

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 19 May 2025

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 is finding out more about Gatsby and Wolfshiem.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how morality 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's life is in danger.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how revenge is explored throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Love and Loss

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

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER**3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood**

Read the extract on page 7 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George is talking to Kenny.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how George's thoughts are 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 is troubled by the aftermath of a hunt.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how responses to nature are presented 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, Cecil is introduced to county society.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how social expectations are explored 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, Heathcliff meets his son.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

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

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

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

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER**7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys**

Read the extract on page 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, the narrator is feeling distressed.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how different types of illness are presented throughout the novel
- 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, Van Helsing is explaining why it is essential to defeat Dracula.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Dracula is presented as a threat throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)

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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 18.

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 behaviour by individuals that others consider to be unacceptable.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)

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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 18.

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 reactions to the loss of love.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

OR

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 18.

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 make people feel uncomfortable.

In your answer you must consider:

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

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

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

Begin your answer on page 18.

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 how crossing boundaries can either bring people together or move them apart.

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 name of the texts you have answered the question on below:

Text 1

Text 2

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



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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 19 May 2025

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

**Paper
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English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

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Section A

Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

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

'Oh, it's nothing underhand,' he assured me. 'Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right.'

Suddenly he looked at his watch, jumped up, and hurried from the room, leaving me with Mr Wolfshiem at the table.

'He has to telephone,' said Mr Wolfshiem, following him with his eyes. 'Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman.'

'Yes.'

'He's an Oggsford man.'

'Oh!'

'He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?'

'I've heard of it.'

'It's one of the most famous colleges in the world.'

'Have you known Gatsby for a long time?' I inquired.

'Several years,' he answered in a gratified way. 'I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: "There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister."' He paused. 'I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.'

I hadn't been looking at them, but I did now. They were composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory.

'Finest specimens of human molars,' he informed me.

'Well!' I inspected them. 'That's a very interesting idea.'

'Yeah.' He flipped his sleeves up under his coat. 'Yeah, Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend's wife.'

When the subject of this instinctive trust returned to the table and sat down Mr Wolfshiem drank his coffee with a jerk and got to his feet.

'I have enjoyed my lunch,' he said, 'and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.'

'Don't hurry, Meyer,' said Gatsby, without enthusiasm. Mr Wolfshiem raised his hand in a sort of benediction.

'You're very polite, but I belong to another generation,' he announced solemnly. 'You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your – ' He supplied an imaginary noun with another wave of his hand. 'As for me, I am fifty years old, and I won't impose myself on you any longer.'

As he shook hands and turned away his tragic nose was trembling. I wonder if I had said anything to offend him.

'He becomes very sentimental sometimes,' explained Gatsby. 'This is one of his sentimental days. He's quite a character around New York – a denizen of Broadway.'

'Who is he, anyhow, an actor?'

'No.'

'A dentist?'

'Meyer Wolfshiem? No, he's a gambler.' Gatsby hesitated, then added, coolly: 'He's the man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919.'

The idea staggered me. I remembered, of course, that the World's Series had been fixed in 1919, but if I had thought of it at all I would have thought of it as a thing that merely *happened*, the end of some inevitable chain. It never occurred to me that one man could start to play with the faith of fifty million people – with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe.

'How did he happen to do that?' I asked after a minute.
'He just saw the opportunity.'
'Why isn't he in jail?'
'They can't get at him, old sport. He's a smart man.'

From pp. 70–72

Society and the Individual

***Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens**

'I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln—I'd carry two such to it, on my shoulders—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing.'

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella's father would believe I had deserted him, would be taken, would die accusing me; even Herbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him with the fact that I had called at Miss Havisham's gate for only a moment; Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been that night, none would ever know what I had suffered, how true I had meant to be, what an agony I had passed through. The death close before me was terrible, but far more terrible than death was the dread of being misremembered after death. And so quick were my thoughts, that I saw myself despised by unborn generations—Estella's children, and their children—while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

'Now, wolf,' said he, 'afore I kill you like any other beast—which is wot I mean to do and wot I have tied you up for—I'll have a good look at you and a good goad at you. Oh, you enemy.'

