

International General Certificate of Secondary Education  
CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

LITERATURE  
PAPER 4

0486/4

MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002

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 34 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

## POETRY

SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist*

Either \*1

*The Barn*

Threshed corn lay piled like grit of ivory  
 Or solid as cement in two-lugged sacks.  
 The musty dark hoarded an armoury  
 Of farmyard implements, harness, plough-socks.

The floor was mouse-grey, smooth, chilly concrete.  
 There were no windows, just two narrow shafts  
 Of gilded motes, crossing, from air-holes slit  
 High in each gable. The one door meant no draughts

All summer when the zinc burned like an oven.  
 A scythe's edge, a clean spade, a pitch-fork's prongs:  
 Slowly bright objects formed when you went in.  
 Then you felt cobwebs clogging up your lungs

And scuttled fast into the sunlit yard –  
 And into nights when bats were on the wing  
 Over the rafters of sleep, where bright eyes stared  
 From piles of grain in corners, fierce, unblinking.

The dark gulfed like a roof-space. I was chaff  
 To be pecked up when birds shot through the air-slits.  
 I lay face-down to shun the fear above.  
 The two-lugged sacks moved in like great blind rats.

How do the words in this poem vividly convey the picture of the barn and what goes on there?

**OR 2** Which **one** of the following poems has appealed to you because of the striking imagery Heaney has used? Be sure to justify your choice by detailed reference to the language of the poem.

*At a Potato Digging; Turkeys Observed; Death of a Naturalist.*

**OR 3** What do you think it is about Heaney's writing that has made him such a popular poet? Refer in some detail to at least **two** of the poems as you answer.

## TOUCHED WITH FIRE: from SECTION D

Either \*4

*On first looking into Chapman's Homer*

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
 He star'd at the Pacific – and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise –  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*John Keats*

Explore the ways in which Keats's words convey the excitement of personal discovery.

**OR 5** Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet's words convey what it is like to be deeply depressed.

*Our History, The Dam, The Place's Fault, I am the only being whose doom.*

**OR 6** With close reference to **two** of the set poems from Section D, show how particular lines or parts of the poems make them memorable to read.

## PROSE

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Either \*7

He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear: I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villainy; and I watched her eye with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt. I listened too; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said: its import relieved me from immediate apprehension.

'I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do; it struck me that it would be just of the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week; and she is not, on any account, to give out more than one at a time to each pupil: if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, O ma'am! I wish the woollen stockings were better looked to! – when I was here last, I went into the kitchen-garden and examined the clothes drying on the line; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair: from the size of the holes in them I was sure they had not been well mended from time to time.'

He paused.

'Your directions shall be attended to, sir,' said Miss Temple.

'And, ma'am,' he continued, 'the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week: it is too much; the rules limit them to one.'

'I think I can explain that circumstance, sir. Agnes and Catherine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion.'

Mr Brocklehurst nodded.

'Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me; I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this? I looked over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?'

'I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir,' replied Miss Temple: 'the breakfast was so ill prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner-time.'

'Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralised by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to

the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, "If ye suffer hunger or thirst for My sake, happy are ye." Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!

How do Brontë's words reveal the unpleasantness of Mr Brocklehurst?

- OR**    **8**    Which episode in *Jane Eyre* do you find most frightening? Refer in detail to how the writing achieves this effect.
- OR**    **9**    You are Blanche Ingram on hearing of the proposed marriage of Jane with Mr Rochester. Write your thoughts.

**Either \*10** He looked out towards the gig wherein Grace sat, her face still turned sunward in the opposite direction.

‘She doesn’t see us,’ said Melbury. ‘Well, never mind; let her be.’

Grace was indeed quite unconscious of Fitzpiers’s propinquity. She was thinking of something which had little connection with the scene before her – thinking of her friend, lost as soon as found, Mrs Charmond; of her capricious conduct, and of the contrasting scenes she was possibly enjoying at that very moment in other climes, to which Grace herself had hoped to be introduced by her friend’s means. She wondered if this patronising lady would return to Hintock during the summer, and whether the acquaintance which had been nipped on the last occasion of her residence there would develop on the next.

Melbury told ancient timber-stories as he sat, relating them directly to Fitzpiers, and obliquely to the men, who had heard them often before. Marty, who poured out tea, was just saying, ‘I think I’ll take out a cup to Miss Grace,’ when they heard a clashing of the gig-harness, and turning round Melbury saw that the horse had become restless, and was jerking about the vehicle in a way which alarmed its occupant, though she refrained from screaming. Melbury jumped up immediately, but not more quickly than Fitzpiers; and while her father ran to the horse’s head and speedily began to control him, Fitzpiers was alongside the gig assisting Grace to descend.

Her surprise at his appearance was so great that, far from making a calm and independent descent, she was very nearly lifted down in his arms. He relinquished her when she touched ground, and hoped she was not frightened.

‘Oh, no, not much,’ she managed to say. ‘There was no danger – unless the mare had run under the trees where the boughs are low enough to hit my head.’

‘Which was by no means an impossibility, and justifies any amount of alarm.’

He referred to what he thought he saw written in her face, and she could not tell him that this had little to do with the horse, but much with himself. His contiguity had, in fact, the same effect upon her as on those former occasions when he had come closer to her than usual – that of producing in her an unaccountable tendency to tearfulness. Melbury soon put the horse to rights, and seeing that Grace was safe, turned again to the work-people.

His daughter’s nervous distress had passed off in a few moments, and she said quite gaily to Fitzpiers as she walked with him towards the group, ‘There’s destiny in it, you see. I was doomed to join in your picnic, although I did not intend to do so.’

Marty prepared her a comfortable place, and she sat down in the circle, and listened to Fitzpiers while he drew from her father and the bark-rippers sundry narratives of their fathers’, their grandfathers’, and their own adventures in these woods; of the mysterious sights they had seen – only to be accounted for by supernatural agency; of white witches and black witches; and the standard story of the spirits of the Two Brothers who had fought and fallen, and had haunted Hintock House till they were exorcised by the priest, and compelled to retreat to a swamp in this very wood, whence they were returning to their old quarters at the rate of a cock’s stride every New Year’s Day, Old Style; hence the local saying, ‘On new-year’s tide, a cock’s stride.’

It was a pleasant time. The smoke from the little fire of peeled sticks rose between the sitters and the sunlight, and behind its blue films stretched the naked arms of the prostrate trees. The smell of the uncovered sap mingled with the smell of the burning wood, and the sticky inner surface of the scattered bark glistened as it revealed its pale madder hues to the eye. Melbury was so highly satisfied at having Fitzpiers as a sort of guest that he would have sat on for any length of time, but Grace, on whom Fitzpiers's eyes only too frequently alighted, seemed to think it incumbent upon her to make a show of going; and her father thereupon accompanied her to the gig.

As the doctor had helped her out of it he appeared to think that he had excellent reasons for helping her in, and performed the attention lingeringly enough.

'What were you almost in tears about just now?' he asked softly.

'I don't know,' she said; and the words were strictly true.

How does Hardy's writing here reveal the growing attraction Fitzpiers and Grace have for one another, while suggesting the great gap between their original social backgrounds?

- OR**    **11**    *A spoilt young woman.*  
                   *An innocent victim of her father's ambitions.*

To what extent do you think Hardy's creation of Grace Melbury supports both of these descriptions of her?

