Centre No.						Paper Reference							Surname	Initial(s)
Candidate No.						4	3	5	5	/	0	3	Signature	

Paper Reference(s)

4355/03

London Examinations IGCSE

English Language

Paper 3

Common to both tiers

Monday 9 November 2009 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Materials required for examination

Nil

Items included with question papers

Nil

Examiner's use only

Team Leader's use only

Question Number	Leave Blank
1	
2	
Total	

Instructions to Candidates

In the boxes above, write your centre number, candidate number, surname, initial(s) and signature.
Check that you have the correct question paper.
Answer Question 1 and ONE writing task from Question 2. Write your answers in the spaces provided in this question paper.
Do not use pencil. Use blue or black ink.
Indicate which question you are answering by marking the box (☒).
If you change your mind, put a line through the box (☒) and then indicate your new question with a cross (☒).

Information for Candidates

The marks for individual questions are shown in round brackets.
There are two questions in this question paper. The total mark for this paper is 30.
There are 16 pages in this question paper. All blank pages are indicated.
Copies of the London Examinations Anthology may NOT be brought into the examination.
Dictionaries may NOT be used in this examination.

Advice to Candidates

You are reminded of the importance of clear English and careful presentation in your answers.
You are advised to spend an equal amount of time, about 45 minutes, on each of the two questions in this paper.

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Answer Question 1 and ONE writing task from Question 2.

Question 1: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this question.

Remind yourself of the story *The Necklace* from the London Examinations Anthology, then answer Question 1.

The Necklace

She was one of those pretty, charming young women who have had the ill fortune to be born into a wage-earning family. She had no dowry, no prospects, no opportunities of getting to know some rich and distinguished man who might have understood her, loved her, and made her his wife. Consequently, she let herself drift into marriage with a junior clerk in the Ministry of Public Instruction.

Though her tastes were simple, anything else having been out of the question, she felt as unhappy as though she had come down in the world. Among women, caste and birth are meaningless. Beauty, sweetness and charm take the place for them of blue blood and family connections. Quick wits, instinctive elegance, and adaptability are the only degrees in their hierarchy, and can make of working girls the equals of great ladies.

She was in a perpetual state of dissatisfaction, because she felt that luxuries and soft living were her natural birthright. The furnished flat in which she had to live, its squalid wallpapers, its shabby chairs, its hideous curtains and upholstery, were a constant source of torment to her. These things, which another woman with a background similar to her own might not have even noticed, she found unendurable and degrading. The sight of the girl who did the humble domestic chores filled her with hopeless longings and idle dreams. She conjured up a vision of hushed entrance halls, hung with oriental fabrics and lit by bronze sconces, of tall footmen in knee-breeches dozing in deep armchairs in the drowsy warmth of a great stove. She dwelt in imagination on vast salons adorned with antique silks, on elegant tables littered with priceless knick-knacks, on perfumed boudoirs where she would sit in the late afternoons chatting with intimate friends – men well known and sought after, such as every woman wants to have dancing attendance on her.

When she sat down to dinner with her husband at the round table covered with a three-day-old cloth, and heard him say, with a delighted expression on his face, as he lifted the top from the soup tureen, 'Ah! Vegetable soup; what could be better than that!' she let her mind run on delicious dishes served in exquisite porcelain, on whispered gallantries, and the sphinx-like smile with which she would listen to them while eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a chicken.

She had no evening dresses, no jewels, nothing. And those were the only things she cared about. She felt made for the life they represented. She longed to be envied, popular, and courted.

She had one rich friend, a woman she had known in their convent days. But she no longer went to see her, only too well aware, from experience, that everything seemed so much worse at home when she got back from one of those expeditions. For days on end she would cry and cry, shedding tears of misery, regret, despair, and anguish.

One evening, her husband came home looking unusually pleased, with a large envelope in his hand.

'This is something for you,' he said.

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She quickly tore open the envelope and took from it a card on which were engraved the following words:

The Minister of Public Instruction and
Mme Georges Ramponneau
Request the pleasure
Of the company of
M. AND MME LOISEL
On Monday evening, the 18th of January
At the Ministry

Instead of being overjoyed, as her husband had expected, she threw the card on the table in a pet, saying in a complaining voice:

'What use is this to me?'

