

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 20 May 2024

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper
reference

8EL0/02

English Language and Literature
Advanced Subsidiary
PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

You must have:

Prescribed texts (clean copies)
Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question in Section A on your chosen theme and **one** question in Section B on your chosen texts.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A

Prose Fiction Extract

Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B.)

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

Read the extract on pages 3–4 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Nick and Gatsby visit the Buchanans' home on a hot day.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of literary and linguistic features
- how the behaviour of characters is strongly influenced by those around them
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on page 5 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Pip learns about Miss Havisham's background.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of literary and linguistic features
- how characters' morals are presented in the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Love and Loss

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B.)

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

Read the extract on page 6 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George is preparing to start his lecture.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of literary and linguistic features
- how balances of power are explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

Read the extract on page 7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Tess is trying to save her marriage.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of literary and linguistic features
- how responsibility is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Encounters

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B.)

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

5 *A Room with a View*, E M Forster

Read the extract on page 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the party are being driven to Fiesole.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of literary and linguistic features
- how perspectives on Italy are presented in the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

Read the extract on page 9 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Heathcliff is describing a visit to Cathy's grave.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of literary and linguistic features
- how the influence of characters who have died is presented in the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B.)

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

Read the extract on page 10 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the couple discuss views held about Antoinette's family.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of literary and linguistic features
- how the influence of family is presented in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker

Read the extract on page 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Dracula is defeated.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of literary and linguistic features
- how violence is explored in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



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SECTION B

Exploring Text and Theme

Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.

Begin your answer on page 17.

Anchor texts

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald
Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

Other texts

The Bone People, Keri Hulme
Othello, William Shakespeare
A Raisin in the Sun, Lorraine Hansberry
The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale, Geoffrey Chaucer
The Whitsun Weddings, Philip Larkin

- 9 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the influence of society on identity.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)



Theme: Love and Loss

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.

Begin your answer on page 17.

Anchor texts

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

Other texts

Enduring Love, Ian McEwan
Much Ado About Nothing, William Shakespeare
Betrayal, Harold Pinter
Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow
Sylvia Plath Selected Poems, Sylvia Plath

10 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the conflict between honesty and concealment.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Encounters

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.

Begin your answer on page 17.

Anchor texts

A Room with a View, E M Forster
Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Other texts

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter
Hamlet, William Shakespeare
Rock 'N' Roll, Tom Stoppard
The Waste Land and Other Poems, T S Eliot
The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry, editor J Wordsworth

11 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents encounters that lead to changes in behaviour.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in Section A.

Begin your answer on page 17.

Anchor texts

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

Dracula, Bram Stoker

Other texts

The Lowland, Jhumpa Lahiri

Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare

Oleanna, David Mamet

Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems, Christina Rossetti

North, Seamus Heaney

12 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the shifts in power that occur as a result of crossing boundaries.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 20 May 2024

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper
reference

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English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

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SECTION A

Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

... Through the hall of the Buchanans' house blew a faint wind, carrying the sound of the telephone bell out to Gatsby and me as we waited at the door.

'The master's body?' roared the butler into the mouthpiece. 'I'm sorry, madame, but we can't furnish it – it's far too hot to touch this noon!'

What he really said was: 'Yes ... Yes ... I'll see.'

He set down the receiver and came toward us, glistening slightly, to take our stiff straw hats.

'Madame expects you in the salon!' he cried, needlessly indicating the direction. In this heat every extra gesture was an affront to the common store of life.

The room, shadowed well with awnings, was dark and cool. Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.

'We can't move,' they said together.

Jordan's fingers, powdered white over their tan, rested for a moment in mine.

'And Mr Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?' I inquired.

Simultaneously I heard his voice, gruff, muffled, husky, at the hall telephone.

Gatsby stood in the centre of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

'The rumour is,' whispered Jordan, 'that that's Tom's girl on the telephone.'

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyance: 'Very well, then, I won't sell you the car at all ... I'm under no obligations to you at all ... and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time, I won't stand that at all!'

