



Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Austen develops the role and characterisation of Anne Elliot through her relationships with different men.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Sir Walter and Elizabeth in the rest of the novel.

Sir Walter had taken a very good house in Camden-place, a lofty, dignified situation, such as becomes a man of consequence; and both he and Elizabeth were settled there, much to their satisfaction.

Anne entered it with a sinking heart, anticipating an imprisonment of many months, and anxiously saying to herself, 'Oh! when shall I leave you again?' A degree of unexpected cordiality, however, in the welcome she received, did her good. Her father and sister were glad to see her, for the sake of shewing her the house and furniture, and met her with kindness. Her making a fourth, when they sat down to dinner, was noticed as an advantage.

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Mrs Clay was very pleasant, and very smiling; but her courtesies and smiles were more a matter of course. Anne had always felt that she would pretend what was proper on her arrival; but the complaisance of the others was unlooked for. They were evidently in excellent spirits, and she was soon to listen to the causes. They had no inclination to listen to her. After laying out for some compliments of being deeply regretted in their old neighbourhood, which Anne could not pay, they had only a few faint enquiries to make, before the talk must be all their own. Uppercross excited no interest, Kellynch very little, it was all Bath.

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They had the pleasure of assuring her that Bath more than answered their expectations in every respect. Their house was undoubtedly the best in Camden-place; their drawing-rooms had many decided advantages over all the others which they had either seen or heard of; and the superiority was not less in the style of the fitting-up, or the taste of the furniture. Their acquaintance was exceedingly sought after. Every body was wanting to visit them. They had drawn back from many introductions, and still were perpetually having cards left by people of whom they knew nothing.

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Here were funds of enjoyment! Could Anne wonder that her father and sister were happy? She might not wonder, but she must sigh that her father should feel no degradation in his change; should see nothing to regret in the duties and dignity of the resident land-holder; should find so much to be vain of in the littlenesses of a town; and she must sigh, and smile, and wonder too, as Elizabeth threw open the folding-doors, and walked with exultation from one drawing-room to the other, boasting of their space, at the possibility of that woman, who had been mistress of Kellynch Hall, finding extent to be proud of between two walls, perhaps thirty feet asunder.

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But this was not all which they had to make them happy. They had Mr Elliot, too. Anne had a great deal to hear of Mr Elliot. He was not only pardoned, they were delighted with him. He had been in Bath about a fortnight; (he had passed through Bath in November, in his way to London, when the intelligence of Sir Walter's being settled there had of course reached him, though only twenty-four hours in the place, but he had not been able to avail himself of it): but he had now been a fortnight in Bath, and his first object, on arriving, had been to leave his card in Camden-place, following it up by such assiduous endeavours to meet, and, when they did meet,

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by such great openness of conduct, such readiness to apologize for the past, such solicitude to be received as a relation again, that their former good understanding was completely re-established.

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They had not a fault to find in him. He had explained away all the appearance of neglect on his own side.

(*from* Volume 2 Chapter 3)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present different kinds of love in *The Knight's Tale*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, analyse the following extract, showing its significance to *The Knight's Tale*.

"God spede you! Gooth forth and ley on faste!
With long swerd and with mace fighteth youre fille.
Gooth now youre wey; this is the lordes wille."

The voys of peple touchede the hevene,
So loude cride they with murie stevene, 5

"God save swich a lord, that is so good
He wilneth no destruccion of blood!"
Up goon the trompes and the melodye,
And to the lystes rit the compaignye,
By ordinance, thurghout the citee large, 10
Hanged with clooth of gold, and nat with sarge.

Ful lik a lord this noble duc gan ryde,
Thise two Thebans upon either syde,
And after rood the queene and Emelye,
And after that another compaignye 15
Of oon and oother, after hir degree.

And thus they passen thurghout the citee,
And to the lystes come they by tyme.
It nas nat of the day yet fully pryme
Whan set was Theseus ful riche and hye, 20
Ypolita the queene, and Emelye,
And othere ladys in degrees aboute.

Unto the seetes preesseth al the route.
And westward, thurgh the gates under Marte,
Arcite, and eek the hondred of his parte, 25
With baner reed is entred right anon;
And in that selve moment Palamon
Is under Venus, estward in the place,
With baner whyt and hardy chiere and face.