It had passed through my thoughts to cry out for help again; though few could know better than I, the solitary nature of the spot, and the hopelessness of aid. But as he sat gloating over me, I was supported by a scornful detestation of him that sealed my lips. Above all things, I resolved that I would not entreat him, and that I would die making some last poor resistance to him. Softened as my thoughts of all the rest of men were in that dire extremity; humbly beseeching pardon, as I did, of Heaven; melted at heart, as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never now could take farewell, of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I could have killed him, even in dying, I would have done it.

He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodshot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about him in other days. He brought the bottle to his lips, and took a fiery drink from it; and I smelt the strong spirits that I saw flash into his face.

'Wolf!' said he, folding his arms again, 'Old Orlick's a going to tell you somethink. It was you as did for your shrew sister.'

Again my mind, with its former inconceivable rapidity, had exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before his slow and hesitating speech had formed those words.

'It was you, villain,' said I.

'I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you,' he retorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. 'I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you to-night. I giv' it her! I left her for dead.'

From pp. 403–404



A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood

'She thinks you're – well, kind of cagey. Like this morning, when you were listening to all that crap we were talking about Huxley —'

'I didn't notice *you* doing much talking. I don't think you opened your mouth once.'

'I was watching you. ... No kidding, I think Lois is right! You let us ramble on, and then you straighten us out, and I'm not saying you don't teach us a lot of interesting stuff – you do – but you never tell us *all* you know about something —'

George feels flattered and excited. Kenny has never talked to him like this before. He can't resist slipping into the role Kenny so temptingly offers him.

'Well – maybe that's true; up to a point ... You see, Kenny, there are some things you don't even *know* you know, until you're asked.'

They have reached the tennis courts. The courts are all in use, now; dotted with moving figures. But George, with the lizard-quick glance of a veteran addict, has already noted that the morning's pair has left, and that none of these players are physically attractive. On the nearest court, a fat middle-aged faculty member is playing to work up a sweat, against a girl with hair on her legs.

'Someone has to ask you a question,' George continues, meaningly, 'before you can answer it. But it's so seldom you find anyone who'll ask the right questions. Most people aren't that much interested —'

Kenny is silent. Is he thinking this over? Is he going to ask George something right now? George's pulse quickens with anticipation.

'It's not that I *want* to be cagey,' he says, keeping his eyes on the ground and making this as impersonal as he can. 'You know, Kenny, so often I feel I want to *tell* things, *discuss* things, absolutely frankly. I don't mean in class, of course – that wouldn't work. Someone would be sure to misunderstand —'

Silence. George glances quickly up at Kenny and sees that he's looking, though without any apparent interest, at the hirsute girl. Perhaps he hasn't even been listening. It's impossible to tell.

'Maybe this friend of Lois's didn't see God, after all,' says Kenny abruptly. 'I mean, he might have been kidding himself. I mean, not too long after he took the stuff, he had a breakdown. He was locked up for three months in an institution. He told Lois that while he was having this breakdown he turned into a devil, and he could put out stars. I'm not kidding! He said he could put out seven of them at a time. He was scared of the police, though. He said the police had a machine for catching devils and liquidating them. It was called a MO-machine – MO, that's OM – you know, Sir, that Indian word for God – spelled backwards.'

'If the police liquidated devils, that would mean they were angels wouldn't it? Well, that certainly makes sense. A place where the police are angels has to be an insane asylum.'

Kenny is still laughing loudly at this when they reach the bookshop. He wants to buy a pencil sharpener. They have them in plastic covers; red or green or blue or yellow. Kenny takes a red one.

'What was it you wanted to get, Sir?'

'Well, nothing, actually.'

'You mean, you walked all the way down here just to keep me company?'

'Sure. Why not?'

Kenny seems sincerely surprised and pleased. 'Well, I think you deserve something for that! Here, Sir, take one of these. It's on me.'

'Oh, but – well, thank you!' George is actually blushing a little. It's as if he has been offered a rose.

From pp. 60–62

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

In the midst of these whimsical fancies she heard a new strange sound among the leaves. It might be the wind; yet there was scarcely any wind. Sometimes it was a palpitation, sometimes a flutter; sometimes it was a sort of gasp or gurgle. Soon she was certain that the noises came from wild creatures of some kind, the more so when, originating in the boughs overhead, they were followed by the fall of a heavy body upon the ground. Had she been ensconced here under other and more pleasant conditions she would have become alarmed; but, outside humanity, she had at present no fear.

