



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/43

Paper 4

October/November 2011

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **24** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

Either *1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

REQUIEM

- Charley:* It's getting dark, Linda.
[Linda *doesn't react. She stares at the grave.*]
- Biff:* How about it, Mom? Better get some rest, heh? They'll be closing the gate soon.
[Linda *makes no move. Pause.*] 5
- Happy:* [*deeply angered*] He had no right to do that. There was no necessity for it. We would've helped him.
- Charley:* [*grunting*] Hmm.
- Biff:* Come along, Mom.
- Linda:* Why didn't anybody come? 10
- Charley:* It was a very nice funeral.
- Linda:* But where are all the people he knew? Maybe they blame him.
- Charley:* Naa. It's a rough world, Linda. They wouldn't blame him.
- Linda:* I can't understand it. At this time especially. First time in thirty-five years we were just about free and clear. He only needed a little salary. He was even finished with the dentist. 15
- Charley:* No man only needs a little salary.
- Linda:* I can't understand it.
- Biff:* There were a lot of nice days. When he'd come home from a trip; or on Sundays, making the stoop; finishing the cellar; putting on the new porch; when he built the extra bathroom; and put up the garage. You know something, Charley, there's more of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made. 20
- Charley:* Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement.
- Linda:* He was so wonderful with his hands. 25
- Biff:* He had the wrong dreams. All, all, wrong.
- Happy:* [*almost ready to fight Biff*] Don't say that!
- Biff:* He never knew who he was.
- Charley:* [*stopping Happy's movement and reply. To Biff*] Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back – that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory. 30
- Biff:* Charley, the man didn't know who he was.
- Happy:* [*infuriated*] Don't say that!
- Biff:* Why don't you come with me, Happy? 40
- Happy:* I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! [*He looks at Biff, his chin set.*] The Loman Brothers!
- Biff:* I know who I am, kid.

<i>Happy:</i>	All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have – to come out number-one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him.	45
<i>Biff:</i>	[<i>with a hopeless glance at Happy, bends towards his mother</i>] Let's go, Mom.	50
<i>Linda:</i>	I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley. [<i>He hesitates.</i>] I want to, just for a minute. I never had a chance to say good-bye. [<i>Charley moves away, followed by Happy. Biff remains a slight distance up and left of Linda. She sits there, summoning herself. The flute begins, not far away, playing behind her speech.</i>]	55
<i>Linda:</i>	Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't know what it is, but I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me, Willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home. [<i>A sob rises in her throat.</i>] We're free and clear. [<i>Sobbing more fully, released.</i>] We're free. [<i>Biff comes slowly toward her.</i>] We're free ... We're free ...	60
	[<i>Biff lifts her to her feet and moves out up right with her in his arms. Linda sobs quietly. Bernard and Charley come together and follow them, followed by Happy. Only the music of the flute is left on the darkening stage as over the house the hard towers of the apartment buildings rise into sharp focus.</i>]	65
		70

What do you think makes this such a sad ending to the play? Support your ideas with details from Miller's writing.

- Or** †2 Explore in detail **two** moments in the play when for you Miller vividly conveys Willy's increasing desperation.
- Or** 3 You are Linda at the beginning of the play. You are lying in bed and you hear Willy's car outside.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