In al the world, to seken up and down, 30
So evene, withouten variacioun,
Ther nere swiche compaignyes tweye,
For ther was noon so wys that koude seye
That any hadde of oother avauntage
Of worthynesse, ne of estaat, ne age, 35
So evene were they chosen, for to gesse.

And in two renges faire they hem dresse.
Whan that hir names rad were everichon,
That in hir nombre gyle were ther noon,
Tho were the gates shet, and cried was loude: 40
"Do now youre devoir, yonge knyghtes proude!"

The heraudes lefte hir prikyng up and down;
Now ryngen trompes loude and clarioun.
Ther is namoore to seyn, but west and est
In goon the speres ful sadly in arrest; 45
In gooth the sharpe spore into the syde.
Ther seen men who kan juste and who kan ryde;

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Ther shyveren shaftes upon sheeldes thikke;
He feeleth thurgh the herte-spoon the prikke.
Up spryngen speres twenty foot on highte; 50
Out goon the swerdes as the silver brighte;
The helmes they tohewen and toshrede;
Out brest the blood with stierne stremes rede;
With myghty maces the bones they tobreste.
He thurgh the thikkeste of the throng gan threste; 55
Ther stomblen steedes stronge, and doun gooth al,
He rolleth under foot as dooth a bal;
He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun,
And he hym hurtleth with his hors adoun;
He thurgh the body is hurt and sithen take, 60
Maugree his heed, and broght unto the stake;
As forward was, right there he moste abyde.
Another lad is on that oother syde.
And some tyme dooth hem Theseus to reste,
Hem to refresshe and drynken, if hem leste. 65

CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Dickens shapes a reader's response to the character Oliver Twist.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the writing, analyse the following passage, showing what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Fagin and Sikes in the novel as a whole.

'Tell me that again – once again, just for him to hear,' said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

'Tell yer what?' asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

'That about – Nancy,' said the Jew, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. 'You followed her?' 5

'Yes.'

'To London Bridge?'

'Yes.'

'Where she met two people?'

'So she did.' 10

'A gentleman and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all her pals, and Monks first, which she did – and to describe him, which she did – and to tell her what house it was that we meet at, and go to, which she did – and where it could be best watched from, which she did – and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all every word without a threat, without a murmur – she did – did she not?' cried the Jew, half mad with fury. 15

'All right,' replied Noah, scratching his head. 'That's just what it was!'

'What did they say, about last Sunday?' demanded the Jew.

'About last Sunday!' replied Noah, considering. 'Why, I told yer that before.' 20

'Again. Tell it again!' cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft, as the foam flew from his lips.

'They asked her,' said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, 'they asked her why she didn't come, last Sunday, as she promised. She said she couldn't.' 25

'Why – why?' interrupted the Jew triumphantly. 'Tell him that.'

'Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before,' replied Noah.

'What more of him?' cried the Jew. 'What more of the man she had told them of before? Tell him that, tell him that.' 30

'Why, that she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to,' said Noah; 'and so the first time she went to see the lady, she – ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that it did – she gave him a drink of laudanum.'

'Hell's fire!' cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew. 'Let me go!' 35

Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted, wildly and furiously, up the stairs.

'Bill, Bill!' cried the Jew, following him hastily. 'A word. Only a word.'

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door: on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence, when the Jew came panting up. 40

'Let me out,' said Sikes. 'Don't speak to me; it's not safe. Let me out, I say.'

'Hear me speak a word,' rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock. 'You won't be –'

'Well,' replied the other. 45

'You won't be – too – violent, Bill?' whined the Jew.

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The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both, which could not be mistaken.

'I mean,' said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless, 'not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold.'

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Sikes made no reply; but, pulling open the door, of which the Jew had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

(from Chapter 47)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Dickinson present loss in her poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Dickinson's methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

A still – Volcano – Life

A still – Volcano – Life –
 That flickered in the night –
 When it was dark enough to do
 Without erasing sight –

A quiet – Earthquake Style –
 Too subtle to suspect
 By natures this side Naples –
 The North cannot detect

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The Solemn – Torrid – Symbol –
 The lips that never lie –
 Whose hissing Corals part – and shut –
 And Cities – ooze away –

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X

- 5 Either** (a) Discuss Milton's presentation of different attitudes to God in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to his presentation of the relationship between Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost*, Books IX and X.