- OR**    **12**    What do you think makes Hardy's portrayal of the woodlands so important and memorable a feature of this novel?

**Either \*13**

The car stopped at last and she roused herself. The moon had gone behind a great luminous white cloud, and it was suddenly very dark – miles of darkness under a dimly starlit sky. All around were trees, the squat, flattened trees of the highveld, which seem as if pressure of sun has distorted them, looking now like vague dark presences standing about the small clearing where the car had stopped. There was a small square building whose corrugated roof began to gleam whitely as the moon slowly slid out from behind the cloud and drenched the clearing with brilliance. Mary got out of the car and watched it drive away round the house to the back. She looked round her, shivering a little, for a cold breath blew out of the trees and down in the vlei beyond them hung a cold white vapour. Listening in the complete silence, innumerable little noises rose from the bush, as if colonies of strange creatures had become still and watchful at their coming and were now going about their own business. She glanced round at the house; it looked shut and dark and stuffy, under that wide streaming moonlight. A border of stones glinted whitely in front of her, and she walked along them, away from the house and towards the trees, seeing them grow large and soft as she approached. Then a strange bird called, a wild nocturnal sound, and she turned and ran back, suddenly terrified, as if a hostile breath had blown upon her, from another world, from the trees. And as she stumbled in her high heels over the uneven ground and regained balance, there was a stir and a cackle of fowls that had been waked by the lights of the car, and the homely sound comforted her. She stopped before the house, and put out her hand to touch the leaves of a plant standing in a tin on the wall of the veranda. Her fingers were fragrant with the dry scent of geraniums. Then a square of light appeared in the blank wall of the house, and she saw Dick's tall shape stooping inside, hazed by the candle he held in front of him. She went up the steps to the door, and stood waiting. Dick had vanished again, leaving the candle on the table. In the dim yellow light the room seemed tiny, tiny; and very low; the roof was the corrugated iron she had seen from outside; there was a strong musty smell, almost animal-like. Dick came back holding an old cocoa tin flattened at the rim to form a funnel, and climbed on the chair under the hanging lamp to fill it. The paraffin dripped greasily down and pattered on the floor, and the strong smell sickened her. The light flared up, flickered wildly, then settled into a low yellow flame. Now she could see the skins of animals on the red brick floor: some kind of wildcat, or perhaps a small leopard, and a big fawn-coloured skin of some buck. She sat down, bewildered by the strangeness of it all. Dick was watching her face, she knew, for signs of disappointment, and she forced herself to smile, though she felt weak with foreboding: this tiny stuffy room, the bare brick floor, the greasy lamp, were not what she had imagined. Apparently satisfied, Dick smiled at her gratefully, and said, 'I will make some tea.' He disappeared again. When he came back, she was standing by the wall, looking at two pictures that hung there. One was of a chocolate-box lady with a rose in her hand; and the other was of a child of about six, torn off a calendar.

He flushed when he saw her, and stripped the pictures from the walls. 'I haven't looked at them for years,' he said, tearing them across. 'But leave them,' she said, feeling an intruder on this man's intimate life: the two pictures, stuck up roughly on the wall with tintacks, had



given her for the first time an insight into his loneliness, and made her understand his hurried courtship and blind need for her. But she felt alien to him, unable to fit herself to his need. Looking to the floor, she saw the pretty childish face, topped with curls, torn across, lying where he had thrown it. She picked it up, thinking that he must be fond of children. They had never discussed children; there had not been time to discuss much. She looked for a waste-paper basket, for it offended her to see the scraps of paper on the floor, but Dick took it from her, squeezed it into a ball, and flung it into the corner. 'We can put up something else,' he said shyly. It was his shyness, his deference towards her, that enabled her to hold her own. Feeling protectively towards him, which she did when he looked like that, bashful and appealing, she need not think of him as the man she had married who had claims on her. She sat herself down, with composure, in front of the tray he had brought in, and watched him pour tea. On a tin tray was a stained, torn cloth, and two enormous cracked cups. Across her wave of distaste came his voice: 'But that is your job now'; and she took the teapot from him, and poured, feeling him watching her with proud delight.

What do you think are Mary's reactions to the world in which she must now live, and how does Lessing's writing here convey those reactions?

- OR**     **14**     *A sad victim of circumstances.*  
                   *A bitter woman who deserves her fate.*

Which of these is the nearer to *your* view of Mary Turner? Support your ideas with detail from Lessing's writing.

- OR**     **15**     You are Charles Slatter speaking to your wife after the conclusion of Moses' trial. Write what you would say.

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Either \*16

As soon as he had finished his evening meal, he took the hurricane lamp that always hung in the side passage and made his way, in drizzling sleet, to the stable. There was a light in the window of Albert's room and the trapdoor propped open with a boot for the reception of the visitor. On the table a bottle of whisky and two glasses were set out. 'Sorry I can't make a fire up here – no chimney – but the grog keeps the cold out and Cook knocked us up a sandwich. Help yourself.' Mike thought there was an air of welcome, even of comfort, unknown in his Aunt's drawing-room. 'If you were a married man,' he said, settling down into the broken rocking chair, 'you would be what the women's magazines call a Home Maker.'

'I like a bit of comfort when I can get it – if that's what you mean.'

'Not only that ...' Like so many things one would have liked to say, it was too complicated to embark on. 'I'd like to see you in a place of your own some day.'

'Oh, you would, would you? I'd soon be getting itchy feet, Mike, even if I had the dough to settle down and raise a pack of kids. How are you liking city life with the nobs?'

'Not at all. My Aunt can think of nothing but giving one of her ghastly parties – for *me*. I haven't told them yet I'm going up North in a week or two – probably Queensland.'

'Now there's a place I never really seen – except the Brisbane waterfront and the lock-up at Toowoomba – oh, only for one night. I told you before, I was with a pretty tough mob in them days.'

Mike glanced affectionately at the brick red features, more honest in the flickering candlelight than the faces of many of his Cambridge friends who let their tailors' bills run on for years and had never passed a night behind bars. 'Why not take a holiday and come up North with me?'

'Jeez. You mean that?'

'Of course I mean it.'

'Where would you be stopping?'

'There's a big cattle station I want to see – away up near the border. It's called Goonawingi.'

Albert said thoughtfully, 'I reckon I could easy get a job on one of them big runs. All the same, Mike, I can't walk out on your Uncle and the horses unless I got someone to suit him at Lake View. The old bastard's treated me pretty good, taking it all round.'

'I understand that,' Mike said. 'Anyway, start keeping your eyes skinned for the right bloke to take over and I'll write to you as soon as I know my plans.' Money was noticeably not mentioned. At this stage the offer of a train fare to Queensland would have been out of keeping with the dignity of a perfect understanding. The stuffy little room was almost cosy what with the whisky and the light of the two candles. Mike helped himself to another drink and felt the gentle glow running through his veins. 'When I was a child I always thought whisky was some kind of remedy for toothache. My Nannie used to dip cotton wool into the bottle. Lately I find a stiff whisky's quite a help when I can't sleep.'

'Still thinking about that bloody Rock?'

'I can't help it. It comes back at night. Dreams.'

'Talk about dreams!' Albert said. 'I had a bobbydazzler last night. Talk about real.'

‘Tell me. I’m an expert on nightmares since I came to Australia.’

‘Not exactly a nightmare this wasn’t. ... Oh, Hell! I can’t explain.’

