



**GCE AS – NEW**

B720U10-1



S17-B720U10-1



**ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS component 1**  
**Prose**

FRIDAY, 19 MAY 2017 – MORNING

2 hours

**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. 

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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.

The man and one of the maids were sent off immediately into Devonshire, to prepare the house for their mistress's arrival; for as Lady Middleton was entirely unknown to Mrs. Dashwood, she preferred going directly to the cottage to being a visitor at Barton Park; and she relied so undoubtingly on Sir John's description of the house, as to feel no curiosity to examine it herself till she entered it as her own. Her eagerness to be gone from Norland was preserved from diminution by the evident satisfaction of her daughter-in-law in the prospect of her removal; a satisfaction which was but feebly attempted to be concealed under a cold invitation to her to defer her departure. Now was the time when her son-in-law's promise to his father might with particular propriety be fulfilled. Since he had neglected to do it on first coming to the estate, their quitting his house might be looked on as the most suitable period for its accomplishment. But Mrs. Dashwood began shortly to give over every hope of the kind, and to be convinced, from the general drift of his discourse, that his assistance extended no farther than their maintenance for six months at Norland. He so frequently talked of the increasing expenses of housekeeping, and of the perpetual demands upon his purse which a man of any consequence in the world was beyond calculation exposed to, that he seemed rather to stand in need of more money himself than to have any design of giving money away.

In a very few weeks from the day which brought Sir John Middleton's first letter to Norland, everything was so far settled in their future abode as to enable Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters to begin their journey.

Many were the tears shed by them in their last adieus to a place so much beloved. "Dear, dear Norland!" said Marianne, as she wandered alone before the house, on the last evening of their being there; "when shall I cease to regret you! – when learn to feel a home elsewhere! – Oh! happy house, could you know what I suffer in now viewing you from this spot, from whence perhaps I may view you no more! – And you, ye well-known trees! – but you will continue the same. No leaf will decay because we are removed, nor any branch become motionless although we can observe you no longer! – No; you will continue the same; unconscious of the pleasure or the regret you occasion, and insensible of any change in those who walk under your shade! – But who will remain to enjoy you?"

- (i) Examine Austen's presentation of settings in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, examine the view that "in *Sense and Sensibility*, settings are more than places to live, they are part of Austen's social and moral commentary". [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

It opened slowly: a figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step — a man without a hat. He stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognised him; it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

I stayed my step, almost my breath, and stood to watch him — to examine him, myself unseen, and alas! to him invisible. It was a sudden meeting, and one in which rapture was kept well in check by pain. I had no difficulty in restraining my voice from exclamation, my step from hasty advance.

His form was of the same strong and stalwart contour as ever: his port was still erect, his hair was still raven black; nor were his features altered or sunk: not in one year's space, by any sorrow, could his athletic strength be quelled or his vigorous prime blighted. But in his countenance I saw a change: that looked desperate and brooding — that reminded me of some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird, dangerous to approach in his sullen woe. The caged eagle, whose gold-ringed eyes cruelty has extinguished, might look as looked that sightless Samson.

And, reader, do you think I feared him in his blind ferocity? — if you do, you little know me. A soft hope blent with my sorrow that soon I should dare to drop a kiss on that brow of rock, and on those lips so sternly sealed beneath it; but not yet. I would not accost him yet.

He descended the one step, and advanced slowly and gropingly towards the grass-plat. Where was his daring stride now? Then he paused, as if he knew not which way to turn. He lifted his hand and opened his eyelids; gazed blank, and with a straining effort, on the sky, and toward the amphitheatre of trees: one saw that all to him was void darkness. He stretched his right hand (the left arm, the mutilated one, he kept hidden in his bosom); he seemed to wish by touch to gain an idea of what lay around him: he met but vacancy still; for the trees were some yards off where he stood. He relinquished the endeavour, folded his arms, and stood quiet and mute in the rain, now falling fast on his uncovered head. At this moment John approached him from some quarter.

'Will you take my arm, sir?' he said; 'there is a heavy shower coming on: had you not better go in?'

'Let me alone,' was the answer.

John withdrew, without having observed me. Mr Rochester now tried to walk about: vainly — all was too uncertain. He groped his way back to the house, and, re-entering it, closed the door.

