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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/52**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**May/June 2016**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **16** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.

## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the dramatic effects created by Shakespeare's use of deception and disguise in *Measure for Measure*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic action, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Angelo.

*Angelo:* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isabella:* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself  
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know 5  
That's like my brother's fault. If it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Angelo* [*Aside*]: She speaks, and 'tis 10  
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. –  
Fare you well.

*Isabella:* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Angelo:* I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

*Isabella:* Hark how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back. 15

*Angelo:* How, bribe me?

*Isabella:* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio* [*To ISABELLA*]: You had marr'd all else.

*Isabella:* Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor 20  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal. 25

*Angelo:* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio* [*To ISABELLA*]: Go to; 'tis well; away.

*Isabella:* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Angelo* [*Aside*]: Amen; for I 30  
Am that way going to temptation  
Where prayers cross.

*Isabella:* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Angelo:* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isabella:* Save your honour! 35

[*Exeunt all but ANGELO.*]

*Angelo:* From thee; even from thy virtue!  
 What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
 The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
 Ha! 40  
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I  
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,  
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be  
 That modesty may more betray our sense 45  
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,  
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things 50  
 That make her good? O, let her brother live!  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority  
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on? 55  
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,  
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature, 60  
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite. Ever till now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'ring how.

[*Exit.*]

Act 2, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) Othello describes himself, towards the end of the play, as ‘one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme’.

To what extent does Shakespeare’s presentation of Othello support this view?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and dramatic action, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

*Roderigo:* I do not find that thou deal’st justly with me.

*Iago:* What in the contrary?

*Roderigo:* Every day thou daff’st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep’st from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer’d. 5

*Iago:* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Roderigo:* Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together. 10

*Iago:* You charge me most unjustly.

*Roderigo:* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she hath receiv’d them, and return’d me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none. 15

*Iago:* Well; go to; very well.

*Roderigo:* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man, nor ’tis not very well; by this hand, I say ’tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself foft in it. 20

*Iago:* Very well.

*Roderigo:* I tell you ’tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona. If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you. 25

*Iago:* You have said now.

*Roderigo:* Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago:* Why, now I see there’s mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair. 30

*Roderigo:* It hath not appear’d.

*Iago:* I grant, indeed, it hath not appear’d; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever – I mean purpose, courage, and valour – this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life. 40

- Roderigo:* Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?
- Iago:* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.
- Roderigo:* Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice. 45
- Iago:* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.
- Roderigo:* How do you mean removing of him? 50
- Iago:* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place – knocking out his brains.
- Roderigo:* And that you would have me to do?
- Iago:* Ay, an if you dare do yourself a profit and right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him – he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste. About it. 60
- Roderigo:* I will hear further reason for this.
- Iago:* And you shall be satisfied. 65

[*Exeunt*]

Act 4, Scene 2

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Harriet Smith and Jane Fairfax.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Austen's methods and concerns.

She was just as determined when the morrow came, and went early, that nothing might prevent her. It was not unlikely, she thought, that she might see Mr. Knightley in her way; or, perhaps, he might come in while she were paying her visit. She had no objection. She would not be ashamed of the appearance of the penitence, so justly and truly hers. Her eyes were towards Donwell as she walked, but she saw him not. 5

'The ladies were all at home.' She had never rejoiced at the sound before, nor ever before entered the passage, nor walked up the stairs, with any wish of giving pleasure, but in conferring obligation, or of deriving it, except in subsequent ridicule.

There was a bustle on her approach; a good deal of moving and talking. She heard Miss Bates's voice, something was to be done in a hurry; the maid looked frightened and awkward; hoped she would be pleased to wait a moment, and then ushered her in too soon. The aunt and niece seemed both escaping into the adjoining room. Jane she had a distinct glimpse of, looking extremely ill; and, before the door had shut them out, she heard Miss Bates saying, 'Well, my dear, I shall say you are laid down upon the bed, and I am sure you are ill enough.' 10 15

Poor old Mrs. Bates, civil and humble as usual, looked as if she did not quite understand what was going on.

'I am afraid Jane is not very well,' said she, 'but I do not know; they *tell* me she is well. I dare say my daughter will be here presently, Miss Woodhouse. I hope you find a chair. I wish Hetty had not gone. I am very little able — Have you a chair, ma'am? Do you sit where you like? I am sure she will be here presently.' 20

Emma seriously hoped she would. She had a moment's fear of Miss Bates keeping away from her. But Miss Bates soon came — 'Very happy and obliged' — but Emma's conscience told her that there was not the same cheerful volubility as before — less ease of look and manner. A very friendly inquiry after Miss Fairfax, she hoped, might lead the way to a return of old feelings. The touch seemed immediate. 25

