

Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*1 **Either** (a) 'You may miss me then.' ('Your Last Drive')Discuss ways in which **two** of Hardy's poems express feelings of regret.**Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on ways in which Hardy presents soldiers and warfare.*The Man He Killed*

'Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

5

'I shot him dead because –
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

10

'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
'Off-hand like – just as I –
Was out of work – had sold his traps –
No other reason why.

15

'Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown.'

20

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Heaney deals with contemporary events in his poetry. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on ways in which Heaney presents the qualities of 'a suitable tool'.

Poet to Blacksmith

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Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) A number of poems in the selection tell stories or narrate past events. Compare the effects created by **two** of these poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer expresses a celebration of motherhood in the following poem.

Praise Song for My Mother

You were
water to me
deep and bold and fathoming

You were
moon's eye to me
pull and grained and mantling

5

You were
sunrise to me
rise and warm and streaming

You were
the fishes red gill to me
the flame tree's spread to me
the crab's leg/the fried plantain smell
replenishing replenishing

10

Go to your wide futures, you said

15

Grace Nichols

Turn to page 6 for Question 4

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Dangarembga's presentation of Mainini, Tambu's mother, and comment on her significance in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Dangarembga presents Nyasha here.

For a week Nyasha withdrew into herself and Babamukuru withdrew out of the house. He did not even come home for meals, but he did not lose much weight so I knew Maiguru was coaxing him to eat when we were in bed or at other times when we were not watching. How they suffered, the pair of them. In spite of disciplining the daughter with an hour-long sermon and fourteen lashes, because she was fourteen years old, in the sitting-room while Maiguru looked on, Babamukuru was still hurt. But I was more concerned about Nyasha, because Babamukuru had Maiguru to look after him and the solace of knowing that Nyasha was wrong. The general feeling was that Nyasha was sulking because she had not been able to have her own way. But I was closer to her than anybody else and so I sensed the conflict that she was going through of self versus surrender and the content of sin. Although I did not understand her anguish, because the distinction between right and wrong, what was and what was not sinful, was still very clear to me in those days and followed very closely the guidelines set out for us at Sunday School, I worried about the effect the situation was having on my cousin. Not only had she stopped talking to us, but she was growing vague and detaching herself from us. She was retreating into some private world that we could not reach. Sometimes, when I talked to her, quite apart from preferring not to answer, she simply did not hear me. Once, when I passed my hand in front of her eyes, she did not see me either and I had to shout very loudly to bring her back.

Maiguru saw that the situation was serious but did not know what to do. 'Do you know,' she told me as we sat at the lunch table alone together, because Nyasha had stopped eating again and Chido usually had lunch with the Bakers. 'Do you know,' she said, close to tears and embarrassing me horribly, because I would not have known what to do if my aunt had succumbed to her sorrow, 'your uncle was waiting up for you before he let the dogs out. You know how vicious they are. So he didn't let them out. I said to him, let Chido do it when they get back, and he said he would rather do it himself to make sure it was done. That's how he is. He never sleeps until you come back from your functions and he's always covering it up with one reason or another. But I know him. And now he's hurt and Nyasha is hurt, and really, my child, God only knows where these things will end. To tell you the truth, it frightens me, because you don't play lightly with such tempestuous feelings, you have to handle them gently – but those two, they are always tearing each other to pieces.'

I told Nyasha what Maiguru had said as we lay in bed in the dark that night. I talked on and on about many things, talking into the darkness, not knowing whether she was listening or not. I talked about how I had come to be two years too old for my class, about my father and Nhamo and my maize field. Then I told her what Maiguru had said.

She understood. 'I know,' she said. 'It's the same everywhere. But he has no right to treat me like that, as though I am water to be poured wherever he wants. I know I should trust and obey and all that, but really he hasn't the right.' She sobbed up great lumps of pain. I understood that she was grieving for whatever she had lost when she struck her father so I left her for a while, then climbed into her bed, where we cuddled up to each other and fell asleep.

Maiguru was not very pleased the next morning when she found us in bed together, but she could not mind that Nyasha was beginning to feel better and so nothing was said. I knew that Nyasha was all right because she said to me, with an attempt at her usual grin and typical exaggeration, 'Thanks, Tambu. You saved my life.'

50

Chapter 6

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of two different settings in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents Adela Quested's judgement of Ronny Heaslop in the following passage.