- (i) Examine Brontë's presentation of Mr Rochester in this extract. [20]
- (ii) Consider the view that "in *Jane Eyre*, Brontë challenges the accepted roles of men and women in Victorian England". In your response, you must make close reference 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.

His heart throbbed loud and quick. Strong man as he was, he trembled at the anticipation of what he had to say, and how it might be received. She might droop, and flush, and flutter to his arms, as to her natural home and resting-place. One moment, he glowed with impatience at the thought that she might do this, – the next, he feared a passionate rejection, the very idea of which withered up his future with so deadly a blight that he refused to think of it. He was startled by the sense of the presence of some one else in the room. He turned round. She had come in so gently, that he had never heard her; the street noises had been more distinct to his inattentive ear than her slow movements, in her soft muslin gown.

She stood by the table, not offering to sit down. Her eyelids were dropped half over her eyes; her teeth were shut, not compressed; her lips were just parted over them, allowing the white line to be seen between their curve. Her slow deep breathings dilated her thin and beautiful nostrils; it was the only motion visible on her countenance. The fine-grained skin, the oval cheek, the rich outline of her mouth, its corners deep set in dimples, – were all wan and pale today; the loss of their usual natural healthy colour being made more evident by the heavy shadow of the dark hair, brought down upon the temples, to hide all sign of the blow she had received. Her head, for all its drooping eyes, was thrown a little back, in the old proud attitude. Her long arms hung motionless by her sides. Altogether she looked like some prisoner, falsely accused of a crime that she loathed and despised, and from which she was too indignant to justify herself.

Mr Thornton made a hasty step or two forwards; recovered himself, and went with quiet firmness to the door (which she had left open), and shut it. Then he came back, and stood opposite to her for a moment, receiving the general impression of her beautiful presence, before he dared to disturb it, perhaps to repel it, by what he had to say.

‘Miss Hale, I was very ungrateful yesterday —’

‘You had nothing to be grateful for,’ said she, raising her eyes, and looking full and straight at him. ‘You mean, I suppose, that you believe you ought to thank me for what I did.’ In spite of herself — in defiance of her anger — the thick blushes came all over her face, and burnt into her very eyes; which fell not nevertheless from their grave and steady look.

- (i) Examine Gaskell’s presentation of the relationship between Mr Thornton and Margaret in this extract. [20]
- (ii) “In *North and South* personal desire often comes second to political or social opinions.” 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.

They left me at the gate, not easily or lightly; and it was a strange sight to me to see the cart go on, taking Peggotty away, and leaving me under the old elm-trees looking at the house, in which there was no face to look on mine with love or liking any more.

And now I fell into a state of neglect, which I cannot look back upon without compassion. I fell at once into a solitary condition, — apart from all friendly notice, apart from the society of all other boys of my own age, apart from all companionship but my own spiritless thoughts, — which seems to cast its gloom upon this paper as I write.

What would I have given, to have been sent to the hardest school that ever was kept! — to have been taught something, anyhow, anywhere! No such hope dawned upon me. They disliked me; and they sullenly, sternly, steadily, overlooked me. I think Mr. Murdstone's means were straitened at about this time; but it is little to the purpose. He could not bear me; and in putting me from him he tried, as I believe, to put away the notion that I had any claim upon him — and succeeded.

I was not actively ill-used. I was not beaten, or starved; but the wrong that was done to me had no intervals of relenting, and was done in a systematic, passionless manner. Day after day, week after week, month after month, I was coldly neglected. I wonder sometimes, when I think of it, what they would have done if I had been taken with an illness; whether I should have lain down in my lonely room, and languished through it in my usual solitary way, or whether anybody would have helped me out.

When Mr. and Miss Murdstone were at home, I took my meals with them; in their absence, I ate and drank by myself. At all times I lounged about the house and neighbourhood quite disregarded, except that they were jealous of my making any friends: thinking, perhaps, that, if I did, I might complain to some one. For this reason, though Mr. Chillip often asked me to go and see him (he was a widower, having, some years before that, lost a little small light-haired wife, whom I can just remember connecting in my own thoughts with a pale tortoise-shell cat), it was but seldom that I enjoyed the happiness of passing an afternoon in his closet or a surgery; reading some book that was new to me, with the smell of the whole pharmacopoeia coming up my nose, or pounding something in a mortar under his mild directions.

