

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.**

Tuesday 24 May 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.
- 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.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry pre-1914		
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

1 (a)

The Hyaenas

After the burial-parties leave
 And the baffled kites have fled;
 The wise hyaenas come out at eve
 To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died 5
 Troubles them not a whit.
 They snout the bushes and stones aside
 And dig till they come to it.

They are only resolute they shall eat 10
 That they and their mates may thrive,
 And they know the dead are safer meat
 Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,
 And a child will sometimes stand;
 But a poor dead soldier of the King 15
 Can never lift a hand.)

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt
 Until their tushes white
 Take good hold in the army shirt,
 And tug the corpse to light, 20

And the pitiful face is shewn again
 For an instant ere they close;
 But it is not discovered to living men –
 Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame, 25
 Whatever meat they may find.
 Nor do they defile the dead man's name –
 That is reserved for his kind.

Rudyard Kipling

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

(b)

The Drum

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

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

John Scott

Either 1 Compare how the poets vividly express their hatred of war and its consequences in these two poems. [30]

Or 2 Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly create a sense of action and drama in *Vitai Lampada* (Newbolt) and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* (Tennyson). [30]

Or 3 Compare how the poets powerfully convey the feelings of the bereaved in *Come up from the fields father...* (Whitman) and *Tommy's Dead* (Dobell). [30]

4 (a)

*The Passionate
Shepherd to His Love*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses, 10
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool, 15
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds, 20
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe

OCR: *Opening Lines: Town and Country* (Cont.)**(b)** *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, 5
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day 10
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

Either 4 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey the attractiveness of the countryside in these two poems. **[30]**

Or 5 Compare the ways in which the poets create such striking descriptions in *Symphony in Yellow* (Wilde) and *To Autumn* (Keats). **[30]**

Or 6 In what ways do the poets give you such different impressions of London in *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802* (Wordsworth) and *Conveyancing* (Hood)? **[30]**

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

7 (a)

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
 White as an angel is the English child,
 But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree, 5
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kissed me,
 And pointing to the east began to say:

“Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away; 10
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face 15
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
 The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
 Saying: ‘Come out from the grove, my love & care,
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’” 20

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
 And thus I say to little English boy.
 When I from black and he from white cloud free,
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear 25
 To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

(b)

The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick!
 The invisible worm
 That flies in the night,
 In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed 5
 Of crimson joy:
 And his dark secret love
 Does thy life destroy.

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

Either 7 How does Blake convey to you such strikingly different impressions of love in these two poems? [30]

Or 8 Compare the ways in which Blake creates such memorable images of the countryside in *Nurse's Song* (Innocence) and *Night* (Innocence). [30]

Or 9 Compare the ways in which Blake so movingly portrays the suffering of children in **TWO** of the following poems:

Holy Thursday (Experience)

The Chimney Sweeper (Experience)

Infant Sorrow (Experience).

[30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

10 (a)

I Look Into My Glass

I look into my glass,
 And view my wasting skin,
 And say, 'Would God it came to pass
 My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest
 By hearts grown cold to me,
 Could lonely wait my endless rest
 With equanimity.

5

But Time, to make me grieve,
 Part steals, lets part abide;
 And shakes this fragile frame at eve
 With throbbings of noontide.

10

(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
 Each night above his mound.

5

ii

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

10

iii

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

15

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (Cont.)

Either 10 Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys to you such strong feelings of loneliness and loss in these two poems. [30]

Or 11 How does Hardy make the suffering of a wife so moving for you in both *A Wife in London* and *A Wife and Another*? [30]

Or 12 Compare the ways in which Hardy so powerfully conveys to you the feelings of the narrators in **TWO** of the following poems:

She at His Funeral
Her Death and After
Valenciennes.

[30]

SECTION B

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose pre-1914		
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 play concluded – the curtain fell – Henry Tilney was no longer to be seen where he had hitherto sat, but his father remained, and perhaps he might be now coming round to their box. She was right; in a few minutes he appeared, and, making his way through the then thinning rows, spoke with like calm politeness to Mrs Allen and her friend. – Not with such calmness was he answered by the latter: ‘Oh! Mr Tilney, I have been quite wild to speak to you, and make my apologies. You must have thought me so rude; but indeed it was not my own fault, – was it, Mrs Allen? Did not they tell me that Mr Tilney and his sister were gone out in a phaeton together? and then what could I do? But I had ten thousand times rather have been with you; now had not I, Mrs Allen?’

