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 22 May 2023

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 4–5 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Nick notices a change in mood at one of Gatsby's parties.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how characters giving/assigning status to others is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on page 6 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Pip and Estella are reunited.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how attitudes that change over time are explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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 7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George is reflecting on changes to society following the Second World War.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how the passing of time is 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 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, there is gossiping at the dairy about a recent marriage.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

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

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

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 9 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George is attempting to highlight Cecil's flaws to Lucy.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how characters who seek to influence Lucy's views are presented throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 ***Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë**

Read the extract on page 10 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Cathy and Heathcliff are reunited at her deathbed.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how blame and guilt are explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the narrator is reflecting on his own vulnerability.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how feelings of vulnerability are explored
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 ***Dracula*, Bram Stoker**

Read the extract on page 12 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the captain of the Demeter gives an account of his voyage.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how changes in the weather are used throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 1 ☒	**Question 2** ☒	**Question 3** ☒
Question 4 ☒	**Question 5** ☒	**Question 6** ☒
Question 7 ☒	**Question 8** ☒	

Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:

Theme.....

Text Section A.....

Text Section B.....

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS

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 individuals who are excluded from elements of society.

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 love and/or loss that triggers unexpected behaviour.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

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 the way the past influences encounters.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

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 shifts in power after 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)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 9** ☒ **Question 10** ☒

Question 11 ☒ **Question 12** ☒

Please write the theme and the titles of the texts you have chosen for Sections A and B below:

Theme.....

Text Section A.....

Text Section B.....

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

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 22 May 2023

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper reference **8EL0/02**

English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ▶

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CONTENTS

SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

SECTION A

Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

Perhaps his presence gave the evening its peculiar quality of oppressiveness – it stands out in my memory from Gatsby's other parties that summer. There were the same people, or at least the same sort of people, the same profusion of champagne, the same many-coloured, many-keyed commotion, but I felt an unpleasantness in the air, a pervading harshness that hadn't been there before. Or perhaps I had merely grown used to it, grown to accept West Egg as a world complete in itself, with its own standards and its own great figures, second to nothing because it had no consciousness of being so, and now I was looking at it again, through Daisy's eyes. It is invariably saddening to look through new eyes at things upon which you have expended your own powers of adjustment.

They arrived at twilight, and, as we strolled out among the sparkling hundreds, Daisy's voice was playing murmurous tricks in her throat.

'These things excite me *so*,' she whispered. 'If you want to kiss me any time during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Just mention my name. Or present a green card. I'm giving out green –'

'Look around,' suggested Gatsby.

'I'm looking around. I'm having a marvellous –'

'You must see the faces of many people you've heard about.'

Tom's arrogant eyes roamed the crowd.

'We don't go around very much,' he said; 'in fact, I was just thinking I don't know a soul here.'

'Perhaps you know that lady.' Gatsby indicated a gorgeous, scarcely human orchid of a woman who sat in state under a white-plum tree. Tom and Daisy stared, with that peculiarly unreal feeling that accompanies the recognition of a hitherto ghostly celebrity of the movies.

'She's lovely,' said Daisy.

'The man bending over her is her director.'

He took them ceremoniously from group to group:

'Mrs Buchanan…and Mr Buchanan – ' After an instant's hesitation he added: 'the polo player.'

'Oh no,' objected Tom quickly, 'not me.'

But evidently the sound of it pleased Gatsby for Tom remained 'the polo player' for the rest of the evening.

'I've never met so many celebrities,' Daisy exclaimed. 'I like that man – what was his name? – with the sort of blue nose.'

Gatsby identified him, adding that he was a small producer.

'Well, I liked him anyhow.'

'I'd a little rather not be the polo player,' said Tom pleasantly, 'I'd rather look at all these famous people in – in oblivion.'

Daisy and Gatsby danced. I remember being surprised by his graceful, conservative fox-trot – I had never seen him dance before. Then they sauntered over to my house and sat on the steps for half an hour, while at her request I remained watchful in the garden. 'in case there's a fire or a flood,' she explained, 'or any act of God.'

Tom appeared from his oblivion as we were sitting down to supper together. 'Do you mind if I eat with some people over here?' he said. 'A fellow's getting off some funny stuff.'

'Go ahead,' answered Daisy genially, 'and if you want to take down any addresses here's my little gold pencil.'…She looked around after a moment and told me the girl was 'common but pretty', and I knew that except for the half-hour she'd been alone with Gatsby she wasn't having a good time.

From pp.100–102

Society and the Individual

***Great Expectations,* Charles Dickens**

The figure showed itself aware of me as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out:

'Estella!'

'I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me.'

