



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0476/01

Paper 1

October/November 2013

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into the examination.



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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **20** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

Either *1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Citizens:</i>	We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.	5
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	I will hear Brutus speak.	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.	10
<i>[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]</i>		
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but – as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.	15 20 25 30
<i>All:</i>	None, Brutus, none.	35
<i>Brutus:</i>	Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.	40
<i>[Enter Antony and Others with Caesar's body.]</i>		
	Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same	45

	dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.	
<i>All:</i>	Live, Brutus! live, live!	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	Bring him with triumph home unto his house.	50
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	Give him a statue with his ancestors.	
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	Let him be Caesar.	
<i>4 Plebeian:</i>	Caesar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.	55
<i>Brutus:</i>	My countrymen –	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	Peace, ho!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And for my sake stay here with Antony. Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.	60
	[Exit.	65

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play.

- Or** †2 To what extent does Shakespeare make you sympathise with Cassius? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 3 You are Brutus. You are just about to reveal to Portia what has happened in your meeting with Cassius and the other conspirators.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Brutus at this moment in the play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

Either *4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Stephano:* Stand farther. Come, proceed.
- Caliban:* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
l' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, 5
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books. 10
He has brave utensils – for so he calls them –
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman 15
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
- Stephano:* Is it so brave a lass?
- Caliban:* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood. 20
- Stephano:* Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter and I will be King
and Queen – save our Graces! – and Trinculo and thyself
shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
- Trinculo:* Excellent. 25
- Stephano:* Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou
liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.
- Caliban:* Within this half hour will he be asleep.
Wilt thou destroy him then?
- Stephano:* Ay, on mine honour. 30
- Ariel:* This will I tell my master.
- Caliban:* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
- Stephano:* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come 35
on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.
Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.
- Caliban:* That's not the tune. 40
[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
- Stephano:* What is this same?
- Trinculo:* This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of
Nobody.

<i>Stephano:</i>	If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.	45
<i>Trinculo:</i>	O, forgive me my sins!	
<i>Stephano:</i>	He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us!	
<i>Caliban:</i>	Art thou afeard?	
<i>Stephano:</i>	No, monster, not I.	50
<i>Caliban:</i>	Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open and show riches Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd I cried to dream again.	55
<i>Stephano:</i>	This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.	60
<i>Caliban:</i>	When Prospero is destroy'd.	
<i>Stephano:</i>	That shall be by and by; I remember the story.	
<i>Trinculo:</i>	The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.	65
<i>Stephano:</i>	Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.	
<i>Trinculo:</i>	Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.	

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this a dramatic and amusing moment in the play.

Or †5 How does Shakespeare vividly convey to you Caliban's feelings about being under Prospero's control?

Or 6 You are Miranda at the end of the play. You are thinking about your recent experiences.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Miranda at this moment in the play.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

Either *7 Read this extract from *Ulysses*, and then answer the question that follows it:

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle –
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good. 5
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods, 10
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me –
 That ever with a frolic welcome took 15
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done, 20
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world. 25
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down; 30
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are: 35
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

How does Tennyson make you admire Ulysses in these lines?

Or †8 'A profound portrayal of hopeless love.'

How far do you agree with this description of the poem *The Lady of Shalott*? Support your answer by close reference to Tennyson's writing.

Or †9 What makes CXV from *In Memoriam* (beginning 'Now fades the last long streak of snow') so moving? Support your answer with details from Tennyson's writing.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

Either *10 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

(by William Wordsworth)

Explore how Wordsworth creates a sense of calm and wonder in this poem.

- Or** †11 How does the poet convey the power of nature in **either** *Hunting Snake* (by Judith Wright) **or** *Pike* (by Ted Hughes)?
- Or** †12 Explore how the poets use images to create vivid effects in *Pied Beauty* (by Gerard Manley Hopkins) **and** *A Birthday* (by Christina Rossetti).