5

‘My dear, you tumble my gown,’ was Mrs Allen’s reply.

Her assurance, however, standing sole as it did, was not thrown away; it brought a more cordial, more natural smile into his countenance, and he replied in a tone which retained only a little affected reserve: – ‘We were much obliged to you at any rate for wishing us a pleasant walk after our passing you in Argyle Street: you were so kind as to look back on purpose.’

15

‘But indeed I did not wish you a pleasant walk; I never thought of such a thing; but I begged Mr Thorpe so earnestly to stop; I called out to him as soon as ever I saw you; now, Mrs Allen, did not – Oh! you were not there; but indeed I did; and, if Mr Thorpe would only have stopped, I would have jumped out and run after you.’

20

Is there a Henry in the world who could be insensible to such a declaration? Henry Tilney at least was not. With a yet sweeter smile, he said everything that need be said of his sister’s concern, regret, and dependence on Catherine’s honour. – ‘Oh! do not say Miss Tilney was not angry,’ cried Catherine, ‘because I know she was; for she would not see me this morning when I called; I saw her walk out of the house the next minute after my leaving it; I was hurt, but I was not affronted. Perhaps you did not know I had been there.’

25

‘I was not within at the time; but I heard of it from Eleanor, and she has been wishing ever since to see you, to explain the reason of such incivility; but perhaps I can do it as well. It was nothing more than that my father – they were just preparing to walk out, and he being hurried for time, and not caring to have it put off, made a point of her being denied. That was all, I do assure you. She was very much vexed, and meant to make her apology as soon as possible.’

30

Catherine’s mind was greatly eased by this information, yet a something of solicitude remained, from which sprang the following question, thoroughly artless in itself, though rather distressing to the gentleman: – ‘But, Mr Tilney, why were *you* less generous than your sister? If she felt such confidence in my good intentions, and could suppose it to be only a mistake, why should *you* be so ready to take offence?’

35

‘Me! – I take offence!’

40

‘Nay, I am sure by your look, when you came into the box, you were angry.’

‘I angry! I could have no right.’

‘Well, nobody would have thought you had no right who saw your face.’ He replied by asking her to make room for him, and talking of the play.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey* (Cont.)

Either 13 How does Austen make Catherine and Henry such likeable characters at this moment in the novel? [30]

Or 14 How does Austen's writing make General Tilney such an unpleasant character?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 15 In what ways does Austen often make Catherine's behaviour on her visit to Northanger Abbey so amusing for you?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

16 Not being Mrs. Grundy, who was Mr. Bounderby?

Why, Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom friend, as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

5

He was a rich man: banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not. A big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh. A man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him. A man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up. A man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start. A man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man. A man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty. A man who was the Bully of humility.

10

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

15

In the formal drawing-room of Stone Lodge, standing on the hearthrug, warming himself before the fire, Mr. Bounderby delivered some observations to Mrs. Gradgrind on the circumstance of its being his birthday. He stood before the fire, partly because it was a cool spring afternoon, though the sun shone; partly because the shade of Stone Lodge was always haunted by the ghost of damp mortar; partly because he thus took up a commanding position, from which to subdue Mrs. Gradgrind.

20

"I hadn't a shoe to my foot. As to a stocking, I didn't know such a thing by name. I passed the day in a ditch, and the night in a pigsty. That's the way I spent my tenth birthday. Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."

25

Mrs. Gradgrind, a little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her; Mrs. Gradgrind hoped it was a dry ditch?

30

"No! As wet as a sop. A foot of water in it," said Mr. Bounderby.

"Enough to give a baby cold," Mrs. Gradgrind considered.

35

"Cold? I was born with inflammation of the lungs, and of everything else, I believe, that was capable of inflammation," returned Mr. Bounderby. "For years, ma'am, I was one of the most miserable little wretches ever seen. I was so sickly, that I was always moaning and groaning. I was so ragged and dirty, that you wouldn't have touched me with a pair of tongs."

40

Mrs. Gradgrind faintly looked at the tongs, as the most appropriate thing her imbecility could think of doing.

"How I fought through it, I don't know," said Bounderby. "I was determined, I suppose. I have been a determined character in later life, and I suppose I was then. Here I am, Mrs. Gradgrind, anyhow, and nobody to thank for my being here, but myself."