- (i) Examine Dickens' presentation of David in this extract. [20]
- (ii) "Dickens' sympathies lie with the weak and vulnerable in society." In the light of this statement, discuss Dickens' presentation of the theme of suffering. In your response, you must make close reference to **at least two** other parts of *David Copperfield*. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

His manner as he had come down had been one of cynical carelessness; but he now put away his grim half-smile, and said, in a kindly subdued tone, "Good night t'ye. Of course I'm glad to come if you want me."

"Oh, thank you," she said apprehensively.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill," he stammered, with unconcealed compunction.

She shook her head. "How can you be sorry," she asked, "when you deliberately cause it?"

"What?" said Henchard, uneasily. "Is it anything I have done that has pulled you down like that?"

"It is all your doing," said she. "I have no other grief. My happiness would be secure enough but for your threats. Oh, Michael, don't wreck me like this! You might think that you have done enough! When I came here I was a young woman; now I am rapidly becoming an old one. Neither my husband nor any other man will regard me with interest long."

Henchard was disarmed. His old feeling of supercilious pity for womankind in general was intensified by this suppliant appearing here as the double of the first. Moreover, that thoughtless want of foresight which had led to all her trouble remained with poor Lucetta still; she had come to meet him here in this compromising way without perceiving the risk. Such a woman was very small deer to hunt; he felt ashamed, lost all zest and desire to humiliate Lucetta there and then, and no longer envied Farfrae his bargain. He had married money, but nothing more. Henchard was anxious to wash his hands of the game.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said gently. "I am sure I shall be very willing. My reading of those letters was only a sort of practical joke, and I revealed nothing."

"To give me back the letters and any papers you may have that breathe of matrimony or worse."

"So be it. Every scrap shall be yours. . . . But, between you and me, Lucetta, he is sure to find out something of the matter, sooner or later."

"Ah!" she said with eager tremulousness; "but not till I have proved myself a faithful and deserving wife to him, and then he may forgive me everything."

Henchard silently looked at her: he almost envied Farfrae such love as that, even now. "H'm — I hope so," he said. "But you shall have the letters without fail. And your secret shall be kept. I swear it."

"How good you are! — how shall I get them?"

He reflected, and said he would send them the next morning. "Now don't doubt me," he added. "I can keep my word."

- (i) Examine Hardy's presentation of the relationship between Lucetta and Henchard in this extract. [20]
- (ii) Consider the view that "in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* it is the characters' inability to escape the past which causes them the most suffering". In your response, you must make close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel. [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.

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

Either,

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 “Some readers have argued that *The Secret Agent* is primarily a domestic drama rather than a spy novel.” How far do you agree with this statement? [40]

Or,

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 “Ultimately, in *The Secret Agent*, acts of anarchy and terrorism are revealed to be futile.” In the light of this statement, discuss Conrad’s presentation of anarchy and/or terrorism. [40]

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

Or,

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 “A representation of ideas and values best left in the past.” In the light of this view, examine Forster’s presentation of Cecil Vyse. [40]

Or,

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 “The strongest message of the novel is that it is impossible to find both love and social acceptance.” How far do you agree with this view of *A Room with a View*? [40]

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

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“*A Toy Epic* dramatises the tension between the individual and social forces.” In the light of this statement, discuss Humphreys’ presentation of ambition in *A Toy Epic*. [40]

**Or,**

1	1
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“A story of a country in transition.” In the light of this statement, discuss Humphreys’ presentation of change in *A Toy Epic*. [40]

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

1	2
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“*Wide Sargasso Sea* is a novel characterised by a struggle for both personal and cultural dominance.” In the light of this statement, discuss the presentation of power in the novel. [40]

**Or,**

1	3
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Explore the view that “*Wide Sargasso Sea* is primarily a novel about conflicting traditions and/or values”. [40]

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

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“The humour does more than simply distract us from the sadness of the novel.” How far do you agree with this view of *The Remains of the Day*? [40]

**Or,**

1	5
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“Primarily, the novel portrays a world hostile to love.” How far do you agree with this view of *The Remains of the Day*? [40]

**END OF PAPER**