

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.

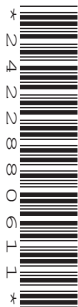
OCR supplied materials:

- 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 26 May 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.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
 - You must answer **one** question from **Section C: Prose pre-1914**.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.
- This document consists of **36** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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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SECTION B – Poetry pre-1914

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

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SECTION C – Prose pre-1914

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

Page 23

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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Section A – Drama pre-1914		
SHAKESPEARE: <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	4	1–2
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IBSEN: <i>An Enemy of the People</i>	10–11	7–8

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1	URSULA:	O, do not do your cousin such a wrong! She cannot be so much without true judgment – Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is priz'd to have – as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.	5
	HERO:	He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.	
	URSULA:	I pray you be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.	10
	HERO:	Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.	
	URSULA:	His excellence did earn it ere he had it. When are you married, madam?	
	HERO:	Why, every day – to-morrow. Come, go in; I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.	15
	URSULA:	She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.	
	HERO:	If it prove so, then loving goes by haps: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.	20
		<i>[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.]</i>	
	BEATRICE:	<i>[Coming forward]</i> What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! No glory lives behind the back of such. And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee, Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand, If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee To bind our loves up in a holy band; For others say thou dost deserve, and I Believe it better than reportingly.	25 30
		<i>[Exit.]</i>	

Either 1 How does Shakespeare make this such an entertaining and significant moment in the play? **[20]**

Or 2 You are Claudio. You are about to go to Leonato's house to discuss what you will do now that Hero is proved to be innocent.

Write your thoughts. **[20]**

Turn to page 6 for Question 3.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

3	BENVOLIO:	Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.	
	ROMEO:	What, shall I groan and tell thee?	
	BENVOLIO:	Groan? Why no.	
	ROMEO:	But sadly tell me who. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will? A word ill urged to one that is so ill. In sadness cousin, I do love a woman.	5
	BENVOLIO:	I aimed so near, when I supposed you loved.	
	ROMEO:	A right good mark-man. And she's fair I love.	
	BENVOLIO:	A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.	10
	ROMEO:	Well in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit, And in strong proof of chastity well armed, From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharmed. She will not stay the siege of loving terms, Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes, Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. O she is rich in beauty, only poor, That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.	15
	BENVOLIO:	Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?	20
	ROMEO:	She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; For beauty starved with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity. She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair, To merit bliss by making me despair. She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow Do I live dead that live to tell it now.	25
	BENVOLIO:	Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.	
	ROMEO:	O teach me how I should forget to think.	
	BENVOLIO:	By giving liberty unto thine eyes. Examine other beauties.	30
	ROMEO:	'Tis the way To call hers, exquisite, in question more. These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair. He that is stricken blind cannot forget The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. Show me a mistress that is passing fair, What doth her beauty serve, but as a note Where I may read who passed that passing fair? Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.	35
	BENVOLIO:	I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.	40
		<i>[Exeunt</i>	

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

Either **3** Explore how Shakespeare presents the two characters, Romeo and Benvolio, here. **[20]**

Or **4** You are the Nurse. You have found Juliet apparently dead and she has been taken to the tomb.

