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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/53**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**May/June 2017**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

At least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

**Remember**, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Lucio and Claudio.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage and its significance in the play.

*Duke:* I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 5

*Isabella:* Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke:* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea? 10

*Isabella:* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke:* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 15  
20

*Isabella:* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke:* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 25  
30

*Isabella:* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke:* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it. 35

*Isabella:* Show me how, good father.

- Duke:* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance  
of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all  
reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an  
impediment in the current, made it more violent and  
unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a  
plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the  
point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that  
your stay with him may not be long; that the time may  
have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer  
to convenience. This being granted in course – and now  
follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead  
up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter  
acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her  
recompense; and here, by this, is your brother saved,  
your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged,  
and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame  
and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry  
this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends  
the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? 40  
45  
50  
55
- Isabella:* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it  
will grow to a most prosperous perfection.
- Duke:* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to  
Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give  
him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint  
Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this  
dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and  
dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. 60
- Isabella:* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. 65  
[Exeunt severally.]

Act 3, Scene 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) Othello refers to himself as ‘one that loved not wisely, but too well’.

In the light of this comment, discuss Shakespeare’s presentation of Othello and Desdemona’s relationship.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage and what it contributes to your understanding of Othello and Iago.

*Iago:* I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love; but I do see you are mov’d.  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion. 5

*Othello:* I will not.

*Iago:* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
Which my thoughts aim’d not. Cassio’s my worthy  
friend – 10  
My lord, I see you are mov’d.

*Othello:* No, not much mov’d.  
I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.

*Iago:* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Othello:* And yet, how nature erring from itself – 15

*Iago:* Ay, there’s the point: as – to be bold with you –  
Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends –  
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank, 20  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
But pardon me – I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms, 25  
And happily repent.

*Othello:* Farewell, farewell.  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago:* My lord, I take my leave. [Going. 30

*Othello:* Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless  
Sees and knows more – much more than he unfolds.

*Iago:* [Returning] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.  
Although ’tis fit that Cassio have his place, 35  
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,  
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity; 40  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears –

As worthy cause I have to fear I am –  
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Othello*: Fear not my government. 45

*Iago*: I once more take my leave. [Exit.

*Othello*: This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
 Of human dealing. If I do prove her haggard,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, 50

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
 And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd  
 Into the vale of years – yet that's not much – 55

She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 60

Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:

Even then this forked plague is fated to us 65  
 When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

[*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
 I'll not believe it.

Act 3, Scene 3

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

**Remember**, at least **one** of the questions you answer must be a **(b) passage-based** question chosen from **either** Section A **or** Section B.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

**3 Either (a)** What, in your view, is the significance of the relationship between Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax to the novel's meaning and effects?

**Or (b)** Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and show what it contributes to your understanding of Austen's methods and concerns.

After tea, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and Mr. Elton sat down with Mr. Woodhouse to cards. The remaining five were left to their own powers, and Emma doubted their getting on very well; for Mr. Knightley seemed little disposed for conversation; Mrs. Elton was wanting notice, which nobody had inclination to pay, and she was herself in a worry of spirits which would have made her prefer being silent. 5

Mr. John Knightley proved more talkative than his brother. He was to leave them early the next day; and he soon began with —

“Well, Emma, I do not believe I have any thing more to say about the boys; but you have your sister's letter, and every thing is down at full length there we may be sure. My charge would be much more concise than her's, and probably not much in the same spirit; all that I have to recommend being comprised in, do not spoil them, and do not physic them.” 10

“I rather hope to satisfy you both,” said Emma, “for I shall do all in my power to make them happy, which will be enough for Isabella; and happiness must preclude false indulgence and physic.” 15

“And if you find them troublesome, you must send them home again.”

“That is very likely. You think so, do not you?”

“I hope I am aware that they may be too noisy for your father — or even may be some incumbrance to you, if your visiting-engagements continue to increase as much as they have done lately.” 20

“Increase!”

“Certainly; you must be sensible that the last half year has made a great difference in your way of life.”