Either *4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

	Rosie <i>exits</i> . Awkward pause.	
Margaret:	How's Manchester?	
Jackie:	Fine.	
Margaret:	Working hard?	
Jackie:	Yes. [<i>Uneasy silence.</i>]	5
Margaret:	I've got a full-time job now, too.	
Jackie:	[<i>pleased</i>] That's good. I'm hoping to open a gallery of my own in a couple of years, with Simon, if we can get the backing.	
Margaret:	Oh I did like Simon.	
Jackie:	We're not – together any more.	10
Margaret:	[<i>gently</i>] It would be nice, Jackie, if you found someone, I know you'll hate me for saying this, but it could be very lonely when you're –	
Jackie:	Mummy – [<i>Stops.</i>] Simon wanted children, I tried to believe I could start again. – Stupid – I just kept dreaming about Rosie.	15
	<i>Moment.</i>	
Rosie:	[<i>calls</i>] Mum! – Where's the Blu-tac?	
Margaret:	[<i>calls</i>] In the cupboard with the carrier bags.	
Rosie:	[<i>calls</i>] Oh, s'all right ...	
Jackie:	She doesn't need me, does she?	20
Margaret:	No.	
Rosie:	[<i>running in</i>] No what?	
Jackie:	No you don't ride your bike on the main road.	
Rosie:	I do! Me and Zoe Taylor nearly crashed, we were kazooming –	
Jackie:	Well you shouldn't! NEVER, ever – I'm sorry Rosie, I didn't mean to shout at you – [<i>Rosie has run off. Silence.</i>] I do worry about her getting run over, or getting ill, or lost or attacked, and me not being there ...	25
Margaret:	I worry about YOU.	
Jackie:	Still?	30
Margaret:	Mothers don't grow out of it.	
Jackie:	[<i>hands Margaret a small carefully wrapped package</i>] Here.	
Margaret:	A present – for me? [<i>Opens it.</i>]	
Jackie:	It's lace.	35
Margaret:	[<i>turning it over in her hands</i>] Where was it you were this time? – Greece? [<i>Bemused.</i>] I try to imagine what it's like, when you go off on these trips by yourself, no one else to think about!	
Jackie:	It's from the convent on the island. The nuns have used the same pattern for a thousand years.	40
Margaret:	Thank you dear.	
Jackie:	[<i>slight pause</i>] Mummy, I've been given a rise; new bikes are expensive ... I want to give you a cheque –	
Margaret:	How dare you! This isn't one of your art deals! [<i>Snatches the cheque and tears it up.</i>]	45
Rosie:	[<i>runs in</i>] What is it Mum? [<i>Hugs Margaret. To Jackie.</i>] I hate you! [<i>Clings to Margaret.</i>] Mum, I want you to see where I've put my painting.	
Margaret:	[<i>as they go into the house together</i>] ... All right darling. Jackie <i>stays sitting a moment. She sees the old spoon and</i>	50

scattered earth, then goes to the cherry tree in its tub, digs out the doll which Rosie buried, brushes it down. It is naked except for one red sock. Jackie takes the other red sock from her pocket. As she puts the sock on the doll the lights fade to blackout, so that as she raises the doll to her cheek she is only just visible. 55

Blackout.

How does Keatley vividly convey the tensions between mothers and daughters at this point in the play?

Or †5 In what ways does Keatley make you sympathise with Doris? Be sure to refer to details in the play as you answer.

Or 6 You are Rosie in September 1987, now living with your great-grandmother, thinking about your past life.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Either *7	Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?	
<i>Benedick:</i>	I noted her not, but I look'd on her.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Is she not a modest young lady?	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?	5
<i>Claudio:</i>	No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.	10
<i>Claudio:</i>	Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?	15
<i>Claudio:</i>	Can the world buy such a jewel?	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?	20
<i>Claudio:</i>	In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?	25
<i>Claudio:</i>	I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.	30
	<i>Re-enter Don Pedro</i>	
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?	35
<i>Benedick:</i>	I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.	
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	I charge thee on thy allegiance.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	You hear, Count Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance – he is in love. With who? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.	40
<i>Claudio:</i>	If this were so, so were it utt'ered.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Like the old tale, my lord: 'It is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so!'	45
<i>Claudio:</i>	If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise!	
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	You speak this to fetch me in, my lord?	50
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	By my troth, I speak my thought.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.	

9

- Benedick:* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord I spoke mine.
- Claudio:* That I love her, I feel.
- Don Pedro:* That she is worthy, I know. 55
- Benedick:* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.
- Don Pedro:* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.
- Claudio:* And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 60
- Benedick:* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor. 65
- Don Pedro:* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

How does Shakespeare bring out the characters of Claudio, Don Pedro and Benedick in this passage?

