

International General Certificate of Secondary Education  
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS SYNDICATE  
**LITERATURE** **0486/4**  
PAPER 4  
**OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2001** 2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials:  
Answer paper

**TIME** 2 hours 30 minutes

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **four** questions.

Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.

**At least one** question must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.

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

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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**This question paper consists of 32 printed pages and 4 blank pages.**

## POETRY

*The Calling of Kindred: Section B*

EITHER \*1

*Piano and Drums*

When at break of day at a riverside  
 I hear the jungle drums telegraphing  
 the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw  
 like bleeding flesh, speaking of  
 primal youth, and the beginning.  
 I see the panther ready to pounce,  
 the leopard snarling about to leap  
 and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,  
 topples the years and at once I'm  
 in my mother's lap a suckling;  
 at once I'm walking simple  
 paths with no innovations,  
 rugged, fashioned with the naked  
 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts  
 in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano  
 solo speaking of complex ways  
 in tear-furrowed concerto;  
 of far-away lands  
 and new horizons with  
 coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,  
 crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth  
 of its complexities, it ends in the middle  
 of a phrase at a daggerpoint.

And I lost in the morning mist  
 of an age at a riverside keep  
 wandering in the mystic rhythm  
 of jungle drums and the concerto.

*Gabriel Okara*

How do the words of this poem powerfully convey the division in the poet's character created by his upbringing in Africa and his adult life in Europe?

- OR**     **2**     Select **one** poem from this Section which for you most vividly creates a feeling of a particular place and time. Then explore how the poet conveys this feeling.
- OR**     **3**     In some poems there are memorable comparisons to be found in similes and metaphors. Choose **two** poems from this Section where you think this to be the case, and explore how these comparisons have a powerful effect.

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**TURN TO PAGE 4 FOR QUESTION 4**

*Touched with Fire: Section D*

EITHER \*4

*The Dam*

This was our valley, yes,  
 Our valley till they came  
 And chose to build the dam.  
 All the village worked on it  
 And we were lucky of course  
 All through the slump we had  
 Good jobs; they were too well paid  
 For the water rose ninety feet,

And covered our houses; yes –  
 In a midsummer drought  
 The old church-spire pokes out  
 And the weather cock treads the wind  
 But we were lucky of course  
 We were – most of us – laid on  
 Like the water, to the town.  
 Somehow, I stayed behind.

I work on the dam, yes –  
 Do you think the drowned ash-trees  
 Still have faint impulses  
 When Spring's up here I wonder?  
 I was lucky of course  
 But oh there's a lot of me  
 Feels like a stifled tree  
 That went on living, under.

They turn on their taps, yes,  
 In the dusty city and drink:  
 Now is it that we sink  
 Or that the waters rise?  
 They are lucky of course  
 But as they go to work  
 There's an underwater look  
 In their Street-shuttered eyes.

This was our valley, yes,  
 And I live on the dam  
 And in my sight the dream  
 Still drowns the dreamer's home  
 But I am lucky of course  
 For in a time of drought  
 Within me and without  
 I see where I came from.

*Patric Dickinson*

Dickinson invents a person to tell this story. How would you describe the personality of this narrator and what do you think this voice contributes to the effect of the poem?

**OR**     **5**     Some of the poems in this Section describe the relationship of human beings to the natural world. Choose **one** poem on this theme which you enjoy and show how the poet's words make an impact upon you.

**OR**     **6**     In this Section there are many examples of poets being sarcastic and ironic to great effect. Explore in detail the lines from **two** poems in this Section which you have found most memorably sarcastic and ironic.

## PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

## EITHER \*7

I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice, when they would be lost on others. – Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in

F.W.

I must go, uncertain of my fate; but I shall return hither, or follow your party, as soon as possible. A word, a look will be enough to decide whether I enter your father's house this evening, or never.

Such a letter was not to be soon recovered from. Half an hour's solitude and reflection might have tranquillized her; but the ten minutes only, which now passed before she was interrupted, with all the restraints of her situation, could do nothing towards tranquillity. Every moment rather brought fresh agitation. It was an overpowering happiness. And before she was beyond the first stage of full sensation, Charles, Mary, and Henrietta all came in.

The absolute necessity of seeming like herself produced then an immediate struggle; but after a while she could do no more. She began not to understand a word they said, and was obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself. They could then see that she looked very ill – were shocked and concerned – and would not stir without her for the world. This was dreadful! Would they only have gone away, and left her in the quiet possession of that room, it would have been her cure; but to have them all standing or waiting around her was distracting and in desperation, she said she would go home.

'By all means, my dear,' cried Mrs. Musgrove, 'go home directly and take care of yourself, that you may be fit for the evening. I wish Sarah was here to doctor you, but I am no doctor myself. Charles, ring and order a chair. She must not walk.'

But the chair would never do. Worse than all! To lose the possibility of speaking two words to Captain Wentworth in the course of her quiet, solitary progress up the town (and she felt almost certain of meeting him) could not be borne. The chair was earnestly protested against; and Mrs. Musgrove, who thought only of one sort of illness, having assured herself, with some anxiety, that there had been no fall in the case; that Anne had not, at any time lately, slipped down, and got a blow on her head; that she was perfectly convinced of having had no fall, could part with her cheerfully, and depend on finding her better at night.

How does Austen's writing make vivid the turmoil in Anne's mind following her reading of Captain Wentworth's letter?

- OR 8** Mary and Elizabeth are both unpleasant characters. How does Austen's writing convey this to you?
- OR 9** You are Lady Russell on hearing of the proposed match between Captain Wentworth and Anne Elliot. Write your thoughts.

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**TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR QUESTION 10**

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby***EITHER \*10**

The room, shadowed well with awnings, was dark and cool.

Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.

‘We can’t move,’ they said together.

Jordan’s fingers, powdered white over their tan, rested for a moment in mine.

‘And Mr Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?’ I inquired.

Simultaneously I heard his voice, gruff, muffled, husky, at the hall telephone.

Gatsby stood in the centre of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

‘The rumour is,’ whispered Jordan, ‘that that’s Tom’s girl on the telephone.’

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyance: ‘Very well, then, I won’t sell you the car at all...I’m under no obligations to you at all...and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time I won’t stand that at all!’

‘Holding down the receiver,’ said Daisy cynically.

‘No, he’s not,’ I assured her. ‘It’s a bonafide deal. I happen to know about it.’

Tom flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

‘Mr Gatsby!’ He put out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. ‘I’m glad to see you, sir...Nick...’

‘Make us a cold drink,’ cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby, and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

‘You know I love you,’ she murmured.

‘You forget there’s a lady present,’ said Jordan.

Daisy looked around doubtfully.

‘You kiss Nick too.’

