CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/04**

Paper 4

October/November 2004

2 hours 40 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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.
Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.
At least one question must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.
Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay 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 **31** printed pages and **1** blank page.

SP (SM) S71789/2

UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE
International Examinations

[Turn over

POETRY

SEAMUS HEANEY: *Death of a Naturalist*

Either ***1** *Valediction*

Lady with the frilled blouse
And simple tartan skirt,
Since you left the house
Its emptiness has hurt
All thought. In your presence
Time rode easy, anchored
On a smile; but absence
Rocked love's balance, unmoored
The days. They buck and bound
Across the calendar,
Pitched from the quiet sound
Of your flower-tender
Voice. Need breaks on my strand;
You've gone, I am at sea.
Until you resume command,
Self is in mutiny.

How do Heaney's words create this striking picture of the lady and the effect she has on the poet?

Or **2** Explore how any **one** of the following poems shocks or horrifies through its images.

For the Commander of the Eliza
At a Potato Digging
Death of a Naturalist

Or **3** Explore **either** *The Barn* **or** *An Advancement of Learning*, showing how the writing reveals the poet's boyhood fears and worries.

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JO PHILLIPS, ed: *Poems Deep and Dangerous*

Either ***4** *Bogyman*

Stepping down from the blackberry bushes
he stands in my path: Bogyman.
He is not as I had remembered him,
though he still wears the broad-brimmed hat,
the rubber-soled shoes and the woollen gloves.
No face; and that soft mooning voice
still spinning its endless distracting yarn.

But this is daylight, a misty autumn
Sunday, not unpopulated
by birds. I can see him in such colours
as he wears – fawn, grey, murky blue –
not all shadow-clothed, as he was that night
when I was ten; he seems less tall
(I have grown) and less muffled in silence.

I have no doubt at all, though, that he is
Bogyman. He is why children
do not sleep all night in their tree-houses.
He is why, when I had pleaded
to spend a night on the common, under
a cosy bush, and my mother
surprisingly said yes, she took no risk.

He was the risk I would not take: better
to make excuses, to lose face,
than to meet the really faceless, the one
whose name was too childish for us
to utter – 'murderers' we talked of, and
'lunatics escaped from Earlswood'.
But I met him, of course, as we all do.

Well, that was then; I survived; and later
survived meetings with his other
forms, bold or pathetic or disguised – the
slummocking figure in a dark
alley, or the lover turned suddenly
icy-faced; fingers at my throat
and ludicrous violence in kitchens.

I am older now, and (I tell myself,
circling carefully around him
at the far edge of the path, pretending
I am not in fact confronted)
can deal with such things. But what, Bogyman,
shall I be at twice my age? (At
your age?) Shall I be grandmotherly, fond

suddenly of gardening, chatty with
neighbours? Or strained, not giving in,
writing for *Ambit* and hitch-hiking to
Turkey? Or sipping Guinness in
the Bald-Faced Stag, in wrinkled stockings? Or
(and now I look for the first time
straight at you) something like you, Bogyman?

Fleur Adcock

Explore the ways in which Adcock writes about childhood fears in this poem.

Or **5** What have you found most memorable about the ways in which the poet explores aspects of photography in any **one** of the following?

Snapshotland (by Sylvia Kantaris)
Background Material (by Tony Harrison)
The Film of God (by R. S. Thomas)

6 In what ways do you think that the sound and rhythm have important effects in any **two** of the following poems?

La Belle Dame Sans Merci (by John Keats)
The Trees are Down (by Charlotte Mew)
Manifesto on Ars Poetica (by Frank Chipasula)

[Turn over

JACK HYDES, ed: *Touched With Fire*: from Section E

Either ***7** *To Autumn*

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, –
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

What vision of autumn does Keats's poem convey to you, and how do the words make that vision memorable?

Or **8** In some poems, what is described is given a meaning beyond the immediately obvious. Explore any **one** of the following poems where you have found this feature most memorable.

Snake (by D. H. Lawrence)
Dover Beach (by Matthew Arnold)
Horses (by Edwin Muir)

Or **9** Explore any **one** of the following poems where you have particularly appreciated the poet's irony, and show why you find it so effective.

One Flesh (by Elizabeth Jennings)
To His Coy Mistress (by Andrew Marvell)
Diary of a Church Mouse (by John Betjeman)

PROSE

BARNES & EGFORD, ed: *Twentieth Century Short Stories*

Either ***10** It had made it very awkward for them when Mr Farolles, of St John's, called the same afternoon.

"The end was quite peaceful, I trust?" were the first words he said as he glided towards them through the dark drawing-room.

"Quite," said Josephine faintly. They both hung their heads. Both of them felt certain that eye wasn't at all a peaceful eye.

"Won't you sit down?" said Josephine.

"Thank you, Miss Pinner," said Mr Farolles gratefully. He folded his coat-tails and began to lower himself into father's arm-chair, but just as he touched it he almost sprang up and slid into the next chair instead.

He coughed. Josephine clasped her hands; Constantia looked vague.

"I want you to feel, Miss Pinner," said Mr Farolles, "and you, Miss Constantia, that I'm trying to be helpful. I want to be helpful to you both, if you will let me. These are the times," said Mr Farolles, very simply and earnestly, "when God means us to be helpful to one another."

"Thank you very much, Mr Farolles," said Josephine and Constantia.

"Not at all," said Mr Farolles gently. He drew his kid gloves through his fingers and leaned forward. "And if either of you would like a little Communion, either or both of you, here *and* now, you have only to tell me. A little Communion is often very help— a great comfort," he added tenderly.

But the idea of a little Communion terrified them. What! In the drawing-room by themselves – with no – no altar or anything! The piano would be much too high, thought Constantia, and Mr Farolles could not possibly lean over it with the chalice. And Kate would be sure to come bursting in and interrupt them, thought Josephine. And supposing the bell rang in the middle? It might be somebody important – about their mourning. Would they get up reverently and go out, or would they have to wait … in torture?

