

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel  
Level 3 GCE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**Wednesday 13 May 2020**

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **8EL0/02**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced Subsidiary**

**Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature**

**You must have:**

Prescribed texts (clean copies)

Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question in Section A on your chosen theme and **one** question in Section B on your chosen text.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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**SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extract**

**Theme: Society and the Individual**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald**

**Read the extract on pages 4–5 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Daisy is given a tour of Gatsby's house.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how attitudes to wealth are explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens**

**Read the extract on pages 6–7 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, the behaviour of Mrs. Joe towards Pip is presented.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how childhood experience is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)**

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Theme: Love and Loss

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

**3** *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

Read the extract on page 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the persona of Uncle George is explored.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how George's imagination is significant throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

**4** *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

Read the extract on pages 9–10 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Tess is arranging the burial of Sorrow.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how religion is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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**Theme: Encounters**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**5 *A Room with a View*, E M Forster**

**Read the extract on page 11 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Lucy begins to explore Santa Croce on her own.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how the opinions of others are explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë**

**Read the extract on pages 12–13 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Lockwood has a supernatural encounter.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how the spirit of Catherine is significant throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Crossing Boundaries**

**Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).**

**Begin your answer on page 6.**

**EITHER**

**7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys**

**Read the extract on page 14 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Antoinette addresses questions from her husband about the wildlife around them.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how uncertainty is significant throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)**

**OR**

**8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker**

**Read the extract on page 15 of the source booklet.**

In this extract, Jonathan Harker is being seduced by the female vampires.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how sexuality is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number:    **Question 1**             **Question 2**             **Question 3**   
   **Question 4**             **Question 5**             **Question 6**   
   **Question 7**             **Question 8**

**Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:**

Theme

Text Section A

Text Section B



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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS**



**SECTION B: Exploring Text and Theme**

**Theme: Society and the Individual**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald  
*Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

**Other texts**

*The Bone People*, Keri Hulme  
*Othello*, William Shakespeare  
*A Raisin in the Sun*, Lorraine Hansberry  
*The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*, Geoffrey Chaucer  
*The Whitsun Weddings*, Philip Larkin

- 9** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the significance of reputation to individuals and/or society.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Love and Loss**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood  
*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

**Other texts**

*Enduring Love*, Ian McEwan  
*Much Ado About Nothing*, William Shakespeare  
*Betrayal*, Harold Pinter  
*Metaphysical Poetry*, editor Colin Burrow  
*Sylvia Plath Selected Poems*, Sylvia Plath

**10** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the effect of separation on love and/or loss.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Encounters**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*A Room with a View*, E M Forster  
*Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

**Other texts**

*The Bloody Chamber*, Angela Carter  
*Hamlet*, William Shakespeare  
*Rock 'N' Roll*, Tom Stoppard  
*The Waste Land and Other Poems*, T S Eliot  
*The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry*, editor J Wordsworth

**11** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the significance of setting on encounters.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)**

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**Theme: Crossing Boundaries**

**Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied.  
You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.**

**Begin your answer on page 17.**

**Anchor texts**

*Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

*Dracula*, Bram Stoker

**Other texts**

*The Lowland*, Jhumpa Lahiri

*Twelfth Night*, William Shakespeare

*Oleanna*, David Mamet

*Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*, Christina Rossetti

*North*, Seamus Heaney

**12** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the dangers that can be involved in crossing boundaries.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

**(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)**

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number: **Question 9**  **Question 10**

**Question 11**  **Question 12**

Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:

Theme

Text Section A

Text Section B



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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS**





**Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE**

**Wednesday 13 May 2020**

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **8EL0/02**

**English Language and Literature**

**Advanced Subsidiary**

**Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature**

**Source Booklet**

**Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.**

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## SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

### Society and the Individual

#### ***The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald***

It was strange to reach the marble steps and find no stir of bright dresses in and out the door, and hear no sound but bird voices in the trees.

And inside, as we wandered through Marie Antoinette music-rooms and Restoration Salons, I felt that there were guests concealed behind every couch and table, under order to be breathlessly silent until we passed through. As Gatsby closed the door of the 'Merton College Library' I could have sworn I heard the owl-eyed man break into ghostly laughter.

We went upstairs, through period bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing-rooms and poolrooms, and bath-rooms with sunken baths – intruding into one chamber where a dishevelled man in pyjamas was doing liver exercises on the floor. It was Mr Klipspringer, the 'boarder'. I had seen him wandering hungrily about the beach that morning. Finally we came to Gatsby's own apartment, a bedroom and a bath, and an Adam's study, where we sat down and drank a glass of some Chartreuse he took from a cupboard in the wall.

He hadn't once ceased looking at Daisy, and I think he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way, as though in her actual and astounding presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs.