45

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times* (Cont.)

Either 16 How does Dickens create such a vivid first impression of Bounderby here? [30]

Or 17 In what ways does Dickens's writing make Mr. Sleary such a memorable character?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 18 What do you think makes Dickens's portrayal of Gradgrind's school such a powerful part of the novel?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From the Madding Crowd*

19

It was a slim girl, rather thinly clad.

'Good-night to you,' said Gabriel, heartily.

'Good-night,' said the girl to Gabriel.

The voice was unexpectedly attractive, it was the low and dulcet note suggestive of romance; common in descriptions, rare in experience. 5

'I'll thank you to tell me if I'm in the way for Warren's Malthouse?' Gabriel resumed, primarily to gain the information, indirectly to get more of the music.

'Quite right. It's at the bottom of the hill. And do you know...' The girl hesitated and then went on again. 'Do you know how late they keep open the Buck's Head Inn?' She seemed to be won by Gabriel's heartiness, as Gabriel had been won by her modulations. 10

'I don't know where the Buck's Head is, or anything about it. Do you think of going there tonight?'

'Yes...' The woman again paused. There was no necessity for any continuance of speech, and the fact that she did add more seemed to proceed from an unconscious desire to show unconcern by making a remark, which is noticeable in the ingenuous when they are acting by stealth. 'You are not a Weatherbury man?' she said, timorously. 15

'I am not. I am the new shepherd – just arrived.'

'Only a shepherd – and you seem almost a farmer by your ways.' 20

'Only a shepherd,' Gabriel repeated, in a dull cadence of finality. His thoughts were directed to the past, his eyes to the feet of the girl; and for the first time he saw lying there a bundle of some sort. She may have perceived the direction of his face, for she said coaxingly –

'You won't say anything in the parish about having seen me here, will you – at least, not for a day or two?' 25

'I won't if you wish me not to,' said Oak.

'Thank you, indeed,' the other replied. 'I am rather poor, and I don't want people to know anything about me.' Then she was silent and shivered.

'You ought to have a cloak on such a cold night,' Gabriel observed. 'I would advise 'ee to get indoors.' 30

'O no! Would you mind going on and leaving me? I thank you much for what you have told me.'

'I will go on,' he said; adding hesitatingly, 'Since you are not very well off, perhaps you would accept this trifle from me. It is only a shilling, but it is all I have to spare.' 35

'Yes, I will take it,' said the stranger, gratefully.

She extended her hand; Gabriel his. In feeling for each other's palm in the gloom before the money could be passed, a minute incident occurred which told much. Gabriel's fingers alighted on the young woman's wrist. It was beating with a throb of tragic intensity. He had frequently felt the same quick, hard beat in the femoral artery of his lambs when overdriven. It suggested a consumption too great of a vitality which, to judge from her figure and stature, was already too little. 40

'What is the matter?'

'Nothing.'

'But there is?'

'No, no, no! Let your having seen me be a secret!' 45

'Very well; I will. Good-night, again.'

'Good-night.'

The young girl remained motionless by the tree, and Gabriel descended into the village of Weatherbury, or Lower Longpuddle as it was sometimes called. He fancied that he had felt himself in the penumbra of a very deep sadness when touching that slight and fragile creature. But wisdom lies in moderating mere impressions, and Gabriel endeavoured to think little of this. 50

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

Either 19 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes this such a touching and revealing moment in the novel. **[30]**

Or 20 How far does Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba's unhappy married life with Sergeant Troy make you feel sorry for her?

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

Or 21 How does Hardy make Sergeant Troy's tormenting of Boldwood (in Chapter 34) such a dramatic part of the novel?