“Difference! No indeed I am not.” 25

“There can be no doubt of your being much more engaged with company than you used to be. Witness this very time. Here am I come down for only one day, and you are engaged with a dinner-party! — When did it happen before, or any thing like it? Your neighbourhood is increasing, and you mix more with it. A little while ago, every letter to Isabella brought an account of fresh gaieties; dinners at Mr. Cole's, or balls at the Crown. The difference which Randalls, Randalls alone makes in your goings-on, is very great.” 30

“Yes,” said his brother quickly, “it is Randalls that does it all.”

“Very well — and as Randalls, I suppose, is not likely to have less influence than heretofore, it strikes me as a possible thing, Emma, that Henry and John may be sometimes in the way. And if they are, I only beg you to send them home.” 35

“No,” cried Mr. Knightley, “that need not be the consequence. Let them be sent to Donwell. I shall certainly be at leisure.” 40

“Upon my word,” exclaimed Emma, “you amuse me! I should like to know how many of all my numerous engagements take place without your being of the party; and why I am to be supposed in danger of wanting leisure to attend to the little boys. These amazing engagements of mine — what have they been? Dining once with the Coles — and having a ball talked of, which never took place. I can understand you — (nodding at Mr. John Knightley) — your good fortune in meeting with so many of your friends at once here, delights you too much to pass unnoticed. But you, (turning to Mr. Knightley,) who know how very, very seldom I am ever two hours from Hartfield, why you should foresee such a series of dissipation for me, I cannot imagine. And as to my dear little boys, I must say, that if aunt Emma has not time for them, I do not think they would fare much better with uncle Knightley, who is absent from home about five hours when she is absent one — and who, when he is at home, is either reading to himself or settling his accounts.”

Mr. Knightley seemed to be trying not to smile; and succeeded without difficulty, upon Mrs. Elton’s beginning to talk to him.

Volume 2, Chapter 18

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) What in your view does Brontë's presentation of marriage contribute to the meaning and effects of *Wuthering Heights*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Brontë's methods of characterisation in *Wuthering Heights*.

Hareton's chest heaved in silence a minute: he laboured under a severe sense of mortification and wrath, which it was no easy task to suppress. I rose, and, from a gentlemanly idea of relieving his embarrassment, took up my station in the doorway, surveying the external prospect as I stood. He followed my example, and left the room; but presently reappeared, bearing half-a-dozen volumes in his hands, which he threw into Catherine's lap, exclaiming: 5

"Take them! I never want to hear, or read, or think of them again!"

"I won't have them now," she answered. "I shall connect them with you, and hate them." 10

She opened one that had obviously been often turned over, and read a portion in the drawling tone of a beginner; then laughed, and threw it from her. "And listen," she continued provokingly, commencing a verse of an old ballad in the same fashion.

But his self-love would endure no further torment: I heard, and not altogether disapprovingly, a manual check given to her saucy tongue. The little wretch had done her utmost to hurt her cousin's sensitive though uncultivated feelings, and a physical argument was the only mode he had of balancing the account, and repaying its effects on the inflicter. He afterwards gathered the books and hurled them on the fire. I read in his countenance what anguish it was to offer that sacrifice to spleen. I fancied that as they consumed, he recalled the pleasure they had already imparted, and the triumph and ever-increasing pleasure he had anticipated from them; and I fancied I guessed the incitement to his secret studies also. He had been content with daily labour and rough animal enjoyments, till Catherine crossed his path. Shame at her scorn, and hope of her approval, were his first prompters to higher pursuits; and, instead of guarding him from one and winning him to the other, his endeavours to rise himself had produced just the contrary result. 15 20 25

"Yes; that's all the good that such a brute as you can get from them!" cried Catherine, sucking her damaged lip, and watching the conflagration with indignant eyes. 30

"You'd *better* hold your tongue, now," he answered fiercely.

And his agitation precluding further speech, he advanced hastily to the entrance, where I made way for him to pass. But ere he had crossed the door-stones, Mr. Heathcliff, coming up the causeway, encountered him, and laying hold of his shoulder, asked: 35

"What's to do now, my lad?"

