



GCE AS/A LEVEL

2720U10-1



S19-2720U10-1

ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS unit 1
Prose and Drama

FRIDAY, 17 MAY 2019 – MORNING

2 hours

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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.

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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.

“That is exactly what I said, my dear. ‘Lord!’ says I, ‘is Mrs. Dashwood ill?’ So then it all came out; [omitted text] Well, and so this was kept a great secret, for fear of Mrs. Ferrars, and neither she nor your brother or sister [Mrs. Dashwood] suspected a word of the matter;—till this very morning, poor Nancy, who, you know, is a well-meaning creature, but no conjuror, popt it all out. ‘Lord!’ thinks she to herself, ‘they are all so fond of Lucy, to be sure they will make no difficulty about it;’ and so, away she went to your sister, who was sitting all alone at her carpet-work, little suspecting what was to come—for she had just been saying to your brother, only five minutes before, that she thought to make a match between Edward and some Lord’s daughter or other, I forget who. So you may think what a blow it was to all her vanity and pride. She fell into violent hysterics immediately, with such screams as reached your brother’s ears, as he was sitting in his own dressing-room down stairs, thinking about writing a letter to his steward in the country. So up he flew directly, and a terrible scene took place, for Lucy was come to them by that time, little dreaming of what was going on. Poor soul! I pity *her*. And I must say, I think she was used very hardly; for your sister scolded like any fury, and soon drove her into a fainting fit. Nancy, she fell upon her knees, and cried bitterly; and your brother, he walked about the room, and said he did not know what to do. Mrs. Dashwood declared they should not stay a minute longer in the house, and your brother was forced to go down upon *his* knees too, to persuade her to let them stay till they had packed up their clothes. *Then* she fell into hysterics again, and he was so frightened that he would send for Mr. Donovan, and Mr. Donovan found the house in all this uproar. The carriage was at the door ready to take my poor cousins away, and they were just stepping in as he came off; poor Lucy in such a condition, he says, she could hardly walk; and Nancy, she was almost as bad. I declare, I have no patience with your sister; and I hope, with all my heart, it will be a match in spite of her. Lord! what a taking poor Mr. Edward will be in when he hears of it! To have his love used so scornfully! for they say he is monstrous fond of her, as well he may. I should not wonder, if he was to be in the greatest of a passion! — and Mr. Donovan thinks just the same. He and I had a great deal of talk about it; and the best of all is, that he is gone back again to Harley-street, that he may be within call when Mrs. Ferrars is told of it, for she was sent for as soon as ever my cousins left the house, for your sister was sure *she* would be in hysterics too; and so she may, for what I care.”

- (i) Examine the presentation of Mrs. Dashwood in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider the view that “*Sense and Sensibility* is primarily a novel which challenges social conventions”. [40]

Or,

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

I sought the orchard, driven to its shelter by the wind, which all day had blown strong and full from the south, without, however, bringing a speck of rain. Instead of subsiding as night drew on, it seemed to augment its rush and deepen its roar: the trees blew steadfastly one way, never writhing round, and scarcely tossing back their boughs once in an hour; so continuous was the strain bending their branchy heads northward — the clouds drifted from pole to pole, fast following, mass on mass: no glimpse of blue sky had been visible that July day.

It was not without a certain wild pleasure I ran before the wind, delivering my trouble of mind to the measureless air-torrent thundering through space. Descending the laurel walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut-tree; it stood up, black and riven: the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below; though community of vitality was destroyed — the sap could flow no more: their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth: as yet, however, they might be said to form one tree — a ruin, but an entire ruin.

'You did right to hold fast to each other,' I said: as if the monster-splinters were living things, and could hear me. 'I think, scathed as you look, and charred and scorched, there must be a little sense of life in you yet, rising out of that adhesion at the faithful, honest roots: you will never have green leaves more — never more see birds making nests and singing idylls in your boughs; the time of pleasure and love is over with you: but you are not desolate: each of you has a comrade to sympathise with him in his decay.' As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure; her disc was blood-red and half overcast; she seemed to throw on me one bewildered, dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. The wind fell, for a second, round Thornfield; but far away over wood and water poured a wild, melancholy wail: it was sad to listen to, and I ran off again.

Here and there I strayed through the orchard, gathered up the apples with which the grass round the tree roots was thickly strewn; then I employed myself in dividing the ripe from the unripe; I carried them into the house and put them away in the store-room. Then I repaired to the library to ascertain whether the fire was lit, for, though summer, I knew on such a gloomy evening Mr. Rochester would like to see a cheerful hearth when he came in: yes, the fire had been kindled some time, and burnt well.