Write your thoughts. **[20]**

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

5	LORD CAVERSHAM:	Well, sir! what are you doing here? Wasting your life as usual! You should be in bed, sir. You keep too late hours! I heard of you the other night at Lady Rufford's dancing till four o'clock in the morning!	
	LORD GORING:	Only a quarter to four, father.	5
	LORD CAVERSHAM:	Can't make out how you stand London Society. The thing has gone to the dogs, a lot of damned nobodies talking about nothing.	
	LORD GORING:	I love talking about nothing, father. It is the only thing I know anything about.	10
	LORD CAVERSHAM:	You seem to me to be living entirely for pleasure.	
	LORD GORING:	What else is there to live for, father? Nothing ages like happiness.	
	LORD CAVERSHAM:	You are heartless, sir, very heartless!	
	LORD GORING:	I hope not, father. Good evening, Lady Basildon!	15
	LADY BASILDON:	[<i>arching two pretty eyebrows</i>]. Are you here? I had no idea you ever came to political parties!	
	LORD GORING:	I adore political parties. They are the only place left to us where people don't talk politics.	
	LADY BASILDON:	I delight in talking politics. I talk them all day long. But I can't bear listening to them. I don't know how the unfortunate men in the House stand these long debates.	20
	LORD GORING:	By never listening.	
	LADY BASILDON:	Really?	25
	LORD GORING:	[<i>in his most serious manner</i>]. Of course. You see, it is a very dangerous thing to listen. If one listens one may be convinced; and a man who allows himself to be convinced by an argument is a thoroughly unreasonable person.	30
	LADY BASILDON:	Ah! that accounts for so much in men that I have never understood, and so much in women that their husbands never appreciate in them!	
	MRS MARCHMONT:	[<i>with a sigh</i>]. Our husbands never appreciate anything in us. We have to go to others for that!	35
	LADY BASILDON:	[<i>emphatically</i>]. Yes, always to others, have we not?	
	LORD GORING:	[<i>smiling</i>]. And those are the views of the two ladies who are known to have the most admirable husbands in London.	
	MRS MARCHMONT:	That is exactly what we can't stand. My Reginald is quite hopelessly faultless. He is really unendurably so, at times! There is not the smallest element of excitement in knowing him.	40
	LORD GORING:	How terrible! Really, the thing should be more widely known!	45
	LADY BASILDON:	Basildon is quite as bad; he is as domestic as if he was a bachelor.	
	MRS MARCHMONT:	[<i>pressing LADY BASILDON'S hand</i>]. My poor Olivia! We have married perfect husbands, and we are well punished for it.	50
	LORD GORING:	I should have thought it was the husbands who were punished.	

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

Either 5 Explore how Wilde creates such an entertaining impression of upper class society here. [20]

Or 6 You are Mabel. Lord Goring has just asked you to keep silent about the brooch.
Write your thoughts. [20]

IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 7 HOVSTAD: That's the law of nature. Every animal must fight for survival.
- ASLAKSEN: You've got to take your food where you find it, you know.
- DR. STOCKMANN: Then let's see if you can find anything out in the gutter. 5
[*Rushes about the room.*] Because now we are damned well going to see who is the strongest animal amongst us three. [*Finds his umbrella and waves it.*] Now, watch out ...!
- HOVSTAD: You wouldn't dare attack us! 10
- ASLAKSEN: Watch what you are doing with that umbrella!
- DR. STOCKMANN: Out of the window with you, Mr. Hovstad.
- HOVSTAD: [*near the hall door.*] Have you gone completely mad?
- DR. STOCKMANN: Out of the window, Mr. Aslaksen! Jump, I tell you. And quick about it! 15
- ASLAKSEN: [*running round the desk.*] Moderation, Dr. Stockmann! I'm not very strong, I can't stand very much of this ... [*Shouts.*] Help! Help!
[*MRS. STOCKMANN, PETRA and HORSTER come in from the living-room.*] 20
- MRS. STOCKMANN: Heavens above, Thomas, what's going on?
- DR. STOCKMANN: [*swinging the umbrella.*] Jump! Down into the gutter!
- HOVSTAD: Unprovoked assault! You're a witness of this, Captain Horster.
[*He hurries out through the hall.*] 25
- ASLAKSEN: [*bewildered.*] Anybody who knew the lie of the land about here ...
[*He slinks out through the living-room.*]
- MRS. STOCKMANN: [*clinging to her husband.*] Control yourself, Thomas!
- DR. STOCKMANN: [*throws the umbrella down.*] Damn them, they got away 30
after all.
- MRS. STOCKMANN: But what did they want with you?
- DR. STOCKMANN: I'll tell you later. I've got other things to think about now. [*He goes to his desk and writes on a visiting card.*] Look, Katherine, what does this say? 35
- MRS. STOCKMANN: 'No', three times. What's that for?
- DR. STOCKMANN: That's something else I'll tell you later. [*Hands the card to PETRA.*] There, Petra. Get little dirty-face to run over to the Badger's with it, as quick as she can. Hurry! [*PETRA takes the card and goes out through the hall.*] Well, if 40
this hasn't been a hell of a day for callers, I don't know what is. But now I'm going to sharpen up my pen; I'll impale them on it; I'll dip it in venom and gall; I'll chuck the inkpot right in their faces!
- MRS. STOCKMANN: Yes, but we're leaving, aren't we, Thomas? 45
[*PETRA comes back.*]
- DR. STOCKMANN: Well?
- PETRA: She's taken it.
- DR. STOCKMANN: Good! Leaving, did you say? No, I'm damned if we are. We're staying where we are, Katherine! 50

