

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/06**

Paper 6 20th Century Writing

October/November 2006

**2 hours**

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 **two** questions.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

EDWARD ALBEE : *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) A popular song of the 1950s expressed the conventional view of marriage:

Love and marriage, love and marriage,  
Go together like a horse and carriage.  
Let me tell you, brother,  
You can't have one without the other.

Discuss ways in which *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* explores this view of married relationships.

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage, considering the importance of this moment in the play as a whole.

MARTHA [*to HONEY and NICK*]: So, anyway, I married the S.O.B., and I had it all planned out ... He was the groom ... he was going to be groomed. He'd take over some day ... first, he'd take over the History Department, and then, when Daddy retired, he'd take over the college ... you know? That's the way it was supposed to be.

5

[*To GEORGE, who is at the portable bar with his back to her*]

You getting angry, baby? Hunh? [*Now back*] That's the way it was supposed to be. Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it was a pretty good idea, too. For a while. Until he watched for a couple of years!

[*To GEORGE again*] You getting angrier? [*Now back*] Until he watched for a couple of years and started thinking maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all ... that maybe Georgie-boy didn't have the *stuff* ... that he didn't have it in him!

10

GEORGE [*still with his back to them all*]: Stop it, Martha.

MARTHA [*viciously triumphant*]: The hell I will! You see, George didn't have much ... push ... he wasn't particularly aggressive. In fact he was sort of a ... [*Spits the word at GEORGE's back*] ... a FLOP! A great ... big ... fat ... FLOP!

15

[*CRASH! Immediately after FLOP! GEORGE breaks a bottle against the portable bar and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then ...*]

20

GEORGE [*almost crying*]: I said stop, Martha.

MARTHA [*after considering what course to take*]: I hope that was an empty bottle, George. You don't want to waste good liquor ... not on your salary.

25

[*GEORGE drops the broken bottle on the floor, not moving.*]

Not on an Associate Professor's salary. [*To NICK and HONEY*] I mean, he'd be ... no good ... at trustees' dinners, fund raising. He didn't have any ... personality, you know what I mean? Which was disappointing to Daddy, as you can imagine. So, here I am, stuck with this flop ...

30

GEORGE [*turning around*]: ... don't go on, Martha. ...

MARTHA: ... this BOG in the History Department. ...

GEORGE: ... don't, Martha, don't ...

MARTHA [ <i>her voice rising to match his</i> ]: ... who's married to the President's daughter, who's expected to <i>be</i> somebody, not just some nobody, some bookworm, somebody who's so damn ... contemplative, he can't make anything out of himself, somebody without the <i>guts</i> to make anybody proud of him ... ALL RIGHT, GEORGE!	GEORGE [ <i>under her, then covering, drown her</i> ]: I said, don't All right ... all right: [ <i>Sings</i> ] Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, early in the morning.	40 45
GEORGE and HONEY [ <i>who joins him drunkenly</i> ]: Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf ... [ <i>etc.</i> ]		50
MARTHA: STOP IT! [ <i>A brief silence.</i> ]		
HONEY [ <i>rising, moving towards the hall</i> ]: I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to vomit. [ <i>Exits</i> ]		55
NICK [ <i>going after her</i> ]: Oh, for God's sake! [ <i>Exits</i> ]		
MARTHA [ <i>going after them, looks back at GEORGE contemptuously</i> ]: Jesus! [ <i>Exits. GEORGE is alone on stage.</i> ]		
CURTAIN		60

SAMUEL BECKETT : *Endgame*

- 2 **Either** (a) CLOV: There's one thing I'll never understand. Why I always obey you.  
Can you explain that to me?  
HAMM: No ... perhaps it's compassion ... A kind of great compassion.  
With this exchange in mind, discuss Beckett's presentation of the relationship between these two characters.

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effect of the following passage, considering what is suggested here about the characters and the relationships between them.