"Perhaps you will send round a note by your good Kate if you would care for it later," said Mr Farolles.

"Oh yes, thank you very much!" they both said.

Mr Farolles got up and took his black straw hat from the round table.

"And about the funeral," he said softly. "I may arrange that – as your dear father's old friend and yours, Miss Pinner – and Miss Constantia?"

Josephine and Constantia got up too.

"I should like it to be quite simple," said Josephine firmly, "and not too expensive. At the same time, I should like —"

"A good one that will last," thought dreamy Constantia, as if Josephine were buying a nightgown. But of course Josephine didn't say that. "One suitable to our father's position." She was very nervous.

"I'll run round to our good friend Mr Knight," said Mr Farolles soothingly. "I will ask him to come and see you. I am sure you will find him very helpful indeed."

How does Mansfield make this such a humorous episode?

Or **11** Why do you think Conrad called his story *The Secret Sharer*?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **12** You are Trevor at the end of *The Destructors*.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Either ***13** Other eyes besides mine watched these manifestations of character – watched them closely, keenly, shrewdly. Yes: the future bridegroom, Mr. Rochester himself, exercised over his intended a ceaseless surveillance: and it was from this sagacity – this guardedness of his – this perfect, clear consciousness of his fair one's defects – this obvious absence of passion in his sentiments towards her, that my ever-torturing pain arose.

I saw he was going to marry her, for family, perhaps political reasons; because her rank and connections suited him; I felt he had not given her his love, and that her qualifications were ill adapted to win from him that treasure. This was the point – this was where the nerve was touched and teased – this was where the fever was sustained and fed: *she could not charm him*.

If she had managed the victory at once, and he had yielded and sincerely laid his heart at her feet, I should have covered my face, turned to the wall, and (figuratively) have died to them. If Miss Ingram had been a good and noble woman, endowed with force, fervour, kindness, sense, I should have had one vital struggle with two tigers – jealousy and despair: then, my heart torn out and devoured, I should have admired her – acknowledged her excellence, and been quiet for the rest of my days: and the more absolute her superiority, the deeper would have been my admiration – the more truly tranquil my quiescence. But as matters really stood, to watch Miss Ingram's efforts at fascinating Mr. Rochester; to witness their repeated failure, herself unconscious that they did fail; vainly fancying that each shaft launched, hit the mark, and infatuatedly pluming herself on success, when her pride and self-complacency repelled further and further what she wished to allure – to witness *this*, was to be at once under ceaseless excitation and ruthless restraint.

Because, when she failed, I saw how she might have succeeded. Arrows that continually glanced off from Mr. Rochester's breast and fell harmless at his feet, might, I knew, if shot by a surer hand, have quivered keen in his proud heart – have called love into his stern eye, and softness into his sardonic face: or, better still, without weapons a silent conquest might have been won.

"Why can she not influence him more, when she is privileged to draw so near to him?" I asked myself. "Surely she cannot truly like him; or not like him with true affection! If she did, she need not coin her smiles so lavishly; flash her glances so unremittingly; manufacture airs so elaborate, graces so multitudinous. It seems to me, that she might, by merely sitting quietly at his side, saying little and looking less, get nigher his heart. I have seen in his face a far different expression from that which hardens it now while she is so vivaciously accosting him; but then it came of itself: it was not elicited by meretricious arts and calculated manœuvres; and one had but to accept it – to answer what he asked without pretension, to address him when needful without grimace – and it increased and grew kinder and more genial, and warmed one like a fostering sunbeam."

How do you think Brontë's writing here conveys the strength of Jane's feelings?

Or **14** To what extent is it possible to feel any sympathy for Mrs Reed?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

Or **15** You are Jane, a few days after your marriage to Mr Rochester, reflecting on why you are more happy than you would have been with St John Rivers.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *The Village by the Sea*

Either ***16** But Biju turned his head away for just at that moment someone else was approaching him, a stranger who had to be attended to first. Hari saw it was the man from the tin shack, the watchman who guarded the pipes, the beginnings of the great factory.

"So, yet another fishing boat ready to catch fish for the people of Thul?" called the man jovially, walking up to Biju with a cheap leaf-cigarette in his mouth, unlit.

Biju's face darkened, and he frowned. "This is no ordinary fishing boat," he growled. "Can't you see that with your own eyes? It has a diesel engine, it has a deep-freeze, it has the capacity to travel fifty miles a day."

"Oh ho," laughed the stranger, striking a match to his leaf-cigarette and puffing at it as he stared at the boat.

Just then the tin signboard flew off the nail and onto the deck with a clatter. It had to be picked up and hung again, the paint smeared and dripping. The boys cackled and old Biju growled ferociously at the painter who started dabbing at it with a rag and nervously repairing the damage.

"So, a mighty sea trawler is being built here, is it?" said the stranger sarcastically. "Fifty miles it will go? Well, it will have to – if it is to catch any fish."

"What do you mean? There is plenty of fish around here," Biju growled at him, shifting uncomfortably on the folding chair.

"No, there is not," said the stranger, lowering himself onto his heels and squatting comfortably on the sand. "There is hardly any fish left here. Yesterday I wanted to buy a pomfret for my dinner and got only one small miserable one. No one in Bombay would eat a pomfret of that size," he said scornfully, making the villagers fall silent and listen. "And if you ask for prawns, all you get are miserable little shrimps. Not enough for Bombay people – not enough for even you villagers. It's time you gave up your boats and nets and turned to something new."

"We have always fished in the sea here," said Biju stoutly, making Hari and the other boys feel a certain pride in him, their richest and biggest fisherman. "Always will. And if there is not enough fish for us, there is plenty of food anyway – paddy and vegetables and coconuts."