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

Either 7 What do you think makes Ibsen's portrayal of Dr. Stockmann so striking at this moment in the play?

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

Or 8 How does Ibsen make Petra such an admirable 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>	14–17	9–12
BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	18–19	13–14
HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	20–21	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: Section C: War*

9 (a)

Vitai Lampada

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night –
 Ten to make and the match to win –
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in. 5
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame.
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote –
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red, –
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke; – 10
 The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honour a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks: 15
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget. 20
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind –
 'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

Henry Newbolt

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

(b)

The Volunteer

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
 Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
 Thinking that so his days would drift away
 With no lance broken in life's tournament.
 Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes 5
 The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
 And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
 Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
 From twilight to the halls of dawn he went; 10
 His lance is broken; but he lies content
 With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
 And falling thus he wants no recompense,
 Who found his battle in the last resort;
 Nor need he any hearse to bear him hence, 15
 Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Herbert Asquith

Either 9 Compare some of the ways in which these poems present war and the men who join up to be soldiers.

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 convey feelings of anger about war in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Charge of the Light Brigade (Tennyson)

The Drum (Scott)

The Hyaenas (Kipling). [20]

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

11 (a)

To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun,
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees, 5
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
 For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too – 25
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

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

(b)

On Wenlock Edge ...

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
 His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
 The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger 5
 When Uricon the city stood:
 'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
 But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman 10
 At yonder heaving hill would stare:
 The blood that warms an English yeoman,
 The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
 Through him the gale of life blew high;
 The tree of man was never quiet: 15
 Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
 It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
 Today the Roman and his trouble 20
 Are ashes under Uricon.

A. E. Housman

Either 11 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create vivid pictures of nature in these two poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare some of the ways in which the poets convey striking experiences to you in **TWO** of the following poems:

London (Blake)*Binsey Poplars* (Hopkins)*Beeny Cliff* (Hardy). [20]

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

13 (a)

Nurse's Song (Innocence)

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
 And laughing is heard on the hill,
 My heart is at rest within my breast,
 And everything else is still.

“Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, 5
 And the dews of night arise;
 Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
 Till the morning appears in the skies.”

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

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

(b)

London (Experience)

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

In every cry of every Man, 5
 In every Infants cry of fear,
 In every voice, in every ban,
 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

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

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

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

Either 13 Explore how Blake creates such strikingly different pictures of country life and town life in these two poems. **[20]**

Or 14 Compare some of the ways in which Blake makes **TWO** of the following poems so very disturbing:

Holy Thursday (Experience)

The Chimney Sweeper (Experience)

The Sick Rose (Experience).

[20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

15 (a)

Valenciennes

We trenched, we trumpeted and drummed,
 And from our mortars tons of iron hummed
 Ath'art the ditch, the month we bombed
 The Town o' Valencieën.

'Twas in the June o' Ninety-dree 5
 (The Duke o' Yark our then Commander beën)
 The German Legion, Guards, and we
 Laid siege to Valencieën.

This was the first time in the war 10
 That French and English spilled each other's gore;
 – Few dreamt how far would roll the roar
 Begun at Valencieën!

'Twas said that we'd no business there 15
 A-topperèn the French for disagreeën;
 However, that's not my affair –
 We were at Valencieën.

Such snocks and slats, since war began 20
 Never knew raw recruit or veteràn:
 Stone-deaf therence went many a man
 Who served at Valencieën.

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,
 A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleën;
 And harmless townfolk fell to die
 Each hour at Valencieën!