His bedroom was the simplest room of all – except where the dresser was garnished with a toilet set of pure dull gold. Daisy took the brush with delight, and smoothed her hair, where-upon Gatsby sat down and shaded his eyes and began to laugh.

'It's the funniest thing, old sport,' he said hilariously. 'I can't – When I try to –'

He had passed visibly through two states and was entering upon a third. After his embarrassment and his unreasoning joy he was consumed with wonder at her presence. He had been full of the idea so long, dreamed it right through to the end, waited with his teeth set, so to speak, at an inconceivable pitch of intensity. Now, in the reaction, he was running down like an over-wound clock.

Recovering himself in a minute he opened for us two hulking patent cabinets which held his massed suits and dressing-gowns and ties, and his shirts, piled like bricks in stacks a dozen high.

'I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall.'

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many coloured disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heaps mounted higher – shirts with stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and apple-green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of Indian blue. Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry stormily.

'They're such beautiful shirts,' she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. 'It makes me sad because I've never seen such – such beautiful shirts before.'

*From pp. 88–89*

## Society and the Individual

### ***Great Expectations, Charles Dickens***

'Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen.'

'Is she?'

'Yes, Pip,' said Joe; 'and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her.'

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

'She sot down,' said Joe, 'and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did,' said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: 'she Ram-paged out, Pip.'

'Has she been gone long, Joe?' I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

'Well,' said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, 'she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you.'

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me – I often served as a connubial missile – at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.

'Where have you been, you young monkey?' said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. 'Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit, or I'd have you out of the corner if you was fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gargerys.'

'I have only been to the churchyard,' said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

'Churchyard!' repeated my sister. 'If it warn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?'

'You did,' said I.

'And why did I do it, I should like to know?' exclaimed my sister.

I whimpered, 'I don't know.'

'I don't!' said my sister. 'I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gargery), without being your mother.'

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For, the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

'Hah!' said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. 'Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two.' One of us, bye-the-bye, had not said it at all. 'You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me!'

As she applied herself to the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

*From pp. 6–8*

## Love and Loss

### ***A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood**

Anyone who has ever known him will be in mortal danger.

When the organisation's one hundred per cent efficiency has been demonstrated a sufficient number of times, the population will slowly begin to learn that Uncle George's will must be obeyed instantly and without question.

But does Uncle George *want* to be obeyed? Doesn't he prefer to be defied, so he can go on killing and killing – since all these people are just vermin, and the more of them that die the better? All are, in the last analysis, responsible for Jim's death; their words, their thoughts, their whole way of life willed it, even though they never knew he existed. But, when George gets in as deep as this, Jim hardly matters any more. Jim is nothing, now, but an excuse for hating three quarters of the population of America...George's jaws work, his teeth grind, as he chews and chews the cud of his hate.

But does George really hate all these people? Aren't they themselves merely an excuse for hating? What *is* George's hate, then? A stimulant – nothing more; though very bad for him, no doubt. Rage, resentment, spleen; of such is the vitality of middle age. If we say that he is quite crazy at this particular moment, then so, probably, are at least half a dozen others in these many cars around him; all slowing now as the traffic thickens, going downhill, under the bridge, up again past the Union Depot.... God! Here we are, downtown already! George comes up dazed to the surface, realising with a shock that the chauffeur-figure has broken a record; never before has it managed to get them this far entirely on its own. And this raises a disturbing question: is the chauffeur steadily becoming more and more of an individual? Is it getting ready to take over much larger areas of George's life?

No time to worry about that now. In ten minutes they will have arrived on campus. In ten minutes, George will have to be George; the George they have named and will recognise. So now he consciously applies himself to thinking their thoughts, getting into their mood. With the skill of a veteran, he rapidly puts on the psychological makeup for the role he must play.

No sooner have you turned off the freeway on to San Tomas Avenue than you are back in the tacky sleepy slowpoke Los Angeles of the thirties, still convalescent from the depression, with no money to spare for fresh coats of paint. And how charming it is! An up-and-down terrain of steep little hills with white houses of cracked stucco perched insecurely on their sides and tops, it is made to look quaint rather than ugly by the mad hopelessly intertwined cat's cradle of wires and telephone poles. Mexicans live here, so there are lots of flowers. Negroes live here, so it is cheerful. George would not care to live here, because they all blast all day long with their radios and television sets. But he would never find himself yelling at their children; because these people are not The Enemy. If they would ever accept George, they might even be allies. They never figure in the Uncle George fantasies.

*From pp. 25–27*



## Love and Loss

### *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

'And now, sir,' she added earnestly, 'can you tell me this – will it be just the same for him as if you had baptised him?'

Having the natural feelings of a tradesman at finding that a job he should have been called in for had been unskilfully botched by his customers among themselves, he was disposed to say no. Yet the dignity of the girl, the strange tenderness in her voice, combined to affect his nobler impulses – or rather those that he had left in him after ten years of endeavour to graft technical belief on actual scepticism. The man and the ecclesiastic fought within him, and the victory fell to the man.