NAGG: Can you see me?  
NELL: Hardly. And you?  
NAGG: What?  
NELL: Can you see me?  
NAGG: Hardly. 5  
NELL: So much the better, so much the better.  
NAGG: Don't say that. [*Pause.*] Our sight has failed.  
NELL: Yes.  
[*Pause. They turn away from each other.*]  
NAGG: Can you hear me? 10  
NELL: Yes. And you?  
NAGG: Yes. [*Pause.*] Our hearing hasn't failed.  
NELL: Our what?  
NAGG: Our hearing.  
NELL: No. [*Pause.*] Have you anything else to say to me? 15  
NAGG: Do you remember —  
NELL: No.  
NAGG: When we crashed on our tandem and lost our shanks.  
[*They laugh heartily.*]  
NELL: It was in the Ardennes. 20  
[*They laugh less heartily.*]  
NAGG: On the road to Sedan. [*They laugh still less heartily.*] Are you cold?  
NELL: Yes, perished. And you?  
NAGG: I'm freezing. [*Pause.*] Do you want to go in?  
NELL: Yes. 25  
NAGG: Then go in. [NELL *does not move.*] Why don't you go in?  
NELL: I don't know.  
[*Pause.*]  
NAGG: Has he changed your sawdust?  
NELL: It isn't sawdust. [*Pause. Wearily.*] Can you not be a little accurate, Nagg? 30  
NAGG: Your sand, then. It's not important.  
NELL: It is important.  
[*Pause.*]  
NAGG: It was sawdust once.  
NELL: Once! 35  
NAGG: And now it's sand. [*Pause.*] From the shore. [*Pause. Impatiently.*] Now it's sand he fetches from the shore.  
NELL: Now it's sand

- NAGG: Has he changed yours?
- NELL: No.
- NAGG: Nor mine. [*Pause.*] I won't have it! [*Pause. Holding up the biscuit.*] Do you want a bit?
- NELL: No. [*Pause.*] Of what?
- NAGG: Biscuit. I've kept you half. [*He looks at the biscuit. Proudly.*] Three quarters. For you. Here. [*He proffers the biscuit.*] No? [*Pause.*] Do you not feel well? 45
- HAMM [*wearily*]: Quiet, quiet, you're keeping me awake. [*Pause.*] Talk softer. [*Pause.*] If I could sleep I might make love. I'd go into the woods. My eyes would see ... the sky, the earth. I'd run, run, they wouldn't catch me. [*Pause.*] Nature! [*Pause.*] There's something dripping in my head. 50  
[*Pause.*] A heart, a heart in my head.  
[*Pause.*]
- NAGG [*soft*]: Do you hear him? A heart in his head!  
[*He chuckles cautiously.*]
- NELL: One mustn't laugh at those things, Nagg. Why must you always laugh at them? 55
- NAGG: Not so loud!
- NELL [*without lowering her voice*]: Nothing is funnier than unhappiness, I grant you that. But —
- NAGG [*shocked*]: Oh! 60
- NELL: Yes, yes, it's the most comical thing in the world. And we laugh, we laugh, with a will, in the beginning. But it's always the same thing. Yes, it's like the funny story we have heard too often, we still find it funny, but we don't laugh any more. [*Pause.*] Have you anything else to say to me?
- NAGG: No. 65
- NELL: Are you quite sure? [*Pause.*] Then I'll leave you.
- NAGG: Do you not want your biscuit? [*Pause.*] I'll keep it for you. [*Pause.*] I thought you were going to leave me.
- NELL: I am going to leave you.
- NAGG: Could you give me a scratch before you go? 70
- NELL: No. [*Pause.*] Where?
- NAGG: In the back.
- NELL: No. [*Pause.*] Rub yourself against the rim.
- NAGG: It's lower down. In the hollow.
- NELL: What hollow? 75
- NAGG: The hollow! [*Pause.*] Could you not? [*Pause.*] Yesterday you scratched me there.
- NELL [*elegiac*]: Ah yesterday!
- NAGG: Could you not? [*Pause.*] Would you like me to scratch you? [*Pause.*] Are you crying again? 80
- NELL: I was trying.  
[*Pause.*]
- HAMM: Perhaps it's a little vein.  
[*Pause.*]
- NAGG: What was that he said? 85
- NELL: Perhaps it's a little vein.
- NAGG: What does that mean? [*Pause.*] That means nothing. [*Pause.*]

LES MURRAY : *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) With reference to at least **three** poems, how far and in what ways do you think Murray's poetry reflects 'his association with "the people", particularly country folk'?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering particularly the feelings for the natural world that it expresses. How does the poem relate to other Murray poems that you have read?