What impression does Desai's writing give you here of the stranger and the villagers' reaction to him?

Or **17** Explore the picture of family life for Hari and his sisters which Desai's writing creates for you.

Or **18** You are Mr Panwallah thinking about Hari after he has left Bombay to return home.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

DORIS LESSING: *The Grass is Singing*

Either ***19** ‘Complete nervous breakdown,’ diagnosed Tony, who was just off to bed. He had the kind of mind that is relieved by putting things into words: the phrase was an apology for Mary; it absolved her from criticism. ‘Complete nervous breakdown’ was something anyone might have; most people did, at some time or another. The next night, too, Dick packed, until everything was ready. ‘Buy yourself some material and make a dress or two,’ said Dick diffidently, for he had realized, handling her things, that she had, almost literally, ‘nothing to wear’. She nodded, and took out of a drawer a length of flowered cotton stuff that had been taken over with the stock from the store. She began to cut it out, then remained still, bent over it, silent, until Dick touched her shoulder and roused her to come to bed. Tony, witness of this scene, refrained from looking at Dick. He was grieved for them both. He had learned to like Dick very much; his feeling for him was sincere and personal. As for Mary, while he was sorry for her, what could be said about a woman who simply wasn’t there? ‘A case for a psychologist,’ he said again, trying to reassure himself. For that matter, Dick would benefit by treatment himself. The man was cracking up, he shivered perpetually, his face was so thin the bone-structure showed under the skin. He was not fit to work at all, really; but he insisted on spending every moment of daylight on the fields; he could not bear to leave them when dusk came. Tony had to bring him away; his task now was almost one of a male nurse, and he was beginning to look forward to the Turners’ departure.

Three days before they were to leave, Tony asked to stay behind for the afternoon, because he was not feeling well. A touch of the sun, perhaps; he had a bad headache, his eyes hurt, and nausea moved in the pit of his stomach. He stayed away from the midday meal, lying in his hut which, though warm enough, was cold compared to that oven of a house. At four o’clock in the afternoon he woke from an uneasy aching sleep, and was very thirsty. The old whisky bottle that was usually filled with drinking water was empty; the boy had forgotten to fill it. Tony went out into the yellow glare to fetch water from the house. The back door was open, and he moved silently, afraid to wake Mary, whom he had been told slept every afternoon. He took a glass from a rack, and wiped it carefully, and went into the living-room for the water. A glazed earthenware filter stood on the shelf that served as a sideboard. Tony lifted the lid and peered in: the dome of the filter was slimy with yellow mud, but the water trickled out of the tap clear, though tasting stale and tepid. He drank, and drank again, and, having filled his bottle, turned to leave. The curtain between this room and the bedroom was drawn back, and he could see in. He was struck motionless by surprise. Mary was sitting on an upended candlebox before the square mirror nailed on the wall. She was in a garish pink petticoat, and her bony yellow shoulders stuck sharply out of it. Beside her stood Moses, and, as Tony watched, she stood up and held out her arms while the native slipped her dress over them from behind. When she sat down again she shook out her hair from her neck with both hands, with the gesture of a beautiful woman adoring her beauty. Moses was buttoning up the dress; she was looking in the mirror. The attitude of the native was of an indulgent uxoriousness. When he had finished the buttoning, he stood back, and watched the woman brushing her hair. ‘Thank you, Moses,’ she said in a high commanding voice. Then she turned, and said intimately: ‘You had

better go now. It is time for the boss to come.' The native came out of the room. When he saw the white man standing there, staring at him incredulously, he hesitated for a moment and then came straight on, passing him on silent feet, but with a malevolent glare. The malevolence was so strong, that Tony was momentarily afraid.

In this passage how does Lessing make what is described and Tony's reaction to it so disturbing?

Or **20** Why do you think Dick Turner fails in everything he does?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

Or **21** You are Moses sitting in your cell before your trial, thinking about how you have come to be in this situation.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

Either ***22** John Benn loomed up before him in the fog, standing near the cliff edge as if he was trying to peer into the fog.

'Good morning, Mr Benn.'

'Good morning, Van Rooyen.'

'I could swear I saw a ship in the fog yesterday.'

'You did. It's still there.'

He squatted down a little way from the worried pilot, and the fog and the eerie silence came and lay between them.

Just as there had always been a bond between Nina and him, there had been enmity between John Benn and him from the very first day. Enmity was not quite the right word perhaps; more like a barrier between them, like the bar across the entrance to the lagoon. There were days when it seemed as if the bar between the pilot and him was getting calmer, as on the day when John Benn had asked him about where he lived.

'I see you've moved in with Kaliel September.'

'Yes.'

'Do you work for him?'

'Yes. For food and shelter.'

'You're not the first woodcutter I've come across without sense, but you're the first one I've met who's without pride.'

'We're beam-makers, not woodcutters.'

'Is there a difference?'

He did not answer.

The fog made his clothes and his hair wet, and the questions went on tormenting him. If Nina was not his sister, he wanted to know the truth. How? Where did you find the truth if it had been buried for so long that it might be lost altogether?

'Are you deaf, Van Rooyen?' It was John Benn.

'Sorry.'

'Where's Kaliel?'

'He's gone to the village to get meal and rice and to see his mother. It's her birthday.'

'Go to Book and tell him to fetch Joop Stoep. The wind's freshening and the fog's clearing; they'll have to row me through. When Kaliel comes back from the village, tell him that the rules of the pilot-boat say that if an oarsman goes off without permission, he will be dismissed.'

The words jerked him to life. He looked past John Benn, at the ship lying at anchor in the clearing fog. It was at the mouth of the passage and dangerously close to the Black Rocks; not a flag or a pendant to ask for a pilot or to inquire whether there was timber to ship.