‘What a low, vulgar girl!’

‘I don’t care!’ cried Daisy, and began to clog on the brick fireplace. Then she remembered the heat and sat down guiltily on the couch just as a freshly laundered nurse leading a little girl came into the room.

‘Bles-sed pre-cious,’ she crooned, holding out her arms. ‘Come to your own mother that loves you.’

The child, relinquished by the nurse, rushed across the room and rooted shyly into her mother’s dress.

‘The Bles-sed pre-cious! Did mother get powder on your old yellowy hair? Stand up now, and say – How-de-do.’

Gatsby and I in turn leaned down and took the small reluctant hand. Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don’t think he had ever really believed in its existence before.

‘I got dressed before luncheon,’ said the child, turning eagerly to Daisy.

‘That’s because your mother wanted to show you off.’ Her face bent into the single wrinkle of the small white neck. ‘You dream, you. You absolute little dream.’

‘Yes,’ admitted the child calmly. ‘Aunt Jordan’s got on a white dress too.’



'How do you like mother's friends? Daisy turned her around so that she faced Gatsby. 'Do you think they're pretty?'

'Where's Daddy?'

'She doesn't look like her father,' explained Daisy. 'She looks like me. She's got my hair and shape of the face.'

Daisy sat back upon the coach. The nurse took a step forward and held out her hand.

What impression do you have here of Daisy as a person and as a mother? Refer to Fitzgerald's writing as you answer.

- OR**    **11** Nick says of Tom Buchanan at the end of the novel, 'I couldn't forgive him or like him.' Why do you think he feels such dislike towards Tom? Be sure to support your idea with references to the novel.
- OR**    **12** Gatsby and Daisy meet for the first time in five years at the end of Chapter 6. Write their thoughts as they meet.

**EITHER \*13**

Fitzpiers did not talk much longer to this cheering housewife, and walked home with no very brisk step. He entered the door quietly, and went straight upstairs to the drawing-room extemporised for their use by Melbury in his and his bride's absence, expecting to find her there as he had left her.

The fire was burning still, but there were no lights; he looked into the next apartment fitted up as a little dining-room, but no supper was laid. He went to the top of the stairs, and heard a chorus of voices in the timber-merchant's parlour below, Grace's being occasionally intermingled.

Descending, and looking into the room from the doorway, he found quite a large gathering of neighbours and other acquaintances, praising and congratulating Mrs. Fitzpiers on her return, among them being the dairyman, Farmer Cawtree, and the relieving-officer from Great Hintock; also the road contractor, the master tanner, the exciseman, and some others with their wives. Grace – girl that she was – had quite forgotten her new dignity, and her husband's; she was in the midst of them, blushing and receiving their compliments with all the pleasures of old comradeship.

Fitzpiers experienced a profound distaste for the situation. Melbury was nowhere in the room, but Melbury's wife, perceiving the doctor, came to him.

'We thought, Grace and I,' she said, 'that as they have called, hearing you were come, we could do no less than ask them to supper; and then Grace proposed that we should all sup together as it is the first night of your return.'

By this time Grace had come round to him. 'Is it not good of them to welcome me so warmly!' she exclaimed, with tears of friendship in her eyes. 'After so much good feeling I could not think of our shutting ourselves up away from them in our own dining-room.'

'Certainly not – certainly not,' said Fitzpiers. And he entered the room with the heroic smile of a martyr.

As soon as they sat down to table Melbury came in, and seemed to see at once that Fitzpiers would much rather have received no such demonstrative reception. He thereupon privately chid his wife for her forwardness in the matter. Mrs. Melbury declared that it was as much Grace's doing as hers, after which there was no more to be said by that young woman's tender father.

By this time Fitzpiers was making the best of his position among the wide-elbowed and genial company who sat eating and drinking, laughing and joking around him; and, getting warmed himself by the good cheer, he was obliged to admit that, after all, the supper was not the least enjoyable he had ever known.

At times, however, the words about his having spoiled his opportunities, repeated to him as coming from Mrs. Charmond, haunted him like a handwriting on the wall. Then his manner would become suddenly abstracted. At one moment he would mentally put an indignant query why Mrs. Charmond or any other woman would make it her business to have opinions about his opportunities; at another he thought that he could hardly be angry with her for taking an interest in the doctor of her own parish. Then he would drink a glass of grog and so get rid of the misgiving.

These hitches and quaffings were soon perceived by Grace as well as

by her father; and hence both of them were much relieved when the first of the guests to discover that the hour was growing late rose and declared that he must think of moving homewards. At the words Melbury rose as alertly as if lifted by a spring; and in ten minutes they were gone.

'Now, Grace,' said her husband as soon as he found himself alone with her in their private apartments, 'we've had a very pleasant evening, and everybody has been very kind. But we must come to an understanding about our way of living here. If we continue in these rooms there must be no mixing in with your people below. I can't stand it, and that's the truth.'

She had been sadly surprised at the suddenness of his distaste for those old-fashioned woodland forms of life which in his courtship he had professed to regard with so much interest. But she assented in a moment.

How does Hardy's description of the welcome Grace receives and of her husband's reaction to it suggest that Grace has made a terrible mistake in marrying Fitzpiers?

- OR**      **14** Do you think that Giles Winterborne ever really deserved to have Grace Melbury as his bride? Support your ideas by detailed reference to the way that Hardy's writing portrays him.
- OR**      **15** You are Fitzpiers after Mrs Charmond's murder. You are sitting in your 'Continental dwelling place' thinking about whether to write to Grace or not. Write your thoughts.

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock***EITHER \*16**

For the inmates of Appleyard College, Sunday the fifteenth of February was a day of nightmare indecision: half dream, half reality; alternating, according to temperament, between wildly rocketing hopes and sinking fears.

The Headmistress, after a night passed in staring at the wall of her bedroom interminably whitening to the new day, was on deck at her usual hour with not a hair of the pompadour out of place. Her first concern this morning was to ensure that nothing of yesterday's happenings should be so much as whispered beyond the College walls. The three wagonettes that ordinarily took the boarders and governesses to the various churches had been countermanded before Mr Hussey had taken his leave last night, churches in Mrs Appleyard's opinion being hot beds of gossip on a fine Sunday morning. Thank Heaven Ben Hussey was a sensible creature who could be trusted to keep his mouth shut except for the confidential report already in the hands of the local police. At the College absolute silence until further notice was the rule. It may be fairly assumed that it was obeyed by those of the staff and pupils still on their legs and able to communicate after last night's ordeal, at least half of the picnickers being confined to their rooms with shock and exhaustion. However, we may have our suspicions that Tom and Minnie, as natural news-spreaders, and possibly Cook, all of whom had unofficial visitors during Sunday afternoon, were not quite so conscientious, and that Miss Dora Lumley may have exchanged a few words at the back door with Tommy Compton who delivered the Sunday cream. Doctor McKenzie of Woodend had been sent for and turned up in his gig soon after breakfast: an elderly G.P. of infinite wisdom who, taking in the situation with one shrewd gold-spectacled glance, prescribed a whole holiday on Monday, light nourishing food and some mild sedative. Mademoiselle was confined to her room with a migraine. The old doctor patted the pretty hand on the coverlet, sprinkled a few drops of eau de Cologne on the patient's burning forehead and observed mildly, 'By the by, my dear young lady, I hope you're not so foolish as to blame yourself in any way for this unfortunate affair? It may very well turn out to be a storm in a tea-cup, you know.'

