



**GCE AS/A LEVEL – NEW**

2720U10-1



**ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS unit 1**  
**Prose and Drama**

FRIDAY, 19 MAY 2017 – MORNING

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.

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**

Both Section A and Section B carry 60 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 on each section. In Section A you are advised to spend 20 minutes on part (i) and 40 minutes on part (ii).

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.

“I cannot remember the time when I did not love Eliza; and my affection for her, as we grew up, was such, as perhaps, judging from my present forlorn and cheerless gravity, you might think me incapable of having ever felt. Her’s, for me, was, I believe, fervent as the attachment of your sister to Mr. Willoughby, and it was, though from a different cause, no less unfortunate. At seventeen, she was lost to me for ever. She was married — married against her inclination to my brother. Her fortune was large, and our family estate much encumbered. And this, I fear, is all that can be said for the conduct of one, who was at once her uncle and guardian. My brother did not deserve her; he did not even love her. I had hoped that her regard for me would support her under any difficulty, and for some time it did;— but at last the misery of her situation, for she experienced great unkindness, overcame all her resolution, and though she had promised me that nothing—but how blindly I relate! I have never told you how this was brought on. We were within a few hours of eloping together for Scotland. The treachery, or the folly, of my cousin’s maid betrayed us. I was banished to the house of a relation far distant, and she was allowed no liberty, no society, no amusement, till my father’s point was gained. I had depended on her fortitude too far, and the blow was a severe one—but had her marriage been happy, so young as I then was, a few months must have reconciled me to it, or at least I should not have now to lament it. This however was not the case. My brother had no regard for her; his pleasures were not what they ought to have been, and from the first he treated her unkindly. The consequence of this, upon a mind so young, so lively, so inexperienced as Mrs. Brandon’s, was but too natural. She resigned herself at first to all the misery of her situation; and happy had it been she had not lived to overcome those regrets which the remembrance of me occasioned. But can we wonder that with such a husband to provoke inconstancy, and without a friend to advise or restrain her, (for my father lived only a few months after their marriage, and I was with my regiment in the East Indies) she should fall? Had I remained in England, perhaps—but I meant to promote the happiness of both by removing from her for years, and for that purpose had procured my exchange. The shock which her marriage had given me,” he continued, in a voice of great agitation, “was of trifling weight—was nothing—to what I felt when I heard, about two years afterwards, of her divorce. It was *that* which threw this gloom, —even now the recollection of what I suffered—”

- (i) Examine the presentation of Colonel Brandon 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 *Sense and Sensibility*, “marriage is used by Austen to criticise society”? [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

‘You have hitherto been my adopted brother – I, your adopted sister: let us continue as such: you and I had better not marry.’

He shook his head. ‘Adopted fraternity will not do in this case. If you were my real sister it would be different; I should take you, and seek no wife. But as it is, either our union must be consecrated and sealed by marriage, or it cannot exist: practical obstacles oppose themselves to any other plan. Do you not see it, Jane? Consider a moment – your strong sense will guide you.’

I did consider; and still my sense, such as it was, directed me only to the fact that we did not love each other as man and wife should: and therefore it inferred we ought not to marry. I said so. ‘St John,’ I returned, ‘I regard you as a brother – you, me as a sister: so let us continue.’

‘We cannot – we cannot,’ he answered, with short, sharp determination: ‘it would not do. You have said you will go with me to India: remember – you have said that.’

‘Conditionally.’

‘Well – well. To the main point – the departure with me from England, the co-operation with me in my future labours – you do not object. You have already as good as put your hand to the plough: you are too consistent to withdraw it. You have but one end to keep in view – how the work you have undertaken can best be done. Simplify your complicated interests, feelings, thoughts, wishes, aims; merge all considerations in one purpose: that of fulfilling with effect – with power – the mission of your great Master. To do so, you must have a coadjutor: not a brother – that is a loose tie – but a husband. I, too, do not want a sister: a sister might any day be taken from me. I want a wife: the sole helpmate I can influence efficiently in life, and retain absolutely till death.’

I shuddered as he spoke: I felt his influence in my marrow – his hold on my limbs.

‘Seek one elsewhere than in me, St John: seek one fitted to you.’

‘One fitted to my purpose, you mean – fitted to my vocation. Again I tell you it is not the insignificant private individual – the mere man, with the man’s selfish senses – I wish to mate: it is the missionary.’

‘And I will give the missionary my energies – it is all he wants – but not myself: that would be only adding the husk and shell to the kernel. For them he has no use: I retain them.’

‘You cannot – you ought not. Do you think God will be satisfied with half an oblation? Will He accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate: it is under His standard I enlist you. I cannot accept on His behalf a divided allegiance: it must be entire.’

