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# AS

## ENGLISH LITERATURE A

Paper 2 Love through the ages: prose

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Wednesday 24 May 2017      Afternoon      Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes

### Materials

For this paper you must have:

- an AQA 12-page answer book
- a copy of each of the set texts you have studied for Section B. These texts must **not** be annotated and must **not** contain additional notes or materials.

### Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Paper Reference** is 7711/2.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- Answer the question in Section A and **one** question from Section B.

### Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- You will be marked on your ability to:
  - use good English
  - organise information clearly
  - use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.
- In your response you need to:
  - analyse carefully the writers' methods
  - explore the contexts of the texts you are writing about
  - explore connections across the texts you have studied
  - explore different interpretations of your texts.

**Section A: Unseen prose**

Answer the question in this section.

**0 1** *Sons and Lovers* by DH Lawrence was published in 1913. The novel is set in Nottinghamshire in the early 1900s. In this extract, Paul, the son of a miner, is walking with Miriam, the daughter of a local farmer.

Examine the view that Lawrence shows Miriam and Paul to have similar feelings about falling in love.

Make close reference to the writer's methods in your response.

**[25 marks]**

He followed her across the nibbled pasture in the dusk. There was a coolness in the wood, a scent of leaves, of honeysuckle, and a twilight. The two walked in silence. Night came wonderfully there, among the throng of dark tree-trunks. He looked round, expectant.

She wanted to show him a certain wild-rose bush she had discovered. She knew it was wonderful. And yet, till he had seen it, she felt it had not come into her soul. Only he could make it her own, immortal. She was dissatisfied.

Dew was already on the paths. In the old oak-wood a mist was rising and he hesitated, wondering whether one whiteness were a strand of fog or only campion flowers, pallid in a cloud.

By the time they came to the pine-trees Miriam was getting very eager and very tense. Her bush might be gone. She might not be able to find it. And she wanted it so much. Almost passionately, she wanted to be with him when she stood before the flowers. They were going to have a communion together, something that thrilled her, something holy. He was walking beside her in silence. They were very near to each other. She trembled, and he listened, vaguely anxious.

Coming to the edge of the wood, they saw the sky in front like mother-of-pearl, and the earth growing dark. Somewhere on the outermost branches of the pine-wood the honey-suckle was streaming scent.

"Where?" he asked.

"Down the middle path," she murmured, quivering.

When they turned the corner of the path she stood still. In the wide walk between the pines, gazing rather frightened, she could distinguish nothing for some moments, the greying light robbed things of their colour. Then she saw her bush.

"Ah!" she cried, hastening forward.

It was very still. The tree was tall and straggling. It had thrown its briers over a hawthorn bush, and its long streamers trailed thick, right down to the grass, splashing the darkness everywhere with great spilt stars, pure white. In bosses of ivory and in large splashed stars the roses gleamed on the darkness of foliage and stems and grass. Paul and Miriam stood close together, silent, and watched. Point after point, the steady roses shone out to them, seeming to kindle something in their souls. The dusk came like smoke around, and still did not put out the roses.

Paul looked into Miriam's eyes. She was pale and expectant with wonder, her lips were parted, and her dark eyes lay open to him. His look seemed to travel down into her. Her soul quivered. It was the communion she wanted. He turned aside, as if pained. He turned to the bush.

“They seem as if they walk like butterflies, and shake themselves,” he said. She looked at her roses. They were white, some incurved and holy, others expanded in an ecstasy. The tree was dark as a shadow. She lifted her hand impulsively to the flowers, she went forward and touched them in worship.

“Let us go,” he said.

There was a cool scent of ivory roses, a white, virgin scent. Something made him feel anxious and imprisoned. The two walked in silence.

“Till Sunday,” he said quietly, and left her, and she walked home slowly, feeling her soul satisfied with the holiness of the night. He stumbled down the path. And as soon as he was out of the wood, in the free open meadow where he could breathe, he started to run as fast as he could. It was like a delicious delirium in his veins.

**Turn over for Section B**

**Turn over ►**

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**Section B: Comparing prose texts**

Answer **one** question in this section.

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**Either**

**0 2** 'Literature often suggests that love can break down any barrier.'

By comparing **two** prose texts, explore the extent to which you agree with this statement.

**[25 marks]**

**or**

**0 3** 'In literature, lovers always deceive each other and themselves.'

By comparing **two** prose texts, explore the extent to which you agree with this statement.

**[25 marks]**

**END OF QUESTIONS**

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