'Mon Dieu, Doctor – I pray that you are right.'

'Nobody,' said the old man, 'can be held responsible for the pranks of destiny.'

Edith Horton, for once in her life something of a heroine, was pronounced by Doctor McKenzie to be in good physical trim thanks to the prolonged fit of screaming – in a girl of her age Nature's answer to hysteria – although he was a little disturbed by her remembering nothing whatever of the thing that had sent her running back alone and terrified from the Rock. Edith liked Doctor McKenzie – who didn't? – and appeared to be trying, as far as her limited intelligence allowed, to cooperate. It was possible, he decided as he drove home, that the child hit her head on a rock – easily done in that rough country – and was suffering from a mild form of concussion.

Mrs Appleyard had spent the greater part of Sunday alone in her study, following a conversation with Constable Bumpher of Woodend, who had brought with him a none too bright young policeman for the purpose of taking notes on a relatively unimportant matter which Bumpher expected to be satisfactorily cleared up before Sunday evening. City people were forever getting themselves lost in the tall timber and

getting Christians off their beds on Sunday mornings to find them. It appeared, however, that the facts concerning the three missing schoolgirls and their governess were more than ordinarily vague, apart from Ben Hussey's story which did no more than sum up events already known and confirmed. Bumpher had arranged for the two young men picnicking at the Hanging Rock on Saturday – so far the last people to see the missing girls crossing the creek – to give the police any further information which might be required, if they had not already been found, on Monday. The only other person that Bumpher would like to speak to this morning for a few minutes, if convenient, was the girl Edith Horton, who had actually been with three of the missing persons, possibly for several hours, before she had returned panic-stricken to the luncheon camp. Accordingly, Edith, red eyed in a cashmere dressing gown to match, was brought down to the study only to prove an inarticulate and utterly useless source of information. Neither the Constable nor the Head could extract anything more constructive than a sniff or two and sulky negatives. Perhaps the young policeman might have done better but he was not given a chance and Edith was escorted back to bed. 'It doesn't signify,' said Bumpher, accepting a glass of brandy and water. 'In my private opinion, Ma'am, the whole affair will be cleared up within a few hours. You've no idea how many people get themselves lost if they stray a few yards off the beaten track.' 'I wish, Mr Bumpher,' said Mrs Appleyard, 'I could agree with you. My head girl, Miranda, was born and bred in the Bush...with regard to the governess, Miss McCraw...'

It had already been established that nobody had seen Miss McCraw leaving the picnic party after lunch. Although for some unknown reason she must have suddenly decided to get up from under the tree where she had been reading and followed the four girls towards the Rock. 'Unless,' said the policeman, 'the lady had some private arrangements of her own? To meet a friend or friends, for instance, outside the gates?'

'Definitely no. Miss Greta McCraw, whom I have employed for several years, to my knowledge has not a single friend, or acquaintance even, on this side of the world.'

Her book had already been found with her kid gloves exactly where she had been sitting, by Rosamund, one of the senior girls. Both Mrs Appleyard and the policeman were agreed that a mathematics mistress, no matter how 'smart at figures' as Bumpher put it, could be fool enough to lose her way like anyone else, although the point was rather more delicately made. Even Archimedes, it was suggested, might have taken a wrong turning with his thoughts on higher things. All this the young policeman took down with much hard breathing and pencil licking. (Later, when the passengers in the drag on its outward journey were briefly questioned, it would be recalled by several witnesses, including Mademoiselle, that Miss McCraw had been talking rather wildly of triangles and short cuts, and had even suggested to the driver that they should go home by a different and quite impractical route.)

Here Lindsay ironically describes the attempts of everyone in authority to explain what has occurred at Hanging Rock. Explore the examples that you find particularly ironic.

- OR**     **17** On the evidence of this novel, what do you think are the things that Lindsay most admires and most dislikes about her fellow human beings? Support your ideas with detail from her writing.
- OR**     **18** What picture of the Australian natural world would you say Lindsay paints in this novel?

**EITHER \*19**

The only source of worry in the new situation was the dog. For the young lady had arrived with a dog, called Bingo. And Robert watched with absolute amazement and great incredulity as the lady spoke tenderly to the dog. She ensured that he was well fed with tinned food and milk and meat and bones. And she held the dog lovingly in her arms, brushed his hair and tended him carefully. The dog appeared as important to the lady as her husband and, indeed, Robert thought, in the order of things, the dog was more important than himself. Try as hard as he might, he could not dismiss from his mind the fact that the dog was doing better than himself. And he detested this state of affairs. He could understand a dog being invited to eat up an infant's faeces. He could understand a stray, mangy dog with flies around its ears being beaten and chased away from the dwellings of men. He could understand a dog wandering around rubbish heaps in search of sustenance. But a dog who slept on the settee, a dog who was fed tinned food on a plate, a dog who was brushed and cleaned, a dog who drank good tinned milk, was entirely beyond his comprehension. On one occasion, the lady took the dog to a doctor. And that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

All that day, Robert felt his stomach turn. And when he got home in the evening and saw his children, with distended stomachs, gambolling in the filth that simmered in a swollen stream at his door, and watched them hungrily swallow small balls of *eba*, he asked himself, 'Who born dog? And all of a sudden he developed a pathological hatred for Bingo the dog, his master's dog. All night long, he saw in the eye of his mind, the dog cuddled in the warmth of the settee, which he would have to clean and brush in the morning. And he asked himself again and again, 'Who born dog?'

The object of Robert's hatred was totally oblivious of the feelings that he bred in the cook-steward. He revelled in the love of his master and mistress. He ate his food with relish and wagged his tail in contented gratitude. He loved and served the lady, doing as he was bid. And he wagged his tail contentedly at Robert. He slept in the day and kept watch over his owners at night. But each wag of his tail was like so many pinpricks in the heart of Robert, who secretly vowed to 'show' the dog some day.