And, sweatèn wi' the bombardiers, 25
 A shell was slent to shards anighst my ears:
 – 'Twas nigh the end of hopes and fears
 For me at Valencieën!

They bore my wownded frame to camp, 30
 And shut my gapèn skull, and washed en cleän,
 And jined en wi' a zilver clamp
 Thik night at Valencieën.

'We've fetched en back to quick from dead;
 But never more on earth while rose is red 35
 Will drum rouse Corpell' Doctor said
 O' me at Valencieën.

'Twer true. No voice o' friend or foe 40
 Can reach me now, or any livèn beën;
 And little have I power to know
 Since then at Valencieën!

I never hear the zummer hums
 O' bees; and don' know when the cuckoo comes;
 But night and day I hear the bombs
 We threw at Valencieën ...

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

As for the Duke o' Yark in war, 45
 There may be volk whose judgment o' en is meän;
 But this I say – he was not far
 From great at Valencieën.

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,
 My wownds come back, as though new wownds I'd had; 50
 But yet – at times I'm sort o' glad
 I fout at Valencieën.

Well: Heaven wi' its jasper halls
 Is now the on'y Town I care to be in ...
 Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls 55
 As we did Valencieën!

(b)

Drummer Hodge

i
 They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
 Uncoffined – just as found:
 His landmark is a kopje-crest
 That breaks the veldt around;
 And foreign constellations west 5
 Each night above his mound.

ii
 Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –
 Fresh from his Wessex home –
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,
 The Bush, the dusty loam, 10
 And why uprose to nightly view
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

iii
 Yet portion of that unknown plain
 Will Hodge for ever be;
 His homely Northern breast and brain 15
 Grow to some Southern tree,
 And strange-eyed constellations reign
 His stars eternally.

Either 15 Compare some of the ways in which Hardy conveys striking thoughts about war in these two poems. [20]

Or 16 Compare how Hardy creates such vivid pictures of the past or past events in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Self-Unseeing

On the Departure Platform

The Man He Killed.

[20]

Answer **one** question from this Section.

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

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

- 17 'It is very charming indeed,' said Isabella, with a grave face. 'Mr. Morland has behaved vastly handsome indeed,' said the gentle Mrs. Thorpe, looking anxiously at her daughter. 'I only wish I could do as much. One could not expect more from him you know. If he finds he *can* do more by and bye, I dare say he will, for I am sure he must be an excellent good-hearted man. Four hundred is but a small income to begin on indeed, but your wishes, my dear Isabella, are so moderate, you do not consider how little you ever want, my dear.' 5
- 'It is not on my own account I wish for more; but I cannot bear to be the means of injuring my dear Morland, making him sit down upon an income hardly enough to find one in the common necessities of life. For myself, it is nothing; I never think of myself.' 10
- 'I know you never do, my dear; and you will always find your reward in the affection it makes everybody feel for you. There never was a young woman so beloved as you are by everybody that knows you; and I dare say when Mr. Morland sees you, my dear child – but do not let us distress our dear Catherine by talking of such things. Mr. Morland has behaved so very handsome you know. I always heard he was a most excellent man; and you know, my dear, we are not to suppose but what, if you had had a suitable fortune, he would have come down with something more, for I am sure he must be a most liberal-minded man.' 15
- 'Nobody can think better of Mr. Morland than I do, I am sure. But everybody has their failing you know, and everybody has a right to do what they like with their own money.' Catherine was hurt by these insinuations. 'I am very sure,' said she, 'that my father has promised to do as much as he can afford.' 20
- Isabella recollected herself. 'As to that, my sweet Catherine, there cannot be a doubt, and you know me well enough to be sure that a much smaller income would satisfy me. It is not the want of more money that makes me just at present a little out of spirits; I hate money; and if our union could take place now upon only fifty pounds a year, I should not have a wish unsatisfied. Ah! my Catherine, you have found me out. There's the sting. The long, long, endless two years and half that are to pass before your brother can hold the living.' 25
- 'Yes, yes, my darling Isabella,' said Mrs. Thorpe, 'we perfectly see into your heart. You have no disguise. We perfectly understand the present vexation; and everybody must love you the better for such a noble honest affection.' 30