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

Either *13 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Catherine and he were constant companions still, at his seasons of respite from labour; but, he had ceased to express his fondness for her in words, and recoiled with angry suspicion from her girlish caresses, as if conscious there could be no gratification in lavishing such marks of affection on him. On the before-named occasion he came into the house to announce his intention of doing nothing, while I was assisting Miss Cathy to arrange her dress – she had not reckoned on his taking it into his head to be idle, and imagining she would have the whole place to herself, she managed, by some means, to inform Mr Edgar of her brother's absence, and was then preparing to receive him. 5

'Cathy, are you busy, this afternoon?' asked Heathcliff. 'Are you going anywhere?'

'No, it is raining,' she answered.

'Why have you that silk frock on, then?' he said. 'Nobody coming here, I hope?' 10

'Not that I know of,' stammered Miss, 'but you should be in the field now, Heathcliff. It is an hour past dinner time; I thought you were gone.'

'Hindley does not often free us from his accursed presence,' observed the boy. 'I'll not work any more to-day, I'll stay with you.'

'O, but Joseph will tell,' she suggested, 'you'd better go!' 15

'Joseph is loading lime on the farther side of Pennistow Crag; it will take him till dark, and he'll never know.'

So saying, he lounged to the fire, and sat down. Catherine reflected an instant, with knitted brows – she found it needful to smooth the way for an intrusion. 20

'Isabella and Edgar Linton talked of calling this afternoon,' she said, at the conclusion of a minute's silence. 'As it rains, I hardly expect them; but, they may come, and if they do, you run the risk of being scolded for no good.'

'Order Ellen to say you are engaged, Cathy,' he persisted. 'Don't turn me out for those pitiful, silly friends of yours! I'm on the point, sometimes, of complaining that they – but I'll not.' 25

'That they what?' cried Catherine, gazing at him with a troubled countenance. 'Oh, Nelly!' she added petulantly, jerking her head away from my hands, 'you've combed my hair quite out of curl! That's enough, let me alone. What are you on the point of complaining about, Heathcliff?' 30

'Nothing – only look at the almanack, on that wall.' He pointed to a framed sheet hanging near the window, and continued;

'The crosses are for the evenings you have spent with the Lintons, the dots for those spent with me – Do you see, I've marked every day?' 35

'Yes – very foolish; as if I took notice!' replied Catherine in a peevish tone. 'And where is the sense of that?'

'To show that I *do* take notice,' said Heathcliff.

'And should I always be sitting with you,' she demanded, growing more irritated. 'What good do I get – What do you talk about? You might be dumb or a baby for anything you say to amuse me, or for anything you do, either!' 40

'You never told me, before, that I talked too little, or that you disliked my company, Cathy!' exclaimed Heathcliff in much agitation. 45

'It is no company at all, when people know nothing and say nothing,' she muttered.

50

Her companion rose up, but he hadn't time to express his feelings further, for a horse's feet were heard on the flags, and, having knocked gently, young Linton entered, his face brilliant with delight at the unexpected summons he had received.

How does Brontë convey the changed relationship between Heathcliff and Catherine at this moment in the novel?

Or †14 Explore the ways in which Brontë makes Heathcliff so compelling in the novel.

Or 15 You are Edgar Linton. You are riding home after your first visit to Catherine Earnshaw at Wuthering Heights.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Edgar Linton at this moment in the novel.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

Either *16 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

It was no use telling Lucia not to go into the house, so we did not even try. We just watched her as she strode in there, her right eye glittering as it caught the yellow paraffin flame, glittering dangerously at Takesure, who wisely shrank back into his corner of the sofa. ‘Fool!’ snorted Lucia, looming over him, arms akimbo. ‘Fool!’ And she whirled to face Babamukuru, so that now her left eye glittered. ‘Look at him, Babamukuru! Look at him trying to hide because now I am here.’ Takesure looked braver when he had only Lucia’s back to contend with, but his reprieve was brief. ‘If you have an issue with me,’ Lucia advised him, ‘stand up and let us sort it out plainly.’ In two strides she was beside him and, securing an ear between each finger and thumb, she dragged him to his feet. 5