Although Miss Quested had known Ronny well in England, she felt well advised to visit him before deciding to be his wife. India had developed sides of his character that she had never admired. His self-complacency, his censoriousness, his lack of subtlety, all grew vivid beneath a tropic sky; he seemed more indifferent than of old to what was passing in the minds of his fellows, more certain that he was right about them or that if he was wrong it didn't matter. When proved wrong, he was particularly exasperating; he always managed to suggest that she needn't have bothered to prove it. The point she made was never the relevant point, her arguments conclusive but barren, she was reminded that he had expert knowledge and she none, and that experience would not help her because she could not interpret it. A public school, London University, a year at a crammer's, a particular sequence of posts in a particular province, a fall from a horse and a touch of fever were presented to her as the only training by which Indians and all who reside in their country can be understood; the only training she could comprehend, that is to say, for of course above Ronny there stretched the higher realms of knowledge, inhabited by Callendars and Turtons, who had been not one year in the country but twenty and whose instincts were superhuman. For himself he made no extravagant claims; she wished he would. It was the qualified brag of the callow official, the 'I am not perfect, but –' that got on her nerves. 5

How gross he had been at Mr Fieldings – spoiling the talk and walking off in the middle of the haunting song! As he drove them away in the tum-tum, her irritation became unbearable, and she did not realize that much of it was directed against herself. She longed for an opportunity to fly out at him, and since he felt cross too, and they were both in India, an opportunity soon occurred. They had scarcely left the College grounds before she heard him say to his mother, who was with him on the front seat, 'What was that about caves?' and she promptly opened fire. 10

'Mrs Moore, your delightful doctor has decided on a picnic, instead of a party in his house; we are to meet him out there – you, myself, Mr Fielding, Professor Godbole – exactly the same party.'

'Out where?' asked Ronny. 15

'The Marabar Caves.'

'Well, I'm blessed,' he murmured after a pause. 'Did he descend to any details?'

'He did not. If you had spoken to him, we could have arranged them.'

He shook his head, laughing.

'Have I said anything funny?' 20

'I was only thinking how the worthy doctor's collar climbed up his neck.'

'I thought you were discussing the caves.'

'So I am. Aziz was exquisitely dressed, from tie-pin to spats, but he had forgotten his back collar-stud, and there you have the Indian all over: inattention to detail; the fundamental slackness that reveals the race. Similarly, to "meet" in the caves as if they were the clock at Charing Cross, when they're miles from a station and each other.' 25

'Have you been to them?'

'No, but I know all about them, naturally.'

'Oh, naturally!' 30

Turn to page 10 for Question 6

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories from your selection present family relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writing of the following passage presents the character of the old man.

He was an old man going on a journey. But not really so old, only they made him old buttoning up his coat for him and giving him money. Seventy-one that's all. Not a journey, not what you would really call a journey – he had to go in and see those people about his land. Again. But he liked the word Journey even though you didn't quite say it. It wasn't a word for saying only for saving up in your head, and that way you could enjoy it. Even an old man like him, but not what you would call properly old. 5

The coat was good and warm. It was second-hand from the jumble and it was good and warm. Could have ghosts in it but who cares, warm that's the main thing. If some old pakeha died in it that's too bad because he wasn't scared of the pakeha kehuas anyway. The pakeha kehuas they couldn't do anything, it was only like having a sheet over your head and going woo-oo at someone in the lavatory ... 10

He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people. 15

Taxi.

It's coming Uncle.

Taxi Uncle. They think he's deaf. And old. Putting more money in his pocket and wishing his coat needed buttoning, telling him it's windy and cold. Never mind, he was off. Off on his journey, he could get round town good on his own, good as gold. 20

Out early today old man.

Business young fulla.

Early bird catches the early worm.

It'll be a sorry worm young fulla, a sorry worm.

Like that is it? 25

Like that.

You could sit back and enjoy the old taxi smells of split upholstery and cigarette, and of something else that could have been the young fulla's hair oil or his b.o. It was good. Good. Same old taxi same old stinks. Same old shop over there, but he wouldn't be calling in today, no. And tomorrow they'd want to know why. No, today he was going on a journey, which was a good word. Today he was going further afield, and there was a word no one knew he had. A good wind today but he had a warm coat and didn't need anyone fussing. 30

Same old butcher and same old fruit shop, doing all right these days not like before. Same old Post Office where you went to get your pension money, but he always sent Minnie down to get his because he couldn't stand these old-age people. These old-age people got on his nerves. Yes, same old place, same old shops and roads, and everything cracking up a bit. Same old taxi. Same old young fulla. 35

How's the wife?

Still growling old man. 40

What about the kids?

Costing me money.

Send them out to work that's the story.

I think you're right you might have something there old man. Well here we are, early. Still another half hour to wait for the train. 45

Best to be early. Business.

Guess you're right.

What's the sting?

Ninety-five it is.