‘Go on. Try! Mine are so real sometimes I can’t even be sure they *are* dreams.’

‘I was bloody well dead asleep. Had a big Saturday. Must have been round midnight when I got to bed. Well, all of a sudden I’m as wide awake as I am this minute and there’s such a stink of pansies in the room I opens my eyes to see where it’s coming from. I never knew pansies has that much perfume. Sort of dainty but no mistaking it. Sounds bloody silly, don’t it?’

‘Not to me,’ Mike said, his eyes fixed on his friend’s face. ‘Go on.’

‘Well, I opens my eyes and the joint’s as bright as day although it’s as dark as hell outside. Never struck me as funny until I’m telling you now.’ He paused and lit a Capstan cigarette. ‘That’s right. Like the gas was full on. And where she is standing at the end of the bed – exactly where you’re sitting now.’

‘Who was? Who was it?’

‘Jeez, Mike! There’s no call to get worked up over a bloody dream ...’ He pushed the bottle across the table. ‘My kid sister. You remember – the one I told you about that was nuts on pansies? She seemed to be wearing some kind of nightgown. And that didn’t strike me as funny either – not until now. Otherwise she looked about the same as when I seen her last ... oh about six or seven years ago, I suppose. I forget now.’

‘Did she say anything – or just stand there?’

‘Mostly just stand there looking down at me and smiling. “Don’t you know me, Bertie?” she says. And I says, “Of course I know you ...” “Oh, Bertie!” she says, “your poor arms with the mermaids and the way you was laying there with your mouth wide open and that broken tooth I would’ve known you anywhere!” I’m just sitting up to get a better look at her when she starts to sort of ... what the Hell do you call it when a person starts to go all misty-like?’

‘Transparent,’ Mike said.

‘That’s right. How did you know? I calls out, “Hi! Sis! Don’t go yet. But she’s almost gone, all but her voice. I could hear it as plain as what I’m hearing you now. She says, “Good-bye, Bertie. I’ve come a long way to see you and now I must go.” I sung out good-bye but she’d gone. Clean through that wall over there ... you reckon I’m batty?’

Batty! If Albert’s bullet-head so firmly screwed on to the squared shoulders wasn’t to be relied on for glorious commonsense sanity, what was? If Albert was batty there was no sense in believing in anything. In hoping for anything. Or praying. No more sense in praying to the God Mike had been told to believe in ever since Nannie had dragged him to Sunday school in the village church. And there was God Himself in a red and blue glass window – a terrifying old man rather like his grandfather, the Earl of Haddingham, sitting on a cloud and interfering with everyone down below. Punishing the wicked, caring for the sparrows fallen from their nests in the park, keeping an eye on the Royal Family in their various palaces, saving – or allowing to be ship-wrecked according to whim – ‘Those In Peril On The Sea’ ... Finding and saving, or allowing to perish, the lost schoolgirls on the Hanging Rock. All of which and a good deal more flashed through poor Mike’s brain in a jumble of imagery impossible to digest – let alone communicate – as he sat staring at his friend, now grinning and

repeating, 'Batty! just you wait till *you* have a dream like that!' Mike rose, yawning, 'Batty or not, you'll do me, Albert. Think I'll have another drink and turn in.'

What do you think this passage shows about the characters and the relationship of the two young men, and the effect that the incident at Hanging Rock has had upon them?

- OR**    **17** What kind of picture of Australian society at the beginning of the twentieth century do you think emerges from this novel? Support your ideas with detail from Lindsay's writing.
- OR**    **18** You are Dianne de Poitiers, *Mademoiselle*. You have left the College for the last time and you are on the train going to Bendigo where you will be married. Write your thoughts.

**Turn to page 14 for Question 19.**

MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

**Either \*19** 'How can I move thee? Will no entreaties cause thee to turn a favourable eye upon thy creature, who implores thy goodness and compassion? Believe me, Frankenstein, I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love and humanity; but am I not alone, miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I gather from your fellow creatures, who owe me nothing? They spurn and hate me. The desert mountains and dreary glaciers are my refuge. I have wandered here many days; the caves of ice, which I only do not fear, are a dwelling to me, and the only one which man does not grudge. These bleak skies I hail, for they are kinder to me than your fellow beings. If the multitude of mankind knew of my existence, they would do as you do, and arm themselves for my destruction. Shall I not then hate them who abhor me? I will keep no terms with my enemies. I am miserable, and they shall share my wretchedness. Yet it is in your power to recompense me, and deliver them from an evil which it only remains for you to make so great, that not only you and your family, but thousands of others, shall be swallowed up in the whirlwinds of its rage. Let your compassion be moved, and do not disdain me. Listen to my tale; when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve. But hear me. The guilty are allowed, by human laws, bloody as they are, to speak in their own defence before they are condemned. Listen to me, Frankenstein. You accuse me of murder, and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man! Yet I ask you not to spare me; listen to me, and then, if you can, and if you will, destroy the work of your hands.'

'Why do you call to my remembrance,' I rejoined, 'circumstances of which I shudder to reflect, that I have been the miserable origin and author? Cursed be the day, abhorred devil, in which you first saw light! Cursed (although I curse myself) be the hands that formed you! You have made me wretched beyond expression. You have left me no power to consider whether I am just to you or not. Begone! Relieve me from the sight of your detested form.'

'Thus I relieve thee, my creator,' he said, and placed his hated hands before my eyes, which I flung from me with violence; 'thus I take from thee a sight which you abhor. Still thou canst listen to me and grant me thy compassion. By the virtues that I once possessed, I demand this from you. Hear my tale; it is long and strange, and the temperature of this place is not fitting to your fine sensations; come to the hut upon the mountain. The sun is yet high in the heavens; before it descends to hide itself behind your snowy precipices and illuminate another world, you will have heard my story and can decide. On you it rests, whether I quit forever the neighbourhood of man and lead a harmless life, or become the scourge of your fellow creatures and the author of your own speedy ruin.'

As he said this he led the way across the ice; I followed. My heart was full, and I did not answer him, but as I proceeded, I weighed the various arguments that he had used and determined at least to listen to his tale. I was partly urged by curiosity, and compassion confirmed my resolution. I had hitherto supposed him to be the murderer of my brother, and I eagerly sought a confirmation or denial of this opinion. For the first time, also, I felt what the duties of a creator towards his creature were, and that I ought to render him happy before I

complained of his wickedness. These motives urged me to comply with his demand. We crossed the ice, therefore, and ascended the opposite rock. The air was cold, and the rain again began to descend; we entered the hut, the fiend with an air of exultation, I with a heavy heart and depressed spirits. But I consented to listen, and seating myself by the fire which my odious companion had lighted, he thus began his tale.

Why is this an important moment in the novel and what does Shelley's writing make you feel about the two characters here?

- OR**    **20** To what extent do you think that the novel suggests Frankenstein was wrong to attempt to create a living being? Support your ideas with detail from Shelley's writing.
- OR**    **21** What do you think having three different narrators adds to the power of the novel? Support your argument with detail from Shelley's writing.