'Holding down the receiver,' said Daisy cynically.

'No, he's not,' I assured her. 'It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it.'

Tom flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

'Mr Gatsby!' He put out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. 'I'm glad to see you, sir. ... Nick ...'

'Make us a cold drink,' cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

'You know I love you,' she murmured.

'You forget there's a lady present,' said Jordan.

Daisy looked around doubtfully.

'You kiss Nick too.'

'What a low, vulgar girl!'

'I don't care!' cried Daisy, and began to clog on the brick fireplace. Then she remembered the heat and sat down guiltily on the couch just as a freshly laundered nurse leading a little girl came into the room.

'Bles-sed pre-cious,' she crooned, holding out her arms. 'Come to your own mother that loves you.'

The child, relinquished by the nurse, rushed across the room and rooted shyly into her mother's dress.

'The bles-sed pre-cious! Did mother get powder on your old yellowy hair? Stand up now, and say – How-de-do.'

Gatsby and I in turn leaned down and took the small reluctant hand. Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don't think he had ever really believed in its existence before.

From pp.110–111



Society and the Individual

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

'Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her, than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her as having influenced the father's anger. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story – merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler.'

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler, I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I found myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I thanked him and apologised, and again he said in the cheerfullest manner, 'Not at all, I am sure!' and resumed.

'There appeared upon the scene – say at the races, or the public balls, or anywhere else you like – a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him (for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel), but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy man, and the kind of man for the purpose. But that he was not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle of his that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says, no varnish can hide the grain of wood; and that the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all the susceptibility she possessed, certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's councils, and she was too haughty and too much in love, to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father; he was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since.'

From pp.170–171

Love and Loss

***A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood**

His entrance is quite undramatic, according to conventional standards. Nevertheless, this is a subtly contrived, outrageously theatrical effect. No hush falls as George walks in. Most of the students go right on talking. But they are all watching him, waiting for him to give some sign, no matter how slight, that the class is to begin. The effect is subtle but gradually increasing tension, caused by George's teasing refusal to give this sign and the students' counter-determination not to stop talking until he gives it.

Meanwhile, he stands there. Slowly, deliberately, like a magician, he takes a single book out of his briefcase and places it on the reading-desk. As he does this, his eyes move over the faces of the class. His lips curve in a faint but bold smile. Some of them smile back at him. George finds this frank confrontation extraordinarily exhilarating. He draws strength from these smiles, these bright young eyes. For him, this is one of the peak moments of the day. He feels brilliant, vital, challenging, slightly mysterious and, above all, *foreign*. His neat dark clothes, his white dress shirt and tie (the only tie in the room) are uncompromisingly alien from the aggressively virile informality of the young male students. Most of these wear sneakers and garterless white wool socks; jeans in cold weather and in warm weather shorts (the thigh-clinging Bermuda type; the more becoming short ones are considered quite indecent). If it is really warm, they'll roll up their sleeves and sometimes leave their shirts provocatively unbuttoned to show curly chest-hair and a Christopher medal. They look as if they were ready at any minute to switch from studying to ditch-digging or gang-fighting. They seem like mere clumsy kids in contrast with the girls; for these have all outgrown their teenage phase of Capri pants, sloppy shirts and giant heads of teased-up hair. They are mature women, and they come to class dressed as if for a highly respectable party.

This morning, George notes that all of his front-row regulars are present. Dreyer and Kugelman are the only ones he has actually asked to help fill the gap by sitting there; the rest of them have their individual reasons for doing so. While George is teaching, Dreyer watches him with an encouraging alertness; but George knows that Dreyer isn't really impressed by him. To Dreyer, George will always remain an academic amateur; his degrees and background are British and therefore dubious. Still, George is the Skipper, the Old Man; and Dreyer, by supporting his authority, supports the structure of values up which he himself proposes to climb. So he wills George to be brilliant and impress the outsiders – that is to say, everyone else in the class. The funny thing is that Dreyer, with the clear conscience of absolute loyalty, feels free to whisper to Kugelman, *his* lieutenant, as often as he wants to. Whenever this happens, George longs to stop talking and listen to what they are saying about him. Instinctively, George is sure that Dreyer would never dream of talking about anyone else during class; *that* would be bad manners.