"Naught, naught," he said, and broke away to enjoy his grief and anger in solitude. 40

Heathcliff gazed after him, and sighed.

"It will be odd if I thwart myself," he muttered, unconscious that I was behind him. "But when I look for his father in his face, I find *her* every day more. How the devil is he so like? I can hardly bear to see him."

He bent his eyes to the ground, and walked moodily in. There was a restless, anxious expression in his countenance I had never remarked there before; and he looked sparer in person. His daughter-in-law, on 45



perceiving him through the window, immediately escaped to the kitchen, so that I remained alone.

“I’m glad to see you out of doors again, Mr. Lockwood,” he said, in reply to my greeting; “from selfish motives partly: I don’t think I could readily supply your loss in this desolation. I’ve wondered more than once what brought you here.”

50

“An idle whim, I fear, sir,” was my answer; “or else an idle whim is going to spirit me away. I shall set out for London, next week; and I must give you warning that I feel no disposition to retain Thrushcross Grange beyond the twelve months I agreed to rent it. I believe I shall not live there any more.”

55

“Oh, indeed; you’re tired of being banished from the world, are you?” he said. “But if you be coming to plead off paying for a place you won’t occupy, your journey is useless: I never relent in exacting my due from any one.”

60

Volume 2, Chapter 17

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Chaucer's presentation of different attitudes to love in *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Franklin's Prologue and Tale*.

Another tyme ther wolde she sitte and thynke,  
 And caste hir eyen downward fro the brynke.  
 But whan she saugh the grisly rokkes blake,  
 For verray feere so wolde hir herte quake  
 That on hire feet she myghte hire noght sustene. 5  
 Thanne wolde she sitte adoun upon the grene,  
 And pitously into the see biholde,  
 And seyn right thus, with sorweful sikkes colde:  
 "Eterne God, that thurgh thy purveiaunce  
 Ledest the world by certein governaunce, 10  
 In ydel, as men seyn, ye no thyng make.  
 But, Lord, thise grisly feendly rokkes blake,  
 That semen rather a foul confusion  
 Of werk than any fair creacion  
 Of swich a parfit wys God and a stable, 15  
 Why han ye wrought this werk unresonable?  
 For by this werk, south, north, ne west, ne eest,  
 Ther nys yfostred man, ne bryd, ne beest;  
 It dooth no good, to my wit, but anoyeth.  
 Se ye nat, Lord, how mankynde it destroyeth? 20  
 An hundred thousand bodyes of mankynde  
 Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in mynde,  
 Which mankynde is so fair part of thy werk  
 That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene merk.  
 Thanne semed it ye hadde a greet chiertee 25  
 Toward mankynde; but how thanne may it bee  
 That ye swiche meenes make it to destroyen,  
 Whiche meenes do no good, but evere anoyen?  
 I woot wel clerkes wol seyn as hem leste,  
 By argumentz, that al is for the beste, 30  
 Though I ne kan the causes nat yknowe.  
 But thilke God that made wynd to blowe  
 As kepe my lord! This my conclusion.  
 To clerkes lete I al disputison.  
 But wolde God that alle thise rokkes blake 35  
 Were sonken into helle for his sake!  
 Thise rokkes sleen myn herte for the feere."  
 Thus wolde she seyn, with many a pitous teere.

from *The Franklin's Tale*

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickens's presentation of family life.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage and show what it contributes to your understanding of the relationships presented here.

It was quite in vain for me to endeavour to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite, he persisted in being to me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham. 5

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear good fellow – I *know* I was ashamed of him – when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham. 10

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated; for he made no reply at all. "Why don't you answer—" 15

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short, as if he were hurt, "which I mean to say that were not a question requiring an answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?" 20

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip?" 25

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

"This is wery liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowheres. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you and me do our duty, both on us by one and another, and by them which your liberal present – have – conveyed – to be – for the satisfaction of mind – of – them as never –" here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words had such a round and convincing sound for him that he said them twice. 30

"Good-by, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella." 35

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more." 45

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'My soul into the boughs does glide:  
There like a bird it sits and sings.'  
(from *The Garden*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss some of the ways in which Marvell presents the soul. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following extract from *Damon the Mower* and show what it contributes to your understanding of Marvell's poetic methods and concerns.