- (i) Examine the presentation of Thornfield in this extract. [20]
- (ii) "It is primarily through settings and landscapes that Brontë reveals most about Jane". With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, discuss this view of the text. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

This marring of the peace of home, by long hours of discontent, was what Margaret was unprepared for. She knew, and had rather revelled in the idea, that she should have to give up many luxuries, which had only been troubles and trammels to her freedom in Harley Street. Her keen enjoyment of every sensuous pleasure, was balanced finely, if not overbalanced, by her conscious pride in being able to do without them all, if need were. But the cloud never comes in that quarter of the horizon from which we watch for it. There had been slight complaints and passing regrets on her mother's part, over some trifle connected with Helstone, and her father's position there, when Margaret had been spending her holidays at home before; but in the general happiness of the recollection of those times, she had forgotten the small details which were not so pleasant.

In the latter half of September, the autumnal rains and storms came on, and Margaret was obliged to remain more in the house than she had hitherto done. Helstone was at some distance from any neighbours of their own standard of cultivation.

'It is undoubtedly one of the most out-of-the-way places in England,' said Mrs. Hale, in one of her plaintive moods. 'I can't help regretting constantly that papa has really no one to associate with here; he is so thrown away; seeing no one but farmers and labourers from week's end to week's end. If we only lived at the other side of the parish, it would be something; there we should be almost within walking distance of the Stansfields; certainly the Gormans would be within a walk.'

'Gormans,' said Margaret. 'Are those the Gormans who made their fortunes in trade at Southampton? Oh! I'm glad we don't visit them. I don't like shabby people. I think we are far better off, knowing only cottagers and labourers, and people without pretence.'

'You must not be so fastidious, Margaret, dear!' said her mother, secretly thinking of a young and handsome Mr. Gorman whom she had once met at Mr. Hume's.

'No! I call mine a very comprehensive taste; I like all people whose occupations have to do with land; I like soldiers and sailors, and the three learned professions, as they call them. I'm sure you don't want me to admire butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, do you, mamma?'

'But the Gormans were neither butchers nor bakers, but very respectable coach-builders.'

'Very well. Coach-building is a trade all the same, and I think a much more useless one than that of butchers or bakers. Oh! how tired I used to be of the drives every day in Aunt Shaw's carriage, and how I longed to walk!'

And walk Margaret did, in spite of the weather. She was so happy out of doors, at her father's side, that she almost danced; and with the soft violence of the west wind behind her, as she crossed some heath, she seemed to be borne onwards, as lightly and easily as the fallen leaf that was wafted along by the autumnal breeze.

- (i) Examine the presentation of Margaret in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, discuss the view that "in *North and South*, Gaskell uses Margaret's journey of self-discovery to comment on society". [40]

Or,

Charles Dickens: *David Copperfield* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Mrs Gummidge did not appear to be able to cheer up. She took out an old black silk handkerchief and wiped her eyes; but instead of putting it in her pocket, kept it out, and wiped them again, and still kept it out, ready for use.

‘What’s amiss, dame!’ said Mr Peggotty.

‘Nothing,’ returned Mrs Gummidge. ‘You’ve come from The Willing Mind, Dan!’

‘Why yes, I’ve took a short spell at The Willing Mind to-night,’ said Mr Peggotty.

‘I’m sorry I should drive you there,’ said Mrs Gummidge.

‘Drive! I don’t want no driving,’ returned Mr Peggotty with an honest laugh. ‘I only go too ready.’

‘Very ready,’ said Mrs Gummidge, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. ‘Yes, yes, very ready. I am sorry it should be along of me that you’re so ready.’

‘Along o’you! It an’t along o’you!’ said Mr Peggotty. ‘Don’t ye believe a bit on it.’

‘Yes, yes, it is,’ cried Mrs Gummidge. ‘I know what I am. I know that I am a lone lorn creetur, and not only that everythink goes contrary with me, but that I go contrary with everybody. Yes, yes. I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It’s my misfortun’.

I really couldn’t help thinking, as I sat taking in all this, that the misfortune extended to some other members of that family besides Mrs Gummidge. But Mr Peggotty made no such retort, only answering with another entreaty to Mrs Gummidge to cheer up.

‘I an’t what I could wish myself to be,’ said Mrs Gummidge. ‘I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I wish I didn’t feel ’em, but I do. I wish I could be hardened to ’em, but I an’t. I make the house uncomfortable. I don’t wonder at it. I’ve made your sister so all day, and Master Davy.’

Here I was suddenly melted, and roared out ‘No, you haven’t, Mrs Gummidge,’ in great mental distress.

‘It’s far from right that I should do it,’ said Mrs Gummidge. ‘It an’t a fit return. I had better go into the House and die. I am a lone lorn creetur, and had much better not make myself contrary here. If thinks must go contrary with me, and I must go contrary myself, let me go contrary in my parish. Dan’l, I’d better go into the House, and die and be a riddance!’