Pull out a fistful and give the young fulla full eyes. Get himself out on to the footpath and shove the door, give it a good hard slam. Pick me up later young fulla, ten past five. Might as well make a day of it, look round town and buy a few things. Don't forget ten past five.
Right you are old man five ten. 50

Journey

Section C: Drama

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 7 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Shaffer present sex and sexual relationships in the play?
- Or** (b) Discuss in detail the following section of the play, commenting on ways in which Shaffer maintains the dramatic action across the two scenes.

Seated on his bench, the boy glares at him.

Dysart: I thought you liked your mother.

Silence.

She doesn't know anything, you know. I haven't told her what you told me. You do know that, don't you?

5

Alan: It was lies anyway.

Dysart: What?

Alan: You and your pencil. Just a con trick, that's all.

Dysart: What do you mean?

Alan: Made me say a lot of lies.

10

Dysart: Did it? ... Like what?

Alan: All of it. Everything I said. Lot of lies.

Pause.

Dysart: I see.

Alan: You ought to be locked up. Your bloody tricks.

15

Dysart: I thought you liked tricks.

Alan: It'll be the drug next. I know.

Dysart turns, sharply.

Dysart: What drug?

Alan: I've heard. I'm not ignorant. I know what you get up to in here. Shove needles in people, pump them full of truth drug, so they can't help saying things. That's next, isn't it?

20

Pause.

Dysart: Alan, do you know why you're here?

25

Alan: So you can give me truth drugs.

He glares at him. Dysart leaves abruptly, and returns to the square.

25

Hesther comes in simultaneously from the other side.

Dysart: (*agitated*) He actually thinks they exist! And of course he wants one. 30

Hesther: It doesn't sound like that to me.

Dysart: Of course he does. Why mention them otherwise? He wants a way to speak. To finally tell me what happened in that stable. Tape's too isolated, and hypnosis is a trick. At least that's the pretence. 35

Hesther: Does he still say that today?

Dysart: I haven't seen him. I cancelled his appointment this morning, and let him stew in his own anxiety. Now I am almost tempted to play a real trick on him. 40

Hesther: (*sitting*) Like what?

Dysart: The old placebo.

Hesther: You mean a harmless pill?

Dysart: Full of *alleged* Truth Drug. Probably an aspirin.

Hesther: But he'd deny it afterwards. Same thing all over. 45

Dysart: No. Because he's ready to abreact.

Hesther: Abreact?

Dysart: Live it all again. He won't be able to deny it after that, because he'll have shown me. Not just told me – but acted it out in front of me. 50

Hesther: Can you get him to do that?

Dysart: I think so. He's nearly done it already. Under all that glowering, he trusts me. Do you realise that?

Hesther: (*warmly*) I'm sure he does.

Dysart: Poor bloody fool. 55

Hesther: Don't start that again.

Pause.

Act 2, Scene 24/Act 2, Scene 25

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part 1*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'I ...
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.' (King Henry)

Discuss Shakespeare's portrayal of the relationship between King Henry IV and Prince Henry, considering its significance to the play.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Hotspur creates an impression on an audience.

<i>Hotspur:</i>	Speak of Mortimer! Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul Want mercy if I do not join with him. Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust, But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer As high in the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and cank'red Bolingbroke.	5
<i>Northumberland:</i>	Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.	
<i>Worcester:</i>	Who struck this heat up after I was gone?	10
<i>Hotspur:</i>	He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I urg'd the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.	15
<i>Worcester:</i>	I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd By Richard that dead is the next of blood?	
<i>Northumberland:</i>	He was: I heard the proclamation; And then it was when the unhappy King – Whose wrongs in us God pardon! – did set forth Upon his Irish expedition; From whence he intercepted did return To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.	20
<i>Worcester:</i>	And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.	25
<i>Hotspur:</i>	But soft, I pray you: did King Richard then Proclaim my brother, Edmund Mortimer, Heir to the crown?	
<i>Northumberland:</i>	He did: myself did hear it.	
<i>Hotspur:</i>	Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king, That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve. But shall it be that you that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man, And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murderous subornation – shall it be That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? O, pardon me that I descend so low To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle king!	30 35 40

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf – 45
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done –
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off, 50
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again;
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt 55
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore I say –

Worcester: Peace, cousin, say no more. 60

Act 1, Scene 3

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the contribution made to the play by Williams's use of minor characters.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways the following passage presents Stella's and Stanley's different attitudes to Blanche.

[STANLEY enters the kitchen from outside, leaving the door open on the perpetual 'blue piano' around the corner.]

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Stella: There weren't any papers, she didn't show any papers, I don't care about papers. Scene 2

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