

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

--	--	--	--	--

Candidate Number

--	--	--	--	--

Wednesday 15 May 2019

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:

Source Booklet (enclosed)

Prescribed texts (clean copies)

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 and **one** question in Section B. You must choose the **same theme** for both of your answers.
- 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 ►

P56591A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1




Pearson

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 page 4 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Nick is reflecting on his relationship with Jordan Baker.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how honesty is explored in the novel as a whole
- 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 visits the dressing room of Mr Wopsle (a.k.a. Mr Waldengarver).

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- the presentation of characters who seek to improve themselves in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



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 pages 6 and 7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George is drifting off to sleep.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how George's self-awareness is presented 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, Tess encounters The Chase for the first time.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how the relationship between the traditional and modern 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 pages 10 and 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, several characters enjoy a swim in a pool.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how nature influences human behaviour throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

Read the extract on page 12 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Isabella writes to Nelly about her current situation.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- the significance of the houses throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



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 13 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Rochester is preparing to leave Granbois.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how characters respond to relocation throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker

Read the extract on page 14 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Seward is detailing his most recent encounter with Renfield.

With reference to the extract, discuss:

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

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross ☒. 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

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with horizontal dashed lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Lined writing area with horizontal dashed lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Blank writing area with horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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 the ways in which society and individuals are affected by death.

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 effect of intolerance on love and/or loss.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



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 provoke change.

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 characters who cross boundaries to assume a new role.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



Handwriting practice area with 20 sets of horizontal dotted lines.

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

Large writing area with horizontal dotted lines.



DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

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



Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Wednesday 15 May 2019

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 Source Booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

P56591A

©2019 Pearson Education Ltd.

1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1/1



Pearson



BLANK PAGE



CONTENTS

Section A: Prose Fiction Extracts

	Page
Society and the Individual	
<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	4
<i>Great Expectations</i>	5
Love and Loss	
<i>A Single Man</i>	6-7
<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	8
Encounters	
<i>A Room with a View</i>	10-11
<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	12
Crossing Boundaries	
<i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>	13
<i>Dracula</i>	14

SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

***The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald**

For a while I lost sight of Jordan Baker, and then in mid-summer I found her again. At first I was flattered to go places with her, because she was a golf champion, and everyone knew her name. Then it was something more. I wasn't actually in love, but I felt a sort of tender curiosity. The bored haughty face that she turned to the world concealed something – most affectations conceal something eventually, even though they don't in the beginning – and one day I found what it was. When we were on a house-party together up in Warwick, she left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it – and suddenly I remembered the story about her that had eluded me that night at Daisy's. At her first big gold tournament there was a row that nearly reached the newspapers – a suggestion that she had moved her ball from a bad lie in the semi-final round. The thing approached the proportions of a scandal – then died away. A caddy retracted his statement, and the only other witness admitted that he might have been mistaken. The incident and the name had remained together in my mind.

Jordan Baker instinctively avoided clever, shrewd men, and now I saw that this was because she felt safer on a plane where any divergence from a code would be thought impossible. She was incurably dishonest. She wasn't able to endure being at a disadvantage and, given this unwillingness, I suppose she had begun dealing in subterfuges when she was very young in order to keep that cool, insolent smile turned to the world and yet satisfy the demands of her hard, jaunty body.

It made no difference to me. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply – I was casually sorry, and then I forgot. It was on that same house-party that we had a curious conversation about driving a car. It started because she passed so close to some workmen that our fender flicked a button on one man's coat.

'You're a rotten driver,' I protested. 'Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn't to drive at all.'

'I am careful.'

'No, you're not.'

'Well, other people are,' she said lightly.

'What's that got to do with it?'

'They'll keep out of my way,' she insisted. 'It takes two to make an accident.'

'Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself.'

'I hope I never will,' she answered. 'I hate careless people. That's why I like you.'

Her grey, sun-strained eyes stared straight ahead, but she had deliberately shifted our relations, and for a moment I thought I loved her. But I am slow-thinking and full of interior rules that act as brakes on my desires, and I knew that first I had to get myself definitely out of that tangle back home. I'd been writing letters once a week and signing them: 'Love, Nick,' and all I could think of was how, when that certain girl played tennis, a faint moustache of perspiration appeared on her upper lip. Nevertheless there was a vague understanding that had to be tactfully broken off before I was free.

Every one suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people I have ever known.