'Ah! Miss Woodhouse, how kind you are! — I suppose you have heard — and are come to give us joy. This does not seem much like joy, indeed, in me — (twinkling away a tear or two) — but it will be very trying for us to part with her, after having had her so long, and she has a dreadful headache just now, writing all the morning: — such long letters, you know, to be written to Colonel Campbell, and Mrs. Dixon. "My dear," said I, "you will blind yourself" — for tears were in her eyes perpetually. One cannot wonder, one cannot wonder. It is a great change; and though she is amazingly fortunate — such a situation, I suppose, as no young woman before ever met with on first going out — do not think us ungrateful, Miss Woodhouse, for such surprising good fortune — (again dispersing her tears) — but, poor dear soul! if you were to see what a headache she has. When one is in great pain, you know one 30 35

cannot feel any blessing quite as it may deserve. She is as low as possible. To look at her, nobody would think how delighted and happy she is to have secured such a situation. You will excuse her not coming to you — she is not able — she is gone into her own room — I want her to lie down upon the bed. “My dear,” said I, “I shall say you are laid down upon the bed:” but, however, she is not; she is walking about the room. But, now that she has written her letters, she says she shall soon be well. She will be extremely sorry to miss seeing you, Miss Woodhouse, but your kindness will excuse her.’

Volume 3, Chapter 8

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

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

This knyght, of which my tale is specially,  
 Whan that he saugh he myghte nat come therby –  
 This is to seye, what wommen love moost –  
 Withinne his brest ful sorweful was the goost.  
 But hoom he gooth; he myghte nat sojourne; 5  
 The day was come that homward moste he tourne.  
 And in his way it happed hym to ryde,  
 In al this care, under a forest syde,  
 Wher as he saugh upon a daunce go  
 Of ladyes foure and twenty, and yet mo; 10  
 Toward the whiche daunce he drow ful yerne,  
 In hope that som wysdom sholde he lerne.  
 But certainly, er he cam fully there,  
 Vanysshed was this daunce, he nyste where.  
 No creature saugh he that bar lyf, 15  
 Save on the grene he saugh sittyng a wyf –  
 A fouler wight ther may no man devyse.  
 Agayn the knyght this olde wyf gan ryse,  
 And seyde, “Sire knyght, heer forth ne lith no wey.  
 Tel me what that ye seken, by youre fey! 20  
 Paraventure it may the bettre be;  
 Thise olde folk kan muchel thyng,” quod she.  
 “My leeve mooder,” quod this knyght, “certeyn  
 I nam but deed, but if that I kan seyn  
 What thyng it is that wommen moost desire. 25  
 Koude ye me wisse, I wolde wel quite youre hire.”  
 “Plight me thy trouthe heere in myn hand,” quod she,  
 “The nexte thyng that I requere thee,  
 Thou shalt it do, if it lye in thy myght,  
 And I wol telle it yow er it be nyght.” 30  
 “Have heer my trouthe,” quod the knyght, “I grante.”  
 “Thanne,” quod she, “I dar me wel avante  
 Thy lyf is sauf, for I wol stonde therby;  
 Upon my lyf, the queene wol seye as I.  
 Lat se which is the proudeste of hem alle, 35  
 That wereth on a coverchief or a calle,  
 That dar seye nay of that I shal thee teche.  
 Lat us go forth, withouten lenger speche.”  
 Tho rowned she a pistel in his ere,  
 And bad hym to be glad, and have no fere. 40

from *The Wife of Bath's Tale*



**Turn to page 10 for Question 5**

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, in your view, are the effects created by Eliot's presentation of different attitudes to right and wrong in *The Mill on the Floss*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the effects of the writing, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Tulliver and his family.

Mr Tulliver was resting in his chair a little after the fatigue of dressing, and Maggie and Tom were seated near him, when Luke entered to ask if he should help master downstairs.

'Aye, aye, Luke, stop a bit, sit down,' said Mr Tulliver, pointing his stick towards a chair and looking at him with that pursuant gaze which convalescent persons often have for those who have tended them, reminding one of an infant gazing about after its nurse. For Luke had been a constant nightwatcher by his master's bed. 5

'How's the water now, eh, Luke?' said Mr Tulliver. 'Dix hasn't been choking you up again, eh?'

'No, sir, it's all right.' 10

'Aye, I thought not; he won't be in a hurry at that again, now Riley's been to settle him. That was what I said to Riley yesterday ... I said ...'

Mr Tulliver leaned forward, resting his elbows on the armchair and looking on the ground as if in search of something – striving after vanishing images like a man struggling against a doze. Maggie looked at Tom in mute distress – their father's mind was so far off the present, which would by and by thrust itself on his wandering consciousness! Tom was almost ready to rush away with that impatience of painful emotion which makes one of the differences between youth and maiden, man and woman. 15

'Father,' said Maggie, laying her hand on his, 'don't you remember that Mr Riley is dead?' 20

'Dead?' said Mr Tulliver sharply, looking in her face with a strange, examining glance.