Day at length broke in the sky. When it had been day aloft for some little while it became day in the wood.

Directly the assuring and prosaic light of the world's active hours had grown strong she crept from under the hillock of leaves, and looked around boldly. Then she perceived what had been going on to disturb her. The plantation wherein she had taken shelter ran down at this spot into a peak, which ended it hitherward, outside the hedge being arable ground. Under the trees several pheasants lay about, their rich plumage dabbled with blood; some were dead, some feebly twitching a wing, some staring up at the sky, some pulsating quickly, some contorted, some stretched out – all of them writhing in agony, except the fortunate ones whose tortures had ended during the night by the inability of nature to bear more.

Tess guessed at once the meaning of this. The birds had been driven down into this corner the day before by some shooting-party; and while those that had dropped dead under the shot, or had died before nightfall, had been searched for and carried off, many badly wounded birds had escaped and hidden themselves away, or risen among the thick boughs, where they had maintained their position till they grew weaker with loss of blood in the night-time, when they had fallen one by one as she had heard them.

She had occasionally caught glimpses of these men in girlhood, looking over hedges, or peering through bushes, and pointing their guns, strangely accoutred, a bloodthirsty light in their eyes. She had been told that, rough and brutal as they seemed just then, they were not like this all the year round, but were, in fact, quite civil persons save during certain weeks of autumn and winter, when, like the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, they ran amuck, and made it their purpose to destroy life – in this case harmless feathered creatures, bought into being by artificial means solely to gratify these propensities – at once so unmannerly and so unchivalrous towards their weaker fellows in Nature's teeming family.

With the impulse of a soul who could feel for kindred sufferers as much as for herself, Tess's first thought was to put the still living birds out of their torture, and to this end with her own hands she broke the necks of as many as she could find, leaving them to lie where she had found them till the gamekeepers should come – as they probably would come – to look for them a second time.

'Poor darlings – to suppose myself the most miserable being on earth in the sight o' such misery as yours!' she exclaimed, her tears running down as she killed the birds tenderly. 'And not a twinge of bodily pain about me! I be not mangled, and I be not bleeding, and I have two hands to feed and clothe me.' She was ashamed of herself for her gloom of the night, based on nothing more tangible than a sense of condemnation under an arbitrary law of society which had no foundation in Nature.

From pp. 326–327



Encounters

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

Cecil was more than presentable; he looked distinguished, and it was very pleasant to see his slim figure keeping step with Lucy, and his long, fair face responding when Lucy spoke to him. People congratulated Mrs Honeychurch, which is, I believe, a social blunder, but it pleased her, and she introduced Cecil rather indiscriminately to some stuffy dowagers.

At tea a misfortune took place: a cup of coffee was upset over Lucy's figured silk, and though Lucy feigned indifference her mother feigned nothing of the sort, but dragged her indoors to have the frock treated by a sympathetic maid. They were gone some time, and Cecil was left with the dowagers. When they returned he was not as pleasant as he had been.

'Do you go to much of this sort of thing?' he asked when they were driving home.

'Oh, now and then,' said Lucy, who had rather enjoyed herself.

'Is it typical of county society?'

'I suppose so. Mother, would it be?'

'Plenty of society,' said Mrs Honeychurch, who was trying to remember the hang of one of the dresses.

Seeing that her thoughts were elsewhere, Cecil bent towards Lucy and said:

'To me it seemed perfectly appalling, disastrous, portentous.'

'I am so sorry that you were stranded.'

'Not that, but the congratulations. It is so disgusting, the way an engagement is regarded as public property – a kind of waste place where every outsider may shoot his vulgar sentiment. All those old women smirking!'

'One has to go through it, I suppose. They won't notice us so much next time.'

'But my point is that their whole attitude is wrong. An engagement – horrid word in the first place – is a private matter, and should be treated as such.'

Yet the smirking old women, however wrong individually, were racially correct. The spirit of the generations had smiled through them, rejoicing in the engagement of Cecil and Lucy because it promised the continuance of life on earth. To Cecil and Lucy it promised something quite different – personal love. Hence Cecil's irritation and Lucy's belief that his irritation was just.

