UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/43**

Paper 4 **October/November 2010**

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.
Answer **one** question from each section.
Each of your answers must be on a **different** text.
Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay/empathic question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **30** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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International Examinations

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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

Either *1 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

JACK *and* HARRIET *go into the near sitting room.*

Harriet: [*once they are safely inside*] I wanted to say this out of Desmond's earshot … Whatever it is that's going on – and you will appreciate that I realize something is going on with Des and his business – whatever it is, I am no part of it whatsoever.

Jack: No, I didn't for a minute think –

Harriet: I have no knowledge of it, I have had no benefit from it. Anything at all that Desmond has accrued as a result of his – dealings – I have seen not one penny of.

Jack: That's entirely understood.

Harriet: I am blameless. I am not to be implicated. Any criminal proceedings that may arise from all this cannot involve me …

Jack: Harriet, listen. There is no question of criminal proceedings.

Harriet: [*a trace of disappointment*] There aren't?

Jack: Well, I hope not.

Harriet: But surely –

Jack: What I'm hoping is that we can sort this out as a family matter. Agree, between us, to put our own house in order. We shouldn't need to resort to the law.

Harriet: But surely, what has been going on is criminal …

Jack: I thought you said you had no knowledge of what was going on?

Harriet: I don't. But I'm not a fool. I've had my suspicions. You can't live with the man without having those.

Jack: [*a slight pause*] You didn't, by any chance, mention your suspicions to your sister?

Harriet: Whatever do you mean?

Jack: Did you mention this to Yvonne?

Harriet: I can't remember offhand. I may have done.

Jack: Even though you know she was bound to tell Ken?

Harriet: Well, he had a right to know, anyway. He had to be told something was going on.

Jack: Well, he was told. And sooner or later, he's bound to find out that Des is involved.

Harriet: Perhaps he will.

Jack: I don't know what it is Des has done to you, Harriet, but you've certainly got it in for him, haven't you?

Harriet: [*defensively*] That's completely untrue. I'm not the one who shuts myself away – who refuses to talk, refuses to communicate at all unless it's about – onion soup.

Jack: I'm sure that's not true, Harriet.

Harriet: You live with him. You try living with him. You know something? Do you want to know how I feel about food and eating recently?

Jack: No?

Harriet: I saw a film about this once by that man who's dead. And I agree with him. Eating is an obscene act. That's what I think. Restaurants and cafés with people sitting in front of each other in public, shovelling food into their mouths. It's actually pornographic, isn't it? Don't you agree?

Jack: Er – no, I don't think I do really …
Harriet: I do. I think it's disgusting. Looking at all their fillings and – bridgework and tonsils … I'd sooner watch people do – you know – the other thing, than that.
Jack: What other thing?
Harriet: In the … you know … in the little girls' room.
Jack: Would you really? Well. There's no accounting for taste, Harriet. I think, on the whole, I'd still prefer a meal …
Harriet: It's the chewing, I think, all that masticating in front of each other …
Jack: Yes, OK, Harriet. I really must get a word with Des now.
Harriet: Look. Look. Ssh. Ssh. Before you go. [*She beckons him.*]
Jack: [*warily*] What now?
HARRIET *indicates the dog basket.*
Harriet: Look. Look at her. Sound asleep. Have you ever seen anything so daft?
Jack: Oh, yes. Incredible to be able to sleep like that, isn't it?
Harriet: [*gazing with real love*] Yes.

How in this passage does Ayckbourn amusingly reveal Harriet's disturbed state of mind?

Or **2** How do you think Ayckbourn makes Samantha such a sympathetic character in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **3** You are Jack on your way to Desmond's house at the end of Act 1.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

Either ***4** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

The garden of KEN *and* MARGARET*'s suburban semi in Raynes Park, London, late May 1987, early morning, two hours after Scene Four.* ROSIE *sits on the swing beneath the cherry tree with the old red tranny wearing one of* KEN*'s jumpers, which is much too big, and jeans.* JACKIE *runs across the garden, hot and grubby, carrying her lacquered briefcase, dressed for work. Both have been up all night.*

LBC Radio: More congestion on the North Circular, meanwhile the overturned tanker is still blocking the Blackwall Tunnel. And it's coming up to eight o'clock, a lovely May morning … Looking down the Euston Road, here's to the girl in that blue Mini, a thought from the Beatles … [*Plays 'All You Need Is Love'.*]

Jackie: Rosie? …

Silence. Hold this for as long as possible while JACKIE *has to cope with it.*

Rosie: I hope you're a success, Jackie. A big, big success.

Jackie: Rosie are you all right? Where's Daddy?

Rosie: I hope lots of people came to your opening and thought your gallery was brill.