**Either \*22** Our entire family was already standing outside, chatting excitedly. Everybody was dressed in important-looking clothes. Baba was in a new brown-coloured gown, which while plain was of an obviously fine-quality silk weave and workmanship, Mama had on a jacket and skirt with colors that were the reverse of mine: black silk with yellow bands. My half-sisters wore rose-coloured tunics and so did their mothers, my father's concubines. My older brother had on a blue jacket embroidered with shapes resembling Buddha scepters for long life. Even the old ladies had put on their best clothes to celebrate: Mama's aunt, Baba's mother and her cousin, and Great-uncle's fat wife, who still plucked her forehead bald and always walked as if she were crossing a slippery stream, two tiny steps and then a scared look.

The servants had already packed and loaded a rickshaw with the day's basic provisions: a woven hamper filled with *zong zi* – the sticky rice wrapped in lotus leaves, some filled with roasted ham, some with sweet lotus seeds; a small stove for boiling water for hot tea; another hamper containing cups and bowls and chopsticks; a cotton sack of apples, pomegranates, and pears; sweaty earthen jars of preserved meats and vegetables; stacks of red boxes lined with four mooncakes each; and of course, sleeping mats for our afternoon nap.

Then everybody climbed into rickshaws, the younger children sitting next to their amahs. At the last moment, before we all set off, I wriggled out of Amah's grasp and jumped out of the rickshaw. I climbed into the rickshaw with my mother in it, which displeased Amah, because this was presumptuous behaviour on my part and also because Amah loved me better than her own. She had given up her own child, a baby son, when her husband had died and she had come to our house to be my nursemaid. But I was very spoiled because of her; she had never taught me to think about her feelings. So I thought of Amah only as someone for my comfort, the way you might think of a fan in the summer or a heater in the winter, a blessing you appreciate and love only when it is no longer there.

When we arrived at the lake, I was disappointed to feel no cooling breezes. Our rickshaw pullers were soaked with sweat and their mouths were open and panting like horses. At the dock, I watched as the old ladies and men started climbing aboard a large boat our family had rented. The boat looked like a floating teahouse, with an open-air pavilion larger than the one in our courtyard. It had many red columns and a peaked tile roof, and behind that what looked like a garden house with round windows.

When it was our turn, Amah grasped my hand tightly and we bounced across the plank. But as soon as my feet touched the deck, I sprang free and, together with Number Two and Number Three, I pushed my way past people's legs enclosed in billows of dark and bright silk clothes – trying to see who would be the first to run the length of the boat.

I loved the unsteady feeling of almost falling one way then another. Red lanterns hanging from the roof and railings swayed, as if pushed by a breeze. My half-sisters and I ran our fingers over benches and small tables in the pavilion. We traced our fingers over the patterns of the ornamental wood railings and poked our faces through openings to see the water below. And then there were more things to find!

I opened a heavy door leading into the garden house and ran past a



room that looked like a large sitting area. My sisters followed behind laughing. Through another door, I saw people in a kitchen. A man holding a big cleaver turned and saw us, then called to us, as we shyly smiled and backed away.

At the rear of the boat we saw poor-looking people: a man feeding sticks into a tall chimney stove, a woman chopping vegetables, and two rough-looking boys squatting close to the edge of the boat, holding what looked to be a piece of string attached to a wire-mesh cage lying just below the surface of the water. They gave us not even a glance.

We returned to the front of the boat, just in time to see the dock moving away from us. Mama and the other ladies were already seated on benches around the pavilion, fanning themselves furiously and slapping the sides of each other's heads when mosquitoes lighted. Baba and Uncle were leaning over a rail, talking in deep, serious voices. My brother and some of his boy cousins had found a long bamboo stick and were poking the water as if they could make the boat go faster. The servants were seated in a cluster at the front, heating water for tea, shelling roasted ginkgo nuts, and emptying out hampers of food for a noonday meal of cold dishes.

Even though Tai Lake is one of the largest in all of China, that day it seemed crowded with boats: rowboats, pedal boats, sailboards, fishing boats, and floating pavilions like ours. So we often passed other people leaning out to trail their hands in the cool water, some drifting by asleep beneath a cloth canopy or oil-coated umbrella.

Suddenly I heard people crying, 'Ahh! Ahh! Ahh!' and I thought, At last, the day has begun! I raced to the pavilion and found aunts and uncles laughing as they used chopsticks to pick up dancing shrimp, still squirming in their shells, their tiny legs bristling. So this was what the mesh cage beneath the water had contained, freshwater shrimp, which my father was now dipping into a spicy bean-curd sauce and popping into his mouth with two bites and a swallow.

But the excitement soon waned, and the afternoon seemed to pass like any other at home. The same listlessness after the meal. A little drowsy gossip with hot tea. Amah telling me to lie down on my mat. The quiet as everyone slept through the hottest part of the day.

What picture does Tan's writing give here of Ying-ying's childhood in China?

- OR**    **23** What impression does Tan's writing give you of the men in this novel? Support your ideas with detail from the novel.
- OR**    **24** You are Jing-mei lying in bed the night after you have been reunited with your twin step-sisters. Write your thoughts.

**Either \*25** Wither Father away, Jeronimo was very quiet – no speeches or songs, and the hammering stopped. The only sounds were the flap and splash, the *prunt-prunt* of the pump-tower on the bank, and the sloosh of water in the culverts. The rest was the usual murmur of jungle, as continuous as silence, birds and bugs and monkey squawks, which changed in pitch with the heat and became a pressurised howl after nightfall.

Mother did not take charge. When Father was around, we did things his way, he kept us jumping, but Mother had no inventions and never made speeches. When she did talk, it was often a gentle request for someone to show her the local way of doing something.

The pepper-drying was a good example. After the small red peppers appeared in the low bushes, Mrs Maywit said they would have to be dried. If Father had been around he would have blazed a ten-sided tub out of sheet metal and called it his Pepper-Hopper, or something of the kind, for drying peppers, the way he made the fish-trap and the bath-house and the bamboo tiles.

But Mother got Mr Kennywick and Mrs Maywit to explain how to string the peppers and hang them. ‘You know best,’ she said. It was a day’s work, this pepper stringing, Mother and the other women squatting side by side on a mat in the yard, knotting the peppers on twine so that the lengths of them looked like fire crackers. Father would not have done it, and he certainly would not have squatted. He would have made himself a chair, probably a recliner, with a work-surface, pedal-operated, maintenance-free, out of steamed and bent saplings. ‘Look how she fits the contours of the body, Mother!’

Mother had the Zambus teach her how to gut and skin animals like pacas, and how to peg fish to plank and dry them, and how to smoke meat. They were slow, dirty, traditional methods, but she was in no hurry, she said. And these became our lessons in Jeronimo, the household tasks of the jungle people, the preparation of things we picked or caught. She made sure that each of us understood the gutting and smoking. We were not free to play until we had mastered these chores.

This was different from Father’s way. He was an innovator. He thought nothing of getting a dozen people to peel wood or dig ditches, and he would not tell them why until they had finished. Then he would say, ‘You’ve just made yourself a permanent enhancement!’ Or he would ask them to guess what a particular thing was for (no one so far had guessed what Fat Boy was for), and laugh when they gave him the wrong answer. He had his own way of doing things, and he liked telling people that their own methods were just waste motion. ‘Now I’ll show you how it ought to be done,’ he’d say, and as they gawked, he’d add, ‘How do you like *that* little wrinkle?’