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

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

- 22 'Sister,' said Nancy, when they were alone, 'you've offended the Miss Gunns, I'm sure.'
- 'What have I done, child?' said Priscilla, in some alarm.
- 'Why, you asked them if they minded about being ugly – you're so very blunt.'
- 'Law, did I? Well, it popped out: it's a mercy I said no more, for I'm a bad un to live with folks when they don't like the truth. But as for being ugly, look at me, child, in this silver-coloured silk – I told you how it 'ud be – I look as yallow as a daffodil. Anybody 'ud say you wanted to make a mawkin of me.'
- 'No, Priscy, don't say so. I begged and prayed of you not to let us have this silk if you'd like another better. I was willing to have *your* choice, you know I was,' said Nancy, in anxious self-vindication. 5
- 'Nonsense, child, you know you'd set your heart on this; and reason good, for you're the colour o' cream. It 'ud be fine doings for you to dress yourself to suit *my* skin. What I find fault with, is that notion o' yours as I must dress myself just like you. But you do as you like with me – you always did, from when first you began to walk. If you wanted to go the field's length, the field's length you'd go; and there was no whipping you, for you looked as prim and innicent as a daisy all the while.'
- 'Priscy,' said Nancy, gently, as she fastened a coral necklace, exactly like her own, round Priscilla's neck, which was very far from being like her own, 'I'm sure I'm willing to give way as far as is right, but who shouldn't dress alike if it isn't sisters? Would you have us go about looking as if we were no kin to one another – us that have got no mother and not another sister in the world? I'd do what was right, if I dressed in a gown dyed with cheese-colouring; and I'd rather you'd choose, and let me wear what pleases you.'
- 'There you go again! You'd come round to the same thing if one talked to you from Saturday night till Saturday morning. It'll be fine fun to see how you'll master your husband and never raise your voice above the singing o' the kettle all the while. I like to see the men mastered!' 20
- 'Don't talk *so*, Priscy,' said Nancy, blushing. 'You know I don't mean ever to be married.'
- 'O, you never mean a fiddlestick's end!' said Priscilla, as she arranged her discarded dress, and closed her bandbox. 'Who shall I have to work for when father's gone, if you are to go and take notions in your head and be an old maid, because some folks are no better than they should be? I haven't a bit o' patience with you – sitting on an addled egg for ever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world. One old maid's enough out o' two sisters; and I shall do credit to a single life, for God A'mighty meant me for it. Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin *can* be – there's nothing awanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my ear-droppers in.'
- As the two Miss Lammeters walked into the large parlour together, any one who did not know the character of both, might certainly have supposed that the reason why the squared-shouldered, clumsy, high-featured Priscilla wore a dress the facsimile of her pretty sister's, was either the mistaken vanity of the one, or the malicious contrivance of the other in order to set off her own rare beauty. But the good-natured self-forgetful cheeriness and commonsense of Priscilla would soon have dissipated the one suspicion; and the modest calm of Nancy's speech and manners told clearly of a mind free from all disavowed devices. 25 30 35 40 45

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner* (Cont.)

Either 22 In what ways does Eliot's writing make this passage so amusing? [30]

Or 23 How far does Eliot's portrayal of Godfrey Cass encourage you to feel sympathy for him?

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

Or 24 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which Eliot's writing makes particularly tense and dramatic for you. [30]

EDGAR ALLAN POE: *Selected Tales*

25 (a)

The Pit and the Pendulum

The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss, and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

5

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch – line by line – with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages – down and still down it came! Days passed – it might have been that many days passed – ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odour of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed – I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

10

15

(b)

The Premature Burial

In all that I endured there was no physical suffering, but of moral distress an infinitude. My fancy grew charnel. I talked 'of worms, of tombs, and epitaphs'. I was lost in reveries of death, and the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain. The ghastly Danger to which I was subjected haunted me day and night. In the former, the torture of meditation was excessive; in the latter, supreme. When the grim Darkness over-spread the Earth, then, with every horror of thought, I shook – shook as the quivering plumes upon the hearse. When Nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was with a struggle that I consented to sleep – for I shuddered to reflect that, upon awaking, I might find myself the tenant of a grave. And when, finally, I sank into slumber, it was only to rush at once into a world of phantasms, above which, with vast, sable, overshadowing wings, hovered predominant, the one sepulchral Idea.

5

10

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

Either 25 Explore the ways in which Poe's writing makes the fear and suffering of the narrators so vivid for you in these two extracts. [30]

Or 26 How does Poe make the endings to *The Black Cat* and *The Imp of the Perverse* particularly powerful?

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

Or 27 How do you think Poe makes the narrators interesting in **TWO** of the following stories?

The Murders in the Rue Morgue

The Tell-Tale Heart

The Gold-Bug

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

28

When he thought of Uncle Jim the inside feeling of his body faded away rapidly to a blank discomfort...

'Old cadger! She hadn't no business to drag me into her quarrels. Ought to go to the police and ask for help! Dragging me into a quarrel that don't concern me.

'Wish I'd never set eyes on the rotten inn!'

