

**GCE AS – NEW AS**

B720U10-1



S16-B720U10-1

**ENGLISH LITERATURE – Component 1**  
**Prose**

A.M. FRIDAY, 20 May 2016

2 hours

B720U101  
01**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

In addition to this examination paper, you will need:

- a WJEC pink answer booklet which has been specifically designed for this examination paper. No other answer booklet should be used. Should you run out of space, use a standard 4-page continuation booklet.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

**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 approximately one hour and 10 minutes on Section A (20 minutes on part (i) and 50 minutes on part (ii)) and approximately 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 (closed book)

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:

- show wider knowledge and understanding of the prose text you have studied
- take account of relevant contexts and different interpretations which 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.

“Engaged to Mr. Edward Ferrars! — I confess myself so totally surprised at what you tell me, that really — I beg your pardon; but surely there must be some mistake of person or name. We cannot mean the same Mr. Ferrars.”

“We can mean no other,” cried Lucy smiling. “Mr. Edward Ferrars, the eldest son of Mrs. Ferrars of Park-street, and brother of your sister-in-law, Mrs. John Dashwood, is the person I mean; you must allow that I am not likely to be deceived, as to the name of the man on who all my happiness depends.”

“It is strange,” replied Elinor in a most painful perplexity, “that I should never have heard him even mention your name.”

“No; considering our situation, it was not strange. Our first care has been to keep the matter secret.— You knew nothing of me, or my family, and therefore there could be no *occasion* for ever mentioning my name to you, and as he was always particularly afraid of his sister’s suspecting any thing, *that* was reason enough for his not mentioning it.”

She was silent. — Elinor’s security sunk; but her self command did not sink with it.

“Four years you have been engaged,” said she with a firm voice.

“Yes; and heaven knows how much longer we may have to wait. Poor Edward! It puts him quite out of heart.” Then taking a small miniature from her pocket, she added, “To prevent the possibility of a mistake, be so good as to look at this face. It does not do him justice to be sure, but yet I think you cannot be deceived as to the person it was drew for. — I have had it above these three years.”

She put it into her hands as she spoke, and when Elinor saw the painting, whatever other doubts her fear of a too hasty decision, or her wish of detecting falsehood might suffer to linger in her mind, she could have none of its being Edward’s face. She returned it almost instantly, acknowledging the likeness.

“I have never been able,” continued Lucy, “to give him my picture in return, which I am very much vexed at, for he has been always so anxious to get it! But I am determined to set for it the very first opportunity.”

“You are quite in the right,” replied Elinor calmly. They then proceeded a few paces in silence. Lucy spoke first.

“I am sure,” said she, “I have no doubt in the world of your faithfully keeping this secret, because you must know of what importance it is to us, not to have it reach his mother; for she would never approve of it, I dare say. I shall have no fortune, and I fancy she is an exceeding proud woman.”

- Examine Austen’s presentation of the character of Lucy Steele in this extract. [20]
- With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, how far would you agree with the view that “In *Sense and Sensibility*, status and money always govern love”? [40]

Or,

**Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* (Penguin Classics)**

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

‘You know this place, Mason,’ said our guide; ‘she bit and stabbed you here.’

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door: this, too, he opened. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

‘Good-morrow, Mrs Poole!’ said Mr Rochester. ‘How are you? and how is your charge to-day?’

‘We’re tolerable, sir, I thank you,’ replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: ‘rather snappish, but not ‘rageous.’

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favourable report: the clothed hyena rose up, and stood tall on its hind-feet.

‘Ah! sir, she sees you!’ exclaimed Grace: ‘you’d better not stay.’

‘Only a few moments, Grace: you must allow me a few moments.’

‘Take care then, sir! — for God’s sake, take care!’

The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognised well that purple face – those bloated features. Mrs Poole advanced.

‘Keep out of the way,’ said Mr Rochester, thrusting her aside: ‘she has no knife now, I suppose? and I’m on my guard.’

‘One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft.’

‘We had better leave her,’ whispered Mason.

‘Go to the devil!’ was his brother-in-law’s recommendation.

‘Ware!’ cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr Rochester flung me behind him: the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek: they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equalling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest – more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr Rochester then turned to the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

‘That is *my wife*,’ said he.