From pp. 40–42



Love and Loss

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

The cruelty of fooled honesty is often great after enlightenment, and it was mighty in Clare now. The outdoor air had apparently taken away from him all tendency to act on impulse; she knew that he saw her without irradiation – in all her bareness; that Time was chanting his satiric psalm at her then –

Behold, when thy face is made bare, he that loved thee shall hate;
Thy face shall be no more fair at the fall of thy fate.
For thy life shall fall as a leaf and be shed as the rain;
And the veil of thine head shall be grief, and the crown shall be pain.

He was still intently thinking, and her companionship had now insufficient power to break or divert the strain of thought. What a weak thing her presence must have become to him! She could not help addressing Clare.

'What have I done – what *have* I done! I have not told of anything that interferes with or belies my love for you. You don't think I planned it, do you? It is in your own mind what you are angry at, Angel; it is not in me. O, it is not in me, and I am not that deceitful woman you think me!'

'H'm – well. Not deceitful, my wife; but not the same. No, not the same. But do you make me reproach you. I have sworn that I will not; and I will do everything to avoid it.'

But she went on pleading in her distraction; and perhaps said things that would have been better left to silence.

'Angel! – Angel! I was a child – a child when it happened! I knew nothing of men.'

'You were more sinned against than sinning, that I admit.'

'Then will you not forgive me?'

'I do forgive you, but forgiveness is not all.'

'And love me?'

To this question he did not answer.

'O Angel – my mother says that it sometimes happens so! – she knows several cases where they were worse than I, and the husband has not minded it much – has got over it at least. And yet the woman has not loved him as I do you!'

'Don't, Tess; don't argue. Different societies, different manners. You almost make me say you are an unapprehending peasant woman, who have never been initiated into the proportions of social things. You don't know what you say.'

'I am only a peasant by position, not by nature!'

She spoke with an impulse to anger, but it went as it came.

'So much the worse for you. I think that parson who unearthed your pedigree would have done better if he had held his tongue. I cannot help associating your decline as a family with this other fact – of your want of firmness. Decrepit families imply decrepit wills, decrepit conduct. Heaven, why did you give me a handle for despising you more by informing me of your descent! Here was I thinking you a new-sprung child of nature; there were you, the belated seedling of an effete aristocracy!'

From pp.271–273

Encounters

***A Room with a View*, E M Forster**

'I quite agree,' said Miss Lavish, who had several times tried to interrupt his mordant wit. 'The narrowness and superficiality of the Anglo-Saxon tourist is nothing less than a menace.'

'Quite so. Now, the English colony at Florence, Miss Honeychurch – and it is of considerable size, though, of course, not all equally – a few are here for trade, for example. But the greater part are students. Lady Helen Laverstock is at present busy over Fra Angelico. I mention her name because we are passing her villa on the left. No, you can see it if you stand – no, do not stand; you will fall. She is very proud of that thick hedge. Inside, perfect seclusion. One might have gone back six hundred years. Some critics believe that her garden was the scene of *The Decameron*, which lends it an additional interest, does it not?'

'It does indeed!' cried Miss Lavish. 'Tell me, where do they place the scene of that wonderful seventh day?'

But Mr Eager proceeded to tell Miss Honeychurch that on the right lived Mr Someone Something, an American of the best type – so rare! – and that the Somebody Elses were further down the hill. 'Doubtless you know her monographs in the series of "Mediaeval Byways"? He is working at "Gemistus Pletho". Sometimes as I take tea in their beautiful grounds I hear, over the wall, the electric tram squealing up the new road with its load of hot, dusty, unintelligent tourists who are going to "do" Fiesole in an hour in order that they may say they have been there, and I think – I think – I think how little they think what lies so near them.'