That day duly arrived and much sooner than Robert had expected. The young doctor announced to him that they would be going away on holiday for six weeks. He wanted Robert to take care of the house. As they would not be travelling with the dog, he would be most delighted if Robert would be kind enough to take care of Bingo. They were going to leave enough tinned food and milk for Bingo and some money so Robert could purchase bones to supplement his food. He hoped Robert did not mind.

Not in the least, Robert replied. But in his innermost heart, he knew he had found the opportunity he wanted.

After the departure of the couple, Robert, true to his training, obeyed his master's orders to the letter. On the first and second days. On the third day, watching the dog lap his milk from a plate, a voice spoke to Robert. 'Who born dog?' And to this ponderous question, Robert could find no other answer than 'Dog'. And the anger in him welled. He looked at the dog, and the dog looked at him, wagging his tail. 'Well may you wag your tail,' Robert thought, 'but I can tell you, I'm not going to waste my life taking care of you.'

He gathered up all the tins of dog food, all the tins of milk, tethered the dog to the settee and walked off, out of the house and the job he had loved to do. He gave the milk and dog food to his children when he got home.

And the dog died.

**(a)** How does Saro Wiwa's ending to the story reveal the gap that exists between Robert's world and that of his employers?

**and (b)** How do you think the writing makes this extract memorably sarcastic?

**OR**     **20** A sudden change of situation or character is often central to the point of these stories. Show in detail in **two** stories how the writer manages to surprise you through such a change.

**OR**     **21** These tales show contrasts of attitudes and customs around the world. Which **two** do you think best illustrate these contrasts? Justify your choice by looking in detail at the writing in both stories.

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

## EITHER \*22

'I did confess; but I confessed a lie. I confessed, that I might obtain absolution; but now that falsehood lies heavier at my heart than all my other sins. The God of heaven forgive me! Ever since I was condemned, my confessor has besieged me; he threatened and menaced, until I almost began to think that I was the monster that he said I was. He threatened excommunication and hell fire in my last moments, if I continued obdurate. Dear lady, I had none to support me; all looked on me as a wretch doomed to ignominy and perdition. What could I do? In an evil hour I subscribed to a lie; and now only am I truly miserable.'

She paused, weeping, and then continued – 'I thought with horror, my sweet lady, that you should believe your Justine, whom your blessed aunt had so highly honoured, and whom you loved, was a creature capable of a crime which none but the devil himself could have perpetrated. Dear William! dearest blessed child! I soon shall see you again in heaven, where we shall all be happy; and that consoles me, going as I am to suffer ignominy and death.'

'Oh, Justine! forgive me for having for one moment distrusted you. Why did you confess? But do not mourn, dear girl. Do not fear. I will proclaim, I will prove your innocence. I will melt the stony hearts of your enemies by my tears and prayers. You shall not die! – You, my play-fellow, my companion, my sister, perish on the scaffold! No! no! I never could survive so horrible a misfortune.'

Justine shook her head mournfully. 'I do not fear to die,' she said; 'that pang is past. God raises my weakness, and gives me courage to endure the worst. I leave a sad and bitter world; and if you remember me, and think of me as of one unjustly condemned, I am resigned to the fate awaiting me. Learn from me, dear lady, to submit in patience to the will of Heaven!'

During this conversation I had retired to a corner of the prison-room, where I could conceal the horrid anguish that possessed me. Despair! Who dared talk of that? The poor victim, who on the morrow was to pass the awful boundary between life and death, felt not as I did, such deep and bitter agony. I gnashed my teeth, and ground them together, uttering a groan that came from my inmost soul. Justine started. When she saw who it was, she approached me, and said, 'Dear sir, you are very kind to visit me; you, I hope, do not believe that I am guilty?'

I could not answer. 'No, Justine,' said Elizabeth; 'he is more convinced of your innocence than I was; for even when he heard that you had confessed, he did not credit it.'

'I truly thank him. In these last moments I feel the sincerest gratitude towards those who think of me with kindness. How sweet is the affection of others to such a wretch as I am! It removes more than half my misfortune; and I feel as if I could die in peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged by you, dear lady, and your cousin.'

Thus the poor sufferer tried to comfort others and herself. She indeed gained the resignation she desired. But I, the true murderer, felt the never-dying worm alive in my bosom, which allowed of no hope or consolation. Elizabeth also wept, and was unhappy; but hers also was the misery of innocence, which, like a cloud that passes over the fair moon, for a while hides but cannot tarnish its brightness. Anguish and despair had penetrated into the core of my heart; I bore a hell within me, which nothing could extinguish. We stayed several hours with Justine; and it was with great difficulty that Elizabeth could tear herself away. 'I



wish,' cried she, 'that I were to die with you; I cannot live in this world of misery.'

Justine assumed an air of cheerfulness, while she with difficulty repressed her bitter tears. She embraced Elizabeth, and said, in a voice of half-suppressed emotion, 'Farewell, sweet lady, dearest Elizabeth, my beloved and only friend; may Heaven, in its bounty, bless and preserve you; may this be the last misfortune that you will ever suffer! Live, and be happy, and make others so.'

And on the morrow Justine died. Elizabeth's heart-rending eloquence failed to move the judges from their settled conviction in the criminality of the saintly sufferer. My passionate and indignant appeals were lost upon them. And when I received their cold answers, and heard the harsh unfeeling reasoning of these men, my purposed avowal died away on my lips. Thus I might proclaim myself a madman, but not revoke the sentence passed upon my wretched victim. She perished on the scaffold as a murderess!

From the tortures of my own heart, I turned to contemplate the deep and voiceless grief of my Elizabeth. This also was my doing! And my father's woe, and the desolation of that late so smiling home – all was the work of my thrice-accursed hands! Ye weep, unhappy ones; but these are not your last tears! Again shall you raise the funeral wail, and the sound of your lamentations shall again and again be heard! Frankenstein, your son, your kinsman, your early much-loved friend; he who would spend each vital drop of blood for your sakes – who has no thought nor sense of joy, except as it is mirrored also in your dear countenances – who would fill the air with blessings, and spend his life in serving you – he bids you weep – to shed countless tears; happy beyond his hopes, if thus inexorable fate be satisfied, and if the destruction pause before the peace of the grave have succeeded to your sad torments!

Thus spoke my prophetic soul, as, torn by remorse, horror, and despair, I beheld those I loved spend vain sorrow upon the graves of William and Justine, the first hapless victims to my unhallowed arts.

How do Shelley's words in this passage portray the dreadful consequences of Frankenstein's experiment?

- OR**     **23** Once he has created the Monster, Frankenstein is never able to escape him. What do you think Shelley is suggesting by this as she tells the story of the creator and the created? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.
- OR**     **24** What do you think Captain Walton's personality contributes to the telling of Frankenstein's story?

