



GCE AS

B720U10-1



ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS component 1
Prose

FRIDAY, 18 MAY 2018 – MORNING

2 hours

B720U101
01

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **one** question in Section A and **one** question in Section B.

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided.

Use both sides of the paper. Write only within the white areas of the booklet.

Write the question number in the two boxes in the left hand margin at the start of each answer

e.g.

0	1
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Leave at least two line spaces between each answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A carries 60 marks and Section B carries 40 marks.

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are advised to spend one hour and 10 minutes on Section A (20 minutes on part (i) and 50 minutes on part (ii)) and 50 minutes on Section B.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

Section A: Prose fiction pre-1900

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question is in **two** parts. In both **part (i)** and **part (ii)** you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

In **part (ii)** you are **also** required to:

- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received
- show how different interpretations have informed your reading.

Either,

Jane Austen: *Sense and Sensibility* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

She [Elinor] was very far from wishing to dwell on her own feelings, or to represent herself as suffering much, any otherwise than as the self-command she had practised since her first knowledge of Edward's engagement, might suggest a hint of what was practicable to Marianne. Her narration was clear and simple; and though it could not be given without emotion, it was not accompanied by violent agitation, nor impetuous grief.—*That* belonged rather to the hearer, for Marianne listened with horror, and cried excessively.

[omitted text]

Her first communication had reached no farther than to state the fact of the engagement, and the length of time it had existed.—Marianne's feelings had then broken in, and put an end to all regularity of detail; and for some time all that could be done was to sooth her distress, lessen her alarms, and combat her resentment. The first question on her side, which led to farther particulars, was,

"How long has this been known to you, Elinor? has he written to you?"

"I have known it these four months. When Lucy first came to Barton-park last November, she told me in confidence of her engagement."

At these words, Marianne's eyes expressed the astonishment, which her lips could not utter. After a pause of wonder, she exclaimed,

"Four months!—Have you known of this four months?"—

Elinor confirmed it.

"What!—while attending me in all my misery, has this been on your heart?—and I have reproached you for being happy!"—

"It was not fit that you should then know how much I was the reverse."—

"Four months!"—cried Marianne again.—"So calm!—so cheerful!—how have you been supported?"—

"By feeling that I was doing my duty.—My promise to Lucy, obliged me to be secret. I owed it to her, therefore, to avoid giving any hint of the truth; and I owed it to my family and friends, not to create in them a solicitude about me, which it could not be in my power to satisfy."

Marianne seemed much struck.—

"I have very often wished to undeceive yourself and my mother," added Elinor; "and once or twice I have attempted it;—but without betraying my trust, I never could have convinced you."

"Four months!—and yet you loved him!"—

"Yes. But I did not love only him;—and while the comfort of others was dear to me, I was glad to spare them from knowing how much I felt. Now, I can think and speak of it with little emotion.—I would not have you suffer on my account; for I assure you I no longer suffer materially myself."

- (i) Examine Austen's presentation of Elinor in this extract. [20]
- (ii) How far do you agree with the view that "in the society presented in *Sense and Sensibility*, Austen persuades us that reason should triumph over emotion"? In your response you should refer to **at least two** other parts of the novel. [40]

Or,

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* (Penguin Classics)

0 2

Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

My eye still roved over the sullen swell and along the moor-edge, vanishing amidst the wildest scenery, when at one dim point, far in among the marshes and the ridges, a light sprang up. 'That is an *ignis fatuus*,' was my first thought; and I expected it would soon vanish. It burnt on, however, quite steadily, neither receding nor advancing. 'Is it, then, a bonfire just kindled?' I questioned. I watched to see whether it would spread: but no; as it did not diminish, so it did not enlarge. 'It may be a candle in a house,' I then conjectured; 'but if so, I can never reach it. It is much too far away: and were it within a yard of me, what would it avail? I should but knock at the door to have it shut in my face.'

And I sank down where I stood, and hid my face against the ground. I lay still a while: the night-wind swept over the hill and over me, and died moaning in the distance; the rain fell fast, wetting me afresh to the skin. Could I but have stiffened to the still frost – the friendly numbness of death – it might have pelted on; I should not have felt it; but my yet living flesh shuddered at its chilling influence. I rose ere long.

The light was yet there, shining dim but constant through the rain. I tried to walk again: I dragged my exhausted limbs slowly towards it. It led me aslant over the hill, through a wide bog, which would have been impassable in winter, and was splashy and shaking even now, in the height of summer. Here I fell twice; but as often I rose and rallied my faculties. This light was my forlorn hope: I must gain it.

Having crossed the marsh, I saw a trace of white over the moor. I approached it; it was a road or a track: it led straight up to the light, which now beamed from a sort of knoll, amidst a clump of trees – firs, apparently, from what I could distinguish of the character of their forms and foliage through the gloom. My star vanished as I drew near: some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass before me: I discriminated the rough stones of a low wall – above it, something like palisades, and within, a high and prickly hedge. I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me: it was a gate – a wicket; it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush – holly or yew.