'Look where that ship's lying, Mr Benn!'

'I know. Tell Book to hurry!'

He started running towards the footpath with John Benn's words ringing through his head: *If an oarsman goes off without permission, he will be dismissed!* It was hope from an unexpected quarter. Early that morning Kaliel had said that nothing apart from a fish would come through the Heads that day, and he was going to the village. But for once Kaliel had been too clever. And he, Lukas van Rooyen, could not row! The road to the pilot-boat was open and he could not row.

He had always thought his chance would come when Kaliel somehow managed to find a ship – or when Book Platsie or James left. Book had said something about joining a fishing-boat one day and James often complained about his poverty:

'It's only Kaliel September that can make extra around here, only he can be at the oyster-beds and smell when a ship wants to come through.'

'Don't worry,' Book had predicted. 'Kaliel's turn will come. Dolf Blou also thought he could go fishing when he liked, and that John Benn and the boat would wait for him, but they didn't.'

Kaliel had got his chance the day that Dolf Blou had not been within hail of the pilot and a ship with a sick captain had to be brought through. But Kaliel could row. The road to the pilot-boat was now open again, but Lukas van Rooyen could not row!

What does this passage tell you about Lukas's/Benjamin's state of mind?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **23** To what extent do you think Fiela is the heroine of the novel?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

Or **24** You are Barta after Lukas has reappeared in the forest (Chapter 28). You say to him "I'll swear it again. You're Lukas ." He leaves and you are alone.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

Either ***25** As for the pigs, they could already read and write perfectly. The dogs learned to read fairly well, but were not interested in reading anything except the Seven Commandments. Muriel, the goat, could read somewhat better than the dogs, and sometimes used to read to the others in the evenings from scraps of newspaper which she found on the rubbish heap. Benjamin could read as well as any pig, but never exercised his faculty. So far as he knew, he said, there was nothing worth reading. Clover learnt the whole alphabet, but could not put words together. Boxer could not get beyond the letter D. He would trace out A, B, C, D, in the dust with his great hoof, and then would stand staring at the letters with his ears back, sometimes shaking his forelock, trying with all his might to remember what came next and never succeeding. On several occasions, indeed, he did learn E, F, G, H, but by the time he knew them, it was always discovered that he had forgotten A, B, C, and D. Finally he decided to be content with the first four letters, and used to write them out once or twice every day to refresh his memory. Mollie refused to learn any but the six letters which spelt her own name. She would form these very neatly out of pieces of twig, and would then decorate them with a flower or two and walk round them admiring them.

None of the other animals on the farm could get further than the letter A. It was also found that the stupider animals, such as the sheep, hens, and ducks, were unable to learn the Seven Commandments by heart. After much thought Snowball declared that the Seven Commandments could in effect be reduced to a single maxim, namely: 'Four legs good, two legs bad.' This, he said, contained the essential principle of Animalism. Whoever had thoroughly grasped it would be safe from human influences. The birds at first objected, since it seemed to them that they also had two legs, but Snowball proved to them that this was not so.

'A bird's wing, comrades,' he said, 'is an organ of propulsion and not of manipulation. It should therefore be regarded as a leg. The distinguishing mark of Man is the *hand*, the instrument with which he does all his mischief.'

The birds did not understand Snowball's long words, but they accepted his explanation, and all the humbler animals set to work to learn the new maxim by heart. FOUR LEGS GOOD, TWO LEGS BAD, was inscribed on the end wall of the barn, above the Seven Commandments and in bigger letters. When they had once got it by heart, the sheep developed a great liking for this maxim, and often as they lay in the field they would all start bleating 'Four legs good, two legs bad! Four legs good, two legs bad!' and kept it up for hours on end, never growing tired of it.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball's committees. He said that the education of the young was more important than anything that could be done for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and Bluebell had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft which could only be reached by a ladder from the harness-room, and there kept them in such seclusion that the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon cleared up. It was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. The early apples were now ripening, and the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had assumed as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally; one day, however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. At this some of the other animals murmured, but it was no use. All the pigs were in full agreement on this point, even Snowball and Napoleon. Squealer was sent to make the necessary explanation to the others.

'Comrades!' he cried. 'You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples (this has been proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brain-workers. The whole management and organization of this farm depend on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. If is for *your* sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back! Surely, comrades,' cried Squealer almost pleadingly, skipping from side to side and whisking his tail, 'surely there is no one among you who wants to see Jones come back?'

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it was that they did not want Jones back. When it was put to them in this light, they had no more to say. The importance of keeping the pigs in good health was all too obvious. So it was agreed without further argument that the milk and the windfall apples (and also the main crop of apples when they ripened) should be reserved for the pigs alone.

How does Orwell's irony in this passage suggest what Animal Farm is to become in the future?

Or **26** How does Orwell manage to make Napoleon such a hateful figure?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **27** You are Boxer as you lie ill, just before you are removed to 'hospital'. You are thinking about what has happened at Animal Farm since the expulsion of Jones.

Write your thoughts.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

Either *28 At five-fifteen, Ruth called her mother to remind her she was coming. No answer. She was probably in the bathroom. Ruth waited five minutes, then called again. Still no answer. Did she have constipation? Had she fallen asleep? Ruth tidied her desk, put the phone on speaker, and hit automatic redial. After fifteen minutes of unanswered ringing, she had run through all the possibilities, until they culminated in the inevitable worst possible thing. Flames leaping from a pot left on the stove. LuLing dousing the flames with oil. Her sleeve catching fire. As Ruth drove to her mother's, she braced herself to see a crackling blaze eating the roof, her mother lying twisted in a blackened heap.

