



GCE A LEVEL

A720U30-1



O20-A720U30-1



MONDAY, 19 OCTOBER 2020 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE – A level component 3
Unseen Texts

2 hours

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A WJEC pink 16-page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen. Do not use pencil or gel pen. Do not use correction fluid.

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

Write your answers in the separate answer booklet provided, following the instructions on the front of the answer booklet.

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 50 marks and Section B carries 30 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 15 minutes on Section A and 45 minutes on Section B.

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

Section A: Unseen Prose

Answer **one** question in this section.

Each question consists of an unseen prose passage and supporting extracts. You must use the supporting extracts to answer the question.

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 of the unseen passage.

Either,

Period 1880-1910

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Analyse the following passage from *The Silence of Dean Maitland* by Maxwell Gray (the pen name of Mary Gleed Tutti) published in 1885.

In this passage, Alma Lee is on her way home from shopping after refusing a lift from her admirer, Charlie Judkins. Instead she has accepted help from the waggoner, William Grove, and his assistant, Jem, with their team of cart horses.

You must use the supporting extracts which follow the passage to help you consider contexts and different interpretations. [50]

It was fairly dark in the road; the misty dusk of evening was over-shadowed by the thick belt of chestnut, lime, and beech bounding the park by the roadside; and the large horn lantern was handed to Alma to aid her in gathering her parcels together, and its light fell upon her bright dark eyes, and rosy, dimpled cheeks, making her appear more than ever as if her gaudy dress was but a disguise assumed for a frolic. Her almond-shaped, rather melancholy eyes sparkled as she looked in the young waggoner's stolid face, and thanked him heartily.

"I have had such a nice ride," she added pleasantly, and the horses one by one dropped a bell-note or two to emphasize her words.

"You must gie I a toll for this yere ride," returned William, with a look of undisguised, but not rude admiration.

Alma flushed, and drew back. "How much do you want?" she asked, taking out her purse, and pretending not to understand.

"You put that there in your pocket," he replied, offended, "and gie I a kiss."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted Alma. "Let me get down. I'll never ride with you again, if I walk till I drop — that I won't."

But the waggoner insisted on his toll, and vowed that she should not descend till it was paid; and poor Alma protested and stormed vainly, whilst Jem leaned up against a horse and laughed, and adjured her to make haste. Alma burst into tears, wrung her hands, and wished that she had not been so obdurate to poor Charlie Judkins. He would not have been so rude, she knew. Nor, indeed, would William have been so persistent had she not offended him by her unlucky offer of money, and roused the dogged obstinacy of his class. She darted to the other side of the waggon, but in vain; William was too quick, and she was just on the point of raising her voice, in the hope that her father might be near, when a light, firm step was heard issuing from the park gates, and a clear and singularly musical voice broke into the dispute with a tone of authority.

"For shame, William Grove!" it said. "How can you be so cowardly? Let the girl go directly. Why, it is Alma Lee, surely!"

CHAPTER II.

The speaker emerged into the little circle of light cast by the lantern — a slight, well-built, youthful figure of middle height yet commanding presence, clad in dark grey, with a round, black straw hat and a neat white necktie, the frequent costume of a country curate in those days, when the clerical garb had not reached so high a stage of evolution as at present. His beardless face made him look still younger than he really was; his features were refined and clearly cut; his hair very dark; and his eyes, the most striking feature of his face, were of that rare, dazzling light blue which can only be compared to a cloudless, noon sky in June, when the pale, intense blue seems penetrated to overflowing with floods of vivid light.

“I waren’t doing no harm,” returned the waggoner, with a kind of surly respect; “I gied she a ride, and she med so well gie I a kiss.”

“And you a married man!” cried the indignant young deacon; “for shame!”

“There ain’t no harm in a kiss,” growled William, with a sheepish, discomfited look, while he stood aside and suffered the new-comer to help Alma in her descent.

“There is great harm in insulting a respectable young woman, and taking advantage of her weakness. As for a kiss, it is not a seemly thing between young people who have no claim on each other, though there may be no positive harm in it. You ought to know better, William.”

“There ain’t no harm for the likes of we,” persisted the waggoner. “Tain’t as though Alma was a lady; she’s only a poor man’s daughter.”

“And a poor man’s daughter has as much right to men’s respect as a duchess,” cried the young fellow, with animation.

“I wonder you can say such a thing, Grove. And you a poor man yourself, with a little daughter of your own! How would you like her to be kissed against her will?”