'Yes, he died of apoplexy nearly a year ago; I remember hearing you say you had to pay money for him; and he left his daughters badly off – one of them is under-teacher at Miss Firniss', where I've been to school, you know ...' 25

'Ah?' said her father doubtfully, still looking in her face. But as soon as Tom began to speak he turned to look at *him* with the same inquiring glances, as if he were rather surprised at the presence of these two young people. Whenever his mind was wandering in the far past, he fell into this oblivion of their actual faces; they were not those of the lad and the little wench who belonged to that past. 30

'It's a long while since you had the dispute with Dix, father,' said Tom. 'I remember your talking about it three years ago, before I went to school at Mr Stelling's. I've been at school there three years, don't you remember?'

Mr Tulliver threw himself backward again, losing the childlike outward glance under a rush of new ideas which diverted him from external impressions. 35

'Aye, aye,' he said after a minute or two, 'I've paid a deal o' money ... I was determined my son should have a good education; I'd none myself, and I've felt the miss of it. And he'll want no other fortin; that's what I say ... if Wakem was to get the better of me again ...' 40

The thought of Wakem roused new vibrations, and after a moment's pause he began to look at the coat he had on and to feel in his side pocket. Then he turned to Tom and said in his old sharp way, 'Where have they put Gore's letter?'

It was close at hand in a drawer, for he had often asked for it before.

'You know what there is in the letter, father?' said Tom as he gave it to him. 45

'To be sure I do,' said Mr Tulliver rather angrily. 'What o' that? If Furley can't take to the property, somebody else can; there's plenty o' people in the world besides

Furley. But it's hindering – my not being well – go and tell 'em to get the horse in the gig, Luke; I can get down to St Ogg's well enough – Gore's expecting me.'

'No, dear father!' Maggie burst out entreatingly. 'It's a very long while since all that; you've been ill a great many weeks – more than two months – everything is changed.' 50

Mr Tulliver looked at them all three alternately with a startled gaze; the idea that much had happened of which he knew nothing had often transiently arrested him before, but it came upon him now with entire novelty. 55

Book 3, Chapter 8

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 6 **Either** (a) Estella says to Pip at the end of the novel, 'I have been bent and broken, but – I hope – into a better shape.'

Discuss the role and characterisation of Estella in the light of her comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Dickens's methods and concerns.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterwards, the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind. 5

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and, surveying the company all round as if *they* had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!" 10

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the vigour of my unseen hold upon it. 15

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, how ever could Tar come there?"

But, Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear of the subject, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time at least, I was saved. I still held on to the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervour of gratitude. 20

By degrees, I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of gin-and-water. I began to think I should get over the day, when my sister said to Joe, "Clean plates – cold." 25

I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone. 30

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

Must they! Let them not hope to taste it!

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie; a savoury pork pie." 35

The company murmured their compliments. Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, said – quite vivaciously, all things considered – "Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavours; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savoury pork pie would lay atop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell 40

of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life. 45

But, I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets: one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying, "Here you are, look sharp, come on!" 50

Volume 1, Chapter 4

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

7 **Either** (a) 'In his poetry, Keats presents the search for something permanent and eternal.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Keats's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

**Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, discuss the following extract from *The Eve of St Agnes*, relating it to Keats's methods and concerns.

## XXXVIII

'My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blessed?  
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed?  
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
 After so many hours of toil and quest, 5  
 A famish'd pilgrim – saved by miracle.  
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well  
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.'

## XXXIX

'Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land, 10  
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
 Arise – arise! the morning is at hand; –  
 The bloated wassaillers will never heed: –  
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, – 15  
 Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:  
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

## XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 For there were sleeping dragons all around, 20  
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears –  
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. –  
 In all the house was heard no human sound.  
 A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;  
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound, 25  
 Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;  
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

## XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl, 30  
 With a huge empty flaggon by his side:  
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: –  
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; – 35  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

## XLII

And they are gone: – ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.  
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form 40  
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old  
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;  
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold. 45

*The Eve of St Agnes*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'A little while, and life reborn annuls  
Loss and decay and death, and all is love.'

With this quotation in mind, discuss Rossetti's presentation of loss in her poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, discuss the following poem, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Rossetti's methods and concerns.

*Shut Out*

The door was shut. I looked between  
Its iron bars; and saw it lie,  
My garden, mine, beneath the sky,  
Pied with all flowers bedewed and green:

From bough to bough the song-birds crossed, 5  
From flower to flower the moths and bees:  
With all its nests and stately trees  
It had been mine, and it was lost.

A shadowless spirit kept the gate, 10  
Blank and unchanging like the grave.  
I peering thro' said: 'Let me have  
Some buds to cheer my outcast state.'

He answered not. 'Or give me, then, 15  
But one small twig from shrub or tree;  
And bid my home remember me  
Until I come to it again.'

The spirit was silent; but he took 20  
Mortar and stone to build a wall;  
He left no loophole great or small  
Thro' which my straining eyes might look:

So now I sit here quite alone,  
Blinded with tears; nor grieve for that,  
For nought is left worth looking at  
Since my delightful land is gone.

A violet bed is budding near, 25  
Wherein a lark has made her nest;  
And good they are, but not the best;  
And dear they are, but not so dear.









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