Just as she feared, when Ruth arrived she saw lights flickering in the upper level, shadows dancing. She rushed in. The front door was unlocked. 'Mom? Mommy! Where are you?' The television was on, blasting *Amor sin Límite* at high volume. LuLing had never figured out how to use the remote control, even though Ruth had taped over all but the Power, Channel Up, and Channel Down buttons. She turned off the TV, and the sudden silence frightened her.

She ran to the back rooms, flung open closets, looked out the windows. Her throat tightened. 'Mommy, where are you?' she whimpered. 'Answer me.' She ran down the front steps and knocked on the tenant's door.

She tried to sound casual. 'By any chance, have you seen my mother?'

Francine rolled her eyes and nodded knowingly. 'She went charging down the sidewalk about two or three hours ago. I noticed because she was wearing slippers and pajamas, and I said to myself, "Wow, she looks really flipped out." … Like it's none of my business, but you should take her to the doctor and get her medicated or something. I mean that in the good sense.'

Ruth raced back upstairs. With shaky fingers, she called a former client who was a captain in the police department. Minutes later, a Latino officer stood at the doorway. He was bulging with weapons and paraphernalia and his face was serious. Ruth's panic notched up. She stepped outside.

'She has Alzheimer's,' Ruth jabbered. 'She's seventy-seven but has the mind of a child.'

'Description.'

'Four-eleven, eighty-five pounds, black hair pulled into a bun, probably wearing pink or lilac pajamas and slippers …' Ruth was picturing LuLing as she said this: the puzzled look on her mother's face, her inert body lying in the street. Ruth's voice started to wobble. 'Oh God, she's so tiny and helpless …'

'Does she look anything like that lady there?'

Ruth looked up to see LuLing standing stock still at the end of the walkway. She was wearing a sweater over her pajamas.

'*Ai-ya!* What happen?' LuLing cried. 'Robber?'

Ruth ran toward her. 'Where were you?' She appraised her mother for signs of damage.

The officer walked up to the two of them. 'Happy ending,' he said, then turned toward his patrol car.

'Stay there,' Ruth ordered her mother. 'I'll be right back.' She went to the patrol car and the officer rolled down his window. 'I'm sorry for all the trouble,' she said. 'She's never done this before.' And then she considered that maybe she had, but she just didn't know it. Maybe she did this every day, every night. Maybe she roamed the neighborhood in her underwear!

'Hey, no problem,' the policeman said. 'My mother-in-law did the same thing. Sundowning. The sun went down, she went wandering. We had to put alarm triggers on all the doors. That was one tough year, until we put her in a nursing home. My wife couldn't do it anymore – keeping an eye on her day and night.'

Day and night? And Ruth thought she was being diligent by having her mother over for dinner and trying to hire a part-time housekeeper. 'Well, thanks anyway,' she said.

When she returned to her mother, LuLing complained right away: 'Grocery store 'round the corner? I walk 'round and 'round, gone! Turn into bank. You don't believe, go see yourself!'

Ruth wound up staying the night at her mother's, sleeping in her old bedroom. The foghorns were louder in this section of the city. She remembered listening to them at night when she was a teenager. She would lie in bed, counting the blasts, matching them to the number of years it would be before she could move out. Five years, then four, then three. Now she was back.

In the morning, Ruth opened the cupboards to look for cereal. She found dirty paper napkins folded and stacked. Hundreds. She opened the fridge. It was packed with plastic bags of black and greenish mush, cartons of half-eaten food, orange peels, cantaloupe rinds, frozen goods long defrosted. In the freezer were a carton of eggs, a pair of shoes, the alarm clock, and what appeared to have been bean sprouts. Ruth felt sick. This had happened in just one week?

What makes this passage a particularly powerful moment in the novel?

Or **29** Explore how Tan shows the effects of superstition and imagination on Ruth and LuLing.

Support your answer by referring to **one** incident for Ruth **and one** for LuLing.

Or **30** You are Ruth after reading your mother's story.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

PAUL THEROUX: *The Mosquito Coast*

Either ***31** We moved that very day in pelting rain to another hotel, called The Gardenia, at the eastern edge of La Ceiba, on a sandy road next to the beach. Still the rain came slapping down, tearing the leaves off the trees. It was straight, loud, thick and grey, and it stopped as quickly as it began. Then there was sunlight and steam, and a returning odour.

The Gardenia was a two-storey building faced with stucco in which cracks showed through the faded green paint. Its long piazza faced the sea and gave us a good view of the pier, where the *Unicorn* was still tied up. That ship was my hope. Men's voices and the racket of conveyor belts and bucking freight cars carried across the water. During the day, we were the only people at The Gardenia, but at night, just before we went to bed, women gathered on the piazza and sat in the wicker armchairs drinking Coca-Cola. Later, there was music and laughing, and from our room I heard men and shouts and slamming doors, and sometimes glass breaking. I never saw this crowd, though I was often woken by it – by tramping feet and songs and screams. In the morning, everything was quiet. The only person around was an old woman with a broom sweeping the mess into a pile and taking it away in a bucket.

The manager of this hotel was an Italian named Tosco. He wore a silver bracelet and pinched our faces too hard. He had once lived in New York. He said it was like hell. Father said, 'I know just what you mean.' Tosco liked Honduras. It was nice and cheap. You could do anything you wanted here, he said.

'What's the President like?' Father asked.

'He is the same as Mussolini,' Tosco said.

This name darkened Father's face; with the shadow of the word still on it, he said, 'And what was Mussolini like?'

Tosco said, 'Tough. Strong. No fooling.' He made a fist and shook it under Father's chin. 'Like this.'

'Then he'd better keep out of my way,' Father said.

