



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/43

Paper 4

May/June 2010

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **28** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

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

- JACK *thunders up the stairs*. GIORGIO, *hearing this, dives for the near bedroom, looks round, panic-stricken, and decides, with a certain unoriginality, to hide in the fitted wardrobe. He slides open the door and is all but engulfed in ANITA's numerous frocks that spring from their confined, undersized quarters.* 5
- Giorgio: Ah! [*He fights his way in with difficulty*]
- Jack: [*reaching the landing*] Cliff! I know you're here!
- Anita: [*following him upstairs*] Jack, he's not up there, I swear he isn't. Jack! 10
- Giorgio: [*during this*] *Oh, Madonna santissima, fa che non mi spari. Te ne prego, non lasciare che mi ammazzi.*
Unable to close the door, GIORGIO *crouches behind the dresses, muttering a prayer.* JACK *enters the bedroom and stops short as he hears this.* 15
- Jack: Who's that in there? That's not Cliff.
- Anita: I told you it wasn't.
- Jack: Who is it, then?
- Anita: It's Giorgio.
- Jack: That Italian? The one I met the other night? 20
- Anita: No, that was Uberto. This is his youngest brother, Giorgio.
- Jack: How many of them are there?
- Anita: Five.
- Jack: Five?
- Anita: Uberto, Vincenzo, Orlando, Lotario and Giorgio. 25
- Jack: All called Rivetti?
- Anita: Yes.
- Jack: And you're working your way through them all, are you?
- Anita: Mind your own business ...
- Jack: This is very much my business, Anita. I have one or two urgent matters of my own to discuss with the Rivettis ... [*advancing on the cupboard*] Oy, you! Out! A terrified scream from GIORGIO. 30
- Anita: Don't frighten him, Jack, he's only a kid. He hasn't done any harm. He's a good boy, he's very religious ... 35
- Jack: Yes, I can see he is. Says his prayers regularly in married women's wardrobes. Anita, does Cliff know this is going on?
- Anita: May I get dressed, please, Jack?
- Jack: Poor bastard. He doesn't, does he? He's down there playing his darts match and he hasn't got a clue, has he? 40
- Anita: Please let me get dressed, Jack.
- Jack: What's this doing to Cliff? What's it done to him already? Ask yourself, Anita. What is this doing to yourself as a human being? Your husband's due back any minute, you've got a fourteen-year-old Catholic Boy Scout in your cupboard and you don't give a stuff, do you? You defy belief. 45
- Anita: [*wearily*] Oh, God. Hold on a minute, Jack, I'll go and put on some organ music.

- Jack:* I'm not a prude. If people want to bore themselves rigid with soft-porn movies or read newspapers full of tits, I don't mind. 50
I don't want to interfere with that. But surely somewhere, Anita, there's got to be a minimum level of decent human behaviour, hasn't there? Beneath which none of us sink? Like not screwing around in your own marriage bed with men who are busy swindling your own family out of thousands of pounds? 55
Something around that level, eh?
- Anita:* [*calmly*] Oh, I see. That's what all this is about. Sorry, Jack, I was being a bit slow. My mind was still on other things.
CLIFF *comes in the front door and closes it.*

How does Ayckbourn make this confrontation between Jack and Anita so funny?

- Or 2** What do you think makes Harriet and Desmond such an amusing pair of characters? Support your ideas with details from Ayckbourn's writing.
- Or 3** You are Jack coming home at the beginning of the play.
Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

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

*The Wasteground, a place where girls come to play.
Enter four girls, each dressed contemporary to her own
generation, singing:*