'I am the Mower Damon, known  
Through all the meadows I have mown.  
On me the morn her dew distills  
Before her darling daffodils.  
And, if at noon my toil me heat, 5  
The sun himself licks off my sweat.  
While, going home, the evening sweet  
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

'What, though the piping shepherd stock  
The plains with an unnumbered flock, 10  
This scythe of mine discovers wide  
More ground than all his sheep do hide.  
With this the golden fleece I shear  
Of all these closes every year.  
And though in wool more poor than they, 15  
Yet am I richer far in hay.

'Nor am I so deformed to sight,  
If in my scythe I lookèd right;  
In which I see my picture done,  
As in a crescent moon the sun. 20  
The deathless fairies take me oft  
To lead them in their dances soft:  
And, when I tune myself to sing,  
About me they contract their ring.

'How happy might I still have mowed, 25  
Had not Love here his thistles sowed!  
But now I all the day complain,  
Joining my labour to my pain;  
And with my scythe cut down the grass,  
Yet still my grief is where it was: 30  
But, when the iron blunter grows,  
Sighing, I whet my scythe and woes.'

While thus he threw his elbow round,  
Depopulating all the ground,  
And, with his whistling scythe, does cut 35  
Each stroke between the earth and root,  
The edgèd steel by careless chance  
Did into his own ankle glance;  
And there among the grass fell down,  
By his own scythe, the Mower mown. 40

'Alas!' said he, 'these hurts are slight  
To those that die by love's despite.  
With shepherd's-purse, and clown's-all-heal,  
The blood I staunch, and wound I seal.  
Only for him no cure is found, 45  
Whom Juliana's eyes do wound.  
'Tis death alone that this must do:  
For Death thou art a Mower too.'

from *Damon the Mower*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Those pleasant days long gone  
Of not-returning time.'  
(from *Goblin Market*)

Discuss some of the ways Rossetti presents time and time passing in her poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following extract from *The Convent Threshold* and show what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's methods and concerns.

There's blood between us, love, my love,  
There's father's blood, there's brother's blood;  
And blood's a bar I cannot pass:  
I choose the stairs that mount above,  
Stair after golden skyward stair, 5  
To city and to sea of glass.

My lily feet are soiled with mud,  
With scarlet mud which tells a tale  
Of hope that was, of guilt that was, 10  
Of love that shall not yet avail;  
Alas, my heart, if I could bare

My heart, this selfsame stain is there:  
I seek the sea of glass and fire  
To wash the spot, to burn the snare; 15  
Lo, stairs are meant to lift us higher:  
Mount with me, mount the kindled stair.

Your eyes look earthward, mine look up.  
I see the far-off city grand,  
Beyond the hills a watered land, 20  
Beyond the gulf a gleaming strand  
Of mansions where the righteous sup;  
Who sleep at ease among their trees,  
Or wake to sing a cadenced hymn

With Cherubim and Seraphim; 25  
They bore the Cross, they drained the cup,  
Racked, roasted, crushed, wrenched limb from limb,  
They the offscouring of the world:  
The heaven of starry heavens unfurled,  
The sun before their face is dim.

You looking earthward, what see you? 30  
Milk-white, wine-flushed among the vines,  
Up and down leaping, to and fro,  
Most glad, most full, made strong with wines,  
Blooming as peaches pearled with dew,  
Their golden windy hair afloat, 35  
Love-music warbling in their throat,  
Young men and women come and go.

You linger, yet the time is short:  
Flee for your life, gird up your strength  
To flee; the shadows stretched at length 40  
Show that day wanes; that night draws nigh;  
Flee to the mountain, tarry not.  
Is this a time for smile and sigh,  
For songs among the secret trees  
Where sudden blue birds nest and sport? 45  
The time is short and yet you stay:  
Today while it is called today  
Kneel, wrestle, knock, do violence, pray;  
Today is short, tomorrow nigh:  
Why will you die? why will you die? 50

from *The Convent Threshold*

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