- (i) Examine the presentation of St John in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider the view that “in *Jane Eyre*, Brontë depicts Victorian Christianity in a predominantly unfavourable light”. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

When Mr. Thornton left the house that morning he was almost blinded by his baffled passion. He was dizzy as if Margaret, instead of looking, and speaking, and moving like a tender graceful woman, had been a sturdy fish-wife, and given him a sound blow with her fists. He had positive bodily pain, – a violent headache, and a throbbing intermittent pulse. He could not bear the noise, the garish light, the continued rumble and movement of the street. He called himself a fool for suffering so; and yet he could not, at the moment, recollect the cause of his suffering, and whether it was adequate to the consequences it had produced. It would have been a relief to him, if he could have sat down and cried on a door-step by a little child, who was raging and storming, through his passionate tears, at some injury he had received. He said to himself, that he hated Margaret, but a wild, sharp sensation of love cleft his dull, thunderous feeling like lightning, even as he shaped the words expressive of hatred. His greatest comfort was in hugging his torment; and in feeling, as he had indeed said to her, that though she might despise him, condemn him, treat him with her proud sovereign indifference, he did not change one whit. She could not make him change. He loved her, and would love her; and defy her, and this miserable bodily pain.

He stood still for a moment, to make this resolution firm and clear. There was an omnibus passing – going into the country; the conductor thought he was wishing for a place, and stopped near the pavement. It was too much trouble to apologize and explain; so he mounted upon it, and was borne away, – past long rows of houses – then past detached villas with trim gardens, till they came to real country hedge-rows, and, by-and-by, to a small country town. Then every body got down; and so did Mr Thornton, and because they walked away he did so too. He went into the fields, walking briskly, because the sharp motion relieved his mind. He could remember all about it now; the pitiful figure he must have cut; the absurd way in which he had gone and done the very thing he had so often agreed with himself in thinking would be the most foolish thing in the world; and had met with exactly the consequences which, in these wise moods, he had always foretold were certain to follow, if he ever did make such a fool of himself. Was he bewitched by those beautiful eyes, that soft, half-open, sighing mouth which lay so close upon his shoulder only yesterday? He could not even shake off the recollection that she had been there; that her arms had been round him, once – if never again. He only caught glimpses of her; he did not understand her altogether. At one time she was so brave, and at another so timid; now so tender, and then so haughty and regal-proud. And then he thought over every time he had ever seen her once again, by way of finally forgetting her.

- (i) Examine the presentation of Mr Thornton in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider the view that “the power struggle between man and woman is at the heart of *North and South*”. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

‘We have had a mort of talk, sir,’ said Mr Peggotty to me, when we had all three walked a little while in silence, ‘of what we ought and doesn’t ought to do. But we see our course now.’

I happened to glance at Ham, then looking out to sea upon the distant light, and a frightful thought came into my mind – not that his face was angry, for it was not; I recall nothing but an expression of stern determination in it – that if ever he encountered Steerforth, he would kill him.

‘My dooty here, sir,’ said Mr Peggotty, ‘is done. I’m a going to seek my –’ he stopped, and went on in a firmer voice: ‘I’m a going to seek her. That’s my dooty evermore.’

He shook his head when I asked him where he would seek her, and inquired if I were going to London to-morrow? I told him I had not gone to-day, fearing to lose the chance of being of any service to him; but that I was ready to go when he would.

‘I’ll go along with you, sir,’ he rejoined, ‘if you’re agreeable, to-morrow.’

We walked again, for a while, in silence.

‘Ham,’ he presently resumed, ‘he’ll hold to his present work, and go and live along with my sister. The old boat yonder –’

‘Will you desert the old boat, Mr Peggotty?’ I gently interposed.

‘My station, Mas’r Davy,’ he returned, ‘ain’t there no longer; and if ever a boat foundered, since there was darkness on the face of the deep, that one’s gone down. But no, sir, no; I doesn’t mean as it should be deserted. Fur from that.’

We walked again for a while, as before, until he explained:

‘My wishes is, sir, as it shall look, day and night, winter and summer, as it has always looked, since she first know’d it. If ever she should come a wandering back, I wouldn’t have the old place seem to cast her off, you understand, but seem to tempt her to draw nigher to ’t, and to peep in, maybe, like a ghost, out of the wind and rain, through the old winder, at the old seat by the fire. Then, maybe, Mas’r Davy, seein’ none but Missis Gummidge there, she might take heart to creep in, trembling; and might come to be laid down in her old bed, and rest her weary head where it was once so gay.’

I could not speak to him in reply, though I tried.

‘Every night,’ said Mr Peggotty, ‘as reg’lar as the night comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that if ever she should see it, it may seem to say “Come back, my child, come back!” If ever there’s a knock, Ham (partic’ler a soft knock), arter dark, at your aunt’s door, doesn’t you go nigh it. Let it be her –not you – that sees my fallen child!’

He walked a little in front of us, and kept before us for some minutes.