**EITHER \*25**

I no longer played in the alley of Waverly Place. I never visited the playground where the pigeons and old men gathered. I went to school, then directly home to learn new chess secrets, cleverly concealed advantages, more escape routes.

But I found it difficult to concentrate at home. My mother had a habit of standing over me while I plotted out my games. I think she thought of herself as my protective ally. Her lips would be sealed tight, and after each move I made, a soft 'Hmmpmph' would escape from her nose.

'Ma, I can't practice when you stand there like that,' I said one day. She retreated to the kitchen and made loud noises with the pots and pans. When the crashing stopped, I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was standing in the doorway. 'Hmmpmph!' Only this one came out of her tight throat.

My parents made many concessions to allow me to practice. One time I complained that the bedroom I shared was so noisy that I couldn't think. Thereafter, my brothers slept in a bed in the living room facing the street. I said I couldn't finish my rice; my head didn't work right when my stomach was too full. I left the table with half-finished bowls and nobody complained. But there was one duty I couldn't avoid. I had to accompany my mother on Saturday market days when I had no tournament to play. My mother would proudly walk with me, visiting many shops, buying very little. 'This my daughter Wave-ly Jong,' she said to whoever looked her way.

One day, after we left a shop I said under my breath, 'I wish you wouldn't do that, telling everybody I'm your daughter.' My mother stopped walking. Crowds of people with heavy bags pushed past us on the sidewalk, bumping into first one shoulder, then another.

'Aiii-ya. So shame be with mother?' She grasped my hand even tighter as she glared at me.

I looked down. 'It's not that, it's just so obvious. It's just so embarrassing.'

'Embarrass you be my daughter?' Her voice was cracking with anger.

'That's not what I meant. That's not what I said.'

'What you say?'

I knew it was a mistake to say anything more, but I heard my voice speaking. 'Why do you have to use me to show off? If you want to show off, then why don't you learn to play chess.'

My mother's eyes turned into dangerous black slits. She had no words for me, just sharp silence.

I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears. I jerked my hand out of my mother's tight grasp and spun around, knocking into an old woman. Her bag of groceries spilled on the ground.

'Aii-ya! Stupid girl!' my mother and the woman cried. Oranges and tin cans careened down the sidewalk. As my mother stopped to help the old woman pick up the escaping food, I took off.

I raced down the street, dashing between people, not looking back as my mother screamed shrilly, 'Meimei! Meimei!' I fled down an alley, past dark curtained shops and merchants washing the grime off their windows. I sped into the sunlight, into a large street crowded with tourists examining trinkets and souvenirs. I ducked into another dark alley, down another street, up another alley. I ran until it hurt and I realized I had nowhere to go, that I was not running from anything. The alleys contained no escape routes.

My breath came out like angry smoke. It was cold. I sat down on an upturned plastic pail next to a stack of empty boxes, cupping my chin with my hands, thinking hard. I imagined my mother, first walking briskly down one street or another looking for me, then giving up and returning home to await my arrival. After two hours, I stood up on creaking legs and slowly walked home.

The alley was quiet and I could see the yellow lights shining from our flat like two tiger's eyes in the night. I climbed the sixteen steps to the door, advancing quietly up each so as not to make any warning sounds. I turned the knob; the door was locked. I heard a chair moving, quick steps, the locks turning – click! click! click! – and then the door opened.

'About time you got home,' said Vincent. 'Boy, are you in trouble.'

He slid back to the dinner table. On a platter were the remains of a large fish, its fleshy head still connected to bones swimming upstream in vain escape. Standing there waiting for my punishment, I heard my mother speak in a dry voice.

'We not concerning this girl. This girl not have concerning for us.'

Nobody looked at me. Bone chopsticks clinked against the insides of bowls being emptied into hungry mouths.

I walked into my room, closed the door, and lay down on my bed. The room was dark, the ceiling filled with shadows from the dinnertime lights of neighboring flats.

In my head, I saw a chessboard with sixty-four black and white squares. Opposite me was my opponent, two angry black slits. She wore a triumphant smile. 'Strongest wind cannot be seen,' she said.

Her black men advanced across the plane, slowly marching to each successive level as a single unit. My white pieces screamed as they scurried and fell off the board one by one. As her men drew closer to my edge, I felt myself growing light. I rose up into the air and flew out the window. Higher and higher, above the alley, over the tops of tiled roofs, where I was gathered up by the wind and pushed up towards the night sky until everything below me disappeared and I was alone.

I closed my eyes and pondered my next move.

This is a critical moment in the relations between Lindo Jong and her daughter Waverley, resulting in a lasting coldness between them. Who, if anyone, do you think Tan suggests is to blame? Support your argument with detail from the passage.

- OR**     **26** What aspects of the lives of Chinese-American women do you find most memorably portrayed in the stories of An Mei Hsu and her daughter Rose Hsu Jordan, *Scar, Half and Half*, *Without Wood*, *Magpies*? Show how Tan's writing makes them memorable.
- OR**     **27** You are Rich Shields in *Four Directions* on the morning after what Waverley thinks has been the disastrous dinner at her mother's. Waverley has just left to see her mother again. Write your thoughts.

RICHARD WRIGHT: *Black Boy*

## EITHER \*28

Next loomed the problem of leaving my job cleanly, smoothly, without arguments or scenes. How could I present the fact of leaving to my boss? Yes, I would pose as an innocent boy; I would tell him that my aunt was taking me and my paralyzed mother to Chicago. That would create in his mind the impression that I was not asserting my will; it would block any expression of dislike on his part for my act. I knew that southern whites hated the idea of Negroes leaving to live in places where the racial atmosphere was different.

It worked as I had planned. When I broke the news of my leaving two days before I left – I was afraid to tell it sooner for fear that I would create hostility on the part of the whites with whom I worked – the boss leaned back in his swivel chair and gave me the longest and most considerate look he had ever given me.

“Chicago?” he repeated softly.

“Yes, sir,”

“Boy, you won’t like it up there,” he said.

“Well, I have to go where my family is, sir,” I said.

The other white office workers paused in their tasks and listened. I grew self-conscious, tense.

“It’s cold up there,” he said.

“Yes, sir. They say it is,” I said, keeping my voice in a neutral tone.

He became conscious that I was watching him and he looked away, laughing uneasily to cover his concern and dislike.

“Now, boy,” he said banteringly, “don’t you go up there and fall into that lake.”

“Oh, no, sir,” I said, smiling as though there existed the possibility of my falling accidentally into Lake Michigan.

He was serious again, staring at me. I looked at the floor.

“You think you’ll do any better up there?” he asked.

“I don’t know, sir.”

“You seem to’ve been getting along all right down here,” he said.

“Oh, yes, sir. If it wasn’t for my mother’s going, I’d stay right here and work,” I lied as earnestly as possible.