*The China Pear Trees*

The power of three China pear trees  
standing in their splintery timber bark  
on an open paddock:

the selector's house that staked and watered them  
in Bible times, beside a spaded patch  
proved deciduous; it went away in loads,

5

but after sixty years of standing out,  
vanishing in autumn, blizzarding in spring,  
among the farmland's sparse and giant furniture,

after sixty crops gorged on from all directions,  
so that no windfalls, fermenting, shrank to lizard-skinned  
puree in the short grazed grass,

10

the trees drew another house, electrified and steaming  
but tin-roofed as before for blazing clouds to creak over  
and with tiny nude frogs upright again on lamplit glass;

15

they drew another kitchen garden, and a dam  
half scintillating waterlily pleasance, half irrigation,  
an ad hoc orchard, Christmas pines, a cud-dropping mower;

they drew a wire fence around acres of enclosure  
shaped like a fuel tin, its spout a tunnel of trees  
tangled in passionflower and beige-bellied wonga vine,

20

down inside which a floodtime waterfall churns  
millet-sized gravel. And they called lush-water-leaved trees  
like themselves to the stumpholes of gone rainforest

to shade with four seasons the tattered evergreen  
oil-haloed face of a subtle fire landscape  
(water forest versus fire forest, ancient war of the southern world).

25

It was this shade in the end, not their coarse bottling fruit  
that mirrored the moist creek trees outward, as a culture  
containing the old gardener now untying and heaping up

30

one more summer's stems and chutneys,  
his granddaughter walking a horse the colour of her boots  
and his tree-shaping son ripping out the odd failed seedling,

- 4 **Either** (a) *The Guide's* narrative switches between the rural community where Raju is his history to Velan, and urban environments (Malgudi and others) where that his happened. What do you think are the effects of Narayan's presentation of urban and rural settings in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing how it contributes to Raju's development as a 'guide', in your reading of the novel.

I came to be called Railway Raju. Perfect strangers, having heard of my name, began to ask for me when their train arrived at the Malgudi railway station. It is written on the brow of some that they shall not be left alone. I am one such, I think. Although I never looked for acquaintances, they somehow came looking for me. Men who had just arrived always stopped at my shop for a soda or cigarettes and to go through the book stack, and almost always they asked, "How far is ... ?" or "Which way does one go to reach ... ?" or "Are there many historical spots here?" or "I heard that your River Sarayu has its source somewhere on those hills and that it is a beauty spot." This sort of inquiry soon led me to think that I had not given sufficient thought to the subject. I never said, "I don't know." Not in my nature, I suppose. If I had the inclination to say "I don't know what you are talking about," my life would have taken a different turn. Instead, I said, "Oh, yes, a fascinating place. Haven't you seen it? You must find the time to visit it, otherwise your whole trip here would be a waste." I am sorry I said it, an utter piece of falsehood. It was not because I wanted to utter a falsehood, but only because I wanted to be pleasant.

Naturally, they next asked me the way. I said, "If you just go that way down to the Market Square and ask one of those taxi-drivers ..." This was not a very satisfactory direction. Soon a man wanted me to show him the way to the Market Square and the taxi. There was a young son of the porter doing points-signalling duty whenever a train was about to arrive, who had no specified work to do at other times. I asked the young fellow to mind the shop while I helped the traveler to find a taxi.

At the market fountain stood the old shark Gaffur, looking for a victim. He made a specialty of collecting all the derelict vehicles in the country and rigging them up; he breathed new life into them and ran them on the mountain roads and into the forests. His usual seat was on the parapet of the fountain, while his car basked on the roadside beside the gutter. "Gaffur," I called out. "Here is a very good gentleman, a friend of mine. He wants to see ... You must take him out and bring him back safely – that is why I have brought him to you personally, although this is not an hour when I should be away from my shop." We haggled over the prices; I allowed the customer to mention his figure and always tried to beat Gaffur down to it. When he demurred at the sight of the vehicle, I took up Gaffur's brief and explained, "Gaffur is no fool to have this kind of car. He searched far and wide to find this particular model; this is the only car which can go up to all those places where in some parts there are no roads at all, but Gaffur will take you there and bring you back in time for dinner tonight. Can't you, Gaffur?"

"Well," he drawled, "it is seventy miles each way; it is one o'clock now. If we leave at once and if there are no punctures on the way ..." But I hustled him so much that Gaffur never really completed his sentence. When they returned it could not exactly be called dinnertime, unless you stretched it to include midnight, but Gaffur did bring him back intact, honked his car to wake me up, took his cash, and departed. The next train for the man would be at eight on the following morning. He had to stretch himself under the awning on the platform of my shop and spend the night thus. If he felt hungry, I opened my store and sold him fruits and such things.