Father spent part of every day in town, and while he was there, Mother gave us lessons on the beach, under thundery skies. It was like play. She wrote with a stick on the damp sand, setting us arithmetic problems to solve, or words to spell. She taught us the different kinds of cloud formation. If we chanced upon a dead fish, she poked it apart and named each piece. There were flowers growing beneath the palms – she picked them and taught us the names of the parts in the blossom. Back in Hatfield, we had studied indoors, to avoid the Truant Officer, but I preferred these outdoor lessons, studying whatever we happened to find on the beach.

She was not like Father. Father lectured us, but she never made speeches. When he was around she gave him her full attention, but when he was in town she was ours. She answered all our questions, even the silliest ones, such as, 'Where does sand come from?' and 'How do fish breathe?'

Usually when we returned to The Gardenia, Father was on the piazza with someone from town. 'This is Mr Haddy,' he would say. 'He's a real old coaster.' And the prune-skinned man would rise and creakily greet us. There was nothing Juanita Shumbo didn't know about rearing turkeys – she was an old black woman with red eyes. Mr Sanchez had splashed up and down the Patuca – he was tiny and brown and had a crooked moustache. Mr Diego spoke Zambu like a native, Father said,

and he made that man sneeze a Zambu salutation. There were many others, and each of them listened closely to Father. They were respectful and seemed, sitting nervously on their chair seats out of the sun, to regard him with admiration.

'He's wonderful with strangers,' Mother said. But the strangers made me uneasy, for I had no clear idea of Father's plans, or how these people fitted in. I wished I had Father's courage. Lacking it, I clung to him and Mother, for everything I had known that was comfortable had been taken away from me. The other kids were too young to realise how far we had drifted from home. Except for the *Unicorn*, still at the pier, the past had been wiped away.

Explore how Theroux creates here a world that is strange and frightening to Charlie.

Or **32** Do you think Theroux's novel suggests that the children gain anything from their father's search for a better world?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

Or **33** You are Mr Haddy after Allie Fox's death as you sail the family back to La Ceiba.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

Either *34

[DIANA *picks up the cream jug and pours it slowly over* PAUL*'s head.* PAUL *sits for a moment, stunned.*]

PAUL [*Leaping up*] Hey! What are you doing, woman?

MARGE Di –!

COLIN Hey, hey!

JOHN Oy!

DIANA Oh, I'm so sorry.

PAUL [*Outraged*] What are you doing?

DIANA I am so sorry.

PAUL You poured that all over me. She poured that over me.

MARGE I'll get a cloth.

PAUL No, I can't use a cloth. I'll have to wash it out.

MARGE Not for you. For the chair.

[MARGE *goes out to the kitchen.*]

PAUL Bloody woman's off her head. She poured it all over me.

[PAUL *stamps off upstairs.*]

DIANA Accidents will happen.

COLIN Well … [*He laughs awkwardly.*]

DIANA I'm sorry, Colin. You were saying?

COLIN Was I?

DIANA You'll have to excuse my husband, Colin, he's changed over the years … Now then, tea for you, John?

JOHN Er – thank you.

DIANA Pass your cup. Evelyn?

EVELYN No.

DIANA Thank you.

EVELYN Thank you.

COLIN Well, I daresay we've all changed in some ways.

DIANA Possibly. Some more than most.

[MARGE *returns with a cloth, bowl of water and paper towels.*]

MARGE Would it be all right to use this for it, Di?

[*Indicates cloth.*]

DIANA Just as you like.

MARGE Look, paper towels. Very useful. [*Examining the damage.*] Oh, it's not too bad.

[MARGE *sets to work.* DIANA *hands* COLIN *his tea. Then* JOHN.]

DIANA Is that strong enough for you, Colin?

COLIN Oh, that's lovely, Di. That's perfect. Perfect. [*Laughing.*] Just the way Carol used to make it.

DIANA You can't say fairer than that, can you.

COLIN Listen Di …

DIANA John …

[*Slight pause.*]

COLIN Listen, Di … Just now, I think what Paul said just now – it may have sounded to you a bit – er – well – I think, actually, I understand what he was feeling. I know what was going through his mind. I embarrassed him with that story – I shouldn't have told it and – er – well, Paul, basically – here I go again. I told you I'm a Paul expert …

DIANA So am I, Colin. So am I.

COLIN Yes, right, point taken, surely. But … you see, Paul is really a very romantic man. He's soft. I've known him a long time – oh, he'll give you that old gruff bit – and the 'I don't care what anyone thinks' bit – but honestly, Di, you know yourself, he's ashamed of his own nature, you see. Somewhere, he's got this idea that if he shows any sort of gentleness to people they'll think he's soft. And of course, that's what's made him the success he is today. Let's face it. Because he's managed to cover it up. And I think that in some ways you'd be the first to say thank heavens he has. I mean. You've got this marvellous house, full of lovely things, you've got two fine children and – well, let's be fair, you've got just about everything a human being could ask for. And it's a very very sad fact of life that you don't get any of that through being soft. That's why people like me, John, Gordon, we're never going to get in the same bracket as Paul. Never. No, Di, I'm afraid the only thing left for you is to love him for what he is. Right, John?

JOHN Right. Right.

COLIN Marge?

MARGE [*not quite convinced*] Yes …
[*Pause.*]

EVELYN Do you happen to write for these magazines by any chance?

COLIN Eh?

Explore how this episode is funny and at the same time distressing in its effect.

Or **35** Some might think that Carol's death at least saves her from a life married to Colin. What is your view of Colin?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or **36** You are Colin at the end of the play just after you have left Paul and Diana's house.

Write your thoughts.

Either ***37** HALLY Good. Because what you've been trying to do is meddle in something you know nothing about. All that concerns you in here, Sam, is to try and do what you get paid for – keep the place clean and serve the customers. In plain words, just get on with your job. My mother is right. She's always warning me about allowing you to get too familiar. Well, this time you've gone too far. It's going to stop right now.
[*No response from* SAM.]
You're only a servant in here, and don't forget it.
[*Still no response.* HALLY *is trying hard to get one.*]
And as far as my father is concerned, all you need to remember is that he is your boss.

