



GCE AS/A LEVEL

2720U10-1



S24-2720U10-1

THURSDAY, 16 MAY 2024 – MORNING

ENGLISH LITERATURE – AS unit 1

Prose and Drama

2 hours

2720U101
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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

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.

“Poor Elinor! how unhappy I make you!”

“I only wish,” replied her sister, “there were any thing I *could* do, which might be of comfort to you.”

This, as every thing else would have been, was too much for Marianne, who could only exclaim, in the anguish of her heart, “Oh! Elinor, I am miserable indeed,” before her voice was entirely lost in sobs.

Elinor could no longer witness this torrent of unresisted grief in silence.

“Exert yourself, dear Marianne,” she cried, “if you would not kill yourself and all who love you. Think of your mother; think of her misery while *you* suffer; for her sake you must exert yourself.”

“I cannot, I cannot,” cried Marianne; “leave me, leave me, if I distress you; leave me, hate me, forget me; but do not torture me so. Oh! how easy for those who have no sorrow of their own to talk of exertion! Happy, happy Elinor, *you* cannot have an idea of what I suffer.”

“Do you call *me* happy, Marianne? Ah! if you knew!—And can you believe me to be so, while I see you so wretched!”

“Forgive me, forgive me,” throwing her arms around her sister’s neck; “I know you feel for me; I know what a heart you have; but yet you are—you must be happy; Edward loves you—what, oh! what can do away such happiness as that?”

“Many, many circumstances,” said Elinor, solemnly.

“No, no, no,” cried Marianne wildly, “he loves you, and only you. You *can* have no grief.”

“I can have no pleasure while I see you in this state.”

“And you will never see me otherwise. Mine is a misery which nothing can do away.”

“You must not talk so, Marianne. Have you no comforts? no friends? Is your loss such as leaves no opening for consolation? Much as you suffer now, think of what you would have suffered if the discovery of his character had been delayed to a later period—if your engagement had been carried on for months and months, as it might have been, before he chose to put an end to it. Every additional day of unhappy confidence, on your side, would have made the blow more dreadful.”

“Engagement!” cried Marianne, “there has been no engagement.”

“No engagement!”

“No, he is not so unworthy as you believe him. He has broken no faith with me.”

“But he told you that he loved you?”—

“Yes—no—never absolutely. It was every day implied, but never professedly declared. Sometimes I thought it had been—but it never was.”

“Yet you wrote to him?”—

“Yes—could that be wrong after all that had passed?—But I cannot talk.”

- i) How is Marianne presented in this extract? [20]
- ii) To what extent do you agree with the view that “the primary focus of *Sense and Sensibility* is the weakness of women”? 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.

I had half-forgotten my own wretched position: now it recurred to me. More desolate, more desperate than ever, it seemed from contrast. And how impossible did it appear to touch the inmates of this house with concern on my behalf; to make them believe in the truth of my wants and woes; to induce them to vouchsafe a rest for my wanderings! As I groped out the door, and knocked at it hesitatingly, I felt that last idea to be a mere chimera. Hannah opened.

‘What do you want?’ she inquired, in a voice of surprise, as she surveyed me by the light of the candle she held.

‘May I speak to your mistresses?’ I said.

‘You had better tell me what you have to say to them. Where do you come from?’

‘I am a stranger.’

‘What is your business here at this hour?’

‘I want a night’s shelter in an outhouse or anywhere, and a morsel of bread to eat.’

Distrust, the very feeling I dreaded, appeared in Hannah’s face. ‘I’ll give you a piece of bread,’ she said, after a pause; ‘but we can’t take in a vagrant to lodge. It isn’t likely.’

‘Do let me speak to your mistresses.’

‘No, not I. What can they do for you? You should not be roving about now; it looks very ill.’

‘But where shall I go if you drive me away? What shall I do?’

‘Oh, I’ll warrant you know where to go and what to do. Mind you don’t do wrong, that’s all. Here is a penny; now go—’

‘A penny cannot feed me, and I have no strength to go farther. Don’t shut the door: – oh, don’t, for God’s sake!’

‘I must; the rain is driving in—’

‘Tell the young ladies. Let me see them—’

‘Indeed, I will not. You are not what you ought to be, or you wouldn’t make such a noise. Move off.’

‘But I must die if I am turned away.’

‘Not you. I’m fear’d you have some ill plans agate, that bring you about folk’s houses at this time o’ night. If you’ve any followers – housebreakers or such like – anywhere near, you may tell them we are not by ourselves in the house; we have a gentleman, and dogs, and guns.’ Here the honest but inflexible servant clapped the door to and bolted it within.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering – a throe of true despair – rent and heaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sank on the wet doorstep: I groaned – I wrung my hands – I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this spectre of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas, this isolation – this banishment from my kind!