- My Mother said I never should,
Play with the gypsies in the wood, 5
If I did, she would say,
Naughty girl to disobey!
- Rosie:* [chanting] What are little girls made of? [Coaxing DORIS to answer.] Ssh ...
- Doris:* Sugar – and – [Effort.] – spice ...? 10
- Margaret:* And ...
- Doris:* [hesitantly] And?
- Margaret:* All Things Nice.
DORIS *squirming, doesn't want to repeat it.*
- Jackie:* [can't bear it any longer] Let's kill our Mummy. 15
- Margaret:* Whose Mummy?
- Doris:* Whose Mam? [Copying.]
- Rosie:* Yes, whose Mum?
- Jackie:* All our Mummies if you like?
- Rosie:* Who's going to do it? 20
- Margaret:* [to JACKIE] Dare you!
- Doris:* ... Dare you ...
- Jackie:* We'll all do it.
- Margaret:* It's my tea-time ...
- Rosie:* How? 25
- Jackie:* I dunno ... Boiling oil.
- Doris:* ... Dare you ... [Repeating.]
- Margaret:* Shut up, baby.
- Jackie:* Tell you what –
- Rosie:* What – 30
- Jackie:* I've got a penknife. I've been keeping it for something special.
- Rosie:* You pinched it off Jimmy Tucker!
- Jackie:* And we'll get some string, and take Mummy down by the railway line where there's a hole in the fence, and I think you have to put a stake through her heart. 35
- Rosie:* We couldn't do them *all*. [Pause.] We haven't got enough string.
- Jackie:* Just ours, then. [Conspiratorial.] They're not in our gang. Also they don't count because they're babies. They can do their own Mummies when they're old enough. 40
- Margaret:* Do mine! – I don't like blood ...
- Jackie:* Lucy Parker cut her finger off at school.
- Margaret:* I'll be sick.
- Jackie:* Only the top bit. [Pause.] Like a flap.
- Doris:* ... Flip flap flop ... 45
- Rosie:* [bends to DORIS] Do you want us to do your Mum?
- Margaret:* She's too young to know.
- Jackie:* She's got no Daddy: if we do her Mummy, she'll be an orphan and then we'll be responsible.

Margaret: Her Mummy's all right – She gave us lemonade. [*Pause.*] 50
Rosie: ... She'll split on us though. Then we'll be outlaws.
Jackie: Go away, baby.
DORIS *cries.*

In what ways do you think Keatley makes this a good introduction to the play?

- Or** **5** Explore how Keatley presents the changes in the relationship between Jackie and Rosie as the play develops. Refer in detail to the play in your answer.
- Or** **6** You are Doris. You have just learnt that your husband, Jack, has bequeathed everything to your granddaughter, Jackie.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Either *7 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

<i>Putnam:</i>	[at the moment he is intent upon getting PARRIS, for whom he has only contempt, to move toward the abyss] Mr Parris, I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.	5
<i>Parris:</i>	But, Thomas, you cannot—	
<i>Putnam:</i>	Ann! Tell Mr Parris what you have done.	
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamoured intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only—I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba—	10
<i>Parris:</i>	To Tituba! What may Tituba—?	
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mr Parris.	
<i>Parris:</i>	Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!	20
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies?	
<i>Parris:</i>	[<i>horrified</i>] Woman!	
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	They were murdered, Mr Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits; I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth? It is a marvellous sign, Mr Parris!	25
<i>Putnam:</i>	Don't you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us, bound to keep herself in the dark. [PARRIS <i>turns to BETTY, a frantic terror rising in him.</i>] Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.	30
<i>Parris:</i>	[<i>to ABIGAIL</i>] Then you were conjuring spirits last night.	
<i>Abigail:</i>	[<i>whispering</i>] Not I, sir—Tituba and Ruth.	
<i>Parris:</i>	[<i>turns now, with new fear, and goes to BETTY, looks down at her, and then gazing off</i>] Oh, Abigail, what proper payment for my charity! Now I am undone.	35
<i>Putnam:</i>	You are not undone! Let you take hold there. Wait for no one to charge you—declare it yourself. You have discovered witchcraft—	40
<i>Parris:</i>	In my house? In my house, Thomas? They will topple me with this! They will make of it a— <i>Enter MERCY LEWIS, the Putnam's servant, a fat, sly, merciless girl of eighteen.</i>	
<i>Mercy:</i>	Your pardons. I only thought to see how Betty is.	45
<i>Putnam:</i>	Why aren't you home? Who's with Ruth?	
<i>Mercy:</i>	Her grandma come. She's improved a little, I think—she give a powerful sneeze before.	
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	Ah, there's a sign of life?	
<i>Mercy:</i>	I'd fear no more, Goody Putnam. It were a grand sneeze; another like it will shake her wits together, I'm sure. [She goes to the bed to look.]	50