He had never been a good listener. But he knew so much, he did not have to listen. We had heard his voice going like the Thunderbox wherever we were, and since the day we arrived Father’s chatter had been as constant as the Jeronimo locusts from morning to night, and it was louder even than the *googn-googn-googn-googn* of the howler monkeys. But now, his voice was gone. Nothing was built, there were no inspections, the forge went cold. No talk of ‘targets’, no sessions in the Gallery, and we stopped hearing, ‘I only need four hours’ sleep!’

We cleared the fish-trap, weeded the garden and picked the first

tomatoes. Mother ran things smoothly, offering suggestions, not giving orders. She made cassava bread, something Father had not thought of doing. Mrs Maywit provided the recipe. And Mrs Kennywick showed her how to make wabool out of rotten bananas.

In her quiet, inquiring way, Mother discovered an amazing thing. She had the idea that it would be educational for us to learn the names of the trees in and around Jeronimo. She asked the Zambus what they were called, and what they were used for, so that a little printed sign could be tacked to each trunk for us to memorise. She found out that a good few of the trees at the southern end of the clearing were sapodillas. Even the Maywits did not know that. The Zambus called them 'chiclets' and 'hoolies' and explained how to extract rubbery sap from the trees and boil it and pound it into sheets.

'There's enough chicle here to make a ton of rubber,' she said. She thought this was funny. 'That's what Allie would say. Wait till he hears. He'll make us all galoshes.'

Father's work was work, Mother's work was study and play, but mostly she left us to ourselves. We did not feel supervised as when Father was around, and little by little we ventured farther from the clearing, and even out of Jeronimo itself, away from the splash of our waterworks and the *googn* of our monkeys.

Father's rare absence gives this passage special importance in the novel. Explore this importance, supporting your ideas with detail from Theroux's words.

- OR**    **26**    What do you think of Allie Fox as a father? As you argue your case, refer in detail to the way Theroux's writing supports your ideas.
- OR**    **27**    You are Captain Smalls as you watch the Fox family disembark from your ship at La Ceiba. Write your thoughts.

RICHARD WRIGHT: *Black Boy*

**Either \*28** One winter morning in the long-ago, four-year-old days of my life I found myself standing before a fireplace, warming my hands over a mound of glowing coals, listening to the wind whistle past the house outside. All morning my mother had been scolding me, telling me to keep still, warning me that I must make no noise. And I was angry, fretful, and impatient. In the next room Granny lay ill and under the day and night care of a doctor and I knew that I would be punished if I did not obey. I crossed restlessly to the window and pushed back the long fluffy white curtains – which I had been forbidden to touch – and looked yearningly out into the empty street. I was dreaming of running and playing and shouting, but the vivid image of Granny’s old, white, wrinkled, grim face, framed by a halo of tumbling black hair, lying upon a huge feather pillow, made me afraid.

The house was quiet. Behind me my brother – a year younger than I – was playing placidly upon the floor with a toy. A bird wheeled past the window and I greeted it with a glad shout.

‘You better hush,’ my brother said.

‘You shut up,’ I said.

My mother stepped briskly into the room and closed the door behind her. She came to me and shook her finger in my face.

‘You stop that yelling, you hear?’ she whispered. ‘You know Granny’s sick and you better keep quiet!’

I hung my head and sulked. She left and I ached with boredom.

‘I told you so,’ my brother gloated.

‘You shut up,’ I told him again.

I wandered listlessly about the room, trying to think of something to do, dreading the return of my mother, resentful of being neglected. The room held nothing of interest except the fire and finally I stood before the shimmering embers, fascinated by the quivering coals. An idea of a new kind of game grew and took root in my mind. Why not throw something into the fire and watch it burn? I looked about. There was only my picture book and my mother would beat me if I burned that. Then what? I hunted around until I saw the broom leaning in a closet. That’s it ... Who would bother about a few straws if I burned them? I pulled out the broom and tore out a batch of straws and tossed them into the fire and watched them smoke, turn black, blaze, and finally become white wisps of ghosts that vanished. Burning straws was a teasing kind of fun and I took more of them from the broom and cast them into the fire. My brother came to my side, his eyes drawn by the blazing straws.

‘Don’t do that,’ he said.

‘How come?’ I asked.

‘You’ll burn the whole broom,’ he said.

‘You hush,’ I said.

‘I’ll tell,’ he said.

‘And I’ll hit you,’ I said.

My idea was growing, blooming. Now I was wondering just how the long fluffy white curtains would look if I lit a bunch of straws and held it under them. Would I try it? Sure. I pulled several straws from the broom and held them to the fire until they blazed; I rushed to the window and brought the flame in touch with the hems of the curtains. My brother shook his head.

‘Naw,’ he said.

He spoke too late. Red circles were eating into the white cloth; then a flare of flames shot out. Startled, I backed away. The fire soared to the ceiling and I trembled with fright. Soon a sheet of yellow lit the room. I was terrified; I wanted to scream but was afraid. I looked around for my brother; he was gone. One half of the room was now ablaze. Smoke was choking me and the fire was licking at my face, making me gasp.

What sort of picture are you given of Richard here and how does the writing prepare you for the way he develops as the story progresses?

- OR**    **29** Explore in detail how Richard's character enables him to break free and succeed, despite the enormous prejudice against black people.
- OR**    **30** Which member of Richard's family makes the deepest impression on you? Refer in detail to the writing to justify your choice.

## DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

- Either \*31** *Poppy:* Ssssh! Everyone! He's here.  
*The chatter subdues. One or two 'sssh's'.*  
 Jack's here. His car's just turned into the road. Can we turn the lights out, please?  
*People oblige, switching off the table lamps nearest them.*  
*Poppy extinguishes the overhead with the door switch.*
- Ken:* What's happening now?  
*Yvonne:* Jack's here, Mr Ayres. He's just arrived.  
*Ken:* Jack who?  
*Poppy:* Everyone! Quiet as you can, please. I'll try and get him to come straight in here.  
*Anita:* *(from the darkness, with a silly giggle)* It's very dark.  
*Others:* Sssh!  
*Poppy:* *(moving to the kitchen)* Quiet as you can. He'll come in from the garage.  
*She goes into the kitchen and pretends to busy herself at the sink.*
- Anita:* *(from the darkness)* Oooh!  
*All:* Sssh!  
*Anita:* Who did that? Who was it did that?  
*Cliff:* Be quiet.  
*Anita:* No, that really hurt, that did. Who did that??  
*All:* Sssh!  
*Tina:* Quiet! He's here.  
*A silence. The back door opens. Jack, a forceful, energetic man of 45, enters.*
- Jack:* I'm back.  
*Poppy:* *(kissing him)* How did it go, then?  
*Jack:* All right. You know. Fond farewells. Usual thing. We shall miss you for ever thank God he's gone at last ...  
*Poppy:* *(affectionately)* They never said that.  
*Jack:* They were thinking it. Cheering me through the gates they were. Goodbye, you old bugger, goodbye. *(Sensing a slight nervousness in her)* I'm not that late, am I?  
*Poppy:* Only a little.  
*Jack:* *(looking at her properly for the first time)* You're all dressed up, aren't you?  
*Poppy:* No, I've had this for ages.  
*Jack:* *(a horrid thought)* We're not meant to be going out?  
*Poppy:* No, no.  
*Jack:* Thank God for that. I don't want to see anyone else. Not today.  
*He goes into the hall.*
- Anita:* *(softly)* Oh, dear, what a shame.  
*Tina:* Sssh!  
*Poppy:* Make us both a drink, will you?  
*Poppy hangs his coat up in the hall.*
- Jack:* *(calling back to her as he does so)* I drove back past the factory this evening ...  
*Poppy:* What's that?  
*Jack:* On my way home just now I drove back past my new office. Do you know, I suddenly felt very excited.