“Well, why not stay? You can send her money,” he suggested.

He had trapped me. I knew that staying now would never do. I could not have controlled my relations with the whites if I had remained after having told them that I wanted to go north.

“Well, I want to be with my mother,” I said.

“You want to be with your mother,” he repeated idly. “Well, Richard, we enjoyed having you with us.”

“And I enjoyed working here,” I lied.

There was silence; I stood awkwardly, then moved to the door. There was still silence; white faces were looking strangely at me. I went upstairs, feeling like a criminal. The word soon spread through the factory and the white men looked at me with new eyes. They came to me.

“So you’re going north, hunh?”

“Yes, sir. My family’s taking me with ’em.”

“The North’s no good for your people, boy.”

“I’ll try to get along, sir.”

“Don’t believe all the stories you hear about the North.”

“No, sir. I don’t.”

“You’ll come back here where your friends are.”

“Well, sir. I don’t know.”

“How’re you going to act up there?”

“Just like I act down here, sir.”

“Would you speak to a white girl up there?”

“Oh, no, sir. I’ll act there just like I act here.”

“Aw, no, you won’t. You’ll change. Niggers change when they go north.”

I wanted to tell him that I was going north precisely to change, but I did not.

“I’ll be the same,” I said, trying to indicate that I had no imagination whatever.

As I talked I felt that I was acting out a dream. I did not want to lie, yet I had to lie to conceal what I felt. A white censor was standing over me and, like dreams forming a curtain for the safety of sleep, so did my lies form a screen of safety for my living moments.

“Boy, I bet you’ve been reading too many of them damn books.”

“Oh, no, sir.”

I made my last errand to the post office, put my bag away, washed my hands, and pulled on my cap. I shot a quick glance about the factory; most of the men were working late. One or two looked up. Mr. Falk, to whom I had returned my library card, gave me a quick, secret smile. I walked to the elevator and rode down with Shorty.

“You lucky bastard,” he said bitterly.

“Why do you say that?”

“You saved your goddamn money and now you’re gone.”

“My problems are just starting,” I said.

“You’ll never have any problems as hard as the ones you had here,” he said.

“I hope not,” I said. “But life is tricky.”

“Sometimes I get so goddamn mad I want to kill everybody,” he spat in a rage.

“You can leave,” I said.

“I’ll never leave this goddamn South,” he railed. “I’m always saying I am, but I won’t...I’m lazy. I like to sleep too goddamn much. I’ll die here. Or maybe they’ll kill me.”

I stepped from the elevator into the street, half expecting someone to call me back and tell me that it was all a dream, that I was not leaving.

This was the culture from which I sprang. This was the terror from which I fled.

Explore the writing here, showing how Richard manages his aim of leaving his job ‘cleanly, smoothly, without argument or scenes’.

- OR**     **29** There are several examples of inhumanity and cruelty in *Black Boy*. Choose one such example and show how the writer conveys the inhumanity and cruelty.
- OR**     **30** Which episode in *Black Boy* appealed to you because of its sadness? Justify your choice by referring closely to the text.

## DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

## EITHER \*31

*Jack:* Who is it selling you our stuff, Cliff?  
*Cliff:* I don't know.  
*Jack:* No, don't you try that. You're not as clever at it as she is. Now who? Who's behind it all? There's got to be one person, somewhere, hasn't there, fairly high up? Who?  
*Cliff:* I don't know.  
*Jack:* *(moving closer)* Cliff...  
*Cliff:* *(covering his head and retreating)* It's no use hitting me – I won't tell you.  
*Jack:* I'm not going to hit you.  
*Cliff:* You are.  
*Jack:* I've never hit you. When in the whole of our lives have I ever hit you? Even as kids...  
*Cliff:* You used to tickle me...  
*Jack:* Listen, Cliff. If I promise – if I give you my word as a brother that I'll keep you out of it, will you tell me?  
*Cliff:* I daren't.  
*Jack:* My solemn promise. Now you know my promise, Cliff. Since we were kids, have I ever broken it?  
*Cliff:* Your solemn promise?  
*Jack:* Yes.  
*Cliff:* All right. *(a nervous glance after Anita)* Des.  
*Jack:* Des? You mean Desmond?  
*Cliff:* Yes.  
*Jack:* *(incredulously)* Are you talking about *Desmond?* Desmond?  
*Cliff:* Yes.  
*Jack:* My partner, Desmond Ayres? My so-called bloody partner? Desmond-bloody-Ayres? The man's own son? I don't believe it. I just don't believe it. *Jack storms out of the sitting room and towards the front door.*  
*Cliff:* Jack? Where are you going?  
*Jack:* Heads are going to roll. I can promise you, heads will roll. Desmond Ayres! *Jack goes out of the front door, slamming it behind him. Cliff stands a little bemused in the hall, Anita comes out of the far bedroom. She now has her nightdress on.*  
*Anita:* What's going on?  
*Cliff:* I'm afraid I had to tell him. About Des—  
*Anita:* Yes, I thought you might. Where's he gone?  
*Cliff:* You know how Jack can... I think he's on his way round to Des's...  
*Anita:* You'd better phone Des. Warn him Jack's coming.  
*Cliff:* Right.  
*Anita:* And then phone round everyone else. We'll have to have a meeting.  
*Cliff:* Tonight?  
*Anita:* As soon as we can. I'll get dressed.  
*Cliff goes to the sitting room phone and starts to dial. Anita enters the near bedroom and goes to the cupboard to select herself something to wear. Giorgio's startled face appears as she ruffles through her dresses.*  
*Anita:* *(startled)* Oh, hallo, lover, I'd forgotten all about you. *(selecting a dress)* Later. I'll be back soon. *Presto. Presto.*  
*Giorgio:* *(kissing her hand, eagerly)* Presto! Presto!  
*Anita:* *(more interested in deciding what to wear with the dress)* Yes...  
*She absent-mindedly closes the cupboard door on him and moves off to the far bedroom. A telephone bell rings as Cliff is connected and the lights*

*come up on the kitchen. Desmond comes in through the back door. He has been to empty the rubbish-bin. He is in his shirt-sleeves and is wearing his cook's apron. He answers the kitchen phone.*

*Desmond:* Hallo. Desmond Ayres speaking.

*Cliff:* Des? It's Cliff. I'm just phoning to warn you. He's on his way.

*Desmond:* What? Who's on his way?

*Cliff:* Who the hell do you think?

*Before he can speak further, a massive hammering is heard on the front door, together with Jack's angry voice. From the dining room, the yapping of a small dog.*

*Jack:* *(from outside the front door)* Desmond! Open this door! Desmond!

*Desmond:* What on earth's that?

*Cliff:* *(fearing he is disconnected)* Hallo...hallo...