During this speech the two figures on the box were sporting with each other disgracefully. Lucy had a spasm of envy. Granted that they wished to misbehave, it was pleasant for them to be able to do so. They were probably the only people enjoying the expedition. The carriage swept with agonizing jolts up through the Piazza of Fiesole and into the Settignano road.

'Piano! Piano!' said Mr Eager, elegantly waving his hand over his head.

'Va bene, signore, va bene, va bene,' crooned the driver, and whipped his horses up again.

Now Mr Eager and Miss Lavish began to talk against each other on the subject of Alessio Baldovinetti. Was he a cause of the Renaissance, or was he one of its manifestations? The other carriage was left behind. As the pace increased to a gallop the large, slumbering form of Mr Emerson was thrown against the chaplain with the regularity of a machine.

'Piano! Piano!' said he, with a martyred look at Lucy.

An extra lurch made him turn angrily in his seat. Phaethon, who for some time had been endeavouring to kiss Persephone, had just succeeded.

A little scene ensued, which, as Miss Bartlett said afterwards, was most unpleasant. The horses were stopped, the lovers were ordered to disentangle themselves, the boy was to lose his *pourboire*, the girl was immediately to get down.

From pp.62–63



Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

'You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff!' I exclaimed; 'were you not ashamed to disturb the dead?'

'I disturbed nobody, Nelly,' he replied; 'and I gave some ease to myself. I shall be a great deal more comfortable now; and you'll have a better chance of keeping me underground, when I get there. Disturbed her? No! she has disturbed me, night and day, through eighteen years – incessantly – remorselessly – till yesternight – and yesternight, I was tranquil. I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep, by that sleeper, with my heart stopped, and my cheek frozen against hers.'

'And if she had been dissolved into earth, or worse, what would you have dreamt of then?' I said.

'Of dissolving with her, and being more happy still!' he answered. 'Do you suppose I dread any change of that sort? I expected such a transformation on raising the lid, but I'm better pleased that it should not commence till I share it. Besides, unless I had received a distinct impression of her passionless features, that strange feeling would hardly have been removed. It began oddly. You know, I was wild after she died, and eternally, from dawn to dawn, praying her to return to me – her spirit – I have a strong faith in ghosts; I have a conviction that they can, and do exist, among us!

'The day she was buried there came a fall of snow. In the evening I went to the churchyard. It blew bleak as winter – all round was solitary: I didn't fear that her fool of a husband would wander up the den so late – and no one else had business to bring them there.

'Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I said to myself –

"I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is the north wind that chills *me*; and if she be motionless, it is sleep.

'I got a spade from the toolhouse, and began to delve with all my might – it scraped the coffin; I fell to work with my hands; the wood commenced cracking about the screws, I was on the point of attaining my object, when it seemed that I heard a sigh from some one above, close at the edge of the grave, and bending down. – "If I can only get this off;" I muttered, "I wish they may shovel in the earth over us both!" and I wrenched at it more desperately still. There was another sigh, close at my ear. I appeared to feel the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind. I knew no living thing in flesh and blood was by – but as certainly as you perceive the approach to some substantial body in the dark, though it cannot be discerned, so certainly I felt that Cathy was there, not under me, but on the earth.

'A sudden sense of relief flowed, from my heart, through every limb. I relinquished my labour of agony, and turned consoled at once, unspeakably consoled. Her presence was with me; it remained while I re-filled the grave, and led me home. You may laugh, if you will, but I was sure I should see her there. I was sure she was with me, and I could not help talking to her.

From pp.289–290

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

'Then why do you never come near me?' she said. 'Or kiss me, or talk to me. Why do you think I can bear it, what reasons have you for treating me like that? Have you any reason?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I have a reason,' and added very softly, 'My God.'

'You are always calling on God,' she said. 'Do you believe in God?'

'Of course, of course I believe in the power and wisdom of my creator.'

She raised her eyebrows and the corners of her mouth turned down in a questioning mocking way. For a moment she looked very much like Amelie. Perhaps they are related, I thought. It's possible, it's even probable in this damned place.

