



GCE AS

B720U10-1



THURSDAY, 19 MAY 2022 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS component 1

Prose

2 hours

B720U101
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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 gel pen or 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, for example

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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.

In this manner they had continued about a quarter of an hour, when Marianne, whose nerves could not then bear any sudden noise, was startled by a rap at the door.

“Who can this be?” cried Elinor. “So early too! I thought we *had* been safe.”

Marianne moved to the window. —

“It is Colonel Brandon!” said she, with vexation. “We are never safe from *him*.”

“He will not come in, as Mrs. Jennings is from home.”

“I will not trust to *that*,” retreating to her own room. “A man who has nothing to do with his own time has no conscience in his intrusion on that of others.”

The event proved her conjecture right, though it was founded on injustice and error, for Colonel Brandon *did* come in; and Elinor, who was convinced that solicitude for Marianne brought him thither, and who saw *that* solicitude in his disturbed and melancholy look, and in his anxious though brief inquiry after her, could not forgive her sister for esteeming him so lightly.

“I met Mrs. Jennings in Bond-street,” said he, after the first salutation, “and she encouraged me to come on; and I was the more easily encouraged, because I thought it probable that I might find you alone, which I was very desirous of doing. My object—my wish—my sole wish in desiring it—I hope, I believe it is—is to be a means of giving comfort;—no, I must not say comfort—not present comfort—but conviction, lasting conviction to your sister’s mind. My regard for her, for yourself, for your mother—will you allow me to prove it, by relating some circumstances, which nothing but a *very* sincere regard—nothing but an earnest desire of being useful—. I think I am justified—though where so many hours have been spent in convincing myself that I am right, is there not some reason to fear I may be wrong?” He stopt.

“I understand you,” said Elinor. “You have something to tell me of Mr. Willoughby, that will open his character farther. Your telling it will be the greatest act of friendship that can be shewn Marianne. My gratitude will be insured immediately by any information tending to that end, and *her*’s must be gained by it in time. Pray, pray let me hear it.”

“You shall; and, to be brief, when I quitted Barton last October,—but this will give you no idea—I must go farther back. You will find me a very awkward narrator, Miss Dashwood; I hardly know where to begin. A short account of myself, I believe, will be necessary, and it *shall* be a short one. On such a subject,” sighing heavily, “I can have little temptation to be diffuse.”

He stopt a moment for recollection, and then, with another sigh, went on.

- Examine Austen’s presentation of Colonel Brandon in this extract. [20]
- How far do you agree that “in *Sense and Sensibility*, Austen presents men as the weaker sex”? In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

‘... Mr Mason, have the goodness to step forward.’

Mr Rochester, on hearing the name, set his teeth; he experienced, too, a sort of strong convulsive quiver; near to him as I was, I felt the spasmodic movement of fury or despair run through his frame. The second stranger, who had hitherto lingered in the background, now drew near; a pale face looked over the solicitor’s shoulder – yes, it was Mason himself. Mr Rochester turned and glared at him. His eye, as I have often said, was a black eye: it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed – olive cheeks and hueless forehead received a glow as from spreading, ascending heart-fire: and he stirred, lifted his strong arm – he could have struck Mason, dashed him on the church-floor, shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body – but Mason shrank away, and cried faintly, ‘Good God!’ Contempt fell cool on Mr Rochester – his passion died as if a blight had shrivelled it up: he only asked, ‘What have *you* to say?’

An inaudible reply escaped Mason’s white lips.

‘The devil is in it if you cannot answer distinctly. I again demand, what have *you* to say?’

‘Sir – sir,’ interrupted the clergyman, ‘do not forget you are in a sacred place.’ Then addressing Mason, he inquired gently, ‘Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman’s wife is still living?’

‘Courage,’ urged the lawyer; ‘speak out.’

‘She is now living at Thornfield Hall,’ said Mason, in more articulate tones: ‘I saw her there last April. I am her brother.’