*Harriet's head appears through the hatchway.*

*Harriet:* *(alarmed)* Desmond, there's someone at the front door. *(to the dog behind her)* Quietly, Peggy, quietly.

*Desmond:* *(petulantly)* Well, you'll have to let them in, Harriet. Let them in. I'm on the telephone.

*Harriet:* I don't know who it is. Oh. *(Disappears back through the hatch.)* Peggy, stop that.

*Jack continues to hammer on the door, shouting occasionally. The dog continues to yap. Desmond returns to the phone.*

*Desmond:* Hallo. Sorry, Cliff, someone was at the door. What were you saying?

*Harriet comes out of the dining room, gently pushing the dog back with her foot and closing the door. She prepares to open the front door.*

*Cliff:* It's Jack. He knows everything. He knows about you.

*Desmond:* Jack does?

*Cliff:* It's probably him at your door...

*Desmond:* Oh my God. *(dropping the phone)* Harriet! Don't open the—

*Harriet has opened the hall door. Jack stands in the doorway like an avenging angel.*

*Jack:* *(with a terrible roar)* Desmond!

*Harriet cringes, Desmond steels himself, Cliff listens alarmed and the dog yaps on as: Black out.*

Here everything appears to spin out of control. Explore how Ayckbourn produces this hilarious effect as a climax to the Act.

**OR 32** Comedy can be both funny and serious. What issues do you think Ayckbourn is serious about in this comedy? Support your ideas with detail from the play.

**OR 33** What do you think the play gains from having a multiple set in which various actions can be going on at the same time? Support your argument with detail from the play. (You may concentrate on **one** episode which best illustrates your argument.)

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

## EITHER \*34

- Rodolpho:* Marco never hurt anybody.
- Alfieri:* I can bail you out until your hearing comes up. But I'm not going to do it, you understand me? Unless I have your promise. You're an honourable man, I will believe your promise. Now what do you say?
- Marco:* In my country he would be dead now. He would not live this long.
- Alfieri:* All right, Rodolpho – you come with me now.
- Rodolpho:* No! Please, Mister. Marco – promise the man. Please, I want you to watch the wedding. How can I be married and you're in here? Please, you're not going to do anything; you know you're not.  
[*MARCO is silent.*]
- Catherine:* [*kneeling left of MARCO*]: Marco, don't you understand? He can't bail you out if you're gonna do something bad. To hell with Eddie. Nobody is gonna talk to him again if he lives to a hundred. Everybody knows you spit in his face, that's enough, isn't it? Give me the satisfaction – I want you at the wedding. You got a wife and kids, Marco. You could be workin' till the hearing comes up, instead of layin' around here.
- Marco:* [*to ALFIERI*]: I have no chance?
- Alfieri:* [*crosses to behind MARCO*]: No, Marco. You're going back. The hearing is a formality, that's all.
- Marco:* But him? There is a chance, eh?
- Alfieri:* When she marries him he can start to become an American. They permit that, if the wife is born here.
- Marco:* [*looking at RODOLPHO*]: Well – we did something. [*He lays a palm on RODOLPHO'S arm and RODOLPHO covers it.*]
- Rodolpho:* Marco, tell the man.
- Marco:* [*pulling his hand away*]: What will I tell him? He knows such a promise is dishonourable.
- Alfieri:* To promise not to kill is not dishonourable.
- Marco:* [*looking at ALFIERI*]: No?
- Alfieri:* No.
- Marco:* [*gesturing with his head – this is a new idea*]: Then what is done with such a man?
- Alfieri:* Nothing. If he obeys the law, he lives. That's all.
- Marco:* [*rises, turns to ALFIERI*]: The law? All the law is not in a book.
- Alfieri:* Yes. In a book. There is no other law.
- Marco:* [*his anger rising*]: He degraded my brother. My blood. He robbed my children, he mocks my work. I work to come here, mister!
- Alfieri:* I know, Marco–
- Marco:* There is no law for that? Where is the law for that?
- Alfieri:* There is none.
- Marco:* [*shaking his head, sitting*]: I don't understand this country.
- Alfieri:* Well? What is your answer? You have five or six weeks you could work. Or else you sit here. What do you say to me?
- Marco:* [*lowers his eyes. It almost seems he is ashamed.*]: All right.
- Alfieri:* You won't touch him. This is your promise.  
[*Slight pause.*]
- Marco:* Maybe he wants to apologize to me.  
[*MARCO is staring away. ALFIERI takes one of his hands.*]
- Alfieri:* This is not God, Marco. You hear? Only God makes justice.
- Marco:* All right.
- Alfieri:* [*nodding, not with assurance*]: Good! Catherine, Rodolpho, Marco, let us go.



[CATHERINE kisses RODOLPHO and MARCO, then kisses ALFIERI'S hand]

Catherine: I'll get Beatrice and meet you at the church.

[She leaves quickly.]

MARCO rises. RODOLPHO suddenly embraces him. MARCO pats him on the back and RODOLPHO exits after CATHERINE. MARCO faces ALFIERI.]

Alfieri: Only God, Marco.

How much do you sympathise with Marco in this extract? Refer closely to the extract as you answer.

- OR**     **35** How far and in what ways does Eddie contribute to his own tragic end?
- OR**     **36** You are Catherine at the end of Act 1, turning over in your mind your feelings about Eddie and Rodolpho. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

## EITHER \*37

*Enter CAPULET and NURSE.*

*Capulet:* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm, will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*Lady Capulet:* Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.  
I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Capulet:* Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.  
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Juliet:* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:  
Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Capulet:* How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?  
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not';  
And yet 'not proud'; mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!

*Lady Capulet:* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Juliet:* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Capulet:* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch. – Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse:* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Capulet:* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue.  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse:* I speak no treason.

*Capulet:* O! God ye good den.

*Nurse:* May not one speak?

*Capulet:* Peace, you mumbling fool;

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

*Lady Capulet:*  
*Capulet:*

You are too hot.

God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'  
'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me';  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

We have not seen Capulet behave like this before.

**(a)** Why do you think he acts like this towards his daughter at this moment in the play?

**and (b)** What do Shakespeare's words make you feel about him here?

**OR**     **38** Is Romeo anything more than a rash and rather silly boy? Support your argument with detail from the play.