- Or** †8 How far do you think Shakespeare portrays women in the play as weak and powerless? Support your answer with reference to at least **two** women from the play.
- Or** 9 You are Margaret in the church at Hero's wedding. You have just heard Claudio accuse Hero of talking to a man outside her window last night.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

Either *10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

	<i>Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight; Richard is slain. Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with other Lords.</i>	
<i>Richmond:</i>	God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends; The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.	5
<i>Derby:</i>	Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee! Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal. Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.	10
<i>Richmond:</i>	Great God of heaven, say Amen to all! But, tell me is young George Stanley living.	
<i>Derby:</i>	He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town, Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.	
<i>Richmond:</i>	What men of name are slain on either side?	15
<i>Derby:</i>	John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.	
<i>Richmond:</i>	Inter their bodies as becomes their births. Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled That in submission will return to us. And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament, We will unite the white rose and the red. Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, That long have frown'd upon their enmity!	20
	What traitor hears me, and says not amen? England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself; The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire; All this divided York and Lancaster, Divided in their dire division, O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true succeeders of each royal house, By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,	25
	Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace, With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days! Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloody days again And make poor England weep in streams of blood!	30
	Let them not live to taste this land's increase That would with treason wound this fair land's peace! Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again – That she may long live here, God say amen!	35
		40

How dramatically satisfying do you find this as an ending to the play? Support your views with details from Shakespeare's writing.

- Or** †11 How does Shakespeare vividly show through the careers of Lord Hastings and Lord Stanley that the English Court is a dangerous place? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 12 You are Richard. You have just convinced the Mayor and the citizens of London that you are a moral and godly man suitable to be king.

Write your thoughts.

R.C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Either *13 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Osborne:	What are you going to do?	
Stanhope:	At the end of the forty-fifth circle I'm going to draw a picture of Trotter being blown up in four pieces.	
Osborne:	Don't spoil his chart. It took him an hour to make that.	
Stanhope:	He won't see the point. He's no imagination.	5
Osborne:	I don't suppose he has.	
Stanhope:	Funny not to have any imagination. Must be rather nice.	
Osborne:	A bit dull, I should think.	
Stanhope:	It must be, rather. I suppose all his life Trotter feels like you and I do when we're drowsily drunk.	10
Osborne:	Poor chap!	
Stanhope:	I suppose if Trotter looks at that wall he just sees a brown surface. He doesn't see into the earth beyond – the worms wandering about round the stones and roots of trees. I wonder how a worm knows when it's going up or down.	15
Osborne:	When it's going down I suppose the blood runs into its head and makes it throb.	
Stanhope:	Worms haven't got any blood.	
Osborne:	Then I don't suppose it ever does know.	
Stanhope:	Rotten if it didn't – and went on going down when it thought it was coming up.	20
Osborne:	Yes. I expect that's the one thing worms dread.	
Stanhope:	D'you think this life sharpens the imagination?	
Osborne:	It must.	
Stanhope:	Whenever I look at anything nowadays I see right through it. Looking at you now there's your uniform – your jersey – shirt – vest – then beyond that –	25
Osborne:	Let's talk about something else – croquet, or the war.	
Stanhope:	[<i>laughing</i>] Sorry! It's a habit that's grown on me lately – to look right through things, and on and on – till I get frightened and stop.	30
Osborne:	I suppose everybody out here – <i>feels</i> more keenly.	
Stanhope:	I hope so. I wondered if there was anything wrong with me. D'you ever get a sudden feeling that everything's going farther and farther away – till you're the only thing in the world – and then the world begins going away – until you're the only thing in – in the universe – and you struggle to get back – and can't?	35
Osborne:	Bit of nerve strain, that's all.	
Stanhope:	You don't think I'm going potty?	40
Osborne:	Oh, Lord, no!	
Stanhope:	[<i>throwing back his head and laughing</i>] Dear old Uncle! you don't really know, do you? You just pretend you do, to make me feel all right.	
Osborne:	When people are going potty they never talk about it, they keep it to themselves.	45
Stanhope:	Oh, well, that's all right, then. [<i>There is silence for a while.</i>] I had that feeling this morning, standing out there in the line while the sun was rising. By the way, did you see the sunrise? Wasn't it gorgeous?	50
Osborne:	Splendid – this morning.	
Stanhope:	I was looking across at the Boche trenches and right beyond	

13

– not a sound or a soul; just an enormous plain, all churned up like a sea that's got muddier and muddier till it's so stiff that it can't move. You could have heard a pin drop in the quiet; yet you knew thousands of guns were hidden there, all ready cleaned and oiled – millions of bullets lying in pouches – thousands of Germans, waiting and thinking. Then, gradually, that feeling came – 55

Osborne: I never knew the sun could rise in so many ways till I came out here. Green, and pink, and red, and blue, and grey. Extraordinary, isn't it? 60

How does this passage movingly reveal the effects war has on soldiers? Support your views with details from the writing.