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it I had seen before; what I had never seen before was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, 'After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?'

'I have never been here since.'

'Nor I.'

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

'I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!'

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:

'Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?'

'Yes, Estella.'

'The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years.'

'Is it to be built on?'

'At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you,' she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, 'you live abroad still?'

'Still.'

'And do well, I am sure?'

'I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore — Yes, I do well!'

'I have often thought of you,' said Estella.

'Have you?'

'Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart.'

'You have always held your place in *my* heart,' I answered.

And we were silent again until she spoke.

From pp. 458–460

Love and Loss

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

And then the War's end and the mad spree of driving up and down the highway on the instantly derationed gas, shedding great black chunks of your recaps all the way to Malibu. And then the beach-months of 1946. The magic squalor of those hot nights, when the whole shore was alive with tongues of flame, the watch-fires of the vast naked barbarian tribe – each group or pair to itself and bothering no one, yet all a part of the life of the tribal encampment – swimming in the darkness, cooking fish, dancing to the radio, coupling without shame on the sand. George and Jim (who had just met) were out there among them evening after evening, yet not often enough to satisfy the sad fierce appetite of memory, as it looks back hungrily on that glorious Indian summer of lust.

The hitch-hiking servicemen are few now and mostly domesticated; going back and forth between the rocket-base and their homes and wives. Beach-fires are forbidden, except in designated picnic-areas where you must eat sitting up on benches at communal tables, and mustn't screw at all. But, though so much of the glory has faded, nevertheless – thanks to the persecuted yet undying old gods of disorder – this last block of Las Ondas is still a bad neighbourhood. Respectable people avoid it instinctively. Realtors deplore it. Property values are low, here. The motels are new but cheaply stuck together and already slum-sordid; they cater to one-night stands. And, though the charcoal remnants of those barbarian orgy-fires have long since been ground into the sand, this stretch of the shore is still filthy with trash; high-school gangs still daub huge scandalous words on its beach-wall, and seashells are still less easy to find here than discarded rubbers.

The glory has faded, too, from The Starboard Side; only a true devotee like George can still detect even a last faint gleam of it. The place has been stripped of its dusty marine trophies and yellow group-photographs. Right after the New Year it's to be what they dare to call redecorated; that's to say, desecrated in readiness for next summer's mob of blank-faced strangers. Already there is a new juke-box, and a new television fixed high up on the wall; so you can turn half right, rest your elbows on the bar and go into a cow-daze, watching it. This is what most of the customers are doing as George enters.

He makes unsteadily but purposefully for his favourite little table in the corner, from which the TV screen is invisible. At the table next to him, two other unhypnotized nonconformists, an elderly couple who belong to the last handful of surviving colonists, are practising their way of love; a mild quarrelsome alcoholism which makes it possible for them to live in a play-relationship, like children. *You old bag, you old prick, you old bitch, you old bastard;* rage without resentment, abuse without venom. This is how it will be for them, till the end. Let's hope they will never be parted, but die in the same hour of the same night, in their beer-stained bed.

From pp. 119–121

Love and Loss

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

'Now, who mid ye think I've heard news o' this morning?' said Dairyman Crick, as he sat down to breakfast next day, with a riddling gaze round upon the munching men and maids. 'Now, just who mid ye think?'

One guessed, and another guessed. Mrs Crick did not guess, because she knew already.

'Well,' said the dairyman, ''tis that slack-twisted 'hore's-bird of a feller, Jack Dollop. He's lately got married to a widow-woman.'

'Not Jack Dollop? A villain – to think o' that!' said a milker.

The name entered quickly into Tess Durbeyfield's consciousness, for it was the name of the lover who had wronged his sweetheart, and had afterwards been so roughly used by the young woman's mother in the butter-churn.

'And had he married the valiant matron's daughter, as he promised?' asked Angel Clare absently, as he turned over the newspaper he was reading at the little table to which he was always banished by Mrs Crick, in her sense of his gentility.

'Not he, sir. Never meant to,' replied the dairyman. 'As I say, 'tis a widow-woman, and she had money, it seems – fifty poun' a year or so; and that was all he was after. They were married in a great hurry; and then she told him that by marrying she had lost her fifty poun' a year. Just fancy the state o' my gentleman's mind at that news! Never such a cat-and-dog life as they've been leading ever since! Serves him well beright. But onluckily the poor woman gets the worst o't.'

'Well, the silly body should have told en sooner that the ghost of her first man would trouble him,' said Mrs. Crick.

'Ay; ay,' responded the dairyman indecisively. 'Still, you can see exactly how 'twas. She wanted a home, and didn't like to run the risk of losing him. Don't ye think that was something like it, maidens?'