To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve.
 What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe,
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happened thou being by, 5
 Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou been there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm. 10
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the head
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger as thou saidst? 15
 Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.
 To whom then first incensed Adam replied. 20
 Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
 Who might have lived and joyed immortal bliss,
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee: 25
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
 I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking Enemy 30
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps 35
 I also erred in overmuch admiring
 What seemed in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
 That error now, which is become my crime,
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall 40
 Him who to worth in women overtrusting
 Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
 And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

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Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appeared no end.

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(from Book 9)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 6 Either (a)** 'Stoker presents the female characters in the novel as little more than victims.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Stoker's presentation of the female characters in the novel *Dracula*?

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing what it adds to Stoker's presentation of Count Dracula in the novel as a whole.

The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly gesture, saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation:—

'Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!' He made no motion of stepping to meet me, but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as cold as ice — more like the hand of a dead than a living man.

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Again he said:—

'Welcome to my house. Come freely. Go safely. And leave something of the happiness you bring!' The strength of the handshake was so much akin to that which I had noticed in the driver, whose face I had not seen, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking; so, to make sure, I said interrogatively:—

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'Count Dracula?' He bowed in a courtly way as he replied:—

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'I am Dracula. And I bid you welcome, Mr Harker, to my house. Come in; the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.' As he was speaking he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage; he had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested, but he insisted:—

'Nay, sir, you are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself.' He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw open a heavy door, and I rejoiced to see within a well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs flamed and flared.

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The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal room lit by a single lamp, and seemingly without a window of any sort. Passing through this, he opened another door, and motioned me to enter. It was a welcome sight; for here was a great bedroom well lighted and warmed with another log fire, which sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The Count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying, before he closed the door:—

30

'You will need, after your journey, to refresh yourself by making your toilet. I trust you will find all you wish. When you are ready come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared.'

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The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half-famished with hunger; so making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

I found supper already laid out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stone-work, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said:—

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'I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you; but I have dined already, and I do not sup.'

(*from* Chapter 2)

14

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and ProseAnswer **one** question from this section.**MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale***

- 7** **Either** **(a)** Compare and contrast Atwood's presentation of Offred's relationships with the Commander and Nick.
- Or** **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Atwood's narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

This is a reconstruction.

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know I'm not prepared.

But now it comes back to me, and I

(from Chapter 23)

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 Either (a)** 'Bhatt presents a dialogue with herself in her poems.'

How far, and in what ways, would you agree with this comment? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

- Or (b)** Write a critical analysis of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Marie Curie to Her Husband

The equations are luminous now.
 They glimmer across my page,
 across the walls
 across the pillow
 where your forehead should be. 5
 You would've smiled at the shape of your graph
 which I completed test tube by test tube.

You've managed to slip inside me,
 managed to curl your length tightly within my chest.
 I want to remind you 10
 of periwinkles, narcissus,
 wisteria, iris, laburnum;
 the cows that plodded over to sniff,
 the handlebars we clutched while bicycling past so many trees,
 so many skies and grasses. 15
 Reaching shelter in the dark, each night we'd go
 inspect our magic lights, glowing hot
 yellow and green, yellow and blue,
 caught in rows and rows of bottles.

I now crave grey, 20
 crave rain: days like the one
 that killed you keep me
 in the laboratory and the lecture halls.
 Pierre, this afternoon at one thirty
 I continued your lecture at the Sorbonne. 25
 This afternoon
 you tossed around in my chest.
 Your beard streamed in my veins, my blood. You thrashed,
 your legs knocking against my ribs
 while I analysed the progress 30
 that has been made in physics.
 But at night, I still count in Polish.