5

The reality of the case arched over him like the vault of the sky, as plain as the sweet blue heaven above and the wide spread of hill and valley about him. Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and dare anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear and dullness and indolence and appetite, which indeed are no more than fear's three crippled brothers, who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to delay him, to hold him off, to hamper and beguile and kill him in that quest. He had but to lift his eyes to see all that, as much a part of his world as the driving clouds and the bending grass; but he kept himself downcast, a grumbling, inglorious, dirty, fattish little tramp, full of dreams and quivering excuses.

10

'Why the hell was I ever born?' he said, with the truth almost winning him.

What do you do when a dirty man, who smells, gets you down and under, in the dirt and dust, with a knee below your diaphragm, and a large hairy hand squeezing your windpipe tighter and tighter in a quarrel that isn't, properly speaking, yours?

20

'If I had a chance against him—' protested Mr Polly.

'It's no Good, you see,' said Mr Polly.

He stood up as though his decision was made, and was for an instant struck still by doubt.

There lay the road before him, going this way to the east, and that to the west.

25

Westward, one hour away now, was the Potwell Inn. Already things might be happening there...

Eastward was the wise man's course, a road dipping between hedges to a hop garden and a wood, and presently, no doubt, reaching an inn, a picturesque church perhaps, a village, and fresh company. The wise man's course. Mr Polly saw himself going along it, and tried to see himself going along it with all the self-applause a wise man feels. But somehow it wouldn't come like that. The wise man fell short of happiness for all his wisdom. The wise man had a paunch, and round shoulders, and red ears, and excuses. It was a pleasant road, and why the wise man should not go along it merry and singing, full of summer happiness, was a miracle to Mr Polly's mind. But, confound it! the fact remained: the figure went slinking—slinking was the only word for it—and would not go otherwise than slinking. He turned his eyes westward as if for an explanation, and if the figure was no longer ignoble, the prospect was appalling.

30

'One kick in the stummick would settle a chap like me,' said Mr Polly.

40

'Oh God!' cried Mr Polly, and lifted his eyes to heaven, and said for the last time in that struggle, 'It isn't my affair!'

And so saying, he turned his face towards the Potwell Inn.

He went back, neither halting nor hastening in his pace after this last decision, but with a mind feverishly busy.

45

'If I get killed I get killed, and if he gets killed I get hung. Don't seem just somehow.

'Don't suppose I shall *frighten* him off.'

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

Either **28** Explore the ways in which Wells makes this such a dramatic and amusing moment in the novel. **[30]**

Or **29** How does Wells make Mr Polly's friendship with the plump woman such an enjoyable part of the novel?

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

Or **30** How does Wells's writing make Mr Polly's rescue of the old lady from the fire (in Chapter Eight) such an entertaining episode in the novel?

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

31 (a)

Beyond the Bayou

The first touch of the cool gray morning awoke La Folle. She arose, calmly, as if no tempest had shaken and threatened her existence but yesterday.

She donned her new blue cottonade and white apron, for she remembered that this was Sunday. When she had made for herself a cup of strong black coffee, and drunk it with relish, she quitted the cabin and walked across the old familiar field to the bayou's edge again. 5

She did not stop there as she had always done before, but crossed with a long, steady stride as if she had done this all her life.

When she had made her way through the brush and scrub-cottonwood trees that lined the opposite bank, she found herself upon the border of a field where the white, bursting cotton, with the dew upon it, gleamed for acres and acres like frosted silver in the early dawn. 10

La Folle drew a long, deep breath as she gazed across the country. She walked slowly and uncertainly, like one who hardly knows how, looking about her as she went. 15

The cabins, that yesterday had sent a clamor of voices to pursue her, were quiet now. No one was yet astir at Bellissime. Only the birds that darted here and there from hedges were awake, and singing their matins.

When La Folle came to the broad stretch of velvety lawn that surrounded the house, she moved slowly and with delight over the springy turf that was delicious beneath her tread. More and more slowly she went, with clear senses and fear dead, and joy at her heart. 20

She stopped to find whence came those perfumes that were stealing over her with memories from a time far gone.

Sweet odors swooned to her from the thousand blue violets that peeped out from green, luxuriant beds. Fragrance showered down from the big waxen bells of the magnolias far above her head, and from the jessamine clumps around her. 25

There were roses, too, without number. To right and left palms spread in broad and graceful curves. It all looked like enchantment beneath the sparkling sheen of dew. 30

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