- (i) Examine Brontë’s presentation of the character of Bertha Mason in this extract. [20]
- (ii) Consider the view that “In *Jane Eyre*, Brontë presents a society where there is no love without suffering”. In your response, you must refer closely to **at least two** other parts of the novel. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

‘Leave Helstone, papa! But why?’ [omitted text]

He looked up at her suddenly, and then he said with a slow and enforced calmness:

‘Because I must no longer be a minister in the Church of England.’

Margaret had imagined nothing less than that some of the preferments which her mother so much desired had befallen her father at last — something that would force him to leave beautiful, beloved Helstone, and perhaps compel him to go and live in some of the stately and silent Closes which Margaret had seen from time to time in cathedral towns. They were grand and imposing places, but if, to go there, it was necessary to leave Helstone as a home for ever, that would have been a sad, long, lingering pain. But nothing to the shock she received from Mr Hale’s last speech. What could he mean? It was all the worse for being so mysterious. The aspect of piteous distress on his face, almost as imploring a merciful and kind judgement from his child, gave her a sudden sickening. Could he have become implicated in anything Frederick had done? Frederick was an outlaw. Had her father, out of a natural love for his son, connived at any —

‘Oh! what is it? do speak, papa! tell me all! Why can you no longer be a clergyman? Surely, if the bishop were told all we know about Frederick, and the hard, unjust—’

‘It is nothing about Frederick; the bishop would have nothing to do with that. It is all myself. Margaret, I will tell you about it. I will answer any questions this once, but after tonight let us never speak of it again. I can meet the consequences of my painful, miserable doubts; but it is an effort beyond me to speak of what has caused me so much suffering.’

‘Doubts, papa! Doubts as to religion?’ asked Margaret, more shocked than ever.

‘No! not doubts as to religion; not the slightest injury to that.’

He paused. Margaret sighed, as if standing on the verge of some new horror. He began again, speaking rapidly, as if to get over a set task:

‘You could not understand it all, if I told you — my anxiety, for years past, to know whether I had any right to hold my living — my efforts to quench my smouldering doubts by the authority of the Church. Oh! Margaret, how I love the holy Church from which I am to be shut out!’ He could not go on for a moment or two. Margaret could not tell what to say; it seemed to her as terribly mysterious as if her father were about to turn Mahometan.

‘I have been reading today of the two thousand who were ejected from their churches,’ — continued Mr Hale, smiling faintly, — ‘trying to steal some of their bravery; but it is of no use — no use — I cannot help feeling it acutely.’

- (i) Examine Gaskell’s presentation of the relationship between Margaret and Mr Hale in this extract. [20]
- (ii) “*North and South* is primarily a novel of rebellion and dissent.” Discuss this view with close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel. [40]

Or,

**Charles Dickens: *David Copperfield* (Penguin Classics)**

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

The clash and glare of sundry fiery Works upon the river side, arose by night to disturb everything except the heavy and unbroken smoke that poured out of their chimneys. Slimy gaps and causeways, winding among old wooden piles, with a sickly substance clinging to the latter, like green hair, and the rags of last year's handbills offering rewards for drowned men fluttering above high-water mark, led down through the ooze and slush to the ebb tide. There was a story that one of the pits dug for the dead in the time of the Great Plague was hereabout; and a blighting influence seemed to have proceeded from it over the whole place. Or else it looked as if it had gradually decomposed into that nightmare condition, out of the overflowings of the polluted stream.

As if she were a part of the refuse it had cast out, and left to corruption and decay, the girl we had followed strayed down to the river's brink, and stood in the midst of this night-picture, lonely and still, looking at the water.

There were some boats and barges astrand in the mud, and these enabled us to come within a few yards of her without being seen. I then signed to Mr Peggotty to remain where he was, and emerged from their shade to speak to her. I did not approach her solitary figure without trembling; for this gloomy end to her determined walk, and the way in which she stood, almost within the cavernous shadow of the iron bridge, looking at the lights crookedly reflected in the strong tide, inspired a dread within me.

I think she was talking to herself. I am sure, although absorbed in gazing at the water, that her shawl was off her shoulders, and that she was muffling her hands in it, in an unsettled and bewildered way, more like the action of a sleep-walker than a waking person. I know, and never can forget, that there was that in her wild manner which gave me no assurance but that she would sink before my eyes, until I had her arm within my grasp.

At the same moment I said 'Martha!'