- i) How is Jane presented in this extract? [20]
- ii) “Regardless of the happy ending, it is a novel of suffering.” Consider this view of *Jane Eyre*. 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.

‘Now you’ll waken your mamma, just after she’s gone to sleep so quietly. Miss Margaret my dear, I’ve had to keep it down this many a week; and though I don’t pretend I can love her as you do, yet I loved her better than any other man, woman, or child – no one but Master Frederick ever came near her in my mind. [omitted text] I’ve never loved any one like her. I little thought then that I should live to see her brought so low. I don’t mean no reproach to nobody. Many a one calls you pretty and handsome, and what not. Even in this smoky place, enough to blind one’s eyes, the owls can see that. But you’ll never be like your mother for beauty – never; not if you live to be a hundred.’

‘Mamma is very pretty still. Poor mamma!’

‘Now don’t ye set off again, or I shall give way at last’ (whimpering). ‘You’ll never stand master’s coming home, and questioning, at this rate. Go out and take a walk, and come in something like. Many’s the time I’ve longed to walk it off – the thought of what was the matter with her, and how it must all end.’

‘Oh, Dixon!’ said Margaret, ‘how often I’ve been cross with you, not knowing what a terrible secret you had to bear!’

‘Bless you, child! I like to see you showing a bit of a spirit. It’s the good old Beresford blood. Why, the last Sir John but two shot his steward down, there where he stood, for just telling him that he’d racked the tenants, and he’d racked the tenants till he could get no more money off them than he could get skin off a flint.’

‘Well, Dixon, I won’t shoot you, and I’ll try not to be cross again.’

‘You never have. If I’ve said it at times, it has always been to myself, just in private, by way of making a little agreeable conversation, for there’s no one here fit to talk to. And when you fire up, you’re the very image of Master Frederick. I could find in my heart to put you in a passion any day, just to see his stormy look coming like a great cloud over your face. But now you go out, Miss. I’ll watch over missus; and as for master, his books are company enough for him, if he should come in.’

‘I will go,’ said Margaret. She hung about Dixon for a minute or so, as if afraid and irresolute; then suddenly kissing her, she went quickly out of the room.

‘Bless her!’ said Dixon. ‘She’s as sweet as a nut. There are three people I love; it’s missus, Master Frederick, and her. Just them three.’

- i) How is Dixon presented in this extract? [20]
- ii) To what extent would you agree with the view that “in *North and South*, Gaskell presents a society where the lines between classes are always blurred”? 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.

‘...how can you have the heart – to make me so uncomfortable and say such bitter things to me, when you are well aware that I haven’t, out of this place, a single friend to turn to!’

‘The more’s the reason,’ returned Peggotty, ‘for saying that it won’t do. No! That it won’t do. No! No price could make it do. No!’ – I thought Peggotty would have thrown the candlestick away, she was so emphatic with it.’

‘How can you be so aggravating,’ said my mother, shedding more tears than before, ‘as to talk in such an unjust manner! How can you go on as if it was all settled and arranged, Peggotty, when I tell you over and over again, you cruel thing, that beyond the commonest civilities nothing has passed! You talk of admiration. What am I to do? If people are so silly as to indulge the sentiment, is it my fault? What am I to do, I ask you? Would you wish me to shave my head and black my face, or disfigure myself with a burn, or a scald, or something of that sort? I dare say you would, Peggotty. I dare say you’d quite enjoy it.’

Peggotty seemed to take this aspersion very much to heart, I thought.

‘And my dear boy,’ cried my mother, coming to the elbow-chair in which I was, and caressing me, ‘my own little Davy! Is it to be hinted to me that I am wanting in affection for my precious treasure, the dearest little fellow that ever was!’

‘Nobody never went and hinted no such a thing,’ said Peggotty.

‘You did, Peggotty!’ returned my mother. ‘You know you did. What else was it possible to infer from what you said, you unkind creature, when you know as well as I do, that on his account only last quarter I wouldn’t buy myself a new parasol, though that old green one is frayed the whole way up, and the fringe is perfectly mangy. You know it is, Peggotty. You can’t deny it.’ Then, turning affectionately to me, with her cheek against mine, ‘Am I a naughty mama to you, Davy? Am I a nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mama? Say I am, my child; say “yes;” dear boy, and Peggotty will love you, and Peggotty’s love is a great deal better than mine, Davy. / don’t love you at all, do I?’