From pp. 58-59

Society and the Individual

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

I had been afraid until then to say a word about the play. But then, Mr. Waldengarver looked up at us complacently, and said:

'Gentlemen, how did it seem to you to go, in front?'

Herbert said from behind (at the same time poking me), 'capitally.' So I said 'capitally.'

'How did you like my reading of the character, gentlemen?' said Mr. Waldengarver, almost, if not quite, with patronage.

Herbert said from behind (again poking me), 'massive and concrete.' So I said boldly, as if I had originated it, and must beg to insist upon it, 'massive and concrete.'

'I am glad to have your approbation, gentlemen,' said Mr. Waldengarver, with an air of dignity, in spite of his being ground against the wall at the time, and holding on by the seat of the chair.

'But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Waldengarver,' said the man who was on his knees, 'in which you're out in your reading. Now mind! I don't care who says contrary; I tell you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet when you get your legs in profile. The last Hamlet I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out, 'I don't see no wafers!' And at night his reading was lovely.'

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say 'a faithful dependent – I overlook his folly;' and then said aloud, 'My view is a little too classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve.'

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt they would improve.

'Did you observe, gentlemen,' said Mr. Waldengarver, 'that there was a man in the gallery who endeavoured to cast derision on the service – I mean, the representation?'

We basely replied that we rather thought we had noticed such a man. I added, 'He was drunk, no doubt.'

'Oh dear no, sir,' said Mr. Wopsle, 'not drunk. His employer would see to that, sir. His employer would not allow him to be drunk.'

'You know his employer?' said I.

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes and opened them again; performing both ceremonies very slowly. 'You must have observed, gentlemen,' said he, 'an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping throat and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through – I will not say sustained – the rôle (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the profession!'

Without distinctly knowing whether I should have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had been in despair, I was so sorry for him as it was, that I took the opportunity of his turning round to have his braces put on – which jostled us out at the doorway – to ask Herbert what he thought of having him home to supper? Herbert said he thought it would be kind to do so; therefore I invited him, and he went to Barnard's with us, wrapped up to the eyes, and we did our best for him, and he sat until two o'clock in the morning, reviewing his success and developing his plans.

From pp. 242-243

Love and Loss

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

As sleep begins to wash lightly over him, he asks himself: Shall I mind meeting Kenny's eye in class on Monday?

No. Not a bit. Even if he has told Lois (which I doubt): I undressed him, I put him to bed, he was drunk as a skunk. For then he will have told her about the swimming, too. You should have seen him in that water – as crazy as a kid! They ought not to let you out on your own, I said to him.

George smiles to himself, with entire self-satisfaction. Yes, I *am* crazy, he thinks. That is my secret; my strength.

And I'm about to get much crazier, he announces. Just watch me, all of you! Do you know what – I'm flying to Mexico for Christmas! You dare me to? I'll make reservations first thing in the morning!

He falls asleep, still smiling.

Partial surfacings, after this. Partial emergings, just barely breaking the sheeted calm of the water. Most of George remaining submerged in sleep.

Just barely awash, the brain inside its skull on the pillow cognises darkly; not in its daytime manner. It is incapable of decision, now. But, perhaps for this very reason, it can become aware, in this state, of certain decisions apparently not yet made. Decisions that are like codicils which have been secretly signed and witnessed and put away in a most private place, to await the hour of their execution.

Daytime George may even question the maker of these decisions; but he will not be allowed to remember its answers in the morning.

What if Kenny has been scared off? What if he doesn't come back?

Let him stay away. George doesn't need him, or any of these kids. He isn't looking for a son.

What if Charlotte goes back to England?

He can do without her, if he must. He doesn't need a sister.

Will George go back to England?

No. He will stay here.

Because of Jim?

No. Jim is in the Past, now. He is of no use to George, any more.

But George remembers him so faithfully.

George makes himself remember. He is afraid of forgetting. Jim is my life, he says.

But he will have to forget, if he wants to go on living. Jim is Death.

Then why will George stay here?

This is where he found Jim. He believes he will find another Jim here. He doesn't know it, but he has started looking already.

Why does George believe he will find him?

He only knows that he must find him. He believes he will because he must.

But George is getting old. Won't it very soon be too late?

Never use those words to George. He won't listen. He daren't listen. Damn the Future.