Either 17 How does Austen's writing reveal Isabella's nature to you in this passage? [20]

Or 18 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where Austen makes you particularly admire Catherine. [20]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

- 19 He waited, as if he would have been glad that she said something. But she said never a word.
 ‘Louisa my dear, you are the subject of a proposal of marriage that has been made to me.’
 Again he waited, and again she answered not one word. This so far surprised 5
 him, as to induce him gently to repeat, ‘a proposal of marriage, my dear’. To which she returned, without any visible emotion whatever:
 ‘I hear you, father. I am attending, I assure you.’
 ‘Well!’ said Mr Gradgrind, breaking into a smile, after being for the moment at a loss, ‘you are even more dispassionate than I expected, Louisa. Or, perhaps, you 10
 are not unprepared for the announcement I have it in charge to make?’
 ‘I cannot say that, father, until I hear it. Prepared or unprepared, I wish to hear it all from you. I wish to hear you state it to me, father.’
 Strange to relate, Mr Gradgrind was not so collected at this moment as his daughter was. He took a paper-knife in his hand, turned it over, laid it down, took it 15
 up again, and even then had to look along the blade of it, considering how to go on.
 ‘What you say, my dear Louisa, is perfectly reasonable. I have undertaken then to let you know that – in short, that Mr Bounderby has informed me that he has long watched your progress with particular interest and pleasure, and has long hoped that the time might ultimately arrive when he should offer you his hand in marriage. That 20
 time, to which he has so long, and certainly with great constancy, looked forward, is now come. Mr Bounderby has made his proposal of marriage to me, and has entreated me to make it known to you, and to express his hope that you will take it into your favourable consideration.’
 Silence between them. The deadly-statistical clock very hollow. The distant 25
 smoke very black and heavy.
 ‘Father,’ said Louisa, ‘do you think I love Mr Bounderby?’
 Mr Gradgrind was extremely discomfited by this unexpected question. ‘Well, my child,’ he returned, ‘I – really – cannot take upon myself to say.’
 ‘Father,’ pursued Louisa in exactly the same voice as before, ‘do you ask me to 30
 love Mr Bounderby?’
 ‘My dear Louisa, no. No. I ask nothing.’
 ‘Father,’ she still pursued, ‘does Mr Bounderby ask me to love him?’
 ‘Really, my dear,’ said Mr Gradgrind, ‘it is difficult to answer your question –’
 ‘Difficult to answer it, Yes or No, father?’ 35

Either 19 How does Dickens make this conversation between Louisa and her father so disturbing? [20]

Or 20 What does Dickens’s writing make you feel about the way in which the workers of Coketown live? [20]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