'And you,' I said. 'Do you believe in God?'

'It doesn't matter,' she answered calmly, 'what I believe or you believe, because we can do nothing about it, we are like these.' She flicked a dead moth off the table. 'But I asked you a question, you remember. Will you answer that?'

I drank again and my brain was cold and clear.

'Very well, but question for question. Is your mother alive?'

'No, she is dead, she died.'

'When?'

'Not long ago.'

'Then why did you tell me that she died when you were a child?'

'Because they told me to say so and because it is true. She did die when I was a child. There are always two deaths, the real one and the one people know about.'

'Two at least,' I said, 'for the fortunate.' We were silent for a moment, then I went on, 'I had a letter from a man who calls himself Daniel Cosway.'

'He has no right to that name,' she said quickly. 'His real name, if he has one, is Daniel Boyd. He hates all white people, but he hates me the most. He tells lies about us and he is sure that you will believe him and not listen to the other side.'

'Is there another side?' I said.

'There is always the other side, always.'

'After his second letter, which was threatening, I thought it best to go and see him.'

'You saw him,' she said. 'I know what he told you. That my mother was mad and an infamous woman and that my little brother who died was born a cretin, an idiot, and that I am a mad girl too. That is what he told you, isn't it?'

'Yes, that was his story, and is any of it true?' I said, cold and calm.

One of the candles flared up and I saw the hollows under her eyes, her drooping mouth, her thin, strained face.

'We won't talk about it now,' I said. 'Rest tonight.'

'But we must talk about it.' Her voice was high and shrill.

'Only if you promise to be reasonable.'

But this is not the place or the time, I thought, not in this long dark veranda with the candles burning low and the watching, listening night outside. 'Not tonight,' I said again. 'Some other time.'

'I might never be able to tell you in any other place or at any other time. No other time, now. You frightened?'

From pp.81–82



Crossing Boundaries

Dracula, Bram Stoker

The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the whole group fell long upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth, some of which the rude falling from the cart had scattered over him. He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well.

As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

But, on the instant, came the sweep and the flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I saw it shear through the throat; whilst at the same moment Mr Morris's bowie knife plunged into the heart.

It was like a miracle; but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.

I shall be glad as long as I live that even in that moment of final dissolution, there was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there.

The Castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky, and every stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun.

The gypsies, taking us as in some way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of the dead man, turned, without a word, and rode away as if for their lives. Those who were unmounted jumped upon the leiter-wagon and shouted to the horsemen not to desert them. The wolves, which had withdrawn to a safe distance, followed in their wake, leaving us alone.

Mr Morris, who had sunk to the ground, leaned on his elbow, holding his hand pressed to his side; the blood still gushed through his fingers. I flew to him, for the Holy circle did not now keep me back; so did the two doctors. Jonathan knelt behind him and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh he took, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of his own which was unstained. He must have seen the anguish of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said: - 'I am only too happy to have been of any service! Oh, God!' he cried suddenly, struggling to a sitting posture and pointing to me, 'It was worth this to die! Look! look!'

The sun was now right down upon the mountain top, and the red gleams fell upon my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one impulse the men sank on their knees and a deep and earnest 'Amen' broke from all as their eyes followed the pointing of his finger as the dying man spoke: - 'Now God be thanked that all has not been in vain! See! the snow is not more stainless than her forehead! The curse has passed away!'

And, to our bitter grief, with a smile and in silence, he died, a gallant gentleman.

From pp.400–401



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Source information:

Extracts taken from the following prescribed editions:

<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	F. Scott Fitzgerald (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2000
<i>Great Expectations</i>	Charles Dickens (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2008
<i>A Single Man</i>	Christopher Isherwood, Vintage (Random House), 2010
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	Thomas Hardy (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2011
<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	Emily Brontë (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003
<i>A Room with a View</i>	E M Forster, Penguin (English Library), 2012
<i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>	Jean Rhys, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000
<i>Dracula</i>	Bram Stoker (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003