‘Let me go, let me go,’ he moaned. I always maintain that I saw smiles slide over the patriarchy’s faces, but it might have been my imagination because I was laughing myself. We were all laughing outside. The next thing that I remember clearly was my father starting out of his chair and Lucia warning him to stay in it if he preferred Takesure with ears. Then Babamukuru, who was wise, told my father to sit down and let Lucia speak. 10

And Lucia spoke. ‘Tell me, Babamukuru,’ she asked companionably, her hands at waist height so that Takesure was bent double. ‘Tell me, Babamukuru, would you say this is a man? Can it be a man that talks such nonsense? A man should talk sense, isn’t it? So what can this be?’ and she tweaked its ears to find out what it would say. ‘Let me tell you, Babamukuru,’ she continued earnestly. ‘Maiguru asleep in her bedroom there is the only one with a sensible head on her shoulders. She knows better than to poke into what does not concern her.’ 15

‘Er, Lucia,’ commanded Babamukuru, deploying his peremptory tone which had worked so well at the beginning of the vacation. ‘Er, Lucia, contain yourself. Do not do anything of which you will be ashamed.’ 20

‘And of what should I be ashamed?’ she retorted. ‘I just want this Takesure,’ and she shook his head to make the point, ‘I just want this Takesure to stop talking nonsense about me. Takesure, have you ever seen me riding a hyena’s back? Have you ever seen me, hey? Answer me.’ Viciously she tweaked, enjoying herself. 25

‘No,’ moaned Takesure. ‘I have never.’

‘Then what is this nonsense you are saying? Ha! You make me sick, the lot of you.’ She flung Takesure back on to the sofa, where he sat rubbing his ears. ‘I shall leave this home of yours, Babamukuru, and I shall take my sister with me,’ she told my uncle. ‘But before that, Babamukuru, I want to tell you why I refused to go. It was because this man, this Jeremiah, yes, you Jeremiah, who married my sister, he has a roving eye and a lazy hand. Whatever he sees, he must have; but he doesn’t want to work for it, isn’t it, Jeremiah? And why do I bother to tell you? You know it, all of you; you know it. So could I go and leave my sister alone with this man who has given her nothing but misery since the age of fifteen? Of course not. It was not possible. As for Takesure, I don’t know what he thinks he can give me. Whatever he can do for me, I can do better for myself. So, Babamukuru, don’t worry. I’m going. Right now. There’s nothing to keep me. But I’m taking my sister with me.’ 30

35

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They wanted to talk to her. They wanted her to sit down and be calm and discuss the matter rationally, but Lucia had had enough and came back out to join us. The patriarchy put its heads together and conferred in low voices because now they knew we were listening. I imagined all sorts of dire consequences.

50

How does Dangarembga make this an important and significant moment in the novel?

Or †17 Explore the ways in which Dangarembga strikingly presents the relationship between Babamukuru and Maiguru.

Or 18 You are Mr Matimba. You are driving the narrator home after attempting to sell the maize cobs.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Mr Matimba at this moment in the novel.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

Either *19 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Arun stumbles to a halt at the top of the road, and sinks down on a dusty bank. A driver comes down on his horn in alarm, lets out a toot of warning, then whirls away. He is left sitting blinded by the dust and his own perspiration, nursing his knees and groaning at the thought of making his way back.

5

When he limps into the Pattons' driveway, he finds Mr Patton has just returned from work. He is getting out of his car, heaving himself out clumsily, holding a briefcase in one hand and a paper bag from the Foodmart in the other. 'Hi, Red,' he says to Arun. 'Here, will you hold this while I lock up?'

Arun puts out his hand and dumbly receives the bag damp from the seeping blood of whatever carcass Mr Patton has chosen to bring home tonight for the fire that will soon crackle its flames on the patio and send its smoke spiralling in at the open windows of the rooms where Melanie hides, where Mrs Patton bustles, where Arun will seek shelter.