Let Kenny and the kids have it. Let Charley keep the Past. George clings only to Now. It is Now that he must find another Jim. Now that he must love. Now that he must live –

Meanwhile, here we have this body known as George's body, asleep on this bed and snoring quite loud. The dampness of the ocean air affects its sinuses; and anyhow it snores extra loud after drinking.

From pp. 147-149

Love and Loss

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

Every day seemed to throw upon her young shoulders more of the family burdens, and that Tess should be the representative of the Durbeyfields at the d'Urberville mansion came as a thing of course. In this instance it must be admitted that the Durbeyfields were putting their fairest side outward.

She alighted from the van at Trantridge Cross, and ascended on foot a hill in the direction of the district known as The Chase, on the borders of which, as she had been informed, Mrs. d'Urberville's seat, The Slopes, would be found. It was not a manorial home in the ordinary sense, with fields, and pastures, and a grumbling farmer, out of whom the owner had to squeeze an income for himself and his family by hook or by crook. It was more, far more; a country-house built for enjoyment pure and simple, with not an acre of troublesome land attached to it beyond what was required for residential purposes, and for a little fancy farm kept in hand by the owner, and tended by a bailiff.

The crimson brick lodge came first in sight, up to its eaves in dense evergreens. Tess thought this was the mansion itself till, passing through the side wicket with some trepidation, and onward to a point at which the drive took a turn, the house proper stood in full view. It was of recent erection – indeed almost new – and of the same rich red colour that formed such a contrast with the evergreens of the lodge. Far behind the corner of the house – which rose like a geranium bloom against the subdued colours around – stretched the soft azure landscape of The Chase – a truly venerable tract of forest land, one of the few remaining woodlands in England of undoubted primæval date, wherein the Druidical mistletoe was still found on aged oaks, and where enormous yew-trees, not planted by the hand of man, grew as they had grown when they were pollarded for bows. All this sylvan antiquity, however, though visible from The Slopes, was outside the immediate boundaries of the estate.

Everything on this snug property was bright, thriving, and well kept; acres of glass-houses stretched down the inclines to the copses at their feet. Everything looked like money – like the last coin issued from the Mint. The stables, partly screened by Austrian pines and evergreen oaks, and fitted with every late appliance, were as dignified as Chapels-of-Ease. On the extensive lawn stood an ornamental tent, its door being towards her.

Simple Tess Durbeyfield stood at gaze, in a half-alarmed attitude, on the edge of the gravel sweep. Her feet had brought her onward to this point before she had quite realized where she was; and now all was contrary to her expectation.

'I thought we were an old family; but this is all new!' she said, in her artlessness. She wished that she had not fallen in so readily with her mother's plans for 'claiming kin,' and had endeavoured to gain assistance nearer home.

From pp. 39-41

BLANK PAGE

Encounters

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

'Water's wonderful. Mr Beebe, do.'

'Apooshoo, kouf.'

Mr Beebe, who was hot, and who always acquiesced where possible, looked around him. He could detect no parishioners except the pine trees, rising up steeply on all sides, and gesturing to each other against the blue. How glorious it was! The world of motor-cars and Rural Deans receded illimitably. Water, sky, evergreens, a wind – these things not even the seasons can touch, and surely they lie beyond the intrusion of man?

'I may as well wash too'; and soon his garments made a third little pile on the sward, and he too asserted the wonder of the water.

It was ordinary water, nor was there very much of it, and, as Freddy said, it reminded one of swimming in a salad. The three gentlemen rotated in the pool breast high, after the fashion of the nymphs in *Götterdämmerung*. But either because the rains had given a freshness, or because the sun was shedding a most glorious heat, or because two of the gentlemen were young in years and the third young in spirit – for some reason or other a change came over them, and they forgot Italy and Botany and Fate. They began to play. Mr Beebe and Freddy splashed each other. A little deferentially, they splashed George. He was quiet; they feared they had offended him. Then all the forces of youth burst out. He smiled, flung himself at them, splashed them, ducked them, kicked them, muddied them, and drove them out of the pool.

'Race you round it, then,' cried Freddy, and they raced in the sunshine, and George took a short cut and dirtied his shins, and had to bathe a second time. Then Mr Beebe consented to run – a memorable sight.

They ran to get dry, they bathed to get cool, they played at being Indians in the willow-herbs and in the bracken, they bathed to get clean. And all the time three little bundles lay discreetly on the sward, proclaiming:

'No. We are what matters. Without us shall no enterprise begin. To us shall all flesh turn in the end.'