- (i) Examine the presentation of Mr Peggotty 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 “despite its happy ending, *David Copperfield* is primarily a novel of loss and shame”? [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

But the most terrible ordeal was to come. Elizabeth had latterly been accustomed of an afternoon to take out a cup of cider or ale and bread-and-cheese to Nance Mockridge, who worked in the yard, wimbling hay-bonds. Nance accepted this offering thankfully at first; afterwards as a matter of course. On a day when Henchard was on the premises he saw his stepdaughter enter the hay-barn on this errand; and, as there was no clear spot on which to deposit the provisions, she at once set to work arranging two trusses of hay as a table, Mockridge meanwhile standing with her hands on her hips, easefully looking at the preparations on her behalf.

“Elizabeth, come here!” said Henchard; and she obeyed.

“Why do you lower yourself so confoundedly?” he said with suppressed passion. “Haven’t I told you o’t fifty times? Hey? Making yourself a drudge for a common work-woman of such a character as hers! Why, ye’ll disgrace me to the dust!”

Now these words were uttered loud enough to reach Nance inside the barn door, who fired up immediately at the slur upon her personal character. Coming to the door, she cried, regardless of consequences, “Come to that, Mr. Michael Henchard; I can let ’ee know she’ve waited on worse!”

“Then she must have had more charity than sense,” said Henchard.

“Oh, no, she hadn’t. ’Twere not for charity but for hire; and at a public-house in this town.”

“It is not true,” cried Henchard indignantly.

“Just ask her,” said Nance, folding her naked arms in such a manner that she could comfortably scratch her elbows.

Henchard glanced at Elizabeth-Jane, whose complexion, now pink and white from confinement, lost nearly all of the former colour. “What does this mean?” he said to her. “Anything or nothing?”

“It is true,” said Elizabeth-Jane. “But it was only —”

“Did you do it, or didn’t you? Where was it?”

“At the King of Prussia; one evening for a little while, when we were staying there.”

Nance glanced triumphantly at Henchard, and sailed into the barn; for, assuming that she was to be discharged on the instant, she had resolved to make the most of her victory. Henchard, however, said nothing about discharging her. Unduly sensitive on such points by reason of his own past, he had the look of one completely ground down to the last indignity. Elizabeth followed him to the house like a culprit; but when she got inside she could not see him. Nor did she see him again that day.

Convinced of the scathing damage to his local repute and position that must have been caused by such a fact, though it had never before reached his own ears, Henchard showed a positive distaste for the presence of this girl not his own, whenever he encountered her. He mostly dined with the farmers at the market-room of one of the two chief hotels, leaving her in utter solitude.

- (i) Examine Hardy’s presentation of the relationship between Henchard and Elizabeth-Jane in this extract. [20]
- (ii) “Hardy presents a society preoccupied with reputation and status.” With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, discuss this view of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. [40]

## Section B: Drama

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.

### Christopher Marlowe: *Doctor Faustus* (Longman)

Either,

0	6
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“*Doctor Faustus* is largely a criticism of religion.” How far do you agree with this view?  
[60]

Or,

0	7
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“It is above all Faustus’ spirit of rebellion which appeals to audiences.” Discuss this view of *Doctor Faustus*.  
[60]

### Oscar Wilde: *Lady Windermere’s Fan* (New Mermaids)

Or,

0	8
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“A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain.” (Cecil Graham)  
Discuss the view that “in *Lady Windermere’s Fan*, relationships between men and women are founded on hypocrisy”.  
[60]

Or,

0	9
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“The focus on etiquette is central to the play’s appeal.” In the light of this statement about *Lady Windermere’s Fan*, explore how Wilde makes use of the rules of social behaviour.  
[60]

### Tennessee Williams: *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Penguin)

Or,

1	0
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How far would you agree that “*A Streetcar Named Desire* chiefly illustrates the tragic fate of the outsider and raises the question of justice”?  
[60]

Or,

1	1
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“I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.” (Blanche DuBois)  
“Williams presents 1940s New Orleans as a society lacking in kindness.” Explore this view of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.  
[60]

**Caryl Churchill: *Top Girls* (Methuen)****Or,**

1	2
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“What’s it going to do to him working for a woman? I think if it was a man he’d get over it as something normal.” (Mrs Kidd)

How far would you agree that in *Top Girls*, “success is always accompanied by unpopularity”? [60]

**Or,**

1	3
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“The play relies primarily on female suffering to generate dramatic tension.” Discuss this view of *Top Girls*. [60]

**Joe Orton: *Loot* (Methuen)****Or,**

1	4
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“In *Loot*, Orton makes us laugh to make us learn.” In the light of this statement, explore how Orton uses black comedy to comment on a world governed by selfish desires. [60]

**Or,**

1	5
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To what extent would you agree that in *Loot* “Orton relies on shocking anti-social behaviour to generate dramatic tension”? [60]

**END OF PAPER**