Or †14 How far do you think Sherriff makes it possible to like Stanhope? Support your views with details from the play.

Or 15 You are Raleigh after your return from the raid. You have been left alone.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Either *16 Read these lines from *Maud*, and then answer the question that follows:

Dead, long dead, Long dead!	
And my heart is a handful of dust, And the wheels go over my head, And my bones are shaken with pain,	5
For into a shallow grave they are thrust, Only a yard beneath the street, And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat, The hoofs of the horses beat,	10
Beat into my scalp and my brain, With never an end to the stream of passing feet, Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying, Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter, And here beneath it is all as bad,	15
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so; To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad? But up and down and to and fro, Ever about me the dead men go; And then to hear a dead man chatter Is enough to drive one mad.	20

Explore how the words here so powerfully express a lack of hope.

- Or †17** In what ways does Ulysses seek to inspire and give hope to his men in *Ulysses*? Support your answer with details from Tennyson's writing.
- Or †18** Explore how Tennyson communicates his feelings vividly to the reader in one or more of the extracts from *In Memoriam*.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either *19 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

First Love

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete
 My face turned pale a deadly pale 5
 My legs refused to walk away
 And when she looked what could I ail
 My life and all seemed turned to clay

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my eyesight quite away 10
 The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noon day
 I could not see a single thing
 Words from my eyes did start
 They spoke as chords do from the string 15
 And blood burnt round my heart

Are flowers the winters choice
 Is love's bed always snow
 She seemed to hear my silent voice
 Not loves appeals to know 20
 I never saw so sweet a face
 As that I stood before
 My heart has left its dwelling place
 And can return no more –

(by John Clare)

Explore how this poem vividly communicates feelings of first love.

- Or †20** In **either** *Sonnet 29* (by Edna St Vincent Millay) **or** *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy) explore how the poet's words create a feeling of great loss.
- Or †21** Explore how in **two** poems in this selection the poets' words create a vivid picture of the places they are describing. **(NB Do not use 'First Love' in answering this question.)**

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

Either *22 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘On my second visit, Linton seemed in lively spirits; and Zillah, that is their housekeeper, made us a clean room, and a good fire, and told us that as Joseph was out at a prayer-meeting, and Hareton Earnshaw was off with his dogs, robbing our woods of pheasants, as I heard afterwards, we might do what we liked.

5

‘She brought me some warm wine and gingerbread; and appeared exceedingly good-natured; and Linton sat in the armchair, and I in the little rocking chair, on the hearthstone, and we laughed and talked so merrily, and found so much to say; we planned where we would go, and what we would do in summer. I needn’t repeat that, because you would call it silly.

10

‘One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up over head, and the blue sky, and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven’s happiness – mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle, and dance in a glorious jubilee.

15

‘I said his heaven would be only half alive, and he said mine would be drunk; I said I should fall asleep in his, and he said he could not breathe in mine, and began to grow very snappish. At last, we agreed to try both as soon as the right weather came; and then we kissed each other and were friends. After sitting still an hour, I looked at the great room with its smooth, uncarpeted floor; and thought how nice it would be to play in, if we removed the table; and I asked Linton to call Zillah in to help us – and we’d have a game at blind-man’s buff – she should try to catch us – you used to, you know, Ellen. He wouldn’t; there was no pleasure in it, he said; but he consented to play at ball with me. We found two, in a cupboard, among a heap of old toys; tops, and hoops, and battledoors, and shuttlecocks. One was marked C., and the other H.; I wished to have the C., because that stood for Catherine, and the H. might be for Heathcliff, his name; but the bran came out of H., and Linton didn’t like it.

20

25

30

35

‘I beat him constantly; and he got cross again, and coughed, and returned to his chair; that night, though, he easily recovered his good humour; he was charmed with two or three pretty songs – *your* songs, Ellen; and when I was obliged to go, he begged and entreated me to come the following evening, and I promised.’

Explore the ways that Brontë vividly portrays how different Catherine is from her cousin here.