'But darling, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and this is a chance not to be missed. I had the greatest difficulty in getting an invitation. Everyone is longing to be asked. It is a very smart occasion, and not many of the staff have been invited. You will meet all the world there!'

An angry look came into her eyes as she impatiently replied:

'And how do you expect me to dress for this smart occasion?'

This problem had not occurred to him.

'Why', he muttered, 'that little frock, I suppose, which you put on when we go to the theatre; I must say, it always looks very nice to me…'

He slowly stopped speaking, for his wife was crying. Two large tears were slowly moving down her cheeks, from the corners of her eyes to the corners of her mouth. At the sight of them he felt dumbfounded and bewildered.

'W…what's the matter?' he stammered.

By a violent effort she recovered her self-control and answered in a calm voice while she dabbed at her tear-stained face:

'Nothing…except that I haven't a thing to wear. I can't possibly go to this party. You had better give the card to one of your colleagues whose wife has a more extensive wardrobe than mine.'

He was miserable.

'Look here, Mathilde,' he said: 'How much would the right kind of dress cost, something simple, I mean, which you could wear on other occasions?'

She thought for a while, totting up figures in her head, and wondering how much she could ask for without meeting with an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from her cheeseparing clerk of a husband.

At last, with some hesitation, she replied:

'I can't tell to a penny, but I think I could manage with four hundred francs.'

His face went slightly pale, for he had been keeping in reserve precisely that sum with the object of buying a gun, so as to be able to treat himself to a few outings in the summer in the plain of Nanterre, with a few friends who went there for the lark-shooting.

Nevertheless, he said:

'Right, you shall have your four hundred francs. But try to make it a really nice dress.'

The day of the party was approaching, but there was something depressed, uneasy, and anxious about Madame Loisel, though her dress was ready. One evening her husband said:

'What's wrong? You have been acting very strangely for the last few days.'

'It vexes me', she answered, 'to think that I have no jewellery, not a single thing to wear with my dress. I shall look like a poor relation. I would rather stay away from the party than go like that.'

Leave blank

'You can wear flowers,' he said. 'It's very much the thing this season. For ten francs you can get two or three really magnificent roses.'

But she was not to be convinced. 'No … There is nothing more humiliating than to be the one poor little guest among a lot of rich women.'

'Why!' he exclaimed, 'what a silly you are! How about that friend of yours, Madame Forestier? Why not ask her to lend you something? You know her quite well enough for that.'

She uttered a joyful cry.

'Of course! Why did I never think of it?'

Next day she went to see her friend and told her of her trouble. Madame Forestier went to her wardrobe with a looking-glass front, took from it a large locked box, opened it, and said:

'Take what you like, my dear.'

First of all she saw several bracelets, then a string of pearls, then a Venetian cross in gold and gems, of beautiful workmanship. She tried them on before the glass, unable to make up her mind, reluctant to take them off, to give them back. And all the time she kept on asking:

'Have you nothing else?'

'Why, of course. Look and see what you can find. You must know what you would like best.'

Suddenly, Mathilde came upon a black satin case with, in it, a superb diamond necklace. Her heart began to beat faster, and she was filled with a mad longing. With trembling fingers she fastened it round her throat against her neck-high dress, and looked at her reflection in a kind of ecstasy.

Then, with considerable hesitation, as though fearing a refusal, she said:

'Would you really lend me this? I don't want anything else.'

'Why, certainly.'

She flung her arms around her friend's neck, kissed her in a transport of affection, and fled away with her treasure.

The great day came. Madame Loisel was a tremendous success. She was the prettiest woman there, elegant, graceful, smiling, and wildly happy. The men all looked at her, asked who she was and tried hard to be introduced to her. All the Secretaries wanted to waltz with her. The Minister noticed her.

She danced madly. Pleasure had gone to her head like wine. She had no thought for anything but the triumph of her beauty, the splendour of her success. She moved in a happy mist made up of homage, admiration, and that sense of undisputed victory which is so dear to the female heart.