Jackie: It was only twelve hours – I'd never have gone back to Manchester if I'd thought – after Daddy phoned last night, there were no more planes. I got the first plane I could this morning. If only …

Rosie: In case you want to know, she died at 6.20 last night. Dad was with her. They said it was quicker at the end. It wasn't just stomach cancer, there were secondaries.

Jackie: [*goes to hug* ROSIE *who won't let her*] If only I'd been here with you …

Rosie: [*turns away*] Did you sell lots of your paintings?

Jackie: Rosie –

Rosie: Did you?

Jackie: I didn't sell any. I cancelled the opening.

Rosie: I don't believe you. You'd never do that.

Silence.

Jackie: What do we do … now? I'll call a taxi to the hospital – do we have to take things – her birth certificate? … I don't know …

Rosie: Dad's done all that. He's been brilliant, like it was before they split up. He knew where Mum kept the box that's got all the family stuff in it. Look – he said I could have this one – [*Holds out a photo*] That's Mum holding me by the front door when I'd just arrived … And … [*Lays them on grass.*] – Here's Mum's birth certificate, … and here's mine.

Silence.

Jackie: No.

Rosie: So now I know.

Jackie: [*desperate*] I was going to tell you – in five months – when you were sixteen … Mummy said to wait till after your exams, so as not to upset you …

Rosie: [*has a handful of photos, throws them down one by one, except for one which she slips in her pocket*] 1972, my first

birthday, 1973, my second birthday, Christmas 1975, 1976; then you were in South America, 1979 with the birthday cake, 1982 when we cleared Gran and Grandad's house, – and our holiday in Venice. [*Pause.*] Have them. Have them all.

Jackie: Rosie – we've got to help each other now.

Rosie: Why don't you go and get drunk, or whatever it is you lot do to show you're feeling something.

Jackie: I wanted you to have opportunities I couldn't ever have given you.

Rosie: No you didn't. You wanted your own life more than you wanted mine!

Explore how Keatley makes this such a tense moment in the play.

Or **5** In what ways does Keatley make you sympathise with Doris when her husband dies? Refer to details in the play as you answer.

Or **6** You are Margaret. You are being driven home by Ken having just picked up Jackie's baby, Rosie, to bring up as your own child.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Either ***7** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Hale: Theology, sir, is a fortress; no crack in a fortress may be accounted small. [*He rises; he seems worried now. He paces a little, in deep thought.*]

Proctor: There be no love for Satan in this house, Mister.

Hale: I pray it, I pray it dearly. [*He looks to both of them, an attempt at a smile on his face, but his misgivings are clear.*] Well, then—I'll bid you good night.

Elizabeth: [*unable to restrain herself*] Mr Hale. [*He turns.*] I do think you are suspecting me somewhat? Are you not?

Hale: [*obviously disturbed—and evasive*] Goody Proctor, I do not judge you. My duty is to add what I may to the godly wisdom of the court. I pray you both good health and good fortune. [*To* JOHN.] Good night, sir. [*He starts out.*]

Elizabeth: [*with a note of desperation*] I think you must tell him, John.

Hale: What's that?

Elizabeth: [*restraining a call*] Will you tell him?
Slight pause. HALE *looks questioningly at* JOHN.

Proctor: [*with difficulty*] I—I have no witness and cannot prove it, except my word be taken. But I know the children's sickness had naught to do with witchcraft.

Hale: [*stopped, struck*] Naught to do—?

Proctor: Mr Parris discovered them sportin' in the woods. They were startled and took sick.
Pause.

Hale: Who told you this?

Proctor: [*hesitates, then*] Abigail Williams.

Hale: Abigail!

Proctor: Aye.

Hale: [*his eyes wide*] Abigail Williams told you it had naught to do with witchcraft!

Proctor: She told me the day you came, sir.

Hale: [*suspiciously*] Why—why did you keep this?

Proctor: I never knew until tonight that the world is gone daft with this nonsense.

Hale: Nonsense! Mister, I have myself examined Tituba, Sarah Good, and numerous others that have confessed to dealing with the Devil. They have *confessed* it.

Proctor: And why not, if they must hang for denyin' it? There are them that will swear to anything before they'll hang; have you never thought of that?

Hale: I have. I—I have indeed. [*It is his own suspicion, but he resists it. He glances at* ELIZABETH*, then at* JOHN.] And you—would you testify to this in court?

Proctor: I—I had not reckoned with goin' into court. But if I must I will.

Hale: Do you falter here?

Proctor: I falter nothing, but I may wonder if my story will be credited in such a court. I do wonder on it, when such a steady-minded minister as you will suspicion such a woman that never lied, and cannot, and the world knows she cannot! I may falter somewhat, Mister; I am no fool.