- 21 When Liddy came to Bathsheba's room her mistress was already waiting. Liddy could not understand this extraordinary promptness. 'Whatever *is* going on, ma'am?' she said.
- 'Well, I'll tell you,' said Bathsheba, with a mischievous smile in her bright eyes. 'Farmer Oak is coming here to dine with me today!' 5
- 'Farmer Oak – and nobody else? – you two alone?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'But is it safe, ma'am, after what's been said?' asked her companion, dubiously. 'A woman's good name is such a perishable article that ...'
- Bathsheba laughed with a flushed cheek, and whispered in Liddy's ear, although there was nobody present. Then Liddy stared and exclaimed, 'Souls alive, what news! It makes my heart go quite bumpity-bump!' 10
- 'It makes mine rather furious, too,' said Bathsheba. 'However, there's no getting out of it now!'
- It was a damp disagreeable morning. Nevertheless, at twenty minutes to ten o'clock, Oak came out of his house, and 15
- Went up the hill side
With that sort of stride
A man puts out when walking in search of a bride,
- and knocked at Bathsheba's door. Ten minutes later a large and a smaller umbrella might have been seen moving from the same door, and through the mist along the road to the church. The distance was not more than a quarter of a mile, and these two sensible persons deemed it unnecessary to drive. An observer must have been very close indeed to discover that the forms under the umbrellas were those of Oak and Bathsheba, arm-in-arm for the first time in their lives, Oak in a greatcoat extending to his knees, and Bathsheba in a cloak that reached her clogs. Yet, though so plainly dressed, there was a certain rejuvenated appearance about her: 20
- As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.
- Repose had again incarnadined her cheeks; and having, at Gabriel's request, arranged her hair this morning as she had worn it years ago on Norcombe Hill, she seemed in his eyes remarkably like the girl of that fascinating dream, which, considering that she was now only three or four-and-twenty, was perhaps not very wonderful. In the church were Tall, Liddy, and the parson, and in a remarkably short space of time the deed was done. 30
- The two sat down very quietly to tea in Bathsheba's parlour in the evening of the same day, for it had been arranged that Farmer Oak should go there to live, since he had as yet neither money, house, nor furniture worthy of the name, though he was on a sure way towards them, whilst Bathsheba was, comparatively, in a plethora of all three. 35
- Just as Bathsheba was pouring out a cup of tea, their ears were greeted by the firing of a cannon, followed by what seemed like a tremendous blowing of trumpets, in the front of the house. 40
- 'There!' said Oak, laughing, 'I knew those fellows were up to something, by the look on their faces.'

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

Either 21 How do you think Hardy's writing makes this moment near the end of the novel so satisfying? [20]

Or 22 How does Hardy's writing make Sergeant Troy so attractive to Bathsheba? [20]

- 23 'Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know, sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em,' said the Squire, frowning and casting an angry glance at his son. 'Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house too, and in worse time, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all – that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir.' 5
- Godfrey was silent. He was not likely to be very penetrating in his judgements, but he had always had a sense that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, and had had a vague longing for some discipline that would have checked his own errant weakness, and helped his better will. The Squire ate his bread and meat hastily, took a deep draught of ale, then turned his chair from the table, and began to speak again. 10
- 'It'll be all the worse for you, you know – you'd need try and help me keep things together.'
- 'Well, sir, I've often offered to take the management of things, but you know you've taken it ill always, and seemed to think I wanted to push you out of your place.'
- 'I know nothing o' your offering or o' my taking it ill,' said the Squire, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail; 'but I know, one while you seemed to be thinking o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way, as some fathers would. I'd as lieve you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose, if I'd said you nay, you'd ha' kept on with it; but, for want o' contradiction you've changed your mind. You're a shilly-shally fellow: you take after your poor mother. She never had a will of her own; a woman has no call for one, if she's got a proper man for her husband. But *your* wife had need have one, for you hardly know your own mind enough to make both your legs walk one way. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?' 20 25
- 'No,' said Godfrey, feeling very hot and uncomfortable; 'but I don't think she will.'
- 'Think! why, haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it, you want to have *her* – that's the thing?' 30
- 'There's no other woman I want to marry,' said Godfrey, evasively.
- 'Well, then, let me make the offer for you, that's all, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself. Lammeter isn't likely to be loath for his daughter to marry into *my* family, I should think. And as for the pretty lass, she wouldn't have her cousin – and there's nobody else, as I see, could ha' stood in your way.' 35
- 'I'd rather let it be, please sir, at present,' said Godfrey, in alarm. 'I think she's a little offended with me just now, and I should like to speak for myself. A man must manage these things for himself.'

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

- Either** **23** Explore the ways in which Eliot reveals the relationship between Godfrey and his father here. **[20]**
-
- Or** **24** Explore **ONE** moment in the novel which Eliot's writing makes particularly dramatic and surprising for you. **[20]**

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

The Premature Burial

I endeavoured to shriek; and my lips and my parched tongue moved convulsively together in the attempt – but no voice issued from the cavernous lungs, which, oppressed as if by the weight of some incumbent mountain, gasped and palpitated, with the heart, at every elaborate and struggling inspiration.