'How tiresome!' she said. 'Couldn't you have escaped to tennis?'

'I don't play tennis – at least, not in public. The neighbourhood is deprived of the romance of me being athletic. Such romance as I have is that of the Inglese Italianato.'

'Inglese Italianato?'

'È un diavolo incarnato! You know the proverb?'

She did not. Nor did it seem applicable to a young man who had spent a quiet winter in Rome with his mother. But Cecil, since his engagement, had taken to affect a cosmopolitan naughtiness which he was far from possessing.

'Well,' said he, 'I cannot help it if they do disapprove of me. There are certain irremovable barriers between myself and them, and I must accept them.'

'We all have our limitations, I suppose,' said wise Lucy.

'Sometimes they are forced on us, though,' said Cecil, who saw from her remark that she did not quite understand his position.

'How?'

'It makes a difference, doesn't it, whether we fence ourselves in, or whether we are fenced out by the barriers of others?'

She thought for a moment, and agreed that it did make a difference.

From pp. 100–102

Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

'Hallo, Nelly!' cried Mr Heathcliff, when he saw me. 'I feared I should have to come down and fetch my property myself – You've brought it, have you? Let us see what we can make of it.'

He got up and strode to the door: Hareton and Joseph followed in gaping curiosity. Poor Linton ran a frightened eye over the faces of the three.

'Sure-ly,' said Joseph after a grave inspection, 'he's swopped wi' ye, maister, an' yon's his lass!'

Heathcliff, having stared his son into an ague of confusion, uttered a scornful laugh.

'God! what a beauty! what a lovely, charming thing!' he exclaimed. 'Haven't they reared it on snails, and sour milk, Nelly? Oh, damn my soul! but that's worse than I expected – and the devil knows I was not sanguine!'

I bid the trembling and bewildered child get down, and enter. He did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of his father's speech, or whether it were intended for him: indeed, he was not yet certain that the grim, sneering stranger was his father; but he clung to me with growing trepidation; and on Mr Heathcliff's taking a seat, and bidding him 'come hither,' he hid his face on my shoulder, and wept.

'Tut, tut!' said Heathcliff, stretching out a hand and dragging him roughly between his knees, and then holding up his head by the chin. 'None of that nonsense! We're not going to hurt thee, Linton – isn't that thy name? Thou art thy mother's child, entirely! Where is *my* share in thee, puling chicken?'

He took off the boy's cap and pushed back his flaxen curls, felt his slender arms, and his small fingers; during which examination, Linton ceased crying, and lifted his great blue eyes to inspect the inspector.

'Do you know me?' asked Heathcliff, having satisfied himself that the limbs were all equally frail and feeble.

'No!' said Linton, with a gaze of vacant fear.

'You've heard of me, I dare say?'

'No,' he replied again.

'No? What a shame of your mother, never to waken your filial regard for me! You are my son, then, I'll tell you; and your mother was a wicked slut to leave you in ignorance of the sort of father you possessed – Now, don't wince, and colour up! Though it *is* something to see you have not white blood – Be a good lad; and I'll do for you – Nelly, if you be tired you may sit down, if not, get home again – I guess you'll report what you hear, and see, to the cipher at the Grange; and this thing won't be settled while you linger about it.'

'Well,' replied I, 'I hope you'll be kind to the boy, Mr Heathcliff, or you'll not keep him long, and he's all you have akin in the wide world that you will ever know – remember!'

'I'll be very kind to him, you needn't fear!' he said, laughing. 'Only nobody else must be kind to him – I'm jealous of monopolizing his affection – And, to begin my kindness, Joseph! bring the lad some breakfast – Hareton, you infernal calf, begone to your work. Yes, Nell,' he added when they were departed, 'my son is prospective owner of your place, and I should not wish him to die till I was certain of being his successor. Besides, he's *mine*, and I want the triumph of seeing *my* descendent fairly lord of their estates ...'