Hale: [*quietly—it has impressed him*] Proctor, let you open with me now, for I have a rumour that troubles me. It's said you hold no belief that there may even be witches in the world. Is that true, sir?

Proctor: —[*he knows this is critical, and is striving against his disgust with* HALE *and with himself for even answering*] I know not what I have said, I may have said it. I have wondered if there be witches in the world—although I cannot believe they come among us now.

Hale: Then you do not believe—

Proctor: I have no knowledge of it; the Bible speaks of witches, and I will not deny them.

Hale: And you, woman?

Elizabeth: I—I cannot believe it.

Hale: [*shocked*] You cannot!

Proctor: Elizabeth, you bewilder him!

Elizabeth: [*to* HALE] I cannot think the Devil may own a woman's soul, Mr Hale, when she keeps an upright way, as I have. I am a good woman, I know it; and if you believe I may do only good work in the world, and yet be secretly bound to Satan, then I must tell you, sir, I do not believe it.

Hale: But, woman, you do believe there are witches in—

Elizabeth: If you think that I am one, then I say there are none.

Hale: You surely do not fly against the Gospel, the Gospel—

Proctor: She believe in the Gospel, every word!

In what ways does Miller dramatically convey in this passage how little the Proctors understand the dangers which face them?

Or **8** Explore in detail **two** dramatic moments in the play where Miller encourages us to believe good is about to overcome evil – only for this belief to be quickly destroyed.

Or **9** You are John Proctor returning home from working on the farm at the beginning of Act 2.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Either *10 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Don Pedro: … Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claudio: Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leonato: Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Don Pedro: Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leonato: My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claudio: If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Don Pedro: Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO*,* CLAUDIO*, and* LEONATO*.*

Benedick: [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud; happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. But this day, she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beatrice: Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Benedick: Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beatrice: I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Benedick: You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beatrice: Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Benedick: Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner' – there's double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me' – that's as much as to say 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks'. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *55*

[*Exit.*

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such an entertaining moment in the play.

Or **11** How does Shakespeare make Borachio such an unpleasant character?

Or **12** You are Hero. You have woken up from your swoon after Claudio has refused to marry you.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

Either ***13** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Queen Elizabeth: A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Gloucester: Why, madam, have I off'red love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
King Edward: Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?
Queen Elizabeth: All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buckingham: Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dorset: Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
King Edward: Is Clarence dead? The order was revers'd.
Gloucester: But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, an not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!
Enter DERBY.
Derby: A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
King Edward: I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Derby: I will not rise unless your Highness hear me.
King Edward: Then say at once what is it thou requests.
Derby: The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
King Edward: Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man – his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me
And said 'Dear Brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
[DERBY *rises.*
But for my brother not a man would speak;
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!
[*Exeunt some with* KING *and* QUEEN.

Gloucester: This is the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the King!
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buckingham: We wait upon your Grace.

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this passage so powerfully ironic.

Or **14** Explore in detail **two** memorable instances where you feel Richard is particularly amusing.

Or **15** You are Queen Elizabeth. King Richard has just left you after suggesting that he should marry your daughter Elizabeth.

Write your thoughts.

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

Either *16 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Stanhope: [*looking up quickly at* OSBORNE *and laughing*] Yes, I'm his hero.
Osborne: It's quite natural.
Stanhope: You think so?
Osborne: Small boys at school generally have their heroes.
Stanhope: Yes. Small boys at school do.
Osborne: Often it goes on as long as —
Stanhope: — as long as the hero's a hero.
Osborne: It often goes on all through life.
Stanhope: I wonder. How many battalions are there in France?
Osborne: Why?
Stanhope: We'll say fifty divisions. That's a hundred and fifty brigades — four hundred and fifty battalions. That's one thousand eight hundred companies. [*He looks up at* OSBORNE *from his calculations on the magazine cover.*] There are one thousand eight hundred companies in France, Uncle. Raleigh might have been sent to any one of those, and, my God! he comes to mine.
Osborne: You ought to be glad. He's a good-looking youngster. I like him.
Stanhope: I knew you'd like him. Personality, isn't it? [*He takes a worn leather case from his breast pocket and hands a small photograph to* OSBORNE.] I've never shown you that, have I?
Osborne: [*looking at the photograph*] No. [*Pause.*] Raleigh's sister, isn't it?
Stanhope: How did you know?
Osborne: There's a strong likeness.
Stanhope: I suppose there is.
Osborne: [*intent on the picture*] She's an awfully nice-looking girl.
Stanhope: A photo doesn't show much, really. Just a face.
Osborne: She looks awfully nice.
There is silence. STANHOPE *lights a cigarette.* OSBORNE *hands the photo back.*
You're a lucky chap.
Stanhope: [*putting the photo back into his case*] I don't know why I keep it, really.
Osborne: Why? Isn't she — I thought —
Stanhope: What did you think?
Osborne: Well, I thought that perhaps she was waiting for you.
Stanhope: Yes. She is waiting for me — and she doesn't know. She thinks I'm a wonderful chap — commanding a company. [*He turns to* OSBORNE *and points up the steps into the line.*] She doesn't know that if I went up those steps into the front line — without being doped with whisky — I'd go mad with fright.
There is a pause. OSBORNE *stirs himself to speak.*
Osborne: Look here, old man. I've meant to say it, for a long time, but it sounds damned impudence. You've done longer out here than any man in the battalion. It's time you went away for a rest. It's due to you.