‘At Thornfield Hall!’ ejaculated the clergyman. ‘Impossible! I am an old resident in this neighbourhood, sir, and I never heard of a Mrs Rochester at Thornfield Hall.’

I saw a grim smile contort Mr Rochester’s lips, and he muttered –

‘No, by God! I took care that none should hear of it – or of her under that name.’ He mused – for ten minutes he held counsel with himself: he formed his resolve, and announced it –

‘Enough! all shall bolt out at once, like the bullet from the barrel. Wood, close your book and take off your surplice; John Green (to the clerk), leave the church: there will be no wedding to-day.’ The man obeyed.

Mr Rochester continued, hardily and recklessly: ‘Bigamy is an ugly word! – I meant, however, to be a bigamist; but fate has out-manoeuvred me, or Providence has checked me – perhaps the last. I am little better than a devil at this moment; and, as my pastor there would tell me, deserve no doubt the sternest judgments of God, even to the quenchless fire and deathless worm.’

- i) Examine Brontë’s presentation of Rochester in this extract. [20]
- ii) How far do you agree with the view that “in *Jane Eyre*, Brontë is critical of the institution of marriage”? In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

She had twenty questions on the tip of her tongue to ask Mr Bell, but not one of them did she utter. Mr Bell thought that she was tired, and sent her early to her room, where she sat long hours by the open window, gazing out on the purple dome above, where the stars arose, and twinkled and disappeared behind the great umbrageous trees before she went to bed. All night long too, there burnt a little light on earth; a candle in her old bedroom, which was the nursery with the present inhabitants of the parsonage, until the new one was built. A sense of change, of individual nothingness, of perplexity and disappointment, overpowered Margaret. Nothing had been the same; and this slight, all-pervading instability, had given her greater pain than if all had been too entirely changed for her to recognise it.

‘I begin to understand now what heaven must be – and, oh! the grandeur and repose of the words – “The same yesterday, today, and for ever.” Everlasting! “From everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.” That sky above me looks as though it could not change, and yet it will. I am so tired – so tired of being whirled on through all these phases of my life, in which nothing abides by me, no creature, no place; it is like the circle in which the victims of earthly passion eddy continually. I am in the mood in which women of another religion take the veil. I seek heavenly steadfastness in earthly monotony. If I were a Roman Catholic and could deaden my heart, stun it with some great blow, I might become a nun. But I should pine after my kind; no, not my kind, for love for my species could never fill my heart to the utter exclusion of love for individuals. Perhaps it ought to be so, perhaps not; I cannot decide tonight.’

Wearily she went to bed, wearily she arose in four or five hours’ time. But with the morning came hope, and a brighter view of things.

‘After all it is right,’ said she, hearing the voices of children at play while she was dressing. ‘If the world stood still, it would retrograde and become corrupt, if that is not Irish. Looking out of myself, and my own painful sense of change, the progress of all around me is right and necessary. I must not think so much of how circumstances affect me myself, but how they affect others, if I wish to have a right judgment, or a hopeful trustful heart.’ And with a smile ready in her eyes to quiver down to her lips, she went into the parlour and greeted Mr Bell.

- i) Examine Gaskell’s presentation of Margaret in this extract. [20]
- ii) “In Margaret Hale, Gaskell presents us with an unconventional and independent heroine.” In the light of this statement, explore Gaskell’s presentation of female empowerment in *North and South*. In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

Charles Dickens: *David Copperfield* (Penguin Classics)

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Tungay stood at Mr Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out 'Silence!' so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless.

Mr Creakle was seen to speak, and Tungay was heard, to this effect.

'Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about, in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!'

When this dreadful exordium was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of *that*, for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and very soon in tears also.

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr Creakle made the round of the schoolroom. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate.