The movement of the jaws, in this effort to cry aloud, showed me that they were bound up, as is usual with the dead. I felt, too, that I lay upon some hard substance; and by something similar my sides were, also, closely compressed. So far, I had not ventured to stir any of my limbs – but now I violently, threw up my arms, which had been lying at length, with the wrists crossed. They struck a solid wooden substance, which extended above my person at an elevation of not more than six inches from my face. I could no longer doubt that I reposed within a coffin at last. 5 10

And now, amid all my infinite miseries, came sweetly the cherub Hope – for I thought of my precautions. I writhed, and made spasmodic exertions to force open the lid: it would not move. I felt my wrists for the bell-rope: it was not to be found. And now the Comforter fled for ever, and a still sterner Despair reigned triumphant; for I could not help perceiving the absence of the paddings which I had so carefully prepared – and then, too, there came suddenly to my nostrils the strong peculiar odour of moist earth. The conclusion was irresistible. I was *not* within the vault. I had fallen into a trance while absent from home – while among strangers – when, or how, I could not remember – and it was they who had buried me as a dog – nailed up in some common coffin – and thrust, deep, deep, and for ever, into some ordinary and nameless *grave*. 15 20

(b)

The Imp of the Perverse

At first, I made an effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I walked vigorously – faster – still faster – at length I ran. I felt a maddening desire to shriek aloud. Every succeeding wave of thought overwhelmed me with new terror, for, alas! I well, too well, understood that to *think*, in my situation, was to be lost. I still quickened my pace. I bounded like a madman through the crowded thoroughfares. At length, the populace took the alarm and pursued me. I felt *then* the consummation of my fate. Could I have torn out my tongue, I would have done it – but a rough voice resounded in my ears – a rougher grasp seized me by the shoulder. I turned – I gasped for breath. For a moment I experienced all the pangs of suffocation; I became blind, and deaf, and giddy; and then some invisible fiend, I thought, struck me with his broad palm upon the back. The long-imprisoned secret burst forth from my soul. 5 10

They say that I spoke with a distinct enunciation, but with marked emphasis and passionate hurry, as if in dread of interruption before concluding the brief but pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman and to hell.

Having related all that was necessary for the fullest judicial conviction, I fell prostrate in a swoon. 15

But why shall I say more? To-day I wear these chains, and am *here!* To-morrow I shall be fetterless! – but *where?*

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

Either 25 How in your view does Poe make these two moments so exciting and so full of suspense?

Remember to support your answer with details from the two passages. **[20]**

Or 26 Explore **TWO** moments (each from a different story) which Poe's writing makes particularly shocking for you.

Choose your moments from:

The Fall of the House of Usher
The Murders in the Rue Morgue
The Masque of the Red Death.

[20]

27

But he was not glad he had left Miriam. He had seen Miriam cry once or twice in his life, and it had always reduced him to abject commiseration. He now imagined her crying. He perceived in a perplexed way that he had made himself responsible for her life. He forgot how she had spoilt his own. He had hitherto rested in the faith that she had over a hundred pounds of insurance money, but now, with his eye meditatively upon his float, he realized a hundred pounds does not last for ever. His conviction of her incompetence was unflinching; she was bound to have fooled it away somehow by this time. And then! 5

He saw her humping her shoulders, and sniffing in a manner he had always regarded as detestable at close quarters, but which now became harrowingly pitiful. 10

'Damn!' said Mr Polly, and down went his float, and he flicked a victim to destruction, and took it off the hook.

He compared his own comfort and health with Miriam's imagined distress.

'Ought to have done something for herself,' said Mr Polly, re-baiting his hook. 'She was always talking of doing things. Why couldn't she?' 15

He watched the float oscillating gently towards quiescence.

'Silly to begin thinking about her,' he said. 'Damn silly!'

But once he had begun thinking about her, he had to go on.

'Oh, blow!' cried Mr Polly presently, and pulled up his hook, to find another fish had just snatched at it in the last instant. His handling must have made the poor thing feel itself unwelcome. 20

He gathered his things together and turned towards the house.