- (i) Examine Brontë's presentation of settings in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider the view that "in *Jane Eyre*, settings have the power to change characters". [40]

Or,

Elizabeth Gaskell: *North and South* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Again she took her place by the farthest window. He was on the steps below; she saw that by the direction of a thousand angry eyes; but she could neither see nor hear anything save the savage satisfaction of the rolling angry murmur. She threw the window wide open. Many in the crowd were mere boys; cruel and thoughtless, — cruel because they were thoughtless; some were men, gaunt as wolves, and mad for prey. She knew how it was; they were like Boucher, — with starving children at home — relying on ultimate success in their efforts to get higher wages, and enraged beyond measure at discovering that Irishmen were to be brought in to rob their little ones of bread. Margaret knew it all; she read it in Boucher's face, forlornly desperate and livid with rage. If Mr Thornton would but say something to them — let them hear his voice only — it seemed as if it would be better than this wild beating and raging against the stony silence that vouchsafed them no word, even of anger or reproach. But perhaps he was speaking now; there was a momentary hush of their noise, inarticulate as that of a troop of animals. She tore her bonnet off; and bent forwards to hear. She could only see; for if Mr Thornton had indeed made the attempt to speak, the momentary instinct to listen to him was past and gone, and the people were raging worse than ever. He stood with his arms folded; still as a statue; his face pale with repressed excitement. They were trying to intimidate him — to make him flinch; each was urging the other on to some immediate act of personal violence. Margaret felt intuitively, that in an instant all would be uproar; the first touch would cause an explosion, in which, among such hundreds of infuriated men and reckless boys, even Mr Thornton's life would be unsafe, — that in another instant the stormy passions would have passed their bounds, and swept away all barriers of reason, or apprehension of consequence. Even while she looked, she saw lads in the background stooping to take off their heavy wooden clogs — the readiest missile they could find; she saw it was the spark to the gunpowder, and, with a cry, which no one heard, she rushed out of the room, down stairs, — she had lifted the great iron bar of the door with an imperious force — had thrown the door open wide — and was there, in face of that angry sea of men, her eyes smiting them with flaming arrows of reproach. The clogs were arrested in the hands that held them — the countenances, so fell not a moment before, now looked irresolute, and as if asking what this meant.

- (i) Examine Gaskell's presentation of Margaret in this extract. [20]
- (ii) "A novel of personal and political transformation." In the light of this statement, discuss Gaskell's presentation of the theme of change. In your response, you must make close reference to **at least two** other parts of *North and South*. [40]

Or,

Charles Dickens: *David Copperfield* (Penguin Classics)

0 4

Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

It was not in the coffee-room that I found Steerforth expecting me, but in a snug private apartment, red-curtained and Turkey-carpeted, where the fire burnt bright, and a fine hot breakfast was set forth on a table covered with a clean cloth; and a cheerful miniature of the room, the fire, the breakfast, Steerforth, and all, was shining in the little round mirror over the sideboard. I was rather bashful at first, Steerforth being so self-possessed, and elegant, and superior to me in all respects (age included); but his easy patronage soon put that to rights, and made me quite at home. I could not enough admire the change he had wrought in the Golden Cross; or compare the dull forlorn state I had held yesterday, with this morning's comfort and this morning's entertainment. As to the waiter's familiarity, it was quenched as if it had never been. He attended on us, as I may say, in sackcloth and ashes.

'Now, Copperfield,' said Steerforth, when we were alone, 'I should like to hear what you are doing, and where you are going, and all about you. I feel as if you were my property.'

Glowing with pleasure to find that he had still this interest in me, I told him how my aunt had proposed the little expedition that I had before me, and whither it tended.

'As you are in no hurry, then,' said Steerforth, 'come home with me to Highgate, and stay a day or two. You will be pleased with my mother – she is a little vain and prosy about me, but that you can forgive her – and she will be pleased with you.'

'I should like to be as sure of that, as you are kind enough to say you are,' I answered, smiling.

'Oh!' said Steerforth, 'everyone who likes me, has a claim on her that is sure to be acknowledged.'

'Then I think I shall be a favourite,' said I.

'Good!' said Steerforth. 'Come and prove it. We will go and see the lions for an hour or two – it's something to have a fresh fellow like you to show them to, Copperfield – and then we'll journey out to Highgate by the coach.'

I could hardly believe but that I was in a dream, and that I should wake presently in number forty-four, to the solitary box in the coffee-room and the familiar waiter again. After I had written to my aunt and told her of my fortunate meeting with my admired old school-fellow, and my acceptance of his invitation, we went out in a hackney-chariot, and saw a Panorama and some other sights, and took a walk through the Museum, where I could not help observing how much Steerforth knew, on an infinite variety of subjects, and of how little account he seemed to make his knowledge.