*He has returned to the kitchen doorway.*

- Poppy: I'm glad.  
 Jack: We're going to the stars with this one, darling, we really are. This is going to be the one.  
 Poppy: It will be if you have anything to do with it ...  
 Jack: *(holding her)* No, no. Not me. Us. You and me.  
 Poppy: *(not really believing this)* Yes.  
     *They kiss.*  
 Jack: Come on, what are you dressed up for, then?  
 Poppy: No reason. I just felt like it.  
 Jack: Trying to take my mind off my work, were you? Eh?  
 Poppy: *(coily aware of her audience next door)* Don't be silly.  
 Jack: Sammy upstairs?  
 Poppy: No, she's out tonight.  
 Jack: Just us, is it?  
 Poppy: Yes. There's nobody here.  
 Jack: I see.  
 Poppy: Go on. Make us a drink.  
 Jack: *(taking her hand and starting to lead her)* First of all, follow me.  
 Poppy: Where are we going?  
 Jack: *(heading for the stairs)* Not far, I promise. Not far.  
 Poppy: *(alarmed)* Jack, no, we can't. Not now.  
 Jack: I fancy it right now, I don't mind saying ...  
 Anita: *(sotto)* Oh, my God ...  
 Poppy: No, we can't. Really. Jack.  
     *Poppy pulls away from Jack and remains at the foot of the stairs. Jack continues to retreat upstairs.*  
 Jack: Come on.  
 Poppy: No.  
 Jack: *(more firmly)* Come on.  
 Poppy: No. I'm going in here. *(Indicates the sitting room.)* I want a drink.  
 Jack: Poppy ...  
 Poppy: *(opening the door)* I'll be in here.  
 Jack: Poppy, if I have to come down and fetch you ...  
 Poppy: Bye-bye.  
     *Poppy goes into the sitting room and closes the door. She crowds in with the rest of her guests.*  
 Poppy: Sssshh!  
 Jack: Poppy! If I have to come and fetch you, Poppy ... You know what that means, don't you? *(starting to take off his jacket)* It means rough trade. Rough. Rough.  
     *(Throws his jacket over the banisters and starts to descend, treading heavily.)* Right. Here come the Vikings. You hear him coming, Poppy? *(Takes off his tie and starts to unbutton his shirt.)* It's Erik the Hairy, coming for you.  
     *Anita giggles.*  
 Roy: Eric the Who?  
 Poppy: Oh God, I want to die. I really want to die.  
 Jack: *(in a strange Norwegian accent)* Nordsky! Nordsky! Poppy!  
 Poppy: *(calling girlishly)* Woo-hoo! *(to the others)* I'm ever so sorry. This is so embarrassing.  
 Tina: *(hissing)* Mum. What are you playing at?  
 Poppy: It's the only way I can get him in here. *(calling)* Woo-hoo!  
 Jack: I'm going to have to come in there and get you, Poppy ...

*Cliff:* This'll be entertaining.

*Anita:* It's all right, Poppy, we'll shut our eyes.

*Jack:* Where she hidey-hole the little Anglely-Sexey girl? Here he come, Hairy Erik with his meatey axey –

*He opens the sitting room door, slowly reaching round for the light switch as he does so.*

*(calling softly)* Anglely-Sexey Girl! Come for a little pillage.

Look who's here. Look who's here ... *(switching on the light)*

Look who's ... Oh, for crying out loud!

How do you think Ayckbourn makes this such a hilariously funny start to his play? Support your ideas with detail from the extract.

**OR 32** Faced with a dead Benedict in the bath, Poppy and Tina are horrified but Samantha just says 'Good'.

Explore the character of Benedict, bringing out which reaction is the closer to yours.

**OR 33** You are Jack at the end of Act 1 as you drive to Desmond's house. Write your thoughts.



**Turn to page 26 for Question 34.**

ATHOL FUGARD: *'Master Harold' ... and the Boys*

- Either \*34** *Hally:* I might have guessed as much. Don't get sentimental, Sam. You've never been a slave, you know. And anyway we freed your ancestors here in South Africa long before the Americans. But if you want to thank somebody on their behalf, do it to Mr William Wilberforce. Come on. Try again. I want a real genius. (*Now enjoying himself, and so is Sam. Hally goes behind the counter and helps himself to a chocolate.*)
- Sam:* William Shakespeare.
- Hally:* (*no enthusiasm*). Oh. So you're also one of them, are you? You're basing that opinion on only one play, you know. You've only read my *Julius Caesar* and even I don't understand half of what they're talking about. They should do what they did with the old Bible: bring the language up to date.
- Sam:* That's all you've got. It's also the only one *you've* read.
- Hally:* I know. I admit it. That's why I suggest we reserve our judgement until we've checked up on a few others. I've got a feeling, though, that by the end of this year one is going to be enough for me, and I can give you the names of twenty-nine other chaps in the Standard Nine class of the Port Elizabeth Technical College who feel the same. But if you want him, you can have him. My turn now. (*Pacing.*) This is a damned good exercise, you know! It started off looking like a simple question and here it's got us really probing into the intellectual heritage of our civilization.
- Sam:* So who is it going to be?
- Hally:* My next man ... and he gets the title on two scores: social reform and literary genius ... is Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy.
- Sam:* That Russian.
- Hally:* Correct. Remember the picture of him I showed you?
- Sam:* With the long beard.
- Hally:* (*trying to look like Tolstoy*). And those burning, visionary eyes. My God, the face of a social prophet if ever I saw one! And remember my words when I showed it to you? Here's a *man*, Sam!
- Sam:* Those were words, Hally.
- Hally:* Not many intellectuals are prepared to shovel manure with the peasants and then go home and write a 'little book' called *War and Peace*. Incidentally, Sam, he was somebody else who, to quote, '... did not distinguish himself scholastically.'
- Sam:* Meaning?
- Hally:* He was also no good at school.
- Sam:* Like you and Winston Churchill.
- Hally:* (*mirthlessly*). Ha, ha, ha.
- Sam:* (*simultaneously*). Ha, ha, ha.
- Hally:* Don't get clever, Sam. That man freed his serfs of his own free will.
- Sam:* No argument. He was a somebody, all right. I accept him.
- Hally:* I'm sure Count Tolstoy will be very pleased to hear that. Your turn. Shoot. (*Another chocolate from behind the counter.*) I'm waiting, Sam.
- Sam:* I've got him.
- Hally:* Good. Submit your candidate for examination.
- Sam:* Jesus.