He glanced towards the row of girls.

'She ought to ha' told him just before they went to church, when he could hardly have backed out,' exclaimed Marian.

'Yes, she ought,' agreed Izz.

'She must have seen what he was after, and should ha' refused him,' cried Retty spasmodically.

'And what do you say, my dear?' asked the dairyman of Tess.

'I think she ought – to have told him the true state of things – or else refused him – I don't know,' replied Tess, the bread-and-butter choking her.

'Be cust if I'd have done either o't,' said Beck Knibbs, a married helper from one of the cottages. 'All's fair in love and war. I'd ha' married en just as she did, and if he'd said two words to me about not telling him beforehand anything whatsomdever about my first chap that I hadn't chose to tell, I'd ha' knocked him down wi' the rolling-pin – a scram little feller like he! Any woman could do it.'

The laughter which followed this sally was supplemented only by a sorry smile, for form's sake, from Tess. What was comedy to them was tragedy to her; and she could hardly bear their mirth.

From pp. 211–212

Encounters

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

Then his words rose gravely over hers: 'You cannot live with Vyse. He's only for an acquaintance. He is for society and cultivated talk. He should know no one intimately, least of all a woman.'

It was a new light on Cecil's character.

'Have you ever talked to Vyse without feeling tired?'

'I can scarcely discuss –'

'No, but have you ever? He is the sort who are all right so long as they keep to things – books, pictures – but kill when they come to people. That's why I'll speak out through all this muddle even now. It's shocking enough to lose you in any case, but generally a man must deny himself joy, and I would have held back if your Cecil had been a different person. I would never have let myself go. But I saw him first in the National Gallery, when he winced because my father mispronounced the names of great painters. Then he brings us here, and we find it is to play some silly trick on a kind neighbour. That is the man all over – playing tricks on people, on the most sacred form of life that he can find. Next, I meet you together, and find him protecting and teaching you and your mother to be shocked, when it was for *you* to settle whether you were shocked or no. Cecil all over again. He daren't let a woman decide. He's the type who's kept Europe back for a thousand years. Every moment of his life he's forming you, telling you what's charming or amusing or ladylike, telling you what a man thinks womanly; and you, you of all women, listen to his voice instead of to your own. So it was at the rectory, when I met you both again; so it has been the whole of this afternoon. Therefore – not "therefore I kissed you", because the book made me do that, and I wish to goodness I had more self-control. I'm not ashamed. I don't apologize. But it has frightened you, and you may not have noticed that I love you. Or would you have told me to go, and dealt with a tremendous thing so lightly? But therefore – therefore I settle to fight him.'

Lucy thought of a very good remark.

'You say Mr Vyse wants me to listen to him, Mr Emerson. Pardon me for suggesting that you have caught the habit.'

And he took the shoddy reproof and touched it into immorality. He said:

'Yes, I have,' and sank down as if suddenly weary. 'I'm the same kind of brute at bottom. This desire to govern a woman – it lies very deep, and men and women must fight it together before they shall enter the Garden. But I do love you – surely in a better way than he does.' He thought. 'Yes – really in a better way. I want you to have your own thoughts even when I hold you in my arms.' He stretched them towards her. 'Lucy, be quick – there's no time for us to talk now – come to me as you came in the spring, and afterwards I will be gentle and explain. I have cared for you since that man died. I cannot live without you. "No good," I thought: "she is marrying someone else"; but I meet you again when all the world is glorious water and sun. As you came through the wood I saw that nothing else mattered. I called. I wanted to live and have my chance at joy.'

From pp. 174–175

Encounters

***Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë**

'I *wonder* he won't be near me!' She went on to herself. 'I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.'

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly –

'You teach me now how cruel you've been – cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort – you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you – they'll damn you. You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart – *you* have broken it – and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?'

'Let me alone. Let me alone,' sobbed Catherine. 'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!'

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but *yours*! How can I?'

They were silent – their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

From pp. 162–163

Crossing Boundaries

***Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys**

He served the food with such a mournful expression that I thought these people are very vulnerable. How old was I when I learned to hide what I felt? A very small boy. Six, five, even earlier. It was necessary, I was told, and that view I have always accepted. If these mountains challenge me, or Baptiste's face, or Antoinette's eyes, they are mistaken, melodramatic, unreal (England must be quite unreal and like a dream she said).

The rum punch I had drunk was very strong and after the meal was over I had a great wish to sleep. And why not? This is the time when everyone sleeps. I imagined the dogs the cats the cocks and hens all sleeping, even the water in the river running more slowly.