- 5 **Either** (a) 'In a Pinter play characters are engaged in a struggle for survival or identity. and in what ways do you think this is true of *The Caretaker*?'  
**Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the following passage in relation to the play's methods and concerns.

ASTON: How are you off for money?  
 DAVIES: Oh well ... now, mister, if you want the truth ... I'm a bit short.  
 [ASTON *takes some coins from his pocket, sorts them, and holds out five shillings.*]  
 ASTON: Here's a few bob. 5  
 DAVIES [*taking the coins*]: Thank you, thank you, good luck. I just happen to find myself a bit short. You see, I got nothing for all that week's work I did last week. That's the position, that's what it is.  
 [*Pause.*]  
 ASTON: I went into a pub the other day. Ordered a Guinness. They gave it to me in a thick mug. I sat down but I couldn't drink it. I can't drink Guinness from a thick mug. I only like it out of a thin glass. I had a few sips but I couldn't finish it. 10  
 [ASTON *picks up a screwdriver and plug from the bed and begins to poke the plug.*] 15  
 DAVIES [*with great feeling*]: If only the weather would break! Then I'd be able to get down to Sidcup!  
 ASTON: Sidcup?  
 DAVIES: The weather's so blasted bloody awful, how can I get down to Sidcup in these shoes? 20  
 ASTON: Why do you want to get down to Sidcup?  
 DAVIES: I got my papers there!  
 [*Pause.*]  
 ASTON: Your what?  
 DAVIES: I got my papers there! 25  
 [*Pause.*]  
 ASTON: What are they doing at Sidcup?  
 DAVIES: A man I know has got them. I left them with him. You see? They prove who I am! I can't move without them papers. They tell you who I am. You see! I'm stuck without them. 30  
 ASTON: Why's that?  
 DAVIES: You see, what it is, you see, I changed my name! Years ago. I been going around under an assumed name! That's not my real name.  
 ASTON: What name you been going under?  
 DAVIES: Jenkins. Bernard Jenkins. That's my name. That's the name I'm known, anyway. But it's no good me going on with that name. I got no rights. I got an insurance card here. 35  
 [*He takes a card from his pocket.*]

Under the name of Jenkins. See? Bernard Jenkins. Look. It's got four stamps on it. Four of them. But I can't go along with these. That's not my real name, they'd find out, they'd have me in the nick. Four stamps. I haven't paid out pennies. I've paid out pounds. I've paid out pounds, not pennies. There's been other stamps, plenty, but they haven't put them on, the nigs, I never had enough time to go into it.

- ASTON: They should have stamped your card. 45
- DAVIES: It would have done no good! I'd have got nothing anyway. That's not my real name. If I take that card along I go in the nick.
- ASTON: What's your real name, then?
- DAVIES: Davies. Mac Davies. That was before I changed my name.  
[Pause.] 50
- ASTON: It looks as though you want to sort all that out.
- DAVIES: If only I could get down to Sidcup! I've been waiting for the weather to break. He's got my papers, this man I left them with, it's got it all down there, I could prove everything.
- ASTON: How long's he had them? 55
- DAVIES: What?
- ASTON: How long's he had them?
- DAVIES: Oh, must be ... it was in the war ... must be ... about near on fifteen years ago.  
[He suddenly becomes aware of the bucket and looks up.] 60
- ASTON: Any time you want to ... get into bed, just get in. Don't worry about me.
- DAVIES [taking off his overcoat]: Eh, well, I think I will. I'm a bit ... a bit done in.

- 6 Either (a) 'Is there another side?' I said.  
'There is always the other side, always.'

How far does the novel give us both 'sides' of the relationship between Antoinette and her husband?

- Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, commenting on the significance of this episode in your reading of the novel.