**OR**     **39** There are many exciting and dramatic moments in the play. Select **two** and show how Shakespeare makes them so compelling.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

EITHER \*40

## ACT 3

SCENE 1. – *Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.**Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.*

- Lucentio:* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
- Hortensio:* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
- Lucentio:* Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
- Hortensio:* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
- Bianca:* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
- Hortensio:* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [*Retires.*]
- Lucentio:* That will be never: tune your instrument.
- Bianca:* Where left we last?
- Lucentio:* Here, madam:—  
*Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*
- Bianca:* Construe them.
- Lucentio:* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto  
Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love; *Hic steterat*,  
and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*,  
bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
- Hortensio:* [*Returning*]: Madam, my instrument's in tune.
- Bianca:* Let's hear.— [*HORTENSIO plays.*]  
O fie! the treble jars.
- Lucentio:* Spit in the hole, man and tune again.
- Bianca:* Now let me see if I can construe it:  
*Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; *Hic  
steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*,  
despair not.
- Hortensio:* Madam, 'tis now in tune.
- Lucentio:* All but the base.
- Hortensio:* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and forward our pedant is!  
[*Aside.*] Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:  
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet,  
*Bianca:* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.  
*Lucentio:* Mistrust it not: for, sure Æacides

*Bianca:* Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.  
 I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
 But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.  
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hortensio:* [To LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave a while:  
 My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Lucentio:* Are you so formal, sir? [Aside.] Well, I must wait,  
 And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,  
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hortensio:* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
 To learn the order of my fingering,  
 I must begin with rudiments of art;  
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bianca:* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hortensio:* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bianca:* 'Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,  
 'A re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;  
 'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
 'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:  
 'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
 'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.  
 Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:  
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
 To change true rules for odd inventions.  
*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant:* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
 You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bianca:* Farewell, sweet masters both: I must be gone.  
*[Exeunt BIANCA and SERVANT.]*

(a) How does Shakespeare portray Bianca's suitors here?

and (b) Why do you think the passage is so important for discovering the truth about Bianca?

OR 41 To what extent do you think Shakespeare is asking the audience to approve of Petruchio's conduct? How far can **you** approve of his conduct?

OR 42 During the last part of the play Tranio watches and says nothing. You are Tranio. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale***EITHER \*43**

*Hermione:* Since that I am to say must be but that  
 Which contradicts my accusation, and  
 The testimony on my part no other  
 But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me  
 To say 'Not guilty'. Mine integrity  
 Being counted falsehood shall, as I express it,  
 Be so receiv'd. But thus – if pow'rs divine  
 Behold our human actions, as they do,  
 I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know—  
 Who least will seem to do so – my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd  
 And play'd to take spectators; for behold me—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince – here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one jot beyond  
 The bound of honour, or in act or will  
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leontes:* I ne'er heard yet  
 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
 Than to perform it first.

*Hermione:* That's true enough;  
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leontes:* You will not own it.

*Hermione:* More than mistress of  
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
 I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd;  
 With such a kind of love as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love even such,  
 So and no other, as yourself commanded;  
 Which not to have done, I think had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now for conspiracy:

I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
For me to try now; all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Explore the strength of Hermione's argument here, referring closely to the words as you answer.

- OR**    **44** What qualities does Perdita possess which show her potential as a future queen? Refer to Shakespeare's writing as your answer.
- OR**    **45** At the end of the play Paulina is to marry Camillo. What kind of marriage do you think they might have?

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion*

## EITHER \*46

- Higgins:* [*rising hastily and running to Mrs Higgins*]: Here she is, mother. [*He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess*].  
*Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite fluttered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs Higgins with studied grace.*
- Liza:* [*speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone*]: How do you do, Mrs Higgins? [*She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful*]. Mr Higgins told me I might come.
- Mrs Higgins:* [*cordially*]: Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.
- Pickering:* How do you do. Miss Doolittle?
- Liza:* [*shaking hands with him*]: Colonel Pickering, is it not?
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.
- Liza:* How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins*].
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* [*introducing*]: My daughter Clara.
- Liza:* How do you do?
- Clara:* [*impulsively*]: How do you do? [*She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes*].
- Freddy:* [*coming to their side of the ottoman*]: I've certainly had the pleasure.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* [*introducing*]: My son Freddy.
- Liza:* How do you do?  
*Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.*
- Higgins:* [*suddenly*]: By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [*They stare at him*]. Covent Garden! [*Lamentably*] What a damned thing!
- Mrs Higgins:* Henry, please! [*He is about to sit on the edge of the table*] Dont sit on my writing-table: youll break it.
- Higgins:* [*sulkily*]: Sorry.  
*He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.*  
*A long and painful pause ensues.*
- Mrs Higgins:* [*at last, conversationally*]: Will it rain, do you think?
- Liza:* The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the barometrical situation.
- Freddy:* Ha! ha! how awfully funny!
- Liza:* What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.
- Freddy:* Killing!
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* I'm sure I hope it wont turn cold. Theres so much influenza about. It runs right through our whole family regularly every spring.
- Liza:* [*darkly*]: My aunt died of influenza: so they said.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* [*clicks her tongue sympathetically*]!!!
- Liza:* [*in the same tragic tone*] But it's my belief they done the old woman in.
- Mrs Higgins:* [*puzzled*]: Done her in?
- Liza:* Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.



- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* [startled]: Dear me!
- Liza:* [piling up the indictment]: What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* What does doing her in mean?
- Higgins:* [hastily]: Oh, thats the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* [to Eliza, horrified]: You surely dont believe that your aunt was killed?
- Liza:* Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* But it cant have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.
- Liza:* Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* Do you mean that he drank?
- Liza:* Drank! My word! Something chronic.
- Mrs Eynsford Hill:* How dreadful for you!
- Liza:* Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. But then he did not keep it up regular. [Cheerfully] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. Theres lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. [Now quite at her ease] You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober; and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy. [To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter] Here! what are you sniggering at?
- Freddy:* The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.
- Liza:* If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [To Higgins] Have I said anything I oughtnt?
- Mrs Higgins:* [interposing]: Not at all, Miss Doolittle.
- Liza:* Well, thats a mercy, anyhow [Expansively] What I always say is—
- Higgins:* [rising and looking at his watch]: Ahem!
- Liza:* [looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising]: Well: I must go. [They all rise. Freddy goes to the door]. So pleased to have met you. Goodbye. [She shakes hands with Mrs Higgins].
- Mrs Higgins:* Goodbye.
- Liza:* Goodbye, Colonel Pickering.
- Pickering:* Goodbye, Miss Doolittle. [They shake hands].
- Liza:* [nodding to the others]: Goodbye, all.
- Freddy:* [opening the door for her]: Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so—
- Liza:* [with perfectly elegant diction]: Walk! Not bloody likely. [Sensation]. I am going in a taxi. [She goes out].

Explore this scene, bringing out what makes it so funny.

- OR**     **47** Mrs Higgins is a central figure throughout the latter parts of the play. Explore the ways in which Shaw depicts her.
- OR**     **48** In this play Shaw shows amusingly that people's position in society is often more dependent on whether they speak well than whether they have anything of value to say. Explore **two** instances of this in the play, showing why you find them amusing.





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