Stanhope: You suggest that I go sick, like that little worm in there — neuralgia in the eye? [*He laughs and takes a drink.*]
Osborne: No. Not that. The colonel would have sent you down long ago, only —
Stanhope: Only — what?
Osborne: Only he can't spare you.
Stanhope: [*laughing*] Oh, rot!
Osborne: He told me.
Stanhope: He thinks I'm in such a state I want a rest, is that it?
Osborne: No. He thinks it's due to you.
Stanhope: It's all right, Uncle. I'll stick it out now. It may not be much longer now. I've had my share of luck — more than my share. There's not a man left who was here when I came. But it's rather damnable for that boy — of all the boys in the world — to have come to *me*. I might at least have been spared that.

Explore the ways in which Sherriff in this passage movingly conveys the pressures facing Stanhope.

Or **17** What do you think the character of Trotter contributes to the power of the play? Support your ideas with details from Sherriff's writing.

Or **18** You are Hibbert towards the end of the play. You are leaving the dugout with Mason.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either ***19** Read the following poem, and then answer the question that follows it.

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:–
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:–
With the Blackfeet, lying low,
With the Pawnees, lying low,
Lying low.

(*by Vachel Lindsay*)

What are your feelings as you read this poem? Support your ideas by reference to the words of the poem.

Or **20** How does the poet powerfully convey the sorrow of human life in **either** *Dover Beach* (by Matthew Arnold) **or** *Sonnet 29* (by Edna St Vincent Millay)? Support your ideas with details from the poem.

Or **21** Some poems tell a story. Explore **one** poem from this selection which you feel does this, showing how you think the poet makes the story compelling.
(Do not use the *The Flower-Fed Buffaloes* in answering this question.)

JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

Either ***22** Read the last three stanzas from *Ode to a Nightingale,* and then answer the question that follows.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain –
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: – Do I wake or sleep?

Explore the ways in which Keats presents his thoughts and feelings in these three stanzas.

Or **23** In what ways does Keats appeal to your imagination in *Ode on a Grecian Urn*? Refer in detail to the poem as you answer.

Or **24** In what ways does Keats create an exciting atmosphere in *The Eve of St Agnes*? Refer in detail to the poem in your answer.

SECTION C: PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

Either ***25** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

'Tell me once for all, are you engaged to him?'

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question; she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation,

'I am not.'

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

'And will you promise me, never to enter into such an engagement?'

'I will make no promise of the kind.'

'Miss Bennet I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away, till you have given me the assurance I require.'

'And I certainly *never* shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise, make *their* marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would *my* refusing to accept his hand, make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application, have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in *his* affairs, I cannot tell; but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no farther on the subject.'

'Not so hasty, if you please. I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged, I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement. I know it all; that the young man's marrying her, was a patched-up business, at the expense of your father and uncles. And is *such* a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is *her* husband, is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! – of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?'

'You can *now* have nothing farther to say,' she resentfully answered. 'You have insulted me, in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house.'

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

'You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew! Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you, must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?'

'Lady Catherine, I have nothing farther to say. You know my sentiments.'

'You are then resolved to have him?'

'I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner, which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to *you*, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me.'

'It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me. You refuse to obey the claims of duty, honour and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world.'

'Neither duty, nor honour, nor gratitude,' replied Elizabeth, 'have any possible claim on me, in the present instance. No principle of either, would be violated by my marriage with Mr Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former *were* excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern – and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn.'

'And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well. I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable; but depend upon it I will carry my point.'

What do you think makes this moment so ironic and so very satisfying in its effect? Support your ideas with details from Austen's writing.

Or **26** Is Mrs Bennet simply an absurd character to be laughed at? Support your ideas with details from Austen's writing.

Or **27** You are Darcy. You have just left Longbourn after becoming engaged to Elizabeth.