I woke up, thought at once of Antoinette and opened the door into her room, but she was sleeping too. Her back was towards me and she was quite still. I looked out of the window. The silence was disturbing, absolute. I would have welcomed the sound of a dog barking, a man sawing wood. Nothing. Silence. Heat. It was five minutes to three.

I went out following the path I could see from my window. It must have rained heavily during the night for the red clay was very muddy. I passed a sparse plantation of coffee trees, then straggly guava bushes. As I walked I remembered my father's face and his thin lips, my brother's round conceited eyes. They knew. And Richard the fool, he knew too. And the girl with her blank smiling face. They all knew.

I began to walk very quickly, then stopped because the light was different. A green light. I had reached the forest and you cannot mistake the forest. It is hostile. The path was overgrown but it was possible to follow it. I went on without looking at the tall trees on either side. Once I stepped over a fallen log swarming with white ants. How can one discover truth I thought and that thought led me nowhere. No one would tell me the truth. Not my father nor Richard Mason, certainly not the girl I had married. I stood still, so sure I was being watched that I looked over my shoulder. Nothing but the trees and the green light under the trees. A track was just visible and I went on, glancing from side to side and sometimes quickly behind me. This was why I stubbed my foot on a stone and nearly fell. The stone I had tripped on was not a boulder but part of a paved road. There had been a paved road through this forest. The track led to a large clear space. Here were the ruins of a stone house and round the ruins rose trees that had grown to an incredible height. At the back of the ruins a wild orange tree covered with fruit, the leaves a dark green. A beautiful place. And calm – so calm that it seemed foolish to think or plan. What had I to think about and how could I plan?

From pp. 64–65

Crossing Boundaries

***Dracula*, Bram Stoker**

24 July … last night another man lost – disappeared. Like the first, he came off his watch and was not seen again. Men all in a panic of fear; sent a round robin, asking to have double watch, as they fear to be alone. Mate violent. Fear there will be some trouble, as either he or the men will do some violence.

28 July – Four days in hell, knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, and the wind a tempest. No sleep for any one. Men all worn out. Hardly know how to set a watch, since no one fit to go on. Second mate volunteered to steer and watch, and let men snatch a few hours' sleep. Wind abating; seas still terrific, but feel them less, as ship is steadier.

29 July – Another tragedy. Had single watch tonight, as crew too tired to double. When morning watch came on deck could find no one except steersman. Raised outcry, and all came on deck. Thorough search, but no one found. Are now without second mate, and crew in a panic. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth and wait for any sign of cause.

30 July – Last night. Rejoiced we are nearing England. Weather fine, all sails set. Retired worn out; slept soundly; awaked by mate telling me that both man of watch and steersman missing. Only self and mate and two hands left to work ship.

1 August – Two days of fog, and not a sail sighted. Had hoped when in the English Channel to be able to signal for help or get in somewhere. Not having power to work sails, have to run before wind. Dare not lower, as could not raise them again. We seem to be drifting to some terrible doom. Mate now more demoralized than either of men. His stronger nature seems to have worked inwardly against himself. Men are beyond fear, working stolidly and patiently, with minds made up to worst. They are Russian, he Roumanian.

2 August, midnight. – Woke up from few minutes' sleep by hearing a cry, seemingly outside my port. Could see nothing in fog. Rushed on deck, and ran against mate. Tells me heard cry and ran, but no sign of man on watch. One more gone. Lord, help us! Mate says we must be past Straits of Dover, as in a moment of fog lifting he saw North Foreland, just as he heard the man cry out. If so we are now off in the North Sea, and only God can guide us in the fog, which seems to move with us; and God seems to have deserted us.

3 August – At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel, but when I got to it found no one there. The wind was steady, and as we ran before it there was no yawing. I dared not leave it, so shouted for the mate. After a few seconds he rushed up on deck in his flannels. He looked wild-eyed and haggard, and I greatly fear his reason has given way. He came close to me and whispered hoarsely, with his mouth to my ear, as though fearing the very air might hear: '*It* is here; I know it, now. On the watch last night I saw It, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It was in the bows, and looking out. I crept behind It, and gave It my knife; but the knife went through It, empty as the air.'

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The Great Gatsby F Scott Fitzgerald (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2000

Great Expectations Charles Dickens (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2008

A Single Man Christopher Isherwood, Vintage (Random House), 2010

Tess of the D'Urbervilles Thomas Hardy (Public Domain Work), Vintage Classics (Random House), 2011

Wuthering Heights Emily Brontë (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003

A Room with a View E M Forster, Penguin (English Library), 2012

Wide Sargasso Sea Jean Rhys, Penguin Modern Classics, 2000

Dracula Bram Stoker (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003