*Hally:* (*stopped dead in his tracks*). Who?  
*Sam:* Jesus Christ.  
*Hally:* Oh, come on, Sam!  
*Sam:* The Messiah.  
*Hally:* Ja, but still ... No, Sam. Don't let's get started on religion. We'll just spend the whole afternoon arguing again.  
*Sam:* All right.  
*Hally:* No. Religion is out! I'm not going to waste my time again arguing with you about the existence of God. You know perfectly well I'm an atheist ... and I've got homework to do.  
*Sam:* Okay, I take him back.  
*Hally:* You've got time for one more name.  
*Sam:* (*after thought*). I've got one I know we'll agree on. A simple straightforward great Man of Magnitude ... and no arguments. And *he* really *did* benefit all mankind.  
*Hally:* I wonder. After your last contribution I'm beginning to doubt whether anything in the way of an intellectual agreement is possible between the two of us. Who is he?  
*Sam:* Guess.  
*Hally:* Socrates? Alexandre Dumas? Karl Marx? Dostoevsky? Nietzsche?  
*Sam* *shakes his head after each name.*  
 Give me a clue.  
*Sam:* The letter P is important ...  
*Hally:* Plato!  
*Sam:* ... and his name begins with an F.  
*Hally:* I've got it. Freud and Psychology.  
*Sam:* No. I didn't understand him.  
*Hally:* That makes two of us.  
*Sam:* Think of mouldy apricot jam.

What impression do you have of Hally here and his relationship with Sam?

- OR**    **35** Choose one **or** two instances in this play where you find yourself enjoying the humour. How does Fugard's writing create this enjoyment for you? Be sure to refer to the dialogue as you answer.
- OR**    **36** You are Master Harold at the end of the play thinking about your relationship with your father. Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- Either \*37** *Catherine:* (Goes to Eddie; nervously happy now). I'll make some coffee, all right?
- Eddie:* Go ahead, make some! Make it nice and strong. (Mystified, she smiles and exits to kitchen. He is weirdly elated, rubbing his fists into his palms. He strides to Marco). You wait, Marco, you see some real fights here. You ever do any boxing?
- Marco:* No, I never.
- Eddie:* (to Rodolpho). Betcha you have done some, heh?
- Rodolpho:* No.
- Eddie:* Well, come on, I'll teach you.
- Beatrice:* What's he got to learn that for?
- Eddie:* Ya can't tell, one a these days somebody's liable to step on his foot or sump'm. Come on, Rodolpho, I show you a couple a passes. (He stands below table.)
- Beatrice:* Go ahead, Rodolpho. He's a good boxer, he could teach you.
- Rodolpho:* (embarrassed). Well, I don't know how to – (he moves down to Eddie).
- Eddie:* Just put your hands up. Like this, see? That's right. That's very good, keep your left up, because you lead with the left, see, like this. (He gently moves his left into Rodolpho's face.) See? Now what you gotta do is you gotta block me, so when I come in like that you – (Rodolpho parries his left.) Hey, that's very good! (Rodolpho laughs.) All right, now come into me. Come on.
- Rodolpho:* I don't want to hit you, Eddie.
- Eddie:* Don't pity me, come on. Throw it, I'll show you how to block it. (Rodolpho jabs at him, laughing. The others join.) 'At's it. Come on again. For the jaw right here. (Rodolpho jabs with more assurance.) Very good!
- Beatrice:* (to Marco). He's very good!  
Eddie crosses directly upstage of Rodolpho.
- Eddie:* Sure, he's great! Come on, kid, put sump'm behind it, you can't hurt me. (Rodolpho, more seriously, jabs at Eddie's jaw and grazes it.) Attaboy.  
Catherine comes from the kitchen, watches.  
Now I'm gonna hit you, so block me, see?
- Catherine:* (with beginning alarm). What are they doin'?' (They are lightly boxing now.)
- Beatrice:* (– she senses only the comradeship in it now). He's teachin' him; he's very good!
- Eddie:* Sure, he's terrific! Look at him go! (Rodolpho lands a blow). 'At's it! Now, watch out, here I come, Danish! (He feints with his left hand and lands with his right. It mildly staggers Rodolpho. Marco rises.)
- Catherine:* (rushing to Rodolpho). Eddie!
- Eddie:* Why? I didn't hurt him. Did I hurt you, kid? (He rubs the back of his hands across his mouth.)
- Rodolpho:* No, no, he didn't hurt me. (To Eddie with a certain gleam and a smile). I was only surprised.
- Beatrice:* (pulling Eddie down into the rocker). That's enough, Eddie; he did pretty good, though.

- Eddie:* Yeah. (*Rubbing his fists together*). He could be very good, Marco. I'll teach him again.  
*(Marco nods at him dubiously.)*
- Rodolpho:* Dance, Catherine. Come.  
*(He takes her hand; they go to phonograph and start it. It plays Paper Doll.*  
*Rodolpho takes her in his arms. They dance. Eddie in thought sits in his chair, and Marco takes a chair, places it in front of Eddie, and looks down at it. Beatrice and Eddie watch him.)*
- Marco:* Can you lift this chair?  
*Eddie:* What do you mean?  
*Marco:* From here. (*He gets on one knee with one hand behind his back, and grasps the bottom of one of the chair legs but does not raise it.*)
- Eddie:* Sure, why not? (*He comes to the chair, kneels, grasps the leg, raises the chair one inch, but it leans over to the floor.*) Gee, that's hard, I never knew that. (*He tries again, and again fails.*) It's on an angle, that's why, heh?
- Marco:* Here.  
*(He kneels, grasps, and with strain slowly raises the chair higher and higher, getting to his feet now. Rodolpho and Catherine have stopped dancing as Marco raises the chair over his head.*  
*Marco is face to face with Eddie, a strained tension gripping his eyes and jaw, his neck stiff, the chair raised like a weapon over Eddie's head – and he transforms what might appear like a glare of warning into a smile of triumph, and Eddie's grin vanishes as he absorbs his look.)*

What do you feel about the relationships amongst the characters as you read this passage?

- OR 38** Why do you think Eddie is so protective of Catherine? Be sure to refer in detail to Miller's writing in your answer.
- OR 39** You are Beatrice at the end of the play looking back over your life with Eddie. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either \*40

## PROLOGUE

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chorus: Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whole misadventured piteous overthrows  
 Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. (Exit)*

## SCENE I. Verona. A public place.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and bucklers.*

*Sampson: Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.  
 Gregory: No, for then we should be colliers.  
 Sampson: I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.  
 Gregory: Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.  
 Sampson: I strike quickly, being moved.  
 Gregory: But thou art not quickly moved to strike.  
 Sampson: A dog of the house of Montague moves me.  
 Gregory: To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand:  
 therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.  
 Sampson: A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take  
 the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.  
 Gregory: That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes  
 to the wall.  
 Sampson: True; and therefore women, being the weaker  
 vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will  
 push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his  
 maids to the wall.  
 Gregory: The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.  
 Sampson: 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have  
 fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and  
 cut off their heads.  
 Gregory: The heads of the maids?  
 Sampson: Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads;  
 take it in what sense thou wilt.  
 Gregory: They must take it in sense that feel it.  
 Sampson: Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis  
 known I am a pretty piece of flesh.  
 Gregory: 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst  
 been poor John. Draw thy tool! here comes two of the  
 house of the Montagues.  
 Sampson: My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.  
 Gregory: How! turn thy back and run?  
 Sampson: Fear me not.  
 Gregory: No, marry; I fear thee!*