'My dear girl,' he said, 'it will be just the same.'

'Then will you give him a Christian burial?' she asked quickly.

The Vicar felt himself cornered. Hearing of the baby's illness, he had conscientiously gone to the house after nightfall to perform the rite, and, unaware that the refusal to admit him had come from Tess's father and not from Tess, he could not allow the plea of necessity for its irregular administration.

'Ah – that's another matter,' he said.

'Another matter – why?' asked Tess, rather warmly.

'Well – I would willingly do so if only we two were concerned. But I must not – for certain reasons.'

'Just for once, sir!'

'Really I must not.'

'O sir!' She seized his hand as she spoke.

He withdrew it, shaking his head.

'Then I don't like you!' she burst out, 'and I'll never come to your church no more!'

'Don't talk so rashly.'

'Perhaps it will be just the same to him if you don't?...Will it be just the same? Don't for God's sake speak as saint to sinner, but as you yourself to me myself – poor me!'

How the Vicar reconciled his answer with the strict notions he supposed himself to hold on these subjects it is beyond a layman's power to tell, though not to excuse. Somewhat moved, he said in this case also –

'It will be just the same.'

So the baby was carried in a small deal box, under an ancient woman's shawl, to the churchyard that night, and buried by lantern-light, at the cost of a shilling and a pint of beer to the sexton, in that shabby corner of God's allotment where He lets the nettles grow, and where all unbaptised infants, notorious drunkards, suicides, and others of the conjecturally damned are laid. In spite of the untoward surroundings, however, Tess bravely made a little cross of two laths and a piece of string, and having bound it with flowers, she stuck it up at the head of the grave one evening when she could enter the

churchyard without being seen, putting at the foot also a bunch of the same flowers in a little jar of water to keep them alive. What matter was it that on the outside of the jar the eye of mere observation noted the words 'Keelwell's Marmalade'? The eye of maternal affection did not see them in its vision of higher things.

*From pp. 113-115*

## Encounters

### ***A Room with a View, E M Forster***

Lucy waited for nearly ten minutes. Then she began to get tired. The beggars worried her, the dust blew in her eyes, and she remembered that a young girl ought not to loiter in public places. She descended slowly into the Piazza with the intention of rejoining Miss Lavish, who was really almost too original. But at that moment Miss Lavish and her local-colour box moved also, and disappeared down a side-street, both gesticulating largely.

Tears of indignation came to Lucy's eyes – partly because Miss Lavish had jilted her, partly because she had taken her Baedeker. How could she find her way home? How could she find her way about in Santa Croce? Her first morning was ruined, and she might never be in Florence again. A few minutes ago she had been all high spirits, talking as a woman of culture, and half-persuading herself that she was full of originality. Now she entered the church depressed and humiliated, not even able to remember whether it was built by the Franciscans or the Dominicans.

Of course, it must be a wonderful building. But how like a barn! And how very cold! Of course, it contained frescoes by Giotto, in the presence of whose tactile values she was capable of feeling what was proper. But who was to tell her which they were? She walked about disdainfully, unwilling to be enthusiastic over monuments of uncertain authorship or date. There was no one even to tell her which, of all the sepulchral slabs that paved the nave and transepts, was the one that was really beautiful, the one that had been most praised by Mr Ruskin.

Then the pernicious charm of Italy worked on her, and, instead of acquiring information, she began to be happy. She puzzled out the Italian notices – the notice that forbade people to introduce dogs into the church – the notice that prayed people, in the interests of health and out of respect to the sacred edifice in which they found themselves, not to spit. She watched the tourists: their noses were as red as their Baedekers, so cold was Santa Croce. She beheld the horrible fate that overtook three Papists – two he-babies and a she-baby – who began their career by sousing each other with Holy Water, and then proceeded to the Machiavelli memorial, dripping, but hallowed. Advancing towards it very slowly and from immense distances, they touched the stone with their fingers, with their handkerchiefs, with their heads, and then retreated. What could this mean? They did it again and again. Then Lucy realised that they had mistaken Machiavelli for some saint, and by continual contact with his shrine were hoping to acquire virtue. Punishment followed quickly. The smallest he-baby stumbled over one of the sepulchral slabs so much admired by Mr Ruskin, and entangled his feet in the features of a recumbent bishop. Protestant as she was, Lucy darted forward. She was too late. He fell heavily upon the prelate's upturned toes.

'Hateful bishop!' exclaimed the voice of old Mr Emerson, who had darted forward also. 'Hard in life, hard in death. Go out into the sunshine, little boy, and kiss your hand to the sun, for that is where you ought to be. Intolerable bishop!'