'A try! A try!' yelled Freddy, snatching up George's bundle and placing it beside an imaginary goalpost.

'Soccer rules,' George retorted, scattering Freddy's bundle with a kick.

'Goal!'

'Goal!'

'Pass!'

'Take care my watch!' cried Mr Beebe.

Clothes flew in all directions.

'Take care my hat! No, that's enough, Freddy. Dress now. No, I say!'

But the two young men were delirious. Away they twinkled into the trees, Freddy with a clerical waistcoat under his arm, George with a wide-awake hat on his dripping hair.

'That'll do!' shouted Mr Beebe, remembering that after all he was in his own parish. Then his voice changed as if every pine tree was a Rural Dean. 'Hi! Steady on! I see people coming, you fellows!'

Yells, and widening circles over the dappled earth.

'Hi! Hi! *Ladies!*'

Neither George nor Freddy was truly refined. Still, they did not hear Mr Beebe's last warning, or they would have avoided Mrs Honeychurch, Cecil and Lucy, who were walking down to call on old Mrs Butterworth. Freddy dropped the waistcoat at their feet, and dashed into some bracken. George whooped in their faces, turned, and scudded away down the path to the pond, still clad in Mr Beebe's hat.

'Gracious alive!' cried Mrs Honeychurch. 'Who ever were those unfortunate people? Oh, dears, look away!'

From pp. 135-137

Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Dear Ellen, it begins.

I came last night to Wuthering Heights, and heard, for the first time, that Catherine had been, and is yet, very ill. I must not write to her, I suppose, and my brother is either too angry or too distressed to answer what I send him. Still, I must write to somebody, and the only choice left me is you.

Inform Edgar that I'd give the world to see his face again – that my heart returned to Thrushcross Grange in twenty-four hours after I left it, and is there at this moment, full of warm feelings for him, and Catherine! *I can't follow it, though* – (those words are underlined) – they need not expect me, and they may draw what conclusions they please; taking care, however, to lay nothing at the door of my weak will, or deficient affection.

The remainder of this letter is for yourself, alone. I want to ask you two questions: the first is,

How did you contrive to preserve the common sympathies of human nature when you resided here? I cannot recognise any sentiment which those around share with me.

The second question, I have great interest in; it is this –

Is Mr Heathcliff a man? If so, is he mad? And if not, is he a devil? I shan't tell my reasons for making this inquiry; but, I beseech you to explain, if you can, what I have married – that is, when you call to see me; and you must call, Ellen, very soon. Don't write, but come, and bring me something from Edgar.

Now, you shall hear how I have been received in my new home, as I am led to imagine the Heights will be. It is to amuse myself that I dwell on such subjects as the lack of external comforts; they never occupy my thoughts, except at the moment when I miss them – I should laugh and dance for joy, if I found their absence was the total of my miseries, and the rest was an unnatural dream!

The sun set behind the Grange, as we turned on to the moors; by that, I judged it to be six o'clock; and my companion halted half-an-hour, to inspect the park, and the gardens, and, probably, the place itself, as well as he could; so it was dark when we dismounted in the paved yard of the farm-house, and your old fellow-servant, Joseph, issued out to receive us by the light of a dip candle. He did it with a courtesy that redounded to his credit. His first act was to elevate his torch to a level with my face, squint malignantly, project his under lip, and turn away.

Then he took the two horses, and led them into the stables; reappearing for the purpose of locking the outer gate, as if we lived in an ancient castle.

Heathcliff stayed to speak to him, and I entered the kitchen – a dingy, untidy hole; I dare say you would not know it, it is so changed since it was in your charge.

By the fire stood a ruffianly child, strong in limb, and dirty in garb, with a look of Catherine in his eyes, and about his mouth.

'This is Edgar's legal nephew,' I reflected – 'mine in a manner; I must shake hands, and – yes – I must kiss him. It is right to establish a good understanding at the beginning.'

From pp. 136-137

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

And looking at her stiff white face my fury grew. 'What right have you to make promises in my name? Or to speak for me at all?'

'No, I had no right, I am sorry. I don't understand you. I know nothing about you, and I cannot speak for you...'

And that was all. I said good-bye to Baptiste. He bowed stiffly, unwillingly and muttered – wishes for a pleasant journey, I suppose. He hoped, I am sure, that he'd never set eyes on me again.

