



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2014

## English Literature (Specification A)

**LITA3**

### Unit 3 Reading for Meaning Love Through the Ages

Friday 6 June 2014 9.00 am to 11.30 am

**For this paper you must have:**

- an AQA 16-page answer book.

#### Time allowed

- 2 hours 30 minutes

#### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is LITA3.
- Answer **both** questions.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work that you do not want to be marked.

#### Information

- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- Material from your wider reading **may not** be taken into the examination room.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

#### Advice

- This unit assesses your understanding of the relationships between different aspects of English Literature.

Please read this advice carefully before you turn to the material.

## Reading

Here are the materials taken from the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages. You will be using this material to answer the **two** questions on the page opposite.

Read all **four** items (**A**, **B**, **C** and **D**) and their introductions several times in the light of the questions set. Your reading should be close and careful.

## Wider Reading

Both questions test your wider reading in the prescribed area for study, Love Through the Ages.

**In total**, across both questions, you should write about a minimum of **one** wider reading text from **each** of the **three** genres of poetry, drama and prose.

## Planning

It is recommended that, for **each** question, you spend around **30 minutes** reading, thinking and planning.

---

Answer **both** questions.

---

**Question 1**

0	1
---	---

Read the two poems (**Item A** and **Item B**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of these **two** poems.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Donne (in **Item A**) and Larkin (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in **poetry**.

**[40 marks]**

**Question 2**

0	2
---	---

Read the two extracts (**Item C** and **Item D**) carefully, bearing in mind that they were written at different times by different writers and are open to different interpretations.

Write a comparison of the ways in which proposals are presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Friel (in **Item C**) and Dickens (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading, ensuring that you include references to both **drama** and **prose**.

**[40 marks]**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

**Turn over for Item A**

**Turn over ►**

---

**Item A**

**John Donne** (1572–1631) wrote ‘The Good Morrow’ in 1602. In this poem the speaker addresses his love when they wake up together in bed.

**The Good Morrow**

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved: were we not weaned till then,  
But sucked on childish pleasures sillily?  
Or slumbered we in th’Seven Sleepers’ den<sup>1</sup>?  
’Twas so: but this, all pleasures fancies be.  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, ’twas but a dream of thee.

And now, ‘Good morrow’ to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear,  
But love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes a little room an everywhere.  
Let sea-discov’ers to new worlds have gone;  
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown;  
Let us possess our world: each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And plain, true hearts do in the faces rest.  
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres  
Without sharp North, without declining West?  
What ever dies, is not mixed equally:  
If both our loves be one, or thou and I  
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

---

<sup>1</sup> Th’Seven Sleepers’ den – a legendary cave where seven young Christians hid in order to escape the persecution of the Roman Emperor. They fell asleep there, and the cave was walled up. When they awoke, nearly two centuries later, the whole Empire had converted to Christianity.

**Item B**

'Talking in Bed' by **Philip Larkin** (1922 – 1985) was published in a collection entitled *The Whitsun Weddings* in 1964.

**Talking in Bed**

Talking in bed ought to be easiest,  
Lying together there goes back so far,  
An emblem of two people being honest.

Yet more and more time passes silently.  
Outside, the wind's incomplete unrest  
Builds and disperses clouds about the sky,

And dark towns heap up on the horizon.  
None of this cares for us. Nothing shows why  
At this unique distance from isolation

It becomes still more difficult to find  
Words at once true and kind,  
Or not untrue and not unkind.

**Turn over for Item C**

**Turn over ►**

**Item C**

*Dancing at Lughnasa* by **Brian Friel** (born 1929) was first performed in 1990. Set in 1936, the play centres on five unmarried sisters who live together in a house in rural Ireland with their uncle, a priest called Father Jack. The youngest sister, Chris, is twenty-six and a single mother.

In the following extract, Gerry Evans, the father of Chris's son and a travelling salesman, has just come to see her for the first time in thirteen months. A broken radio (wireless) has just begun to work; it plays a sentimental love song from 1931 called 'Dancing in the Dark'.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

This extract cannot be reproduced here due to third-party copyright constraints.

**Turn over for Item D**

**Turn over ►**

## Item D

*Our Mutual Friend* by **Charles Dickens** (1812–1870) was published in 1865. Bradley Headstone, a schoolmaster, is in love with the penniless Lizzie Hexam. Lizzie has also attracted the attentions of Eugene Wrayburn; Mr Headstone hates this man and has urged Lizzie to end all contact with him.