Still they were quiet and there were so many of them I could hardly see any grass or trees. There must have been many of the bay people but I recognized no one. They all looked the same, it was the same face repeated over and over, eyes gleaming, mouth half open to shout. We were past the mounting stone when they saw Mannie driving the carriage round the corner. Sass followed, riding one horse and leading another. There was a ladies' saddle on the one he was leading. 5

Somebody yelled, 'But look the black Englishman! Look the white niggers!', and then they were all yelling. 'Look the white niggers! Look the damn white niggers!' A stone just missed Mannie's head, he cursed back at them and they cleared away from the rearing, frightened horses. 'Come on, for God's sake,' said Mr Mason. 'Get to the carriage, get to the horses.' But we could not move for they pressed too close round us. Some of them were laughing and waving sticks, some of the ones at the back were carrying flambeaux and it was light as day. Aunt Cora held my hand very tightly and her lips moved but I could not hear because of the noise. And I was afraid, because I knew that the ones who laughed would be the worst. I shut my eyes and waited. Mr Mason stopped swearing and began to pray in a loud pious voice. The prayer ended, 'May Almighty God defend us.' And God who is indeed mysterious, who had made no sign when they burned Pierre as he slept – not a clap of thunder, not a flash of lightning – mysterious God heard Mr Mason at once and answered him. The yells stopped. 10 15 20

I opened my eyes, everybody was looking up and pointing at Coco on the *glacis* railings with his feathers alight. He made an effort to fly down but his clipped wings failed him and he fell screeching. He was all on fire.

I began to cry. 'Don't look,' said Aunt Cora. 'Don't look.' She stooped and put her arms round me and I hid my face, but I could feel that they were not so near. I heard someone say something about bad luck and remembered that it was very unlucky to kill a parrot, or even to see a parrot die. They began to go then, quickly, silently, and those that were left drew aside and watched us as we trailed across the grass. They were not laughing any more. 25

'Get to the carriage, get to the carriage,' said Mr Mason. 'Hurry!' He went first, holding my mother's arm, then Christophine carrying Pierre, and Aunt Cora was last, still with my hand in hers. None of us looked back. 30

Mannie had stopped the horses at the bend of the cobblestone road and as we got closer we heard him shout, 'What all you are, eh? Brute beasts?' He was speaking to a group of men and a few women who were standing round the carriage. A coloured man with a machete in his hand was holding the bridle. I did not see Sass or the other two horses. 'Get in,' said Mr Mason. 'Take no notice of him, get in.' The man with the machete said no. We would go to police and tell a lot of damn lies. A woman said to let us go. All this an accident and they had plenty witness. 'Myra she witness for us.' 35 40

'Shut your mouth,' the man said. 'You mash centipede, mash it, leave one piece and it grow again ... What you think police believe, eh? You, or the white nigger?'

Chapter 1

DEREK WALCOTT : *Selected Poetry*

- 7 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways do you think Walcott's poetry is characterised by a sense of personal isolation? You should refer to at least **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering the relationships between past and present suggested here, in relation to other poems by Walcott that you have studied.

*Ruins of a Great House*

though our longest sun sets at right  
 declensions and makes but winter  
 arches, it cannot be long before we  
 lie down in darkness, and have our  
 light in ashes ...

5

BROWNE: *Urn Burial*

Stones only, the *disjecta membra* of this Great House,  
 Whose moth-like girls are mixed with candledust,  
 Remain to file the lizard's dragonish claws;  
 The mouths of those gate cherubs streaked with stain.  
 Axle and coachwheel silted under the muck  
 Of cattle droppings.

10

Three crows flap for the trees,  
 And settle, creaking the eucalyptus boughs.  
 A smell of dead limes quickens in the nose  
 The leprosy of Empire.

15

'Farewell, green fields'  
 'Farewell, ye happy groves!'

Marble as Greece, like Faulkner's south in stone,  
 Deciduous beauty prospered and is gone;  
 But where the lawn breaks in a rash of trees  
 A spade below dead leaves will ring the bone  
 Of some dead animal or human thing  
 Fallen from evil days, from evil times.

20

It seems that the original crops were limes  
 Grown in the silt that clogs the river's skirt;  
 The imperious rakes are gone, their bright girls gone,  
 The river flows, obliterating hurt.

25

I climbed a wall with the grill ironwork  
 Of exiled craftsmen, protecting that great house  
 From guilt, perhaps, but not from the worm's rent,  
 Nor from the padded cavalry of the mouse.  
 And when a wind shook in the limes I heard  
 What Kipling heard; the death of a great empire, the abuse  
 Of ignorance by Bible and by sword.

30

35

A green lawn, broken by low walls of stone  
 Dipped to the rivulet, and pacing, I thought next  
 Of men like Hawkins, Walter Raleigh, Drake,  
 Ancestral murderers and poets, more perplexed  
 In memory now by every ulcerous crime. 40  
 The world's green age then was a rotting lime  
 Whose stench became the charnel galleon's text.  
 The rot remains with us, the men are gone.  
 But, as dead ash is lifted in a wind,  
 That fans the blackening ember of the mind, 45  
 My eyes burned from the ashen prose of Donne.