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be Lord High Admiral, or Commander-in-chief: in either of which capacities, it is probable that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

- i) Examine Dickens' presentation of Mr Creakle in this extract. [20]
- ii) "In *David Copperfield*, Dickens argues that life's lessons are best learnt outside the classroom." In the light of this statement discuss Dickens' presentation of education in *David Copperfield*. In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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

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Read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Without waiting for Lucetta's reply she crossed quickly to the window, and pulled out one of the shutters. Lucetta glided to her side. "Let it be – hush!" she said peremptorily, in a dry voice, while she seized Elizabeth-Jane by the hand, and held up her finger. Their intercourse had been so low and hurried that not a word had been lost of the conversation without; which had thus proceeded: –

"Her neck is uncovered, and her hair in bands, and her back-comb in place; she's got on a puce silk, and white stockings, and coloured shoes."

Again Elizabeth-Jane attempted to close the window; but Lucetta held her by main force.

"'Tis me," she said, with a face pale as death. "A procession – a scandal – an effigy of me, and him!"

The look of Elizabeth betrayed that the latter knew it already.

"Let us shut it out," coaxed Elizabeth-Jane, noting that the rigid wildness of Lucetta's features were growing yet more rigid and wild with the nearing of the noise and laughter. "Let us shut it out!"

"It is of no use!" she shrieked out. "He will see it, won't he? Donald will see it. He is just coming home – and it will break his heart – he will never love me any more – and oh, it will kill me – kill me!"

Elizabeth-Jane was frantic now. "Oh, can't something be done to stop it?" she cried. "Is there nobody to do it – not one?"

She relinquished Lucetta's hands, and ran to the door. Lucetta herself, saying recklessly "I will see it!" turned to the window, threw up the sash, and went out upon the balcony. Elizabeth immediately followed her, and put her arm round her to pull her in. Lucetta's eyes were straight upon the spectacle of the uncanny revel, now advancing rapidly. The numerous lights around the two effigies threw them up into lurid distinctness: it was impossible to mistake the pair for other than the intended victims.

"Come in, come in," implored Elizabeth; "and let me shut the window!"

"She's me – she's me – even to the parasol – my green parasol!" cried Lucetta with a wild laugh as she stepped in. She stood motionless for one second – then fell heavily to the floor.

Almost at the instant of her fall the rude music of the skimmington ceased. The roars of sarcastic laughter went off in ripples, and the tramping died out like the rustle of a spent wind. Elizabeth was only indirectly conscious of this; she had rung the bell, and was bending over Lucetta, who remained convulsed on the carpet in the paroxysms of an epileptic seizure. She rang again and again, in vain; the probability being that the servants had all run out of the house to see more of the Demoniac Sabbath than they could see within.

i) Examine Hardy's presentation of Lucetta in this extract. [20]

ii) "The characters in the *Mayor of Casterbridge* are the victims of outside forces." How far do you agree with this view of the novel? In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [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.

Either,

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

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Examine the view that “*The Secret Agent* is a novel primarily characterised by secrets and lies”. In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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How far do you agree with the view that “in *The Secret Agent*, idealism is a destructive force”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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

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How far do you agree with the view that “in *A Room with A View*, reputation is more important than happiness”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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How far do you agree with the view that “in *A Room with a View*, no character remains completely unchanged”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

Emyr Humphreys: *A Toy Epic* (Seren)

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Explore the view that “the stories in *A Toy Epic* are the stories of a changing Wales”. In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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How far do you agree with the view that “in *A Toy Epic*, education is a force for good”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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

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Explore the view that “in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Rhys explores the destructive impact of unfamiliar locations upon individuals”. In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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How far do you agree with the view that “in *Wide Sargasso Sea*, acts of cruelty are attempts at self-protection”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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

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To what extent would you agree with those readers who argue that “Mrs Kenton is the moral heart of *The Remains of the Day*”? In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

Or,

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Explore the idea that “in *The Remains of the Day*, Ishiguro presents characters who long for an England of the past”. In the course of your response, you must give close consideration to relevant contexts. [40]

END OF PAPER