Mrs Gummidge retired with these words, and betook herself to bed. When she was gone, Mr Peggotty, who had not exhibited a trace of any feeling but the profoundest sympathy, looked round upon us, and nodding his head with a lively expression of that sentiment still animating his face, said in a whisper:

‘She’s been thinking of the old ’un!’

- (i) Examine the presentation of Mrs Gummidge in this extract. [20]
- (ii) With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider the view that “in *David Copperfield*, the comic episodes are used by Dickens chiefly to inform the readers of serious social issues”. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

The truth was that the old woman had appeared in court so many more times than the magistrates themselves, that they were obliged to keep a sharp look out upon their procedure. However, when Stubberd had rambled on a little further, Henchard broke out impatiently, “Come — we don’t want to hear any more of them cust d’s! Say the word out like a man, and don’t be so modest, Stubberd; or else leave it alone!” Turning to the woman, “Now then, have you any questions to ask him, or anything to say?”

“Yes,” she replied with a twinkle in her eye; and the clerk dipped his pen.

“Twenty years ago I was selling of furnity in a tent at Weydon Fair——”

“‘Twenty years ago’ — well, that’s beginning at the beginning — suppose you go back to the Creation?” said the clerk, not without satire.

But Henchard stared, and quite forgot what was evidence and what was not.

“A man and a woman with a little child came into my tent,” the woman continued. “They sat down and had a basin apiece. Ah, Lord’s my life! I was of a more respectable station in life then than I am now, being a land smuggler in a large way of business; and I used to season my furnity with rum for them who asked for’t. I did it for the man; and then he had more and more; till at last he quarrelled with his wife, and offered to sell her to the highest bidder. A sailor came in and bid five guineas, and paid the money, and led her away. And the man who sold his wife in that fashion is the man sitting there in the great big chair.” The speaker concluded by nodding her head at Henchard and folding her arms.

Everybody looked at Henchard. His face seemed strange, and in tint as if it had been powdered over with ashes. “We don’t want to hear your life and adventures,” said the second magistrate sharply, filling the pause which followed. “You’ve been asked if you’ve anything to say bearing on the case.”

“That bears on the case. It proves that he’s no better than I, and has no right to sit there in judgment upon me.”

“‘Tis a concocted story,” said the clerk. “So hold your tongue.”

“No — ’tis true.” The words came from Henchard. “‘Tis as true as the light,” he said slowly. “And upon my soul it does prove that I’m no better than she! And to keep out of any temptation to treat her hard for her revenge I’ll leave her to you.”

The sensation in the Court was indescribably great. Henchard left the chair, and came out, passing through a group of people on the steps and outside that was much larger than usual; for it seemed that the old furnity dealer had mysteriously hinted to the denizens of the lane in which she had been lodging since her arrival, that she knew a queer thing or two about their great local man Mr. Henchard, if she chose to tell it.

- (i) Examine Hardy’s presentation of Henchard in this extract. [20]
- (ii) “In *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, Hardy presents social status as inevitably threatened by the past.” With close reference to **at least two** other parts of the novel, consider this view. [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,

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“Faustus’ Renaissance ambitions are primarily depicted in a critical light.” Discuss this view of *Doctor Faustus*. [60]

Or,

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How far would you agree with the statement that “in *Doctor Faustus*, Marlowe presents a sustained attack on Christian ideas”? [60]

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

Or,

0	8
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“Wilde is preoccupied with depicting the tension between honesty and the smooth running of London Society.” To what extent would you agree with this view of *Lady Windermere’s Fan*? [60]

Or,

0	9
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Consider the view that in *Lady Windermere’s Fan*, “it is Wilde’s portrayal of female strength and frailty that is most interesting to audiences”. [60]

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

Or,

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“*A Streetcar Named Desire* is a play which explores contradictions within American society.” Discuss this view of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. [60]

Or,

1	1
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To what extent would you agree with the view that “in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Williams presents a society in which desire is always destructive”? [60]

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

1	2
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 “In her presentation of Marlene, Churchill ensures that this selfish career woman is also a figure that audiences pity”. Discuss this view of *Top Girls*. [60]**Or,**

1	3
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 “The historical women are all dependent on men and limited by patriarchal expectations.” Discuss this view of *Top Girls*. [60]**Joe Orton: *Loot* (Methuen)****Or,**

1	4
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 To what extent would you agree with the statement that “*Loot* is chiefly a farcical attack on those who simply accept authority”? [60]**Or,**

1	5
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 Consider the view that “the true triumph of *Loot* is Orton’s ability to trivialise every aspect of society.” [60]**END OF PAPER**