William muttered to the effect that “Anybody mod kiss she”— which was true enough, as she had seen but three summers yet — and went on twining his whip with a cowed, injured look, while Alma gazed in awed admiration at her handsome young champion, whose kindling eyes seemed to send forth floods of pale-blue light in the gloom.

“There is something so unmanly in attacking a girl’s self-respect,” continued the eager champion. “I did not think you capable of it, William. A stout fellow like you, a man I always liked. Go home to your wife, and think better of it. I will see you across the meadow myself, Alma, though it is hard that a girl cannot be abroad alone at this hour.”

Supporting Extracts:

“And now the story can be defined. It is a narrative of events arranged in their time sequence – dinner coming after breakfast, Tuesday after Monday, decay after death, and so on. ...it can only have one merit: that of making the audience want to know what happens next. And conversely it can only have one fault; that of making the audience not want to know what happens next. These are the only two criticisms that can be made on the story. It is the lowest and simplest of literary organisms. Yet it is the highest factor common to all the very complicated organisms known as novels.”

Forster. E.M. (1927). *Aspects of the Novel*, Penguin Classics, p. 35

“To be even considered as a potential wife, women had to be not only virgins, but were expected to remain innocent and “free from any thought of love or sexuality” until after they had received a proposal. This requirement of chastity and absolute purity was not expected of men, as the potential husband had the freedom to participate in premarital and extramarital sexual relationships. Such a biased idea was one of many double standards in Victorian society, which demanded unquestionable compliance from women and none from men... .”

Anon. from ‘*Victorian Women: The Gender of Oppression*’, webpage.pace.edu

Period 1918-1939

Or,

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Analyse the following passage from Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*, published in 1938.

Fred Hale works for a newspaper, the *Messenger*, under the name of Kolley Kibber. He is in Brighton on a bank holiday to hide cards in various locations which *Messenger* readers can find and claim cash prizes. Fred has been connected with the criminal underworld and is now being hunted by a gang.

You must use the supporting extracts which follow the passage to help you consider contexts and different interpretations. [50]

Nobody paid any attention to Hale; no one seemed to be carrying a *Messenger*. He deposited one of his cards carefully on the top of a little basket and moved on, with his bitten nails and his inky fingers, alone. He only felt his loneliness after his third gin; until then he despised the crowd, but afterwards he felt his kinship. He had come out of the same streets, but he was condemned by his higher pay to pretend to want other things, and all the time the piers, the peepshows pulled at his heart. He wanted to get back – but all he could do was to carry his sneer along the front, the badge of loneliness. Somewhere out of sight a woman was singing, 'When I came up from Brighton by the train': a rich Guinness voice, a voice from a public bar. Hale turned into the private saloon and watched her big blown charms across two bars and through a glass partition.

She wasn't old, somewhere in the late thirties or the early forties, and she was only a little drunk in a friendly accommodating way. You thought of sucking babies when you looked at her, but if she'd borne them she hadn't let them pull her down: she took care of herself. Her lipstick told you that, the confidence of her big body. She was well-covered, but she wasn't careless; she kept her lines for those who cared for lines.

Hale did. He was a small man and he watched her with covetous envy over the empty glasses tipped up in the lead trough, over the beer handles, between the shoulders of the two serving in the public bar. 'Give us another, Lily,' one of them said and she began, 'One night – in an alley – Lord Rothschild said to me.' She never got beyond a few lines. She wanted to laugh too much to give her voice a chance, but she had an inexhaustible memory for ballads. Hale had never heard one of them before. With his glass to his lips he watched her with nostalgia: she was off again on a song which must have dated back to the Australian gold rush.

'Fred,' a voice said behind him, 'Fred.'

The gin slopped out of Hale's glass on to the bar. A boy of about seventeen watched him from the door – a shabby smart suit, the cloth too thin for much wear, a face of starved intensity, a kind of hideous and unnatural pride.

'Who are you Freding?' Hale said. 'I'm not Fred.'

'It don't make any difference,' the boy said. He turned back towards the door, keeping an eye on Hale over his narrow shoulder.

'Where are you going?'

'Got to tell your friends,' the boy said.

They were alone in the saloon bar except for an old commissioner, who slept over a pint glass of old and mild. 'Listen,' Hale said, 'have a drink. Come and sit down over here and have a drink.'

'Got to be going,' the boy said. 'You know I don't drink, Fred. You forget a lot, don't you?'

'It won't make any difference having one drink. A soft drink.'

'It'll have to be a quick one,' the boy said. He watched Hale all the time closely and with wonder: you might expect a hunter searching through the jungle for some half-fabulous beast to look like that – at the spotted lion or the pygmy elephant – before the kill. 'A grape-fruit squash,' he said.