*Sampson:* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.  
*Gregory:* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.  
*Sampson:* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.  
*Enter Abraham and Balthasar*  
*Abraham:* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
*Sampson:* I do bite my thumb, sir.  
*Abraham:* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?  
*Sampson:* (*aside to Gregory*) Is the law of our side, if I say ay?  
*Gregory:* (*aside to Sampson*) No.  
*Sampson:* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.  
*Gregory:* Do you quarrel, sir?  
*Abraham:* Quarrel sir! no, sir.  
*Sampson:* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.  
*Abraham:* No better.  
*Sampson:* Well, sir.  
*Gregory:* (*aside to Sampson*) Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.  
*Sampson:* Yes, better, sir.  
*Abraham:* You lie.  
*Sampson:* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. (*They fight*)  
*Enter Benvolio*  
*Benvolio:* Part, fools!  
 Put up your swords; you know not what you do. (*Beats down their swords*)  
*Enter Tybalt*  
*Tybalt:* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
 Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  
*Benvolio:* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,  
 Or manage it to part these men with me.  
*Tybalt:* What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,  
 As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
 Have at thee, coward! (*They fight*)  
*Enter, several of both houses, who join the fray;  
 then enter Citizens, with clubs*  
*Citizens:* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!  
 Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!  
*Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet*  
*Capulet:* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!  
*Lady Capulet:* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?  
*Capulet:* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,  
 And flourishes his blade in spite of me.  
*Enter Montague and Lady Montague*  
*Montague:* Thou villain Capulet, – Hold me not, let me go.  
*Lady Montague:* Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.  
*Enter Prince, with his Train*

By exploring the detail of the passage, show how it establishes the atmosphere in Verona.

- OR 41** What does Shakespeare make you feel about Juliet's parents, the Lord and Lady Capulet?
- OR 42** Do you think that putting *Romeo and Juliet* in a modern setting is necessary for it to be relevant to a modern audience? Support your ideas with detail from the play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

- Either \*43** *Tranio:* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
- Lucentio:* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible or likely;  
But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,  
That art to me as secret and as dear  
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;  
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
- Tranio:* Master, it is no time to chide you now;  
Affection is not rated from the heart:  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*
- Lucentio:* Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
- Tranio:* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
- Lucentio:* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand.  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
- Tranio:* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
- Lucentio:* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move  
And with her breath she did perfume the air:  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
- Tranio:* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.  
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:  
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd  
That till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
- Lucentio:* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
But art thou not advised, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
- Tranio:* Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
- Lucentio:* I have it, Tranio.
- Tranio:* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
- Lucentio:* Tell me thine first.
- Tranio:* You will be schoolmaster  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.
- Lucentio:* It is: may it be done?
- Tranio:* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,



Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
 Visit his countrymen and banquet them?  
*Lucentio:* *Basta*; content thee, for I have it full.  
 We have not yet been seen in any house,  
 Nor can we lie distinguish'd by our faces  
 For man or master; then it follows thus;  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house and port and servants as I should:  
 I will some other be, some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.  
(*They exchange habits*)

*Tranio:* So had you need.  
 In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient;  
 For so your father charged me at our parting,  
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,  
 Although I think 'twas in another sense;  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Lucentio:* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
 Here comes the rogue.

- (a) Explore the difference in attitude between servant and master.
- (b) With detailed support from Shakespeare's words, say with whom your sympathies lie.

- OR**    **44** Do you think it possible for Petruchio and Katherine to have an affectionate, loving marriage? Support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's words.
- OR**    **45** You are Katherine on your wedding day, waiting at the church for the arrival of Petruchio. Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- Either \*46** *Sir Robert Chiltern:* Good evening, my dear Arthur! Mrs Cheveley, allow me to introduce to you Lord Goring, the idlest man in London.
- Mrs Cheveley:* I have met Lord Goring before.
- Lord Goring:* (*bowing*) I did not think you would remember me, Mrs Cheveley.
- Mrs Cheveley:* My memory is under admirable control. And are you still a bachelor?
- Lord Goring:* I ... believe so.
- Mrs Cheveley:* How very romantic!
- Lord Goring:* Oh! I am not at all romantic. I am not old enough. I leave romance to my seniors.
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* Lord Goring is the result of Boodle's Club, Mrs Cheveley.
- Mrs Cheveley:* He reflects every credit on the institution.
- Lord Goring:* May I ask are you staying in London long?
- Mrs Cheveley:* That depends partly on the weather, partly on the cooking, and partly on Sir Robert.
- Sir Robert Chiltern:* You are not going to plunge us into a European war, I hope?
- Mrs Cheveley:* There is no danger, at present!  
*She nods to Lord Goring, with a look of amusement in her eyes, and goes out with Sir Robert Chiltern. Lord Goring saunters over to Mabel Chiltern.*
- Mabel Chiltern:* You are very late!
- Lord Goring:* Have you missed me?
- Mabel Chiltern:* Awfully!
- Lord Goring:* Then I am sorry I did not stay away longer. I like being missed.
- Mabel Chiltern:* How very selfish of you!
- Lord Goring:* I am very selfish.
- Mabel Chiltern:* You are always telling me of your bad qualities, Lord Goring.
- Lord Goring:* I have only told you half of them as yet, Miss Mabel!
- Mabel Chiltern:* Are the others very bad?
- Lord Goring:* Quite dreadful! When I think of them at night I go to sleep at once.
- Mabel Chiltern:* Well, I delight in your bad qualities. I wouldn't have you part with one of them.
- Lord Goring:* How very nice of you! But then you are always nice. By the way, I want to ask you a question, Miss Mabel. Who brought Mrs Cheveley here? That woman in heliotrope, who has just gone out of the room with your brother?
- Mabel Chiltern:* Oh, I think Lady Markby brought her. Why do you ask?
- Lord Goring:* I haven't seen her for years, that is all.
- Mabel Chiltern:* What an absurd reason!
- Lord Goring:* All reasons are absurd.
- Mabel Chiltern:* What sort of a woman is she?
- Lord Goring:* Oh! a genius in the daytime and a beauty at night!

- Mabel Chiltern:* I dislike her already.
- Lord Goring:* That shows your admirable good taste.
- Vicomte de Nanjac:* (*approaching*). Ah, the English young lady is the dragon of good taste, is she not? Quite the dragon of good taste.
- Lord Goring:* So the newspapers are always telling us
- Vicomte de Nanjac:* I read all your English newspapers. I find them so amusing.
- Lord Goring:* Then, my dear Nanjac, you must certainly read between the lines.
- Vicomte de Nanjac:* I should like to, but my professor objects. (*To Mabel Chiltern.*) May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the music-room, Mademoiselle?
- Mabel Chiltern:* (*looking very disappointed*). Delighted, Vicomte, quite delighted! (*turning to Lord Goring*). Aren't you coming to the music-room?
- Lord Goring:* Not if there is any music going on, Miss Mabel.
- Mabel Chiltern:* (*severely*). The music is in German. You would not understand it.
- Goes out with the Vicomte de Nanjac. Lord Caversham comes up to his son.*
- Lord Caversham:* Well, sir! what are you doing here? Wasting your life as usual! You should be in bed, sir. You keep too late hours! I heard of you the other night at Lady Rufford's dancing till four o'clock in the morning!
- Lord Goring:* Only a quarter to four, father.
- Lord Caversham:* Can't make out how you stand London Society. The thing has gone to the dogs, a lot of damned nobodies talking about nothing.
- Lord Goring:* I love talking about nothing, father. It is the only thing I know anything about.

In this passage what impression does Wilde's writing give you of Lord Goring?

- OR**    **47** Lady Chiltern may be a very moral woman but do you think Wilde intends the audience to like her? Support your ideas with detail from the play.
- OR**    **48** In this play there are several moments when new and surprising information which changes everything is dramatically revealed. Explore **one** such moment, bringing out how the characters' words and actions make the moment so dramatic.

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