Write your thoughts.

IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

Either ***28** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

After I closed the door I really wanted to go on down the passage to the bathroom. I wanted to, yet I didn't. I had to listen. It was funny with me. I couldn't help listening to what my mother and father were saying to each other, even though it did me no good. This time I knew what they would say, and I knew what would happen to me, and still I listened. I moved a little up from the door into the middle of the passage and stretched both my arms out till my fingers were touching the wallpaper on each side. I was a queer fish, I suppose, but that was the way I was. That wallpaper, touching it like that, was one of my protection tricks. I still like wallpaper, if you want to know, wallpaper with those whirling designs as a pattern.

I heard my mother say, 'You drunken pig,' to my father. 'You go about with the boy while you are sodden with drink.'

'For God's sake shut up,' he said.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

'Dish up the food and keep your nagging tongue in your head.'

A lot of talk like that I can just about repeat word for word. I have a very good memory, there is no doubt about that.

When I heard those words it happened to me again. This must have been the fourth or fifth time I had to use my protection tricks. As I heard them talking like that I could see how mother would be looking because I had seen her that way often with my father. She would be all hot and warm, and she'd stare at him in a way that would frighten me, and she always had a fist up alongside her head. Even though I was out in the passage I could feel her so much it was almost as though she was pressed up right next to me. I pushed my fingers till my nails dug into the wallpaper, and, as I said, it happened to me again.

The air just went cold, as it did those times before, and started sticking to my skin, on my arms and legs and face, everywhere. I had seen a marble statue in a museum, a well-built man doubled over throwing something, and the feeling reminded me of him. It was as if I was starting to be made of marble. And my heart started banging away so much it shook me. I knew what to do and I managed to get to the bathroom, though I could hardly move my legs. I said, 'Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you, blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus,' and turned on the hot-water tap over the bath, and shoved my hands under. The hot water cleaned away the marble feeling wherever it touched and there was only the ordinary skin there. Then I said, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, amen,' and dipped the flannel in the hot water and rubbed it all over me. I got wet and messed up, yet it worked. The last protection trick of mine was to sing, 'Jingle-bells, jingle-bells, jingle all the way, oh what fun, it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh'. I had other songs, 'Hail Queen of the Sea', which the nuns taught us at school, 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary', which my father taught me, and, naturally, the national anthem. I only had to sing one song at these times. It didn't make any difference which one.

In what ways does Cross here vividly convey Jimmy's stress and unhappiness?

Or **29** What do you think the character of Molly contributes to the power of the novel? Support your ideas with details from Cross's writing.

Or **30** You are Mrs Sullivan after you have watched Jimmy leave on his new bicycle. You are in the house recovering from your fall.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either ***31** Read the following extract from *Scholar and Gypsy*, and then answer the question that follows it.

Her first day in Bombay wilted her. If she stepped out of the air-conditioned hotel room, she drooped, her head hung, her eyes glazed, she felt faint. Once she was back in it, she fell across her bed as though she had been struck by calamity, was extinguished, and could barely bring herself to believe that she had, after all, survived. Sweating, it seemed to her that life, energy, hope were all seeping out of her, flowing down a drain, gurgling ironically.

'But you knew it would be hot,' David said, not being able to help a sense of disappointment in her. He had bought himself crisp bush-shirts of madras cotton and open Kolhapur sandals. He was drinking more than was his habit, it was true, but it did not seem to redden and coarsen him as it did her. He looked so right, so fitting on the Bombay streets, striding over the coconut shells and betel-stained papers and the fish scales and lepers' stumps. 'You could hardly come to India and expect it to be cool, Pat.'

'Hot, yes,' she moaned, 'but not – not *killing*. Not so like death. I feel half-dead, David, sometimes *quite* dead.'

'Shall we go and have a gin-and-lime in the bar?'

She tried that since it seemed to do him so much good. But the bar in the hotel was so crowded, the people there were so large and vital and forceful in their brilliant clothes and with their metallic voices and their eyes that flashed over her like barbers' shears, cutting and exposing, that she felt crushed rather than revived.