She uttered a terrified scream, and struggled with me with such strength that I doubt if I could have held her alone. But a stronger hand than mine was laid upon her; and when she raised her frightened eyes and saw whose it was, she made but one more effort, and dropped down between us.

- (i) Examine Dickens's presentation of the setting 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 uses location to criticise society"? [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

There was a knock at the door; literally, three full knocks and a little one at the end.

“That kind of knock means half-and-half — somebody between gentle and simple,” said the corn-merchant to himself. “I shouldn’t wonder therefore if it is he.” In a few seconds surely enough Donald walked in.

Lucetta was full of little fidgets and flutters, which increased Henchard’s suspicions without affording any special proof of their correctness. He was well-nigh ferocious at the sense of the queer situation in which he stood towards this woman. One who had reproached him for deserting her when calumniated, who had urged claims upon his consideration on that account, who had lived waiting for him, who at the first decent moment had come to ask him to rectify, by making her his, the false position into which she had placed herself for his sake: such she had been. And now he sat at her tea-table eager to gain her attention, and, in his amatory rage, feeling the other man present to be a villain, just as any young fool of a lover might feel.

They sat stiffly side by side at the darkening table, like some Tuscan painting of the two disciples supping at Emmaus. Lucetta, forming the third and chief figure, was opposite them; Elizabeth-Jane, being out of the game, and out of the group, could observe from afar all things: that there were long spaces of taciturnity, when all exterior circumstance was subdued to the touch of spoons and china, the click of a heel on the pavement under the window, the passing of a wheelbarrow or cart, the whistling of the carter, the gush of water into householders’ buckets at the town-pump opposite; the exchange of greetings among their neighbours, and the rattle of the yokes by which they carried off their evening supply.

“More bread-and-butter?” said Lucetta to Henchard and Farfrae equally, holding out between them a plateful of long slices. Henchard took a slice by one end and Donald by the other; each feeling certain he was the man meant; neither let go, and the slice came in two.

“Oh — I am so sorry!” cried Lucetta, with a nervous titter. Farfrae tried to laugh; but he was too much in love to see the incident in any but a tragic light.

“How ridiculous of all three of them!” said Elizabeth to herself.

- (i) Examine Hardy’s presentation of the relationship between Henchard and Farfrae in this extract. [20]
- (ii) How far do you agree with the view that “In *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, the desire for respectability inevitably leads to secrecy and deception”? In your response you must make close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel. [40]

### Section B: Prose fiction post-1900 (closed book)

Answer **one** question in this section.

In your response you are required to:

- analyse how meanings are shaped
- take account of relevant contexts and different interpretations which have informed your reading

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

Either,

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“In *The Secret Agent*, Conrad explores a world where no one is loyal to anyone or anything.” Consider Conrad’s presentation of loyalty in the light of this opinion. [40]

Or,

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Some readers have argued that Winnie Verloc is *The Secret Agent*’s only true revolutionary. How far do you agree with this view of the novel? [40]

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

Or,

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“Places are more than backgrounds; they bring about change.” In the light of this view, explore Forster’s use of settings in *A Room with a View*. [40]

Or,

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Some readers argue that Forster’s sympathy is with the social outsiders. In the light of this view, explore Forster’s presentation of the Emersons. [40]



**Emyr Humphreys: *A Toy Epic* (Seren)****Or,**

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“*A Toy Epic* challenges the idea that childhood is a time of innocence.” In the light of this view, discuss Humphreys’s presentation of growing up in *A Toy Epic*. [40]

**Or,**

1	1
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“In *A Toy Epic*, home is a place to escape from.” In the light of this view, consider Humphreys’s use of settings in *A Toy Epic*. [40]

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

1	2
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“Love appears to be absent in all cultures presented in *Wide Sargasso Sea*.” How far do you agree with this view? [40]

**Or,**

1	3
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“*Wide Sargasso Sea* is a story about the struggle to find one’s place in the world.” In the light of this view, discuss Rhys’s presentation of the theme of identity in *Wide Sargasso Sea*. [40]

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

1	4
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“It is Stevens’s refusal to adapt to the changing world around him which causes him the most unhappiness.” In the light of this view, consider Ishiguro’s presentation of change in *The Remains of the Day*. [40]

**Or,**

1	5
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“Loyalty, both personal and political, is at the heart of Ishiguro’s novel.” How far do you agree with this view of *The Remains of the Day*? [40]

**END OF PAPER**