SAM [*Needled at last.*] No, he isn't. I get paid by your mother.

HALLY Don't argue with me, Sam!

SAM Then don't say he's my boss.

HALLY He's a white man and that's good enough for you.
[*Pause.*]

SAM I'll try to forget you said that.

HALLY Don't! Because you won't be doing me a favour if you do. I'm telling you to remember it.
[*A pause.* SAM *pulls himself together and makes one last effort.*]

SAM Hally, Hally …! Come on now. Let's stop before it's too late. You're right. We *are* on dangerous ground. If we're not careful, somebody is going to get hurt.

HALLY It won't be me.

SAM Don't be so sure.

HALLY I don't know what you're talking about, Sam.

SAM Yes, you do.

HALLY [*Furious.*] Jesus, I wish you would stop trying to tell me what I do and what I don't know.
[SAM *gives up. He turns to* WILLIE.]

SAM Let's finish up.

HALLY Don't turn your back on me! I haven't finished talking.
[*He grabs* SAM *by the arm and tries to make him turn around.* SAM *reacts with a flash of anger.*]

SAM Don't do that, Hally! [*Facing the boy.*] All right, I'm listening. Well? What do you want to say to me?

HALLY [*Pause as* HALLY *looks for something to say.*] To begin with, why don't you also start calling me Master Harold, like Willie.

SAM Do you mean that?

HALLY Why the hell do you think I said it?

SAM And if I don't?

HALLY You might just lose your job.

SAM [*Quietly and very carefully.*] If you make me say it once, I'll never call you anything else again.

HALLY So? [*The boy confronts the man.*] Is that meant to be a threat?

SAM Just telling you what will happen if you make me do that. You must decide what it means to you.

HALLY Well, I have. It's good news. Because that is exactly what Master Harold wants from now on. Think of it as a little lesson in respect, Sam, that's long overdue, and I hope you remember it as well as you do your geography. I can tell you now that somebody who will be glad to hear I've finally given it to you will be my Dad. Yes! He agrees with my Mom. He's always going on about it as well. 'You must teach the boys to show you more respect, my son.'

How does Fugard make this passage such an explosive moment in the play?

Or **38** In what ways does Fugard make Hally's parents important dramatically even though they never appear on the stage?

Or **39** You are Willie as you walk home after the events of the play.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

Either *40

ACT THREE

[*Two o'clock the following morning.* MOTHER *is discovered on the rise, rocking ceaselessly in a chair, staring at her thoughts. It is an intense, slight sort of rocking. A light shows from upstairs bedroom, lower floor windows being dark. The moon is strong and casts its bluish light.*
Presently JIM *dressed in jacket and hat appears, and seeing her, goes up beside her.*]

JIM Any news?
MOTHER No news.
JIM [*gently*] You can't sit up all night, dear, why don't you go to bed?
MOTHER I'm waiting for Chris. Don't worry about me, Jim, I'm perfectly all right.
JIM But it's almost two o'clock.
MOTHER I can't sleep. [*Slight pause.*] You had an emergency?
JIM [*tiredly*] Somebody had a headache and thought he was dying. [*Slight pause.*] Half of my patients are quite mad. Nobody realizes how many people are walking around loose, and they're cracked as coconuts. Money. Money-money-money-money. You say it long enough it doesn't mean anything. [*She smiles, makes a silent laugh.*] Oh, how I'd love to be around when that happens!
MOTHER [*shaking her head*] You're so childish, Jim! Sometimes you are.
JIM [*looks at her a moment*] Kate. [*Pause.*] What happened?
MOTHER I told you. He had an argument with Joe. Then he got in the car and drove away.
JIM What kind of an argument?
MOTHER An argument, Joe … He was crying like a child, before.
JIM They argued about Ann?
MOTHER [*after slight hesitation*] No, not Ann. Imagine? [*Indicates lighted window above.*] She hasn't come out of that room since he left. All night in that room.
JIM [*looks at window, then at her*] What'd Joe do, tell him?
MOTHER [*stops rocking*] Tell him what?
JIM Don't be afraid, Kate, I know. I've always known.
MOTHER How?
JIM It occurred to me a long time ago.
MOTHER I always had the feeling that in the back of his head, Chris … almost knew. I didn't think it would be such a shock.
JIM [*gets up*] Chris would never know how to live with a thing like that. It takes a certain talent – for lying. You have it, and I do. But not him.
MOTHER What do you mean … ? He's not coming back?
JIM Oh, no, he'll come back. We all come back, Kate. These private little revolutions always die. The compromise is always made. In a peculiar way, Frank is right – every man does have a star. The star of one's honesty. And you spend your life groping for it, but once it's out it never lights again. I don't think he went very far. He probably just wanted to be alone to watch his star go out.

MOTHER Just as long as he comes back.

JIM I wish he wouldn't, Kate. One year I simply took off, went to New Orleans; for two months I lived on bananas and milk, and studied a certain disease. It was beautiful. And then she came, and she cried. And I went back home with her. And now I live in the usual darkness; I can't find myself; it's even hard sometimes to remember the kind of man I wanted to be. I'm a good husband; Chris is a good son – he'll come back.

What do you think makes this such an important and moving moment in the play?

Or **41** How far do the reappearance of Ann and the influence of Larry contribute to the tragic end of Joe Keller?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or **42** You are Kate Keller at the end of the play, thinking about your feelings for Joe.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either ***43** ROMEO [*To a servant*] What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
SERVANT I know not, sir.
ROMEO O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear –
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight;
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
CAPULET Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?
TYBALT Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
CAPULET Young Romeo, is it?
TYBALT 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
CAPULET Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
TYBALT It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.
CAPULET He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to;
Am I the master here or you? Go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!
TYBALT Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
CAPULET Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what:
You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time. –
Well said, my hearts! – You are a princox; go.
Be quiet, or – More light, more light! – For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What! – Cheerly, my hearts!