- Or †23 *Good and decent*
Pathetic and weak

Which of these descriptions is nearer to your own view of Edgar Linton? Support your ideas with details from Brontë's writing.

- Or 24 You are Heathcliff. Your son Linton has just been put to bed on his first night at Wuthering Heights.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either *25 Read this extract from *A Farewell Party*, and then answer the question that follows it:

The party had reached its crest, like a festive ship, loud and illuminated for that last party before the journey's end, perched on the dizzy top of the dark wave. It could do nothing now but descend and dissolve. As if by simultaneous and unanimous consent, the guests began to leave (in the wake of the Commissioner and his wife who left first, like royalty) streaming towards the drive where cars stood bumper to bumper – more than had visited the Ramans' house in the previous five years put together. The light in the portico fell on Bina's pride and joy, a Chinese orange tree, lighting its miniature globes of fruit like golden lanterns. There was a babble, an uproar of leavetaking (the smaller children, already in pyjamas, watched open-mouthed from a dark window upstairs). Esso and Caltex left together, arms about each other and smoking cigars, like figures in a comic act. Miss Dutta held firmly to Bose's arm as they dipped, bowed, swayed and tripped on their way out. Bina was clasped, kissed – ear rings grazed her cheek, talcum powder tickled her nose. Raman had his back slapped till he thrummed and vibrated like a beaten gong. 5

It seemed as if Bina and Raman were to be left alone at last, left to pack up and leave – now the good-byes had been said, there was nothing else they could possibly do – but no, out popped the good doctors from the hospital who had held themselves back in the darkest corners and made themselves inconspicuous throughout the party, and now, in the manner in which they clasped the host by the shoulders and the hostess by her hands, and said 'Ah *now* we have a chance to be with you at last, now we can begin *our* party,' revealed that although this was the first time they had come to the Ramans' house on any but professional visits, they were not merely friends – they were almost a part of that self-defensive family, the closest to them in sympathy. Raman and Bina both felt a warm, moist expansion of tenderness inside themselves, the tenderness they had till today restricted to the limits of their family, no farther, as though they feared it had not an unlimited capacity. Now its close horizons stepped backwards, with some surprise. 20

And it was as the doctors said – the party now truly began. Cane chairs were dragged out of the veranda onto the lawn, placed in a ring next to the flowering Queen of the Night which shook out flounces and frills of white scent with every rustle of night breeze. Bina could give in now to her two most urgent needs and dash indoors to smear her mosquito-bitten arms and feet with Citronella and fetch Nono to sit on her lap, to let Nono have a share, too, in the party. The good doctors and their wives leant forward and gave Nono the attention that made the parents' throats tighten with gratitude. Raman insisted on their each having a glass of Remy Martin – they must finish it tonight, he said, and would not let the waiters clear away the ice or glasses yet. So they sat on the veranda steps, smoking and yawning. 30

Now it turned out that Dr Bannerji's wife, the lady in the Dacca sari and the steel-rimmed spectacles, had studied in Shantiniketan, and she sang, at her husband's and his colleagues' urging, Tagore's sweetest, saddest songs. When she sang, in heartbroken tones that seemed to come from some distance away, from the damp corners of the darkness where the fireflies flitted, 40

'Father, the boat is carrying me away,
Father, it is carrying me away from home.'

the eyes of her listeners, sitting tensely in that grassy, inky dark, glazed with tears that were compounded equally of drink, relief and regret. 50

Explore how Desai vividly conveys Bina's mixed feelings here as the party comes to a close.

Or †26 Explore **one** moment in *Games at Twilight* and **one** moment in *Pineapple Cake* which for you most vividly convey the cruelties that sometimes happen in a child's world. Support your ideas with details from Desai's writing.