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 9 Either** (a) Compare some of the ways Kay presents victims of violence in her poems. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Same Note

Every note she sang, she bent her voice to her will;
 her voice was a wood instrument or a wind one,
 her voice had the power to turn the sails of the windmill,
 or knock down a tree with the force of a hurricane. 5
 She could get it right back like some kind of boomerang.
 She could use it as a shelter, the roof of her mouth,
 stopping the rain, stopping the rain soon as she sang.
 Or she could fly out of Alabama, or float the mouth
 of the Mississippi Delta. Or walk the solid flat plain.
 She could tell every story she wanted to tell; 10
 and pass them on through the new towns, across the mountain.
 Her voice could bring people running, like the church bell
 could when it was used as a warning. And then again,
 if she wanted, she could rock herself to sleep, to dream.
 Her own cradle swinging the same note, again and again. 15
 The same note. The solid flat plain. Exactly the same
 note, like the church bell, could bring people running,
 could tell them she'd been in their heaven or hell.
 Every note she sang, she bent her voice to her will.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 10 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kingsolver present political ideas in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Anatole told Father he ought not to think of Tata Kuvudundu as competition.

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‘I was too fond of that plate.’

(*from Rachel, Book 2: The Revelation*)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Spender presents feelings about social differences in his poetry. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways Spender presents attitudes to war, here and elsewhere in the selection.

XIII

What I expected was

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Or the dazzling crystal.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

12 Either (a) 'In the novel, women are limited by their place in society.'

Discuss Woolf's presentation of women in the light of this comment.

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Woolf's presentation of Peter Walsh, here and elsewhere in the novel.

He had escaped! was utterly free – as happens in the downfall of habit when the mind, like an unguarded flame, bows and bends and seems about to blow from its holding. I haven't felt so young for years! thought Peter, escaping (only of course for an hour or so) from being precisely what he was, and feeling like a child who runs out of doors, and sees, as he runs, his old nurse waving at the wrong window. But she's extraordinarily attractive, he thought, as, walking across Trafalgar Square in the direction of the Haymarket, came a young woman who, as she passed Gordon's statue, seemed, Peter Walsh thought (susceptible as he was), to shed veil after veil, until she became the very woman he had always had in mind; young, but stately; merry, but discreet; black, but enchanting. 5 10

Straightening himself and stealthily fingering his pocket-knife he started after her to follow this woman, this excitement, which seemed even with its back turned to shed on him a light which connected them, which singled him out, as if the random uproar of the traffic had whispered through hollowed hands his name, not Peter, but his private name which he called himself in his own thoughts. 'You,' she said, only 'you', saying it with her white gloves and her shoulders. Then the thin long cloak which the wind stirred as she walked past Dent's shop in Cockspur Street blew out with an enveloping kindness, a mournful tenderness, as of arms that would open and take the tired—— 15

But she's not married; she's young; quite young, thought Peter, the red carnation he had seen her wear as she came across Trafalgar Square burning again in his eyes and making her lips red. But she waited at the kerbstone. There was a dignity about her. She was not worldly, like Clarissa; not rich, like Clarissa. Was she, he wondered as she moved, respectable? Witty, with a lizard's flickering tongue, he thought (for one must invent, must allow oneself a little diversion), a cool waiting wit, a darting wit; not noisy. 20 25

She moved; she crossed; he followed her. To embarrass her was the last thing he wished. Still if she stopped he would say 'Come and have an ice,' he would say, and she would answer, perfectly simply, 'Oh yes.' 30

But other people got between them in the street, obstructing him, blotting her out. He pursued; she changed. There was colour in her cheeks; mockery in her eyes; he was an adventurer, reckless, he thought, swift, daring, indeed (landed as he was last night from India) a romantic buccaneer, careless of all these damned proprieties, yellow dressing-gowns, pipes, fishing-rods, in the shop windows; and respectability and evening parties and spruce old men wearing white slips beneath their waistcoats. He was a buccaneer. On and on she went, across Piccadilly, and up Regent Street, ahead of him, her cloak, her gloves, her shoulders combining with the fringes and the laces and the feather boas in the windows to make the spirit of finery and whimsy which dwindled out of the shops on to the pavement, as the light of a lamp goes wavering at night over hedges in the darkness. 35 40

Laughing and delightful, she had crossed Oxford Street and Great Portland Street and turned down one of the little streets, and now, and now, the great moment was approaching, for now she slackened, opened her bag, and with one look in his direction, but not at him, one look that bade farewell, summed up the whole situation and dismissed it triumphantly, for ever, had fitted her key, opened the door, 45

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and gone! Clarissa's voice saying, Remember my party, Remember my party, sang in his ears. The house was one of those flat red houses with hanging flower-baskets of vague impropriety. It was over.

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