TYBALT Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall.

[*Exit.*

In this passage the seed of tragedy is sown, yet Shakespeare also creates the impression that things could turn out well. Explore how he encourages the audience to experience these opposing impressions here.

Or **44** Age is supposed to bring wisdom. In this play, do you think it does?

Support your argument with detail from the play.

Or **45** You are Juliet when Romeo has left the Capulets' orchard after his first visit and you have retired to your room.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Either *46

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

CLOWN Will you make me that believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clown Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.

CLOWN Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

CLOWN By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report – after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

SIR ANDREW Now, sir, have I met you again? [*Striking* SEBASTIAN] There's for you.

SEBASTIAN Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.
[*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

CLOWN This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SIR TOBY Come on, sir; hold.

SIR ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go.
Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

SEBASTIAN I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

SIR TOBY What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

SIR TOBY Madam!

OLIVIA Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario –
Rudesby, be gone!
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me!
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN What relish is in this? How runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

SEBASTIAN Madam, I will.

OLIVIA O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

Explore how in this scene Shakespeare amusingly conveys the feeling of mounting misunderstanding.

Or **47** What is it, do you think, that makes Viola so fascinating a character?

Support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's writing.

Or **48** You are Sir Toby at the end of the play. You have recovered from your injuries and Olivia wishes to see you immediately about your part in the fooling and imprisoning of Malvolio.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

Either *49

Enter SIR ROBERT CHILTERN.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — My dear Arthur, you are not going? Do stop a little!

LORD GORING — Afraid I can't, thanks. I have promised to look in at the Hartlocks'. I believe they have got a mauve Hungarian band that plays mauve Hungarian music. See you soon. Goodbye! *Exit*

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — How beautiful you look tonight, Gertrude!

LADY CHILTERN — Robert, it is not true, is it? You are not going to lend your support to this Argentine speculation? You couldn't!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — (*Starting*) Who told you I intended to do so?

LADY CHILTERN — That woman who has just gone out, Mrs Cheveley, as she calls herself now. She seemed to taunt me with it. Robert, I know this woman. You don't. We were at school together. She was untruthful, dishonest, an evil influence on everyone whose trust or friendship she could win. I hated, I despised her. She stole things, she was a thief. She was sent away for being a thief. Why do you let her influence you?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — Gertrude, what you tell me may be true, but it happened many years ago. It is best forgotten! Mrs Cheveley may have changed since then. No one should be entirely judged by their past.

LADY CHILTERN — (*Sadly*) One's past is what one is. It is the only way by which people should be judged.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — That is a hard saying, Gertrude!

LADY CHILTERN — It is a true saying, Robert. And what did she mean by boasting that she had got you to lend your support, your name to a thing I have heard you describe as the most dishonest and fraudulent scheme there has ever been in political life?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — (*Biting his lip*) I was mistaken in the view I took. We all may make mistakes.

LADY CHILTERN — But you told me yesterday that you had received the report from the Commission, and that it entirely condemned the whole thing.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — (*Walking up and down*) I have reasons now to believe that the Commission was prejudiced, or, at any rate, misinformed. Besides, Gertrude, public and private life are different things. They have different laws, and move on different lines.

LADY CHILTERN — They should both represent man at his highest. I see no difference between them.

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — (*Stopping*) In the present case, on a matter of practical politics, I have changed my mind. That is all.

LADY CHILTERN — All!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — (*Sternly*) Yes!

LADY CHILTERN — Robert! Oh! it is horrible that I should have to ask you such a question – Robert, are you telling me the whole truth?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN — Why do you ask me such a question?

LADY CHILTERN (*After a pause*) Why do you not answer it?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN (*Sitting down*) Gertrude, truth is a very complex thing, and politics is a very complex business. There are wheels within wheels. One may be under certain obligations to people that one must pay. Sooner or later in political life one has to compromise. Everyone does.

LADY CHILTERN Compromise? Robert, why do you talk so differently tonight from the way I have always heard you talk? Why are you changed?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN I am not changed. But circumstances alter things.

LADY CHILTERN Circumstances should never alter principles!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN But if I told you –

LADY CHILTERN What?

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN That it was necessary, vitally necessary.

LADY CHILTERN It can never be necessary to do what is not honourable. Or if it be necessary, then what is it that I have loved! But it is not, Robert; tell me it is not. Why should it be? What gain would you get? Money? We have no need of that! And money that comes from a tainted source is a degradation. Power? But power is nothing in itself. It is power to do good that is fine – that, and that only. What is it, then? Robert, tell me why you are going to do this dishonourable thing!

SIR ROBERT CHILTERN Gertrude, you have no right to use that word. I told you it was a question of rational compromise. It is no more than that.

LADY CHILTERN Robert, that is all very well for other men, for men who treat life simply as a sordid speculation; but not for you, Robert, not for you. You are different. All your life you have stood apart from others. You have never let the world soil you. To the world, as to myself, you have been an ideal always. Oh! be that ideal still. That great inheritance throw not away – that tower of ivory do not destroy. Robert, men can love what is beneath them – things unworthy, stained, dishonoured. We women worship when we love; and when we lose our worship, we lose everything. Oh! don't kill my love for you, don't kill that!

What does this conversation tell you about the personalities of Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern?

Support your ideas with detail from the dialogue.

Or **50** What qualities do you think Wilde most admired in women, judging from the female characters in this play?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or **51** You are Lord Goring at the end of the play, thinking about what has happened and about the future.

Write your thoughts.

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