Or 27 You are old Varma towards the end of *A Devoted Son*. You are sitting on the veranda, your grandsons are playing cricket and soon Rakesh will return home.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

Either *28 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Soon he saw a fire in the bush, a small bit of self-contained light in the overwhelming darkness. He headed straight for it, and as he approached, the flickering, crackling light outlined the shape of two mud huts and the forms of a woman and a child. It was the woman who looked up as she became aware of approaching footsteps. He stood still, not wishing to alarm her. She appeared to be very old. Her small eyes were completely sunk in the wrinkles of her face. The child was a girl of about ten who kept her head bent, idly drawing a pattern with a stick on the ground. He greeted the old woman in Tswana, politely calling her mother in a quiet, reassuring voice. 5

She did not return the greeting. Instead she demanded, 'Yes, what do you want?' She had a loud, shrill, uncontrolled voice, and he disliked her immediately. 10

'I was looking for shelter for the night,' he said.

She kept quiet, yet stared fixedly at the direction from which his voice came. Then she burst out in that loud, jarring voice, 'I say you are one of the spies from over the border.' 15

Since he did not respond she became quite excited, raising her voice even louder. 'Why else do people wander about at night, unless they are spies? All the spies in the world are coming into our country. I tell you, you are a spy! You are a spy!' 20

It was the shouting that unnerved him. The border was still very near, and at any moment now the patrol van would pass.

'How can you embarrass me like this?' he said in a quiet, desperate voice. 'Are women of your country taught to shout at men?'

'I'm not shouting,' she shrilled, but in a slightly lower voice. His words and consistently quiet speech were beginning to impress her. 25

'Well, my ears must be deceiving me, mother' he said, amused.

'Tell me whether you can offer me shelter or not. I'm no spy. I've just lost my way in the darkness.'

The fixed stare never wavered. She said, curtly, 'I have a spare hut. You may use it but only for tonight. You must also pay. I want ten shillings.' 30

She held out a shrivelled old hand, cold and hard with years and years of labour. He stepped towards the fire and handed her a ten-shilling note. She reached behind her for a small carved stool and said, 'Sit here. The child will sweep the hut and put down some blankets.' 35

The child stood up obediently and disappeared into one of the huts. He sat down opposite the crude, rude phenomenon who continued staring at him. The wail of the patrol siren again sounded quite near, almost behind his back. He held her glance calmly.

'I know you are a spy,' she said. 'You are running away from them.' 40

He smiled. 'Perhaps you just want to annoy me. But as you can see, I'm not easily annoyed.'

'Where do you come from?' she asked.

'From over the border,' he said. 'I have an appointment to start work in this country tomorrow.' 45

'Why didn't you come by train?' she asked suspiciously.

'But my home is so near, in the Barolong village,' he lied.

She turned her head and spat on the ground as an eloquent summing up of what she thought of him. Then she sat with her head averted as though she had abruptly dismissed him from her thoughts. The bells were still tinkling away. 50

How does Head make this extract from near the beginning of the novel so dramatic?

Or †29 'A charming half-wit.' How far is this a fair judgement of Chief Sekoto in your view? Support your answer with details from Head's writing.

Or 30 You are Paulina at the end of the novel. Makhaya has just proposed to you.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Either *31 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Who are you, anyhow?’ broke out Tom. ‘You’re one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfshiem – that much I happen to know. I’ve made a little investigation into your affairs – and I’ll carry it further tomorrow.’

‘You can suit yourself about that, old sport,’ said Gatsby steadily.

‘I found out what your “drug-stores” were.’ He turned to us and spoke rapidly. ‘He and this Wolfshiem bought up a lot of side-street drug-stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That’s one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him, and I wasn’t far wrong.’ 5

‘What about it?’ said Gatsby politely. ‘I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn’t too proud to come in on it.’ 10

‘And you left him in the lurch, didn’t you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of *you*.’

‘He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport.’ 15

‘Don’t you call me “old sport”!’ cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. ‘Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfshiem scared him into shutting his mouth.’

That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby’s face.

‘That drug-store business was just small change,’ continued Tom slowly, 20
‘but you’ve got something on now that Walter’s afraid to tell me about.’

I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby – and was startled at his expression. He looked – and this is said in all contempt 25
for the babbled slander of his garden – as if he had ‘killed a man’. For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that 30
up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undesperingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

‘Please, Tom! I can’t stand this any more.’ 35

Explore how Fitzgerald powerfully conveys the feelings of Tom and Gatsby at this point in the novel.

Or †32 What does Fitzgerald make you feel about Tom Buchanan? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 33 You are Jay Gatsby after the car crash.

Write your thoughts.