10

Mr Patton locks up the car, emerges from the garage. They walk round the house to the kitchen door together. He asks, 'Where's everybody? Sitting on their butts in front of the TV? Doesn't anyone in this house do any work? That lawn could do with some cutting. Where's Rod?'

15

'He must be out jogging, Mr Patton,' Arun tells him, uncertain if this is an activity that Mr Patton approves of or not.

20

'Jogging, huh? Jogging. That boy spends so much time getting into shape he hasn't time left over to do anything with it.'

Mr Patton sounds tired, irate. Arun is wary and follows him into the kitchen where he puts the bag down on the table so he can leave quickly.

Mrs Patton, who has indeed been sunk deep into the cushions of the sofa, watching *Dallas* on television, struggles to her feet and appears, blinking. 'Oh dear,' she says, 'the freezer is full to the *top* with chops. I don't know that I want any more.'

25

Mr Patton ignores her. He is getting a can of beer out of the refrigerator. Opening it with a sharp jerk of his thumb, he demands, 'Where are the kids? Are they going to be in for dinner tonight? What have they been doing all day? Are they doing any work around here?'

30

Mrs Patton begins hurriedly to put away the chops. As she busies herself, she says, 'You know Rod's in training for the football team, Chuck. It's what you wanted him to do yourself –'

35

Arun knows when to leave a family scene: it is a skill he has polished and perfected since his childhood. He sidles out of the room and has his foot on the stairs when he hears them starting on Melanie.

'And Melanie? What's she up to? What's she in training for, huh?'

Arun needs a wash but Melanie has taken the cassette player into the bathroom with her and shut the door. The sounds of the saxophone and trumpets and a lead singer in distress are pounding upon the door, hammering it with all its fists. But the door stays shut, a slit of light beneath it. In between songs, Arun can hear, through his open door, water furiously rushing.

40

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When she comes out, stumbling across the landing blindly, he looks up to see her passing the door, perspiration beading her clammy face. She can scarcely drag the cassette player along. Going into her room, she slams the door. He thinks he hears her crying but it could be the singer, in agony.

50

Rod is lying on his bed, amongst toy animals, music albums, comic books and dirty socks. He is bicycling his legs vigorously around in a giddily whirling motion that is however perfectly steady and rhythmic. His hands support his back and his face is contorted and inflamed.

Arun stands at the door, waiting till Rod's legs slow down and come to a halt. Then he says, with a slight cough, 'Uh, Melanie is sick, I think.'

55

Rod lowers his legs onto the bed. He lies there waiting for the blood to recede from his head, breathing heavily and evenly. 'That kid,' he grunts at last, 'just poisons herself. All that candy she eats. Won't eat a thing but candy. Anybody'd be sick.' He gives a snort that is both derisive and amused. 'Wants to turn herself into a slim chick. Ha!'

60

'By – eating candy?' Arun ventures, unconvinced.

'Yeah, and sicking it up – sicking it up!' Rod sits up abruptly, swinging his great legs onto the floor and planting his feet squarely on the boards. He bends down to pick at a nail. 'Man, she's nuts, that kid, she's nuts,' he mutters. 'That's all these girls are good for, y'know. Not like guys. Too lazy to get off their butts and go jogging or play a good hard ball game. So they've got to sick it up.' He straightens himself and sticks a finger into his mouth and wiggles it graphically. 'Can you beat that? Who'd want to be sick?' He gives his head a shake, then rises to his feet, straddles his legs and begins to swing his arms as rapidly as he had done with his legs.

65

70

Arun gets out of the way, quickly: one can't tell what is more dangerous in this country, the pursuit of health or of sickness.

How does Desai vividly convey Arun's discomfort at this moment in the novel?

Or †20 Explore the ways in which Desai makes Melanie Patton such a disturbing character. (Do not use the passage in Question 19 in your answer.)