She stayed until four in the morning. Ever since midnight her husband had been fast asleep in a small, deserted salon, in the company of three other gentlemen whose wives were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

He put round her shoulders the wrap he had brought for this purpose, a shabby reminder of their day-to-day existence, the poverty of which was at odds with the beauty of her ball-dress. She was conscious of the contrast, and would have liked to slip away unnoticed by the other women wrapped in rich furs.

Loisel held her back.

'You'll catch cold outside. Wait here while I go and look for a cab.'

But she would not listen, and hurried down the stairs. When they got into the street, there was no cab to be found. They looked everywhere, calling to the drivers of those they saw at a distance.

In this way they walked in the direction of the River Seine, hopeless and with chattering teeth. At last, they came upon one of those ancient nocturnal cabs which

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are never to be seen in Paris except after dark, as though they are too much ashamed of their poverty-stricken appearance to venture out in the daylight.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and gloomily they climbed up to their home. It was all over now, she was thinking, and he, that he must be at the Ministry by ten.

She took off her wrap in front of the glass, that she might once more see herself in all her glory. But, suddenly, she uttered a cry. The necklace was no longer round her neck.

Her husband, half undressed, asked her what the matter was.

She turned to him in a panic: 'I've … I've … not got Madam Forestier's necklace!'

Distractedly, he jumped to his feet.

'But…that's not possible!' he exclaimed.

They hunted in the folds of her dress, of her cloak, in every available pocket. They could find it nowhere.

'You're sure you still had it when we started home?' he asked.

'Quite sure; I touched it in the hall at the Ministry.'

'But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall! It must be in the cab!'

'Yes, that's probably where it is. Did you take the number?'

'No. You didn't happen to notice it, I suppose?'

'No.'

They looked at one another in consternation. At last, Loisel began to put on his clothes again.

'I'll go over the part we came on foot, just to see …'

He went out. She remained slumped in an armchair, still in her ball-dress, without the strength to go to bed, without a fire to warm her, and without the power to think.

Her husband came back at about seven. He had found nothing. They went to the Police Station, to a number of newspaper offices with an offer of a reward, to the cab companies, to any and every place that might offer them a gleam of hope.

She spent all that day in an unrelieved state of terror at the thought of the frightful disaster which had come upon them.

Loisel returned that evening, pale-faced and hollow-eyed. He had failed to discover anything.

'You must write to your friend', he said, 'saying that you have broken the catch of her necklace, and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to have a further look round.'

She wrote to his dictation.

By the end of the week they had given up all hope.

Loisel, who looked five years older, said:

'We shall have to see whether we can't replace it.'

Next day they took the case to the jeweller whose name was inside it. He went through his books.

'It was not I, Madame, who sold this necklace; I only supplied the case.'

They went from shop to shop, trying to find a necklace like the lost one, trying to remember it in detail, both of them sick with misery and distress.

In a small shop in the Palais-Royal, they found a string of diamonds which looked like the exact double of the necklace they had lost. Its price was forty thousand francs, but they could have it for thirty-six.

They begged the jeweller not to sell it for six days. They further made it a condition of purchase that he would buy it back for thirty-four should the original be found before the end of February.

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Loisel had inherited eighteen thousand francs from his father. The rest he would have to borrow. And borrow he did, getting a thousand here, five hundred there, five from one man, three from another, backing bills, pledging objects at a ruinous rate of interest, dealing with professional money-lenders or with anyone who would advance him cash. He loaded himself with debts for the rest of his life, rashly affixed his signature to promissory notes without being sure he could meet them.

Terrified by the prospect of his future and the black poverty which was to be his lot, he took delivery of the new necklace, and put down thirty-six thousand francs on the jeweller's counter.

When Madame Loisel carried the poverty to Madame Forestier, all the latter said, in a rather injured tone, was:

'You really ought to have let me have it sooner. I might have needed it.'

She did not open the case, which was what her friend had feared she might do. What would she have thought if she had noticed the substitution? Might she not have taken her for a thief?

Madame Loisel's life, from then on, was one of miserable poverty. But she played her part, from the very first, heroically. The terrible debt had got to be settled, and settle it she would. The maidservant was dismissed. They moved to a cheaper flat, in the attics.