David attracted people like a magnet – with his charm, his nonchalance, his grace, he did it so well, so smoothly, his qualities worked more efficiently than any visiting card system – and they started going to parties. It began to seem to her that this was the chief occupation of people in Bombay – going to parties. She was always on the point of collapse when she arrived at one: the taxi invariably stank, the driver's hair dripped oil, and then the sights and scenes they passed on the streets, the congestion and racket of the varied traffic, the virulent cinema posters, the blazing colours of women's clothing, the profusion of toys and decorations of coloured paper and tinsel, the radios and loudspeakers never tuned to less than top volume, and amongst them flower sellers, pilgrims, dancing monkeys and performing bears … that there should be such poverty, such disease, such filth, and that out of it boiled so much vitality, such irrepressible life, seemed to her unnatural and sinister – it was as if chaos and evil triumphed over reason and order. Then the parties they went to were all very large ones. The guests all wore brilliant clothes and jewellery, and their eyes and teeth flashed with such primitive lust as they eyed her slim, white-sheathed blonde self, that the sensation of being caught up and crushed, crowded in and choked sent her into corners where their knees pushed into her, their hands slid over her back, their voices bored into her, so that when she got back to the hotel, on David's arm, she was more like a corpse than an American globe-trotter.

Folding her arms about her, she muttered at the window, 'I never expected them to be so primitive. I thought it would all be modern, up-to-date. Not this – this wild jungle stuff.'

He was pouring himself a night-cap, and splashed it in genuine surprise. 'What do you mean? We've only been seeing the modern and up-to-date. These people would be at home at any New York cocktail party—'

'No,' she burst out, hugging herself tightly. 'No, they would *not*. They haven't the polish, the smoothness, the softness. David, they're *not* civilized. They're still a primitive people. When I see their eyes I see how primitive they are. When they touch me, I feel frightened – I feel I'm in danger.' *55*

What does Desai make you feel about this couple on their arrival in India? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **32** In *The Accompanist* do you think Desai suggests that Bhaiyya is right to have devoted his life to the Ustad? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **33** You are the artist in *Sale*. You are awaiting the arrival of the potential buyers of your paintings.

Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

Either ***34** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Gabriel looked her long in the face, but the firelight being faint there was not much to be seen. 'Bathsheba,' he said, tenderly and in surprise, and coming closer: 'If I only knew one thing – whether you would allow me to love you and win you, and marry you after all – If I only knew that!'

'But you never will know,' she murmured.

'Why?'

'Because you never ask.'

'Oh – Oh!' said Gabriel, with a low laugh of joyousness. 'My own dear—'

'You ought not to have sent me that harsh letter this morning,' she interrupted. 'It shows you didn't care a bit about me, and were ready to desert me like all the rest of them! It was very cruel of you, considering I was the first sweetheart that you ever had, and you were the first I ever had; and I shall not forget it!'

'Now, Bathsheba, was ever anybody so provoking?' he said, laughing. 'You know it was purely that I, as an unmarried man, carrying on a business for you as a very taking young woman, had a proper hard part to play – more particular that people knew I had a sort of feeling for 'ee; and I fancied, from the way we were mentioned together, that it might injure your good name. Nobody knows the heat and fret I have been caused by it.'

'And was that all?'

'All.'

'O, how glad I am I came!' she exclaimed, thankfully, as she rose from her seat. 'I have thought so much more of you since I fancied you did not want even to see me again. But I must be going now, or I shall be missed. Why, Gabriel,' she said, with a slight laugh, as they went to the door, 'it seems exactly as if I had come courting you – how dreadful!'

'And quite right, too,' said Oak. 'I've danced at your skittish heels, my beautiful Bathsheba, for many a long mile, and many a long day; and it is hard to begrudge me this one visit.'

He accompanied her up the hill, explaining to her the details of his forthcoming tenure of the other farm. They spoke very little of their mutual feelings; pretty phrases and warm expressions being probably unnecessary between such tried friends. Theirs was that substantial affection which arises (if any arises at all) when the two who are thrown together begin first by knowing the rougher sides of each other's character, and not the best till further on, the romance growing up in the interstices of a mass of hard prosaic reality. This good-fellowship – *camaraderie* – usually occurring through similarity of pursuits, is unfortunately seldom superadded to love between the sexes, because men and women associate, not in their labours, but in their pleasures merely. Where, however, happy circumstance permits its development, the compounded feeling proves itself to be the only love which is strong as death – that love which many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown, beside which the passion usually called by the name is evanescent as steam.

Explore the ways in which Hardy conveys the feelings of Gabriel and Bathsheba in this extract.

Or **35** Explore in detail **one** episode in the novel which in your view Hardy makes very dramatic.
(Do not use the passage printed for Question 34 in answering this question.)

Or **36** You are Sergeant Troy, immediately following your first encounter with Bathsheba.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

Either ***37** Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

'I like it here,' he said. 'I'm running away from England. You know what England's like? It's full of nice, orderly queues, and everybody lines up in these queues for a place and position in the world. I let all that go hang and hopped out.'

He paused and looked at Makhaya with a friendly glance. 'What exactly are you running away from?'

'It's not so much what I'm running away from,' Makhaya said. 'It's what I'm trying to run into. I want a wife and children.'