At this, we all fell a-crying together. I think I was the loudest of the party, but I am sure we were all sincere about it. I was quite heart-broken myself, and am afraid that in the first transports of wounded tenderness I called Peggotty a ‘Beast.’ [omitted text]

We went to bed greatly dejected. My sobs kept waking me, for a long time; and when one very strong sob quite hoisted me up in bed, I found my mother sitting on the coverlet, and leaning over me. I fell asleep in her arms, after that, and slept soundly.

- i) How is Clara Copperfield presented in this extract? [20]
- ii) Discuss the view that “in *David Copperfield*, love inevitably leads to heartache and grief”. 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.

That night she became restless; in the morning she was feverish; and at breakfast time she told her companion that she had something on her mind – something which concerned a person in whom she was interested much. Elizabeth was earnest to listen and sympathize.

“This person – a lady – once admired a man much – very much,” she said, tentatively.

“Ah,” said Elizabeth-Jane.

“He did not think so deeply of her as she did of him. But in an impulsive moment, purely out of gratitude, he proposed to make her his wife. She agreed. But there was an unexpected hitch in the proceedings; though she had been so far compromised with him that she felt she could never belong to another man, as a pure matter of conscience, even if she should wish to. After that they were much apart, heard nothing of each other for a long time, and she felt her life quite closed up for her.”

“Ah – poor girl!”

“She suffered much on account of him; though I should add that he could not altogether be blamed for what had happened. At last the obstacle which separated them was providentially removed; and he came to marry her.”

“How delightful!”

“But in the interval she – my poor friend – had seen a man she liked better than him. Now comes the point: Could she in honour dismiss the first?”

“A man she liked better – that’s bad!”

“Yes,” said Lucetta, looking pained at a boy who was swinging the town pump-handle.

“It is bad! Though you must remember that she was forced into an equivocal position with the first man by an accident – that he was not so well educated or refined as the second, and that she had discovered some qualities in the first that rendered him less desirable as a husband than she had at first thought him to be.”

“I cannot answer,” said Elizabeth-Jane, thoughtfully. “It is so difficult. It wants a Pope to settle that!”

“You prefer not to, perhaps?” Lucetta showed in her appealing tone how much she leant on Elizabeth’s judgment.

“Yes, Miss Templeman,” admitted Elizabeth. “I would rather not say.”

Nevertheless, Lucetta seemed relieved by the simple fact of having opened out the situation a little, and was slowly convalescent of her headache. “Bring me a looking-glass. How do I appear to people?” she said languidly.

“Well – a little worn,” answered Elizabeth, eyeing her as a critic eyes a doubtful painting; fetching the glass, she enabled Lucetta to survey herself in it, which Lucetta anxiously did.

“I wonder if I wear well, as times go!” she observed after a while.

“Yes – fairly.”

“Where am I worst?”

“Under your eyes – I notice a little brownness there.”

“Yes. That is my worst place, I know. How many years more do you think I shall last before I get hopelessly plain?”

There was something curious in the way in which Elizabeth, though the younger, had come to play the part of experienced sage in these discussions.

- i) Examine the presentation of Elizabeth-Jane and Lucetta in this extract. [20]
- ii) “In *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, it is through their suffering that the female characters find power and strength.” Consider this view of the text. In your response, you must give close consideration to **at least two** other parts of the novel and to relevant contexts. [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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To what extent do you agree that “the true message of *Doctor Faustus* is to warn audiences of the dangers of materialism and greed”? In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Or,

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“Faustus is shown to gain nothing through the practice of necromancy.” Consider this view of the play *Doctor Faustus*. In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

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

Or,

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To what extent would you agree with the view that “*Lady Windermere’s Fan* is a heartless play where no character is ever honest”? In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Or,

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“It is the comic depiction of sexual immorality which is most appealing to audiences.” Discuss this view of *Lady Windermere’s Fan*. In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

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

Or,

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How far would you agree with the view that “in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the self-destructive nature of Blanche is the main cause of her downfall”? In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Or,

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“The ties of marriage are shown to be stronger than the bonds of sisterhood.” Consider this view of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Caryl Churchill: *Top Girls* (Methuen)

Or,

1	2
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Consider the view that “in *Top Girls*, the fantasy dinner party is simply entertainment and tells us very little about the modern women in the play”. In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Or,

1	3
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How far would you agree that “in *Top Girls*, Angie is an unpleasant character we struggle to like”? In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Brian Friel: *Translations* (Faber)

Or,

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Consider the view that “in *Translations*, it is hard for audiences to sympathise with any of the English characters”. In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

Or,

1	5
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Discuss the view that “*Translations* is a play in which the past always shapes the present.” In your response, you must refer to relevant contexts. [60]

END OF PAPER