From pp. 205–206



Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

I woke in the dark after dreaming that I was buried alive, and when I was awake the feeling of suffocation persisted. Something was lying across my mouth; hair with a sweet heavy smell. I threw it off but still I could not breathe. I shut my eyes and lay without moving for a few seconds. When I opened them I saw the candles burnt down on the abominable dressing-table, then I knew where I was. The door on to the veranda was open and the breeze was so cold that I knew it must be very early in the morning, before dawn. I was cold too, deathly cold and sick and in pain. I got out of bed without looking at her, staggered into my dressing-room and saw myself in the glass. I turned away at once. I could not vomit. I only retched painfully.

I thought, I have been poisoned. But it was a dull thought, like a child spelling out the letters of a word which he cannot read, and which if he could would have no meaning or context. I was too giddy to stand and fell backwards on to the bed, looking at the blanket which was of a peculiar shade of yellow. After looking at it for some time I was able to go over to the window and vomit. It seemed like hours before this stopped. I would lean up against the wall and wipe my face, then the retching and sickness would start again. When it was over I lay on the bed too weak to move.

I have never made a greater effort in my life than I made then. I longed to lie there and sleep but forced myself up. I was weak and giddy but no longer sick or in pain. I put on my dressing-gown and splashed water on my face, then I opened the door into her room.

The cold light was on her and I looked at the sad droop of her lips, the frown between her thick eyebrows, deep as if it had been cut with a knife. As I looked she moved and flung her arm out. I thought coldly, yes, very beautiful, the thin wrist, the sweet smell of the forearm, the rounded elbow, the curve of her shoulder into her upper arm. All present, all correct. As I watched, hating, her face grew smooth and very young again, she even seemed to smile. A trick of the light perhaps. What else?

She may wake at any moment, I told myself. I must be quick. Her torn shift was on the floor, I drew the sheet over her gently as if I covered a dead girl. One of the glasses was empty, she had drained hers. There was some wine left in the other which was on the dressing-table. I dipped my finger into it and tasted it. It was bitter. I didn't look at her again, but holding the glass went on to the veranda. Hilda was there with a broom in her hand. I put my finger to my lips and she looked at me with huge eyes, then imitated me, putting her own finger to her lips.

As soon as I had dressed and got out of the house I began to run.

From pp. 87–89

Crossing Boundaries

***Dracula*, Bram Stoker**

I asked him again if it were really necessary that they should pursue the Count, for oh! I dread Jonathan leaving me, and I know that he would surely go if the others went. He answered in growing passion, at first quietly. As he went on, however, he grew more angry and more forceful, till in the end we could not but see wherein was at least some of that personal dominance which made him so long a master amongst men: –

‘Yes it is necessary – necessary – necessary! For your sake in the first, and then for the sake of humanity. This monster has done much harm already, in the narrow scope where he find himself, and in the short time when as yet he was only as a body groping his so small measure in darkness and not knowing. All this have I told these others; you, my dear Madam Mina, will learn it in the phonograph of my friend John, or in that of your husband. I have told them how the measure of leaving his own barren land – barren of peoples – and coming to a new land where life of man teems till they are like the multitude of standing corn, was the work of centuries. Were another of the Un-Dead, like him, to try to do what he has done, perhaps not all the centuries of the world that have been, or that will be, could aid him. With this one, all the forces of nature that are occult and deep and strong must have worked together in some wondrous way. The very place, where he have been alive, Un-dead for all these centuries, is full of strangeness of the geologic and chemical world. There are deep caverns and fissures that reach none know whither. There have been volcanoes, some of whose openings still send out waters of strange properties, and gases that kill or make to vivify. Doubtless, there is something magnetic or electric in some of these combinations of occult forces which work for physical life in a strange way; and in himself were from the first some great qualities. In a hard and warlike time he was celebrate that he have more iron nerve, more subtle brain, more braver heart, than any man. In him some vital principle have in strange way found their utmost; and as his body keep strong and grow and thrive, so his brain grow too. All this without that diabolic aid which is surely to him; for it have to yield to the powers that come from, and are, symbolic of good. And now this is what he is to us. He have infect you – oh forgive me, my dear, that I must say such; but it is for good of you that I speak. He infect you in such wise, that even if he do no more, you have only to live – to live in your own old, sweet way; and so in time, death, which is of man’s common lot and with God’s sanction, shall make you like to him.

From pp. 339–341

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