She undertook all the heavy work of the household, all the odious cooking. She did all the washing-up, spoiling her pretty pink finger-nails on greasy crockery and dirty saucepans. She scrubbed the dirty linen, shirts, and dish-cloths, and hung them on a line to dry. She carried the refuse down every morning to the street, and brought up the water, stopping on each landing to get her breath. Dressed like a woman of the people, she made the round of the greengrocer, the grocer, and the butcher with a basket on her arm, haggling over prices, putting up with abuse, doling out her miserable pittance penny by penny.

Each month there were bills to be paid, others to be renewed, and a constant begging for time.

Her husband spent his evenings auditing the accounts of various shopkeepers, and often worked far into the night, doing copying at five *sous*[1] a page. This life lasted for ten years. At the end of that time they had paid back every penny with interest, plus accumulated compound interest.

Madame Loisel now looked like an old woman. She had the typical appearance of the working-class housewife, strong, hard, and coarse. Her hair was all anyhow, her skirt awry, her hands red. She spoke in a loud voice, and splashed water all over the place when she scrubbed the floors. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would sit down at the window and dream of the long-distant evening when she had been the Belle of the Ball.

What would have happened if she had not lost the necklace? Who could say? How strange life is, how changeable! What small things make the difference between safety and disaster!

One Sunday, when she had gone to the *Champs-Elysées*[2] for a little relaxation from the labours of the week, she suddenly caught sight of a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful.

Madame Loisel felt strangely excited. Should she speak to her? Of course! And now that every debt was settled, she would tell her the whole story. Why not?

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[1]*Sous*: coin of very small value

[2]*Champs Elysées*: famous street in Paris

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She went up to her.

'Good morning, Jeanne.'

The other did not recognise her and seemed surprised at being addressed so familiarly by such a low-class creature.

'I don't think I know you, Madame…I fear you must have made a mistake.'

'Oh no, I have not…I am Mathilde Loisel…'

Her friend uttered a cry:

'But, my poor Mathilde, how you have changed!'

'Yes, I have been through very hard times since I saw you last, and much unhappiness…all because of you!'

'Because of me?…How do you mean?'

'Do you remember the diamond necklace which you lent me for a party at the Ministry?'

'Certainly I do. What of it?'

'Only that I lost it.'

'But you gave it me back…'

'What I gave you back was another like it. For the last ten years we have been paying for it. You must realize that it was not easy for us to do that, for we had no money of our own…But it is all over now, and I am very happy to think that it is.'

'Do you mean that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?'

'Yes. You didn't notice any difference, did you? They were exactly alike.'

There was something at once simple and proud in her smile.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her friend's hands in hers.

'Oh you poor, poor thing! Mine was imitation and worth, at most, five hundred francs!…'

Guy de Maupassant

1. How successfully does the writer present the character of Monsieur Loisel?

You should write about:

- how far the reader might feel sorry for Monsieur Loisel
- the contrasts between the characters of Monsieur Loisel and his wife
- the part played by Monsieur Loisel after the loss of the necklace
- the writer's use of language to present Monsieur Loisel's character.

You should refer closely to the text to support your answer. You may use **brief** quotations.

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Q1

(Total 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR QUESTION 1: 15 MARKS

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Question 2: Writing

You should spend about 45 minutes on this question.

2. Write on **ONE** of the following:

Either

(a) Consider these two statements:

"Honesty is always the best policy."

"It is right to tell the truth, but it can sometimes lead to problems and cause distress to other people."

What are your views?

Or

(b) Your family is planning a big celebration – for example, a birthday, a wedding, a New Year party, or any other important occasion.

What advice would you give them to ensure that the celebration is a success?

Or

(c) In 'The Necklace', the writer comments "How strange life is, how changeable!".

Write about an experience in your life that made you think how strange or unpredictable life can be.

Indicate which question you are answering by marking the box (☒). If you change your mind, put a line through the box (☒) and then indicate your new question with a cross (☒).

Chosen question number: **Question 2(a)** ☐ **Question 2(b)** ☐ **Question 2(c)** ☐

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Q2

(Total 15 marks)

TOTAL FOR QUESTION 2: 15 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER: 30 MARKS

END

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