- (i) Examine Dickens' presentation of the relationship between Steerforth and David in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, how far would you agree with the view that "in *David Copperfield*, Dickens challenges the Victorian idea that a person's social status determines their worth"? [40]

Or,

Thomas Hardy: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

She waited and waited; yet he did not move. In ten minutes the man broke in upon the desultory conversation of the furnity drinkers with, "I asked this question, and nobody answered to 't. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?"

The woman's manner changed, and her face assumed the grim shape and colour of which mention has been made.

"Mike, Mike," said she; "this is getting serious. Oh - too serious!"

"Will anybody buy her?" said the man.

"I wish somebody would," said she firmly. "Her present owner is not at all to her liking!"

"Nor you to mine," said he. "So we are agreed about that. Gentlemen, you hear? It's an agreement to part. She shall take the girl if she wants to, and go her ways. I'll take my tools, and go my ways. 'Tis simple as Scripture history. Now then, stand up, Susan, and show yourself."

"Don't, my chiel," whispered a buxom staylace dealer in voluminous petticoats, who sat near the woman; "yer good man don't know what he's saying."

The woman, however, did stand up. "Now, who's auctioneer?" cried the hay-trusser.

"I be," promptly answered a short man, with a nose resembling a copper knob, a damp voice, and eyes like button-holes. "Who'll make an offer for this lady?"

The woman looked on the ground, as if she maintained her position by a supreme effort of will.

"Five shillings," said some one, at which there was a laugh.

"No insults," said the husband. "Who'll say a guinea?"

Nobody answered; and the female dealer in staylaces interposed.

"Behave yerself moral, good man, for Heaven's love! Ah, what a cruelty is the poor soul married to! Bed and board is dear at some figures, 'pon my 'vation 'tis!"

"Set it higher, auctioneer," said the trusser.

"Two guineas!" said the auctioneer; and no one replied.

"If they don't take her for that, in ten seconds they'll have to give more," said the husband. "Very well. Now, auctioneer, add another."

"Three guineas – going for three guineas!" said the rheumy man.

"No bid?" said the husband. "Good Lord, why she's cost me fifty times the money, if a penny. Go on."

"Four guineas!" cried the auctioneer.

"I'll tell ye what – I won't sell her for less than five," said the husband, bringing down his fist so that the basins danced. "I'll sell her for five guineas to any man that will pay me the money, and treat her well; and he shall have her for ever, and never hear aught o' me. But she sha'n't go for less. Now then – five guineas – and she's yours. Susan, you agree?"

She bowed her head with absolute indifference.

- (i) Examine Hardy's presentation of Henchard and Susan in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, how far would you agree with the view that "the weaknesses of the female characters in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* mask the presence of their inner strength"? [40]

Section B: Prose fiction post-1900

Answer **one** question in this section.

In your response you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which literary texts are written and received
- show how different interpretations have informed your reading.

Either,

Joseph Conrad: *The Secret Agent* (Penguin Classics)

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“Despite the violent episodes, *The Secret Agent* is a novel characterised by a lack of action.” How far do you agree with this view of the novel? [40]

Or,

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“It is the characters’ self-interest, rather than the world around them, which leads to their ruin.” Discuss this view of *The Secret Agent* with close reference to **two** characters of your choice. [40]

Or,

E.M. Forster: *A Room with a View* (Penguin Classics)

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“Lucy Honeychurch is a product of her time.” In the light of this statement, discuss the role and importance of Lucy in *A Room with a View*. [40]

Or,

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“The strongest message of this novel is that personal and societal change is necessary.” In the light of this statement, discuss Forster’s presentation of the theme of change in *A Room with a View*. [40]

Or,

Emyr Humphreys: *A Toy Epic* (Seren)

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“*A Toy Epic* is primarily a coming of age story rather than a social commentary.” How far do you agree with this view of the novel? [40]

Or,

1	1
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“Relationships in the novel suffer at the hands of external forces.” In the light of this statement, discuss Humphreys’ presentation of relationships in *A Toy Epic*. [40]

Or,

Jean Rhys: *Wide Sargasso Sea* (Penguin Classics)

1	2
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“The world of *Wide Sargasso Sea* is one which is characterised by a mistrust of the strange and unfamiliar.” In the light of this statement, discuss Rhys’ presentation of difference in the novel. [40]

Or,

1	3
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“A damning exploration of the institution of marriage.” How far do you agree with this view of *Wide Sargasso Sea*? [40]

Or,

Kazuo Ishiguro: *The Remains of the Day* (Faber)

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“*The Remains of the Day* is primarily a novel about conflicting ideas of love.” How far do you agree with this view of the novel? [40]

Or,

1	5
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Some critics argue that Stevens is the novel’s most heroic character. In the light of this view, discuss the way Ishiguro presents ideas about greatness in *The Remains of the Day*. [40]

END OF PAPER