



General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Level Examination  
June 2013

## English Literature (Specification A)

## LITA3

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

**Thursday 6 June 2013 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm**

**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 **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. 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.

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Answer **both** questions.

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**Question 1**

0	1
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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 Bradstreet (in **Item A**) and Nims (in **Item B**) use form, structure and language to present their thoughts and ideas. You should make relevant references to your wider reading in the poetry of love.

*(40 marks)*

**Question 2**

0	2
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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 strong emotions are presented in these **two** extracts.

In your answer you should consider the ways in which Shakespeare (in **Item C**) and Austen (in **Item D**) use form, structure and language to express 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**

**Anne Bradstreet** (1612–72) was born in England. In 1630 she emigrated to America with her husband and her parents. They settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

**A Letter to Her Husband, Absent Upon Public Employment**

My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay, more,  
My joy, my magazine of earthly store,  
If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lie?  
So many steps, head from the heart to sever,  
If but a neck, soon should we be together.  
I, like the Earth this season, mourn in black,  
My Sun is gone so far in's zodiac,  
Whom whilst I 'joyed, nor storms, nor frost I felt,  
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.  
My chilled limbs now numbed lie forlorn;  
Return, return, sweet Sol, from Capricorn;  
In this dead time, alas, what can I more  
Than view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?  
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,  
True living pictures of their father's face.  
O strange effect! now thou art southward gone,  
I weary grow the tedious day so long;  
But when thou northward to me shalt return,  
I wish my Sun may never set, but burn  
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,  
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.  
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,  
Till nature's sad decree shall call thee hence;  
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,  
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

**Item B**

**John Frederick Nims** (1913–1999) was an American poet and academic. He published the following poem in a collection entitled *The Iron Pastoral* in 1947.

**Love Poem**

My clumsiest dear, whose hands shipwreck vases,  
At whose quick touch all glasses chip and ring,  
Whose palms are bulls in china, burs in linen,  
And have no cunning with any soft thing

Except all ill-at-ease fidgeting people:  
The refugee uncertain at the door  
You make at home; deftly you steady  
The drunk clambering on his undulant floor.

Unpredictable dear, the taxi drivers' terror,  
Shrinking from far headlights pale as a dime  
Yet leaping before red apoplectic streetcars—  
Misfit in any space. And never on time.

A wrench in clocks and the solar system. Only  
With words and people and love you move at ease;  
In traffic of wit expertly manoeuvre  
And keep us, all devotion, at your knees,

Forgetting your coffee spreading on our flannel,  
Your lipstick grinning on our coat,  
So gayly in love's unbreakable heaven  
Our souls on glory of spilt bourbon float.

Be with me, darling, early and late. Smash glasses—  
I will study wry music for your sake.  
For should your hands drop white and empty  
All the toys of the world would break.

**Turn over for Item C**

**Turn over ►**

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**Item C**

*Twelfth Night*, by **William Shakespeare** (1564–1616) was first performed in 1601. The following is the play's opening scene. Duke Orsino is lovesick for Olivia, a countess. Olivia lives nearby and is mourning the death of her brother.

**1.1** [Music] *Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO and VALENTINE (two gentlemen who wait on Orsino) and other Lords*

ORSINO If Music be the food of Love, play on,  
 Give me excess of it: that surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again, it had a dying fall:  
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound  
 That breathes upon a bank of Violets;  
 Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,  
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.  
 O spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
 That notwithstanding thy capacity,  
 Receiveth as the Sea, Nought enters there,  
 Of what validity, and pitch soe'er,  
 But falls into abatement, and low price  
 Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,  
 That it alone, is high fantastical.

CURIO Will you go hunt, my Lord?

ORSINO What, Curio?

CURIO The Hart<sup>1</sup>.

ORSINO Why, so I do, the Noblest that I have:  
 O when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purged the air of pestilence;  
 That instant was I turned into a Hart,  
 And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE*

How now, what news from her?

VALENTINE So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
 The Element itself, till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view:  
 But, like a Cloistress she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her Chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

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<sup>1</sup> Hart – deer.

ORSINO O she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath killed the flock of all affections else  
That live in her. When Liver, Brain, and Heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled  
Her sweet perfections with one selfsame king:  
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowers,  
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

*Exeunt*

**Turn over for Item D**

**Turn over ►**

## Item D

Published in 1811, *Sense and Sensibility* by **Jane Austen** (1775–1817) tells the stories of two sisters, Elinor and Marianne Dashwood. Marianne's life is thrown into turmoil when John Willoughby, the man she hoped to marry, leaves suddenly for London.

The Dashwoods go to London to stay with their friend, Mrs Jennings; Marianne writes to Willoughby, but receives no reply. In the following extract, the sisters and Mrs Jennings are attending a party hosted by Sir John and Lady Middleton where Marianne is shocked to see Willoughby talking to 'a very fashionable looking young woman'.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "he is there—he is there—Oh! why does he not look at me? why cannot I speak to him?"