<i>Parris:</i>	Will you leave me now, Thomas? I would pray a while alone.	
<i>Abigail:</i>	Uncle, you've prayed since midnight. Why do you not go down and—	55
<i>Parris:</i>	No—no. [<i>To PUTNAM</i>] I have no answer for that crowd. I'll wait till Mr Hale arrives. [<i>To get MRS PUTNAM to leave.</i>] If you will, Goody Ann...	
<i>Putnam:</i>	Now look you, sir. Let you strike out against the Devil, and the village will bless you for it! Come down, speak to them—pray with them. They're thirsting for your word, Mister! Surely you'll pray with them.	60
<i>Parris:</i>	[<i>swayed</i>] I'll lead them in a psalm, but let you say nothing of witchcraft yet. I will not discuss it. The cause is yet unknown. I have had enough contention since I came; I want no more.	65
<i>Mrs Putnam:</i>	Mercy, you go home to Ruth, d'y'hear?	
<i>Mercy:</i>	Aye, mum. MRS PUTNAM <i>goes out.</i>	

How does Miller dramatically convey in this passage the tensions and hatreds in Salem?

- Or 8 *A loyal and loving wife*
A cold and unforgiving woman

Which is closer to your view of Elizabeth Proctor? Support your argument with details from Miller's writing.

- Or 9 You are Reverend Parris at the end of the play. Proctor has just been hanged.
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Either *10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

<i>Leonato:</i>	Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.	
<i>Friar:</i>	You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	No.	5
<i>Leonato:</i>	To be married to her, friar! You come to marry her.	
<i>Friar:</i>	Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?	
<i>Hero:</i>	I do.	
<i>Friar:</i>	If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.	10
<i>Claudio:</i>	Know you any, Hero?	
<i>Hero:</i>	None, my lord.	
<i>Friar:</i>	Know you any, Count?	
<i>Leonato:</i>	I dare make his answer, None.	15
<i>Claudio:</i>	O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!	
<i>Benedick:</i>	How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?	20
<i>Leonato:</i>	As freely, son, as God did give her me.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	And what have I to give you back whose worth May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?	25
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	Nothing, unless you render her again.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the sign and semblance of her honour. Behold how like a maid she blushes here. O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.	30
<i>Leonato:</i>	What do you mean, my lord?	40
<i>Claudio:</i>	Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity –	45
<i>Claudio:</i>	I know what you would say. If I have known her, You will say she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato. I never tempted her with word too large But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love.	50

Hero: And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claudio: Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it.
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or those pamp'ring animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

55

What makes this passage intensely shocking? Support your answer by close reference to Shakespeare's writing.

Or 11 How does Shakespeare make Benedick such a loveable hero? Support your answer by close reference to the play.

Or 12 You are Borachio. You have just been locked up by Dogberry and the Watch.

Write your thoughts.

Gloucester: Alas, why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss:
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buckingham: If you refuse it – as, in love and zeal, 55
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred
And egally indeed to all estates – 60
Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;
And in this resolution here we leave you. 65
Come, citizens. Zounds, I'll entreat no more.

Gloucester: O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

Explore how Shakespeare's writing makes this passage so dramatically ironic.

Or 14 Explore some of the ways in which Shakespeare vividly portrays the dishonesty and immorality of Buckingham and Hastings.

Or 15 You are Clarence just after you have been imprisoned in the Tower.

Write your thoughts.

R.C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

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

<i>Raleigh:</i>	I say — Dennis —	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	Yes, old boy?	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	It — it hasn't gone through, has it? It only just hit me? — and knocked me down?	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	It's just gone through a bit, Jimmy.	5
<i>Raleigh:</i>	I won't have to — go on lying here?	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	I'm going to have you taken away.	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	Away? Where?	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	Down to the dressing-station — then hospital — then home. [<i>He smiles.</i>] You've got a Blighty one, Jimmy.	10
<i>Raleigh:</i>	But I — I can't go home just for — for a knock in the back. [<i>He stirs restlessly.</i>] I'm certain I'll be better if — if I get up. [<i>He tries to raise himself, and gives a sudden cry.</i>] Oh — God! It does hurt!	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	It's bound to hurt, Jimmy.	15
<i>Raleigh:</i>	What's — on my legs? Something holding them down —	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	It's all right, old chap; it's just the shock — numbed them. <i>Again there is a pause. When RALEIGH speaks, there is a different note in his voice.</i>	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	It's awfully decent of you to bother, Dennis. I feel rotten lying here — everybody else — up there.	20
<i>Stanhope:</i>	It's not your fault, Jimmy.	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	So — damn — silly — getting hit. [<i>Pause.</i>] Is there — just a drop of water?	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	[<i>rising quickly</i>] Sure. I've got some here. <i>He pours some water into the mug and brings it to RALEIGH.</i>	25
	[<i>Cheerfully.</i>