All the Potwell Inn betrayed his influence now, for here, indeed, he had found his place in the world. It looked brighter, so bright, indeed, as to be almost skittish, with the white and green paint he had lavished upon it. Even the garden palings were striped white and green, and so were the boats; for Mr Polly was one of those who find a positive sensuous pleasure in the laying on of paint. Left and right were two large boards, which had done much to enhance the inn's popularity with the lighter-minded variety of pleasure-seekers. Both marked innovations. One bore in large letters the single word 'Museum', the other was as plain and laconic with 'Omlets'. 25 The spelling of the latter word was Mr Polly's own; but when he had seen a whole boatload of men, intent on Lammam for lunch, stop open-mouthed, and stare, and grin, and come in and ask in a marked sarcastic manner for 'omlets', he perceived that his inaccuracy had done more for the place than his utmost cunning could have contrived. In a year or so the inn was known both up and down the river by its new name of 'Omlets', and Mr Polly, after some secret irritation, smiled, and was content. 30 And the fat woman's omelettes were things to remember.

(You will note I have changed her epithet. Time works upon us all.)

She stood upon the steps as he came towards the house, and smiled at him richly. 40

'Caught many?' she asked.

'Got an idea,' said Mr Polly. 'Would it put you out very much if I went off for a day or two for a bit of a holiday? There won't be much doing now until Thursday.'

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

Either 27 How does Wells's writing make you feel about Mr Polly at this moment in the novel? **[20]**

Or 28 Explore **ONE** moment in the novel where Wells's writing makes you feel sad. **[20]**

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories**A Respectable Woman*

- 29 (a) He made some commonplace observation upon the baneful effect of the night air at that season. Then as his gaze reached out into the darkness, he murmured, half to himself:
- “‘Night of south winds – night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night –’” 5
- She made no reply to this apostrophe to the night, which indeed, was not addressed to her.
- Gouvernail was in no sense a diffident man, for he was not a self-conscious one. His periods of reserve were not constitutional, but the result of moods. Sitting there beside Mrs. Baroda, his silence melted for the time. 10
- He talked freely and intimately in a low, hesitating drawl that was not unpleasant to hear. He talked of the old college days when he and Gaston had been a good deal to each other; of the days of keen and blind ambitions and large intentions. Now there was left with him, at least, a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order – only a desire to be permitted to exist, with now and then a little whiff of genuine life, such as he was breathing now. 15
- Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying. Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek – she did not care what – as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman. 20

Tonie/At Chênrière Caminada

- (b) And that is how it happened that Tonie spent so little of his time at the Chênrière Caminada that summer. Old Ma'me Antoine grumbled enough about it. She herself had been twice in her life to Grand Isle and once to Grand Terre, and each time had been more than glad to get back to the Chênrière. And why Tonie should want to spend his days, and even his nights, away from home, was a thing she could not comprehend, especially as he would have to be away the whole winter: and meantime there was much work to be done at his own hearthside and in the company of his own mother. She did not know that Tonie had much, much more to do at Grand Isle than at the Chênrière Caminada. 5
- He had to see how Claire Duvigne sat upon the gallery in the big rocking chair that she kept in motion by the impetus of her slender, slippered foot; turning her head this way and that way to speak to the men who were always near her. He had to follow her lithe motions at tennis or croquet, that she often played with the children under the trees. Some days he wanted to see how she spread her bare, white arms, and walked out to meet the foam-crested waves. Even here there were men with her. And then at night, standing alone like a still shadow under the stars, did he not have to listen to her voice when she talked and laughed and sang? Did he not have to follow her slim figure whirling through the dance, in the arms of men who must have loved her and wanted her as he did. He did not dream that they could help it more than he could help it. But the days when she stepped into his boat, the one with the red lateen sail, and sat for hours within a few feet of him, were days that he would have given up for nothing else that he could think of. 10 15 20

KATE CHOPIN: *Short Stories* (Cont.)

- Either 29** How does Chopin's writing convey the strong emotions of Mrs Baroda and Tonie in these two passages? **[20]**
-
- Or 30** How does Chopin's writing make you react to the way that the nuns treat Adrienne in *Lilacs* and of the way Calixta treats Bobinôt in *At the 'Cadian Ball*? **[20]**

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