realized he was in the presence of forces too stupendous to heed him.
- 'Get him out,' said Mr Garvace.
- Morrison seemed to be thinking out the ethics of his position. The idea of 20 loyalty to his employer prevailed with him. He laid his hand on the door to open it; Parsons tried to disengage his hand. Mr Garvace joined his effort to Morrison's. Then the heart of Polly leapt, and the world blazed up to wonder and splendour. Parsons disappeared behind the partition for a moment, and reappeared instantly, gripping a thin cylinder of rolled huckaback. With this he smote at Morrison's head. 25 Morrison's head ducked under the resounding impact, but he clung on and so did Mr Garvace. The door came open, and then Mr Garvace was staggering back, hand to head, his autocratic, his sacred baldness, smitten. Parsons was beyond all control – a strangeness, a marvel. Heaven knows how the artistic struggle had strained that richly endowed temperament. 'Say I can't dress a window, you thundering old 30 Humbug,' he said, and hurled the huckaback at his master. He followed this up by pitching first a blanket, then an armful of silesia, then a window support out of the window into the shop. It leapt into Polly's mind that Parsons hated his own effort and was glad to demolish it. For a crowded second his attention was concentrated upon Parsons, infuriated, active, like a figure of earthquake with its coat off, shying things 35 headlong.
- Then he perceived the back of Mr Garvace and heard his gubernatorial voice crying to no one in particular and everybody in general, 'Get him out of the window. He's mad. He's dangerous. Get him out of the window.'
- Then a crimson blanket was for a moment over the head of Mr Garvace, and 40 his voice, muffled for an instant, broke out into unwonted expletive.
- Then people had arrived from all parts of the Bazaar. Luck, the ledger clerk, blundered against Polly and said, 'Help him!' Somerville from the silks vaulted the counter, and seized a chair by the back. Polly lost his head. He clawed at the Bolton sheeting before him, and if he could have detached a piece he would certainly have 45 hit somebody with it. As it was he simply upset the pile. It fell away from Polly, and he had an impression of somebody squeaking as it went down. It was the sort of impression one disregards. The collapse of the pile of goods just sufficed to end his subconscious efforts to get something to hit somebody with, and his whole attention focused itself upon the struggle in the window. For a splendid instant Parsons 50 towered up over the active backs that clustered about the shop-window door, an active whirl of gesture, tearing things down and throwing them, and then he went under. There was an instant's furious struggle, a crash, a second crash, and the

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

crack of broken plate glass. Then a stillness and heavy breathing.

Parsons was overpowered. ...

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Polly, stepping over scattered pieces of Bolton sheeting, saw his transfigured friend with a dark cut, that was not at present bleeding, on the forehead, one arm held by Somerville and the other by Morrison.

'You – you – you – you annoyed me,' said Parsons, sobbing for breath.

Either 27 Explore how Wells makes this such an entertaining and significant moment in the novel. **[20]**

Or 28 Explore how Wells portrays Mr Polly's marriage to Miriam as such a failure. **[20]**

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories**The Storm*

- 29 (a) The leaves were so still that even Bibi thought it was going to rain. Bobinôt, who was accustomed to converse on terms of perfect equality with his little son, called the child's attention to certain sombre clouds that were rolling with sinister intention from the west, accompanied by a sullen, threatening roar. They were at Friedheimer's store and decided to remain there till the storm had passed. They sat within the door on two empty kegs. Bibi was four years old and looked very wise. 5
- "Mama'll be 'fraid, yes," he suggested with blinking eyes.
- "She'll shut the house. Maybe she got Sylvie helpin' her this evenin'," Bobinôt responded reassuringly.
- "No; she ent got Sylvie. Sylvie was helpin' her yistiday," piped Bibi. 10
- Bobinôt arose and going across to the counter purchased a can of shrimps, of which Calixta was very fond. Then he returned to his perch on the keg and sat stolidly holding the can of shrimps while the storm burst. It shook the wooden store and seemed to be ripping great furrows in the distant field. Bibi laid his little hand on his father's knee and was not afraid. 15

Her Letters

- (b) She had given orders that she wished to remain undisturbed and moreover had locked the doors of her room.
- The house was very still. The rain was falling steadily from a leaden sky in which there was no gleam, no rift, no promise. A generous wood fire had been lighted in the ample fireplace and it brightened and illumined the luxurious apartment to its furthest corner. 5
- From some remote nook of her writing desk the woman took a thick bundle of letters, bound tightly together with strong, coarse twine, and placed it upon the table in the centre of the room.
- For weeks she had been schooling herself for what she was about to do. There was a strong deliberation in the lines of her long, thin, sensitive face; her hands, too, were long and delicate and blue-veined. 10
- With a pair of scissors she snapped the cord binding the letters together. Thus released the ones which were top-most slid down to the table and she, with a quick movement thrust her fingers among them, scattering and turning them over till they quite covered the broad surface of the table. 15

Either 29 How does Chopin make these opening passages so intriguing?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passages. [20]

Or 30 Explore **TWO** moments (each from a different story) in which Chopin gives you a vivid impression of life in the Deep South when these stories were written.

Choose your moments from *Désirée's Baby/The Father of Désirée's Baby, At the 'Cadian Ball, or A Matter of Prejudice*. [20]

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