Or 21 You are Dr Dutt. You are on your bicycle, returning home after visiting Uma and suggesting that she might become a nurse.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Dr Dutt at this moment in the novel.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Either *22 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

In the courtyard down below, Mr Chawla began his morning exercises. Determined to start the day in a purposeful manner, according to schedule and habit, he spat out the last remnants of sleep and inertia in a perfectly aimed rainbow spray of spittle. He stood in a patch of sunlight where the shadows cast by the jamun tree could not reach him. Still, at the spot where the Red Cross crate had landed the night of his son's birth, there was a large gap that marred the tree's otherwise elegant proportions. Mr Chawla bent forwards to touch his toes, then backwards to form a perfect arc, one taut and tight enough to catapult himself into the sky. 5

'Ommmmm.' He let his voice fly in triumph over the rooftops. 'Ommmmmm,' he roared, teeth gleaming in the morning rays. 'Ommmmmm.' He informed the world that he, Mr R. K. Chawla (B.A., Pass), head clerk at the Reserve Bank of Shahkot, was ready for a new day. The air vibrated as if shot through by arrows. He was forty years old, hale and hearty. And if he was balding a little and had a small belly ... well, he liked this look; it added importance to his words and inspired respect. He stepped out into the world firm-footed and sure, putting to shame the sorry young men who drooped about the town, ignoring their responsibilities. Slapping his chest and swinging his arms, he jogged up and down around the courtyard. 10

Later, as he oiled himself with coconut oil in the small bathroom, he shouted from behind the closed door: 'The tooth powder is almost gone. You could buy some more from Diana Stores.' Or: 'Why don't you go and see if Lakshmiji's fever is better?' Or: 'The drain must be unblocked. Don't come complaining to me when we're overtaken by the world's largest cockroach population.' 15

He hoped to inspire his family to seek out a day as full of promise and activity as his own would be. When he took a bath, he crashed the metal buckets together loudly and poured water over himself in energetic mugfuls, flooding the entire bathroom so that miniature waves sloshed through the gap beneath the door. When he emerged, smooth-cheeked and fresh, redolent with Lifebuoy soap, he stirred the house into such a commotion the family thought they'd need the rest of the day to recover. 20

His shirt needed to be ironed. His shoes had been discovered dusty, dirty and unpolished. His socks upset him because they gathered in folds about his ankles instead of snapping with the satisfying sound of good elastic to a desirable mid-calf level. Ammaji and Pinky ran up and down trying to carry out his demands. 25

While trying to coordinate all the various activities needed to solve these problems, Mr Chawla read out bits from the newspaper as was his custom. 'What did I tell you?' he said, delighted. 'Another corrupt politician! Before we are properly out of one international scandal, we are in another. Our politicians are growing careless. They are opening more Swiss bank accounts than they have Gandhi caps to distract us with. Not one truthful politician in the whole country. Yes, our parliament is made of thieves, each one answerable to the prime minister, who is the biggest thief of them all. Look how well he's doing. With each new photograph he is fatter than before.' 30

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How does Desai vividly convey Mr Chawla's personality to you at this moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †23 Explore the ways in which Desai suggests that Sampath has the characteristics needed for the life of a guru.

Or 24 You are Miss Jyotsna. Sampath has gone from his tree forever.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Miss Jyotsna at this moment in the novel.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Either *25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress. 5

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular cafés with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her – but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car. 10

'We're getting off,' he insisted. 'I want you to meet my girl.'

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do. 15

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage – *Repairs*. GEORGE B. WILSON. *Cars bought and sold*. – and I followed Tom inside. 20

The interior was unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a blind, and that sumptuous and romantic apartments were concealed overhead, when the proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blond, spiritless man, anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes. 25

'Hello, Wilson, old man,' said Tom, slapping him jovially on the shoulder. 'How's business?' 30

'I can't complain,' answered Wilson unconvincingly. 'When are you going to sell me that car?' 35

'Next week; I've got my man working on it now.'