Ablaze with rage, I thought  
 Some slave is rotting in this manorial lake,  
 And still the coal of my compassion fought:  
 That Albion too, was once 50  
 A colony like ours, 'Part of the continent, piece of the main'  
 Nook-shotten, rook o'er blown, deranged  
 By foaming channels, and the vain expense  
 Of bitter faction.

All in compassion ends 55

So differently from what the heart arranged:  
 'as well as if a manor of thy friend's ...'

- 8 **Either** (a) How far and with what effects do you think trivial matters are made important and important matters made trivial in the world of the novel?
- Or** (b) The following passage comes very early in the novel, as Mrs Dalloway leaves her house to buy the flowers. Discuss the effects of the writing in the passage, considering ways in which the novel's narrative methods and concerns are introduced.

She stiffened a little on the kerb, waiting for Durtnall's van to pass. A charming woman, Scrope Purvis thought her (knowing her as one does know people who live next door to one in Westminster); a touch of the bird about her, of the jay, blue-green, light, vivacious, though she was over fifty, and grown very white since her illness. There she perched, never seeing him, waiting to cross, very upright. 5

For having lived in Westminster – how many years now? over twenty, – one feels even in the midst of the traffic, or waking at night, Clarissa was positive, a particular hush, or solemnity; an indescribable pause; a suspense (but that might be her heart, affected, they said, by influenza) before Big Ben strikes. There! Out it boomed. First a warning, musical; then the hour, irrevocable. The leaden circles dissolved in the air. Such fools we are, she thought, crossing Victoria Street. For Heaven only knows why one loves it so, how one sees it so, making it up, building it round one, tumbling it, creating it every moment afresh; but the veriest frumps, the most dejected of miseries sitting on doorsteps (drink their downfall) do the same; can't be dealt with, she felt positive, by Acts of Parliament for that very reason: they love life. In people's eyes, in the swing, tramp, and trudge; in the bellow and the uproar; the carriages, motor cars, omnibuses, vans, sandwich men shuffling and swinging; brass bands; barrel organs; in the triumph and the jingle and the strange high singing of some aeroplane overhead was what she loved; life; London; this moment of June. 10 15 20

For it was the middle of June. The War was over, except for someone like Mrs Foxcroft at the Embassy last night eating her heart out because that nice boy was killed and now the old Manor House must go to a cousin; or Lady Bexborough who opened a bazaar, they said, with the telegram in her hand, John, her favourite, killed; but it was over; thank Heaven – over. It was June. The King and Queen were at the Palace. And everywhere, though it was still so early, there was a beating, a stirring of galloping ponies, tapping of cricket bats; Lords, Ascot, Ranelagh and all the rest of it; wrapped in the soft mesh of the grey-blue morning air, which, as the day wore on, would unwind them, and set down on their lawns and pitches the bouncing ponies, whose forefeet just struck the ground and up they sprung, the whirling young men, and laughing girls in their transparent muslins who, even now, after dancing all night, were taking their absurd woolly dogs for a run; and even now, at this hour, discreet old dowagers were shooting out in their motor cars on errands of mystery; and the shop-keepers were fidgeting in their windows with their paste and diamonds, their lovely old sea-green brooches in eighteenth-century settings to tempt Americans (but one must economize, not buy things rashly for Elizabeth), and she, too, loving it as she did with an absurd and faithful passion, being part of it, since her people were courtiers once in the time of the Georges, she, too, was going that very night to kindle and illuminate; to give her party. But how strange, on entering the Park, the silence; the mist; the hum; the slow-swimming happy ducks; the pouched birds waddling; and who should be coming along with his back against the Government buildings, most appropriately, carrying a despatch box stamped with the Royal Arms, who but Hugh Whitbread; her old friend Hugh – the admirable Hugh! 25 30 35 40

'Good-morning to you, Clarissa!' said Hugh, rather extravagantly, for they had never known each other as children. 'Where are you off to?'

'I love walking in London,' said Mrs Dalloway. 'Really, it's better than walking in the country.'

They had just come up – unfortunately – to see doctors. Other people came to see pictures; go to the opera; take their daughters out; the Whitbreads came 'to see doctors'. Times without number Clarissa had visited Evelyn Whitbread in a nursing home. Was Evelyn ill again? 50

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