In the following extract, Lizzie has been taken by her brother to a graveyard to meet Mr Headstone. She has grown uncomfortable with Mr Headstone's talk of his feelings, and wants to return to her brother and leave. Despite Lizzie's wishes and her obvious discomfort, Mr Headstone persists.

'I entreat of you let us walk round this place again. You have no reason to look alarmed; I can restrain myself, and I will.'

She yielded to the entreaty—how could she do otherwise?—and they paced the stones in silence. One by one the lights leaped up, making the cold grey church tower more remote, and they were alone again. He said no more until they had regained the spot where he had broken off; there, he again stood still, and again grasped the stone. In saying what he said then, he never looked at her; but looked at it and wrenched at it.

'You know what I am going to say. I love you. What other men may mean when they use that expression, I cannot tell; what I mean is, that I am under the influence of some tremendous attraction which I have resisted in vain, and which overmasters me. You could draw me to fire, you could draw me to water, you could draw me to the gallows, you could draw me to any death, you could draw me to anything I have most avoided, you could draw me to any exposure and disgrace. This and the confusion of my thoughts, so that I am fit for nothing, is what I mean by your being the ruin of me. But if you would return a favourable answer to my offer of myself in marriage, you could draw me to any good—every good—with equal force. My circumstances are quite easy, and you would want for nothing. My reputation stands quite high, and would be a shield for yours. If you saw me at my work, able to do it well and respected in it, you might even come to take a sort of pride in me:—I would try hard that you should. Whatever considerations I may have thought of against this offer, I have conquered, and I make it with all my heart. Your brother favours me to the utmost, and it is likely that we might live and work together; anyhow, it is certain that he would have my best influence and support. I don't know that I could say more if I tried. I might only weaken what is ill enough said as it is. I only add that if it is any claim on you to be in earnest, I am in thorough earnest, dreadful earnest.'

The powdered mortar from under the stone at which he wrenched, rattled on the pavement to confirm his words.

'Mr. Headstone—'

'Stop! I implore you, before you answer me, to walk round this place once more. It will give you a minute's time to think, and me a minute's time to get some fortitude together.'

Again she yielded to the entreaty, and again they came back to the same place, and again he worked at the stone.

'Is it,' he said, with his attention apparently engrossed by it, 'yes, or no?'

'Mr. Headstone, I thank you sincerely, I thank you gratefully, and hope you may find a worthy wife before long and be very happy. But it is no.'

'Is no short time necessary for reflection; no weeks or days?' he asked, in the same half-suffocated way.

'None whatever.'

'Are you quite decided, and is there no chance of any change in my favour?'

'I am quite decided, Mr. Headstone, and I am bound to answer I am certain there is none.'

'Then,' said he, suddenly changing his tone and turning to her, and bringing his clenched hand down upon the stone with a force that laid the knuckles raw and bleeding; 'then I hope that I may never kill him!'

The dark look of hatred and revenge with which the words broke from his livid lips, and with which he stood holding out his smeared hand as if it held some weapon and had just struck a mortal blow, made her so afraid of him that she turned to run away. But he caught her by the arm.

‘Mr. Headstone, let me go. Mr. Headstone, I must call for help!’

‘It is I who should call for help,’ he said; ‘you don’t know yet how much I need it.’

The working of his face as she shrank from it, glancing round for her brother, and uncertain what to do, might have extorted a cry from her in another instant; but all at once he sternly stopped it and fixed it, as if Death itself had done so.

**END OF ITEMS**

**There are no questions printed on this page**

---

**There are no questions printed on this page**

**There are no questions printed on this page**

Acknowledgement of copyright-holders and publishers

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future papers if notified.

Item A: 'The Good Morrow' by John Donne. Taken from *The Complete Poems of John Donne*, ed. Robin Robbins, Longman (2010).

Item B: 'Talking in Bed' by Philip Larkin. Taken from *Collected Poems*, Faber and Faber (2003).

Item C: Extract from *Dancing at Lughnasa* by Brian Friel. Published by Faber and Faber (1990).

Item D: Extract from *Our Mutual Friend* by Charles Dickens. Published Oxford University Press (2008).

Copyright © 2014 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.