‘Go on, Lily,’ the voices implored in the public bar. ‘Give us another, Lily,’ and the boy took his eyes for the first time from Hale and looked across the partition at the big breasts and the blown charm.’

‘A double whisky and a grape-fruit squash,’ Hale said. He carried them to a table, but the boy didn’t follow. He was watching the woman with an expression of furious distaste. Hale felt as if hatred had been momentarily loosened like handcuffs to be fastened round another’s wrists. He tried to joke, ‘A cheery soul.’

‘Soul,’ the boy said, ‘you’ve no cause to talk about souls.’ He turned his hatred back on Hale, drinking down the grape-fruit squash in a single draught.

Hale said, ‘I’m only here for my job. Just for the day. I’m Kolley Kibber.’

‘You’re Fred,’ the boy said.

‘All right,’ Hale said, ‘I’m Fred. But I’ve got a card in my pocket which’ll be worth ten bob to you.’

‘I know all about the cards,’ the boy said. He had a fair smooth skin, the faintest down, and his grey eyes had an effect of heartlessness like an old man’s in which human feeling has died. ‘We were all reading about you,’ he said, ‘in the paper this morning,’ and suddenly he sniggered as if he’d just seen the point of a dirty story.

‘You can have one,’ Hale said. ‘Look, take this *Messenger*. Read what it says there. You can have the whole prize. Ten guineas,’ he said. ‘You’ll only have to send this form to the *Messenger*.’

‘Then they don’t trust you with the cash,’ the boy said, and in the other bar Lily began to sing, ‘We met – ’twas in a crowd – and I thought he would shun me.’ ‘Christ,’ the boy said, ‘won’t anybody stop that buer’s¹ mouth?’

‘I’ll give you a fiver,’ Hale said. ‘It’s all I’ve got on me. That and my ticket.’

‘You won’t want your ticket,’ the boy said.

‘I wore my bridal gown, and I rivall’d its whiteness.’

The boy rose furiously, and giving way to a little spurt of hatred – at the song? at the man? – he dropped his empty glass on to the floor. ‘The gentleman’ll pay,’ he said to the barman and swung through the door of the private lounge. It was then Hale realised that they meant to murder him.

¹ buer: an insulting term for a woman

Supporting Extracts:

“*Brighton Rock* is not of course, just a gangster novel. It is among other things a contemptuous indictment of England in the 1930s. The features Greene scorns – popular newspapers, advertisements, inane, fun-loving crowds, American-style crooners, wireless – had incensed many intellectuals between the wars... ”

Carey, J. (1993). ‘Pinkie: out on the dangerous edge of things’, *The Independent*

“And now the story can be defined. It is a narrative of events arranged in their time sequence – dinner coming after breakfast, Tuesday after Monday, decay after death, and so on. ...it can only have one merit: that of making the audience want to know what happens next. And conversely it can only have one fault; that of making the audience not want to know what happens next. These are the only two criticisms that can be made on the story.... It is the lowest and simplest of literary organisms. Yet it is the highest factor common to all the very complicated organisms known as novels.”

Forster. E.M. (1927). *Aspects of the Novel*, Penguin Classics, p.35

Section B: Unseen Poetry

Answer **one** question in this section.

In your response you are required to analyse how meanings are shaped.

Either,

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| 0 | 3 | Analyse in detail the following poem. | [30] |
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Love in a Life

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| <p>I. Room after room, I hunt the house through We inhabit together. Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her— Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume! As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew: Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.</p> | <p>1 5</p> |
| <p>II. Yet the day wears, And door succeeds door; I try the fresh fortune— Range the wide house from the wing to the centre. Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter. Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares? But 'tis twilight, you see,—with such suites to explore, Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!</p> | <p>10 15</p> |

Robert Browning

Or,

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Analyse in detail the following poem.

[30]

Energies

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| This is my time: The twilight closing in, A hissing on the ring. Stove noises, kettle steam, And children's kisses. | 1 5 |
| But the energy of the flowers! Their faces are so white, my garden daisies, they are so tight-fisted – Such economies of light! | 10 |
| In the dusk they have made hay: In a banked radiance, In an acreage of brightness, They are misering the day, While mine delays away | 15 |
| In chores left to do: the soup, the bath, the fire. Then bed-time. Up the stairs. And there, there | 20 |
| the buttery curls, the light, the bran fur of the teddy-bear. The fist like a night-time daisy. Damp and tight. | 25 |

Eavan Boland

END OF PAPER