Gilbert looked half-surprised and half-amused at this unexpected reply.

Makhaya laughed. 'I want some part of myself to go on when I die,' he said. 'And since I found myself so near death over the past two years, I thought it best to find a wife before I found anything else.'

'Are you that simple?' Gilbert asked, and laughed too.

'Yes,' Makhaya said.

'I don't know if the same applies to me,' Gilbert said, suddenly thoughtful. 'Ninety per cent of the time I don't want a woman. Then also there's that ten per cent when I'm lonely, but I don't know of any woman who'd go for the ten per cent.'

'She would,' Makhaya said. 'But provided she had a life of her own too.'

Gilbert looked at him with an almost childlike innocence. 'You seem to be quite an expert.'

Makhaya averted his face in discomfort. He could not explain that experiences went hand in hand with a depth of bitterness and resentment because he did not fully understand the root cause of an attraction that had made women pursue him; that if love was basically a warm fire in you, you attracted all the cold people who consumed your fire with savage greed leaving you deprived and desolate. The robbery he recognized but not the cause.

'I have sisters,' Makhaya said at last. 'Also, there have been women and women in my life, I suppose because I searched for them.'

They were silent for a while, eating. Then Gilbert said quietly:

'Would you say, from what you've seen of her today, that Dinorego's daughter was one of those women who had a life of her own?'

Makhaya did not reply immediately. He thought of the small black inward-gazing eyes and the pretty air of preoccupied self-absorption. He'd have liked a woman like that. She might have so easily become a part of his inner harmony and peace he was striving for. But an instinct warned him to push the dream away from him. Three years was a long time and he was a stranger to it all.

'Yes,' he said, slowly. 'I'd say she's that kind of woman.'

Gilbert's eyes lit up with laughter. 'She's hard to get,' he said. 'She makes all these little rules and you can't budge her from them. When I first came here I asked her to marry me and she said, "I can't marry you, Gilbert, because I'm not an educated woman. You won't be happy with an uneducated woman." So I said, "All right, get educated then." Now I'm sorry I ever said it because I've been teaching her English in exchange for lessons in Tswana. All I've got out of it is an inferiority complex over my inability to grasp Tswana.'

This odd little confession warmed Makhaya's heart to the man. There might have been so many things that could have stood up as a barrier between a possible friendship, like Makhaya's background and his distrust and dislike of white people. Instead, he found himself confronted by a big man who allowed himself to be bullied by a small woman. They sat in companionable silence for a while.

How does Head suggest that this meeting between Gilbert and Makhaya will be so significant?

Or **38** Explore the ways in which Head creates vivid pictures of village life in any **two** moments in the novel.

Or **39** You are Chief Sekoto. You have just heard about your brother Matenge's suicide.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Either *40 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Zeena always came back laden with expensive remedies, and her last visit to Springfield had been commemorated by her paying twenty dollars for an electric battery of which she had never been able to learn the use. But for the moment his sense of relief was so great as to preclude all other feelings. He had now no doubt that Zeena had spoken the truth in saying, the night before, that she had sat up because she felt "too mean" to sleep: her abrupt resolve to seek medical advice showed that, as usual, she was wholly absorbed in her health.

As if expecting a protest, she continued plaintively: "If you're too busy with the hauling I presume you can let Jotham Powell drive me over with the sorrel in time to ketch the train at the Flats."

Her husband hardly heard what she was saying. During the winter months there was no stage between Starkfield and Bettsbridge, and the trains which stopped at Corbury Flats were slow and infrequent. A rapid calculation showed Ethan that Zeena could not be back at the farm before the following evening. …

"If I'd supposed you'd 'a' made any objection to Jotham Powell's driving me over——" she began again, as though his silence had implied refusal. On the brink of departure she was always seized with a flux of words. "All I know is," she continued, "I can't go on the way I am much longer. The pains are clear away down to my ankles now, or I'd 'a' walked in to Starkfield on my own feet, sooner'n put you out, and asked Michael Eady to let me ride over on his wagon to the Flats, when he sends to meet the train that brings his groceries. I'd 'a' had two hours to wait in the station, but I'd sooner 'a' done it, even with this cold, than to have you say———"

"Of course Jotham'll drive you over," Ethan roused himself to answer. He became suddenly conscious that he was looking at Mattie while Zeena talked to him, and with an effort he turned his eyes to his wife. She sat opposite the window, and the pale light reflected from the banks of snow made her face look more than usually drawn and bloodless, sharpened the three parallel creases between ear and cheek, and drew querulous lines from her thin nose to the corners of her mouth. Though she was but seven years her husband's senior, and he was only twenty-eight, she was already an old woman.