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Turn to page 24 for Question 34.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Either *34 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

He had never been in her room except once, in the early summer, when he had gone there to plaster up a leak in the eaves, but he remembered exactly how everything had looked: the red-and-white quilt on her narrow bed, the pretty pin-cushion on the chest of drawers, and over it the enlarged photograph of her mother, in an oxydized frame, with a bunch of dyed grasses at the back. Now these and all other tokens of her presence had vanished and the room looked as bare and comfortless as when Zeena had shown her into it on the day of her arrival. In the middle of the floor stood her trunk, and on the trunk she sat in her Sunday dress, her back turned to the door and her face in her hands. She had not heard Ethan's call because she was sobbing and she did not hear his step till he stood close behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders. 5

"Matt – oh, don't – oh, *Matt!*"

She started up, lifting her wet face to his. "Ethan – I thought I wasn't ever going to see you again!" 10

He took her in his arms, pressing her close, and with a trembling hand smoothed away the hair from her forehead. 15

"Not see me again? What do you mean?"

She sobbed out: "Jotham said you told him we wasn't to wait dinner for you, and I thought –" 20

"You thought I meant to cut it?" he finished for her grimly.

She clung to him without answering, and he laid his lips on her hair, which was soft yet springy, like certain mosses on warm slopes, and had the faint woody fragrance of fresh sawdust in the sun.

Through the door they heard Zeena's voice calling out from below: "Dan'l Byrne says you better hurry up if you want him to take that trunk." 25

They drew apart with stricken faces. Words of resistance rushed to Ethan's lips and died there. Mattie found her handkerchief and dried her eyes; then, bending down, she took hold of a handle of the trunk.

Ethan put her aside. "You let go, Matt," he ordered her. 30

She answered: "It takes two to coax it round the corner"; and submitting to this argument he grasped the other handle, and together they manoeuvred the heavy trunk out to the landing.

"Now let go," he repeated; then he shouldered the trunk and carried it down the stairs and across the passage to the kitchen. Zeena, who had gone back to her seat by the stove, did not lift her head from her book as he passed. Mattie followed him out of the door and helped him to lift the trunk into the back of the sleigh. When it was in place they stood side by side on the doorstep, watching Daniel Byrne plunge off behind his fidgety horse. 35

It seemed to Ethan that his heart was bound with cords which an unseen hand was tightening with every tick of the clock. Twice he opened his lips to speak to Mattie and found no breath. At length, as she turned to re-enter the house, he laid a detaining hand on her. 40

"I'm going to drive you over, Matt," he whispered.

She murmured back: "I think Zeena wants I should go with Jotham." 45

"I'm going to drive you over," he repeated; and she went into the kitchen without answering.

What do you think makes this such a moving moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

25

Or †35 Explore how Wharton vividly suggests that Starkfield is a place in which it is almost impossible to have a happy life.

Or 36 You are Ethan, waiting to pick up Mattie from the dance and take her home.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *37 Read this extract from *The Yellow Wallpaper*, and then answer the question that follows it:

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously. 5

It is the strangest yellow, that wall paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw – not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper – the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not the smell is here. 10

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlour, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs. 15

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it – there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odour, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyse it, to find what it smelled like. 20

It is not bad – at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odour I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house – to reach the smell. 25

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the *colour* of the paper – a yellow smell!

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs around the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch*, as if it had been rubbed over and over. 30

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round – round and round and round – it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last. 35

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move – and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over. 40

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern – it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads. 45

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside-down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!	50
And I'll tell you why – privately – I've seen her!	
I can see her out of every one of my windows!	
It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.	
I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbours, creeping all around the garden.	55
I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.	
I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!	60
I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.	
And John is so queer, now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.	65
I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.	
But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.	
And though I always see her she <i>may</i> be able to creep faster than I can turn!	
I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.	70

How does Gilman make the narrator's disturbed state of mind so vivid here?

- Or †38 How do the writers make moments of revelation or discovery particularly powerful for you in *Secrets* (by Bernard MacLaverty) **and** *How it Happened* (by Arthur Conan Doyle)?
- Or 39 You are the narrator's father in *The Taste of Watermelon*. Your son has just apologised to Mr Wills and has been forgiven.

Write your thoughts.

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