*From pp. 20–21*

## Encounters

### ***Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë**

And what was it that had suggested the tremendous tumult, what had played Jabses' part in the row? Merely, the branch of a fir-tree that touched my lattice, as the blast wailed by, and rattled its dry cones against the panes!

I listened doubtingly an instant; detected the disturber, then turned and dozed, and dreamt again; if possible, still more disagreeably than before.

This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but, it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple, a circumstance observed by me, when awake, but forgotten.

'I must stop it, nevertheless!' I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand!

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but, the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed,

'Let me in – let me in!'

'Who are you?' I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

'Catherine Linton,' it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton*? I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton). 'I'm come home, I'd lost my way on the moor!'

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window – Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bed-clothes: still it wailed, 'Let me in!' and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear.

'How can I?' I said at length. 'Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!'

The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer.

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on!

'Begone!' I shouted, 'I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years!'

'It's twenty years,' mourned the voice, 'twenty years, I've been a waif for twenty years!'

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up; but, could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright.

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my chamber door: somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the

perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate and muttered to himself.

At last, he said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer,

'Is any one here?'

*From pp. 24–26*

## Crossing Boundaries

### **Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys**

One morning soon after we arrived, the row of tall trees outside my window was covered with small pale flowers too fragile to resist the wind. They fell in a day, and looked like snow on the rough grass – snow with a faint sweet scent. Then they were blown away.

The fine weather lasted longer. It lasted all that week and the next and the next and the next. No sign of a break. My fever weakness left me, so did all misgiving.

I went very early to the bathing pool and stayed there for hours, unwilling to leave the river, the trees shading it, the flowers that opened at night. They were tightly shut, drooping, sheltering from the sun under their thick leaves.

It was a beautiful place – wild, untouched, above all untouched, with an alien, disturbing, secret loveliness. And it kept its secret. I'd find myself thinking, 'What I see is nothing – I want what it *hides* – that is not nothing.'

In the late afternoon when the water was warmer she bathed with me. She'd spend some time throwing pebbles at a flat stone in the middle of the pool. 'I've seen him. He hasn't died or gone to any other river. He's still there. The land crabs are harmless. People *say* they are harmless. I wouldn't like to -'

'Nor would I. Horrible looking creatures.'

She was undecided, uncertain about facts – any fact. When I asked her if the snakes we sometimes saw were poisonous, she said, 'Not those. The *fer de lance* of course, but there are none here,' and added, 'but how can they be sure? Do you think they know?' Then, 'Our snakes are not poisonous. Of course not.'

However, she was certain about the monster crab one afternoon when I was watching her, hardly able to believe she was the pale silent creature I had married, watching her in her blue chemise, blue with white spots, hitched up far above her knees, she stopped laughing, called a warning and threw a large pebble. She threw like a boy, with a sure graceful movement, and I looked down at very long pincer claws, jagged-edged and sharp, vanishing.

'He won't come after you if you keep away from that stone. He lives there. Oh it's another sort of crab. I don't know the name in English. Very big, very old.'

As we were walking home I asked her who had taught her to aim so well. 'Oh, Sandi taught me, a boy you never met.'

Every evening we saw the sun go down from the thatched shelter she called the *ajoupa*, I the summer house. We watched the sky and the distant sea on fire – all colours were in that fire and the huge clouds fringed and shot with flame. But I soon tired of the display. I was waiting for the scent of the flowers by the river – they opened when darkness came and it came quickly. Not night or darkness as I knew it but night with blazing stars, and alien moon – night full of strange noises. Still night, not day.

*From pp. 53–55*

## Crossing Boundaries

### ***Dracula, Bram Stoker***

I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came into it; I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for, though the moonlight was behind them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me and looked at me for some time, and then whispered together. Two were dark, and had high aquiline noses, like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes, that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as can be, with great, wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth, that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain; but it is the truth. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed – such a silvery, musical laugh, but as hard as though the sound could never have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the intolerable, tingling sweetness of water-glasses when played on by a cunning hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the other two urged her on. One said: –

'Go on! You are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.' The other added: –

'He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.' I lay quiet, looking out under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling through the nerves as her voice, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, as bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood.

I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The fair girl went on her knees, and bent over me, fairly gloating. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and onto the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed about to fasten on my throat.

*From pp. 44–45*

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### Source information

Extracts taken from the following prescribed editions:

<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	F Scott Fitzgerald (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2000
<i>Great Expectations</i>	Charles Dickens (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2008
<i>A Single Man</i>	Christopher Isherwood, Vintage (Random House), 2010
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	Thomas Hardy (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2011
<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	Emily Brontë (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003
<i>A Room with a View</i>	E M Forster, Penguin (English Library), 2012
<i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>	Jean Rhys, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000
<i>Dracula</i>	Bram Stoker (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003

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