'Works pretty slow, don't he?'

'No, he doesn't,' said Tom coldly. 'And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.' 40

'I don't mean that,' explained Wilson quickly. 'I just meant –'

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crêpe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he 45

were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye. Then she wet her lips, and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice: 50

‘Get some chairs, why don’t you, so somebody can sit down.’

‘Oh, sure,’ agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement colour of the walls. A white ashen dust veiled his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity – except his wife, who moved close to Tom. 55

‘I want to see you,’ said Tom intently. ‘Get on the next train.’

‘All right.’

How does Fitzgerald create such an unpleasant impression of the Wilsons and their environment at this moment in the novel?

Or †26 In what ways does Fitzgerald vividly portray the shallow, materialistic world that Gatsby lives in? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 27 You are Gatsby just after the argument with Tom about who Daisy loves. You are about to leave with Daisy.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Gatsby at this moment in the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *28 Read this extract from *Her First Ball*, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Floor’s not bad,’ said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, ‘Were you at the Neaves’ on Tuesday?’ And again Leila explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often – oh yes – but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again – it had opened dazzling bright. 5

‘Care for an ice?’ said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper-room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk. 10

‘Come along, little lady,’ said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing. But he said not a word about the floor. ‘Your first dance, isn’t it?’ he murmured. 15

‘How *did* you know?’

‘Ah,’ said the fat man, ‘that’s what it is to be old!’ He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. ‘You see, I’ve been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years.’ 25

‘Thirty years?’ cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

‘It hardly bears thinking about, does it?’ said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him.

‘I think it’s marvellous to be still going on,’ she said kindly.

‘Kind little lady,’ said the fat man, and he pressed her a little closer and hummed a bar of the waltz. ‘Of course,’ he said, ‘you can’t hope to last anything like as long as that. No-o,’ said the fat man, ‘long before that you’ll be sitting up there on the stage, looking on, in your nice black velvet. And these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, and you’ll beat time with such a different kind of fan – a black ebony one.’ The fat man seemed to shudder. ‘And you’ll smile away like the poor old dears up there, and point to your daughter, and tell the elderly lady next to you how some dreadful man tried to kiss her at the club ball. And your heart will ache, ache’ – the fat man squeezed her closer still, as if he really was sorry for that poor heart – ‘because no one wants to kiss you now. And you’ll say how unpleasant these polished floors are to walk on, how dangerous they are. Eh, Mademoiselle Twinkletoes?’ said the fat man softly. 30

Leila gave a light little laugh, but she did not feel like laughing. Was it – could it all be true? It sounded terribly true. Was this first ball only the beginning of her last ball, after all? At that the music seemed to change; it sounded sad, sad; it rose upon a great sigh. Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn’t happiness last for ever? For ever wasn’t a bit too long. 35

‘I want to stop,’ she said in a breathless voice. The fat man led her to the door. 40

'No,' she said, 'I won't go outside. I won't sit down. I'll just stand here, thank you.' She leaned against the wall, tapping with her foot, pulling up her gloves and trying to smile. But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why had he spoiled it all? 50

'I say, you know,' said the fat man, 'you mustn't take me seriously, little lady.' 55

'As if I should!' said Leila, tossing her small dark head and sucking her underlip ...

Again the couples paraded. The swing doors opened and shut. Now new music was given out by the bandmaster. But Leila didn't want to dance any more. She wanted to be home, or sitting on the veranda listening to those baby owls. When she looked through the dark windows at the stars they had long beams like wings ... 60

But presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she should find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, '*Pardon*,' she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognise him again. 65 70

How does Mansfield make this such a memorable ending to the story?

Or †29 Explore the ways in which the writer makes **either** *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P. G. Wodehouse) **or** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie) so entertaining.

Or 30 You are the American in *A Horse and Two Goats*. You have just arrived back home in America with the statue.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for the American at this moment in the story.

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