"Pray, pray be composed," cried Elinor, "and do not betray what you feel to every body present. Perhaps he has not observed you yet."

This however was more than she could believe herself; and to be composed at such a moment was not only beyond the reach of Marianne, it was beyond her wish. She sat in an agony of impatience, which affected every feature.

At last he turned round again, and regarded them both; she started up, and pronouncing his name in a tone of affection, held out her hand to him. He approached, and addressing himself rather to Elinor than Marianne, as if wishing to avoid her eye, and determined not to observe her attitude, inquired in a hurried manner after Mrs Dashwood, and asked how long they had been in town. Elinor was robbed of all presence of mind by such an address, and was unable to say a word. But the feelings of her sister were instantly expressed. Her face was crimsoned over, and she exclaimed in a voice of the greatest emotion, "Good God! Willoughby, what is the meaning of this? Have you not received my letters? Will you not shake hands with me?"

He could not then avoid it, but her touch seemed painful to him, and he held her hand only for a moment. During all this time he was evidently struggling for composure. Elinor watched his countenance and saw its expression becoming more tranquil. After a moment's pause, he spoke with calmness.

"I did myself the honour of calling in Berkeley-street last Tuesday, and very much regretted that I was not fortunate enough to find yourselves and Mrs Jennings at home. My card was not lost, I hope."

"But have you not received my notes?" cried Marianne in the wildest anxiety. "Here is some mistake I am sure—some dreadful mistake. What can be the meaning of it? Tell me, Willoughby; for heaven's sake tell me, what is the matter?"

He made no reply; his complexion changed and all his embarrassment returned; but as if, on catching the eye of the young lady with whom he had been previously talking, he felt the necessity of instant exertion, he recovered himself again, and after saying, "Yes, I had the pleasure of receiving the information of your arrival in town, which you were so good as to send me," turned hastily away with a slight bow and joined his friend.

Marianne, now looking dreadfully white, and unable to stand, sunk into her chair, and Elinor, expecting every moment to see her faint, tried to screen her from the observation of others, while reviving her with lavender water.

"Go to him, Elinor," she cried, as soon as she could speak, "and force him to come to me. Tell him I must see him again—must speak to him instantly. I cannot rest—I shall not have a moment's peace till this is explained—some dreadful misapprehension or other. Oh go to him this moment."

"How can that be done? No, my dearest Marianne, you must wait. This is not a place for explanations. Wait only till to-morrow."

With difficulty however could she prevent her from following him herself; and to persuade her to check her agitation, to wait, at least, with the appearance of composure, till she might speak to him with more privacy and more effect, was impossible; for Marianne continued incessantly to give way in a low voice to the misery of her feelings, by exclamations of wretchedness. In a short time Elinor saw Willoughby quit the room by the door towards the staircase, and telling Marianne that he was

gone, urged the impossibility of speaking to him again that evening, as a fresh argument for her to be calm. She instantly begged her sister would entreat Lady Middleton to take them home, as she was too miserable to stay a minute longer.

Lady Middleton, though in the middle of a rubber, on being informed that Marianne was unwell, was too polite to object for a moment to her wish of going away, and making over her cards to a friend, they departed as soon as the carriage could be found. Scarcely a word was spoken during their return to Berkeley-street. Marianne was in silent agony, too much oppressed even for tears; but as Mrs Jennings was luckily not come home, they could go directly to their own room, where hartshorn<sup>1</sup> restored her a little to herself. She was soon undressed and in bed, and as she seemed desirous of being alone, her sister then left her, and while she waited the return of Mrs Jennings, had leisure enough for thinking over the past.

That some kind of engagement had subsisted between Willoughby and Marianne she could not doubt; and that Willoughby was weary of it, seemed equally clear; for however Marianne might still feed her own wishes, *she* could not attribute such behaviour to mistake or misapprehension of any kind. Nothing but a thorough change of sentiment could account for it. Her indignation would have been still stronger than it was, had she not witnessed that embarrassment which seemed to speak a consciousness of his own misconduct, and prevented her from believing him so unprincipled as to have been sporting with the affections of her sister from the first, without any design that would bear investigation. Absence might have weakened his regard, and convenience might have determined him to overcome it, but that such a regard had formerly existed she could not bring herself to doubt.

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<sup>1</sup>hartshorn – a sharp-smelling substance inhaled to aid recovery.

**END OF ITEMS**

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Item A: *A Letter to Her Husband, Absent Upon Public Employment*, by Anne Bradstreet. Published by Harvard University Press.

Item B: *Love Poem*, by John Frederick Nims. Published by Louisiana State University.

Item C: Extract from *Twelfth Night*, by William Shakespeare. Published by Cambridge University Press.

Item D: Extract from *Sense and Sensibility*, by Jane Austen. Published by Folio Society.

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