She had mounted and he went over to her. When she stretched her hand out he took it and still holding it spoke to her very earnestly. I did not hear what he said but I thought she would cry then. No, the doll's smile came back – nailed to her face. Even if she had wept like Magdalene it would have made no difference. I was exhausted. All the mad conflicting emotions had gone and left me wearied and empty. Sane.

I was tired of these people. I disliked their laughter and tears, their flattery and envy, conceit and deceit. And I hated the place.

I hated the mountains and the hills, the rivers and the rain. I hated the sunsets of whatever colour, I hated its beauty and its magic and the secret I would never know. I hated its indifference and the cruelty which was part of its loveliness. Above all I hated her. For she belonged to the magic and the loveliness. She had left me thirsty and all my life would be thirst and longing for what I had lost before I found it.

So we rode away and left it – the hidden place. Not for me and not for her. I'd look after that. She's far along the road now.

Very soon she'll join all the others who know the secret and will not tell it. Or cannot. Or try and fail because they do not know enough. They can be recognized. White faces, dazed eyes, aimless gestures, high-pitched laughter. The way they walk and talk and scream or try to kill (themselves or you) if you laugh back at them. Yes, they've got to be watched. For the time comes when they try to kill, then disappear. But others are waiting to take their places, it's a long, long line. She's one of them. I too can wait – for the day when she is only a memory to be avoided, locked away, and like all memories a legend. Or a lie...

I remember that as we turned the corner, I thought about Baptiste and wondered if he had another name – I'd never asked. And then that I'd sell the place for what it would fetch. I had meant to give it back to her. Now – what's the use?

The stupid boy followed us, the basket balanced on his head. He used the back of his hand to wipe away his tears. Who would have thought that any boy would cry like that. For nothing. Nothing...

From pp. 111-112

Crossing Boundaries

Dracula, Bram Stoker

8 July. – There is a method in his madness, and the rudimentary idea in my mind is growing. It will be a whole idea soon, and then, oh, unconscious celebration! you will have to give the wall to your conscious brother. I kept away from my friend for a few days, so that I might notice if there were any change. Things remain as they were except that he has parted with some of his pets and got a new one. He has managed to get a sparrow, and has already partially tamed it. His means of taming is simple, for already the spiders have diminished. Those that do remain, however, are well fed, for he still brings in the flies by tempting them with his food.

19 July. – We are progressing. My friend has now a whole colony of sparrows, and his flies and spiders are almost obliterated. When I came in he ran to me and said he wanted to ask me a great favour – a very, very great favour; and as he spoke he fawned on me like a dog. I asked him what it was, and he said, with a sort of rapture in his voice and bearing: -

‘A kitten, a nice little, sleek, playful kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed – and feed – and feed!’ I was not unprepared for this request, for I had noticed how his pets went on increasing in size and vivacity, but I did not care that his pretty family of tame sparrows should be wiped out in the same manner as the flies and the spiders; so I said I would see about it, and asked him if he would not rather have a cat than a kitten. His eagerness betrayed him as he answered: -

‘Oh yes, I would like a cat! I only asked for a kitten lest you should refuse me a cat. No one would refuse me a kitten, would they?’ I shook my head, and said that at present I feared it would not be possible, but that I would see about it. His face fell, and I could see a warning of danger in it, for there was a sudden fierce, sidelong look which meant killing. The man is an undeveloped homicidal maniac. I shall test him with his present craving and see how it will work out; then I shall know more.

10 p.m. – I have visited him again and found him sitting in a corner brooding. When I came in he threw himself on his knees before me and implored me to let him have a cat; that his salvation depended upon it. I was firm, however, and told him that he could not have it, whereupon he went without a word, and sat down, gnawing his fingers, in the corner where I had found him. I shall see him in the morning early.

20 July. – Visited Renfield very early, before the attendant went his rounds. Found him up and humming a tune. He was spreading out sugar, which he had saved, in the window, and was manifestly beginning his fly-catching again; and beginning it cheerfully and with good grace. I looked around for his birds, and not seeing them, asked him where they were. He replied, without turning round, that they had all flown away. There were a few feathers about the room and on his pillow a drop of blood.

From pp. 78-79

BLANK PAGE

BLANK PAGE

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

Every effort has been made to contact copyright holders to obtain their permission for the use of copyright material. Pearson Education Ltd. will, if notified, be happy to rectify any errors or omissions and include any such rectifications in future editions.