Ethan tried to say something befitting the occasion, but there was only one thought in his mind: the fact that, for the first time since Mattie had come to live with them, Zeena was to be away for a night. He wondered if the girl were thinking of it too. …

He knew that Zeena must be wondering why he did not offer to drive her to the Flats and let Jotham Powell take the lumber to Starkfield, and at first he could not think of a pretext for not doing so; then he said: "I'd take you over myself, only I've got to collect the cash for the lumber."

As soon as the words were spoken he regretted them, not only because they were untrue—there being no prospect of his receiving cash payment from Hale—but also because he knew from experience the imprudence of letting Zeena think he was in funds on the eve of one of her therapeutic excursions. At the moment, however, his one desire was to avoid the long drive with her behind the ancient sorrel who never went out of a walk.

Zeena made no reply: she did not seem to hear what he had said. She had already pushed her plate aside, and was measuring out a draught from a large bottle at her elbow.

"It ain't done me a speck of good, but I guess I might as well use it up," she remarked; adding, as she pushed the empty bottle toward Mattie: "If you can get the taste out it'll do for pickles."

In what ways in this passage does Wharton vividly convey the state of Zeena and Ethan's marriage?

Or **41** *A destroyer of a marriage*
A sad victim of circumstances and events

Which of these descriptions is closer to your view of Mattie? Support your ideas with details from Wharton's writing.

Or **42** You are the narrator at the end of the novel. You are on your way back to Mrs Hales's house after spending the night with the Fromes.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either ***43** Read the following extract from *Meteor* (by John Wyndham), and then answer the question that follows it.

'Just think how wonderful it might be if we really could do that! Think of all the people who are sick to death of secret weapons, and wars, and cruelties setting out one day in a huge ship for a clean, new planet where we could start again. We'd be able to leave behind all the things that make this poor old world get boggier and boggier. All we'd want is a place where people could live, and work, and build, and be happy. If we could only start again somewhere else, what a lovely, lovely world we might'—She stopped suddenly at the sound of a frenzied yapping outside. She jumped up as it changed to a long-drawn howl.

'That's Mitty!' she said. 'What on earth?—'

The two men followed her out of the house.

'Mitty! Mitty!' she called, but there was no sign of the dog, nor sound from it now.

They made round to the left, where the sound had seemed to come from. Sally was the first to see the white patch lying in the grass beside the outhouse wall. She ran towards it, calling; but the patch did not move.

'Oh, poor Mitty!' she said. 'I believe she's dead!'

She went down on her knees beside the dog's limp body.

'She *is*!' she said. 'I wonder what—' She broke off abruptly, and stood up. 'Oh, something stung me! Oh, it *hurts*!' She clutched at her leg, tears of anguish suddenly coming into her eyes.

'What on earth?—' began her father, looking down at the dog. 'What are all those things – ants?'

Graham bent down to look.

'No, they're not ants. I don't know what they are.'

He picked one of the little creatures up and put it on the palm of his hand to look at it more closely.

'Never seen anything like that before,' he said.

Mr Fontain beside him, peered at it, too.

It was a queer-looking little thing, under a quarter of an inch long. Its body seemed to be an almost perfect hemisphere with the flat side below and the round top surface coloured pink, and as shiny as a ladybird's wing-cases. It was insect-like, except that it stood on only four short legs. There was no clearly defined head; just two eyes set in the edge of the shiny dome. As they watched, it reared up on two of its legs, showing a pale, flat underside, with a mouth set just below the eyes. In its forelegs it seemed to be holding a bit of grass or thin wire.

Graham felt a sudden, searing pain in his hand.

'Hell's bells!' he said, shaking it off. 'The little brute certainly can sting. I don't know what they are, but they're nasty things to have around. Got a spray handy?'

'There's one in the scullery,' Mr Fontain told him. He turned his attention to his daughter. 'Better?' he inquired.

'Hurts like hell,' Sally said, between her teeth.

'Just hang on a minute till we've dealt with this, then we'll have a look at it,' he told her.

Graham hurried back with the spray in his hand. He cast around and discovered several hundreds of the little pink objects crawling towards the wall of the outhouse. He pumped a cloud of insecticide over them and watched while they slowed, waved feeble legs, and then lay still. He sprayed the locality a little more, to make sure.

'That ought to fix 'em,' he said. 'Nasty, vicious little brutes. Never seen anything quite like them – I wonder what on earth they were?'

What makes this passage such an effective ending to the story? Support your answer by close reference to the writing.

Or **44** Explore **two** moments, each from a different story, in which you think the writers are particularly effective in building up suspense.

Or **45** You are Willadean at the end of *The Taste of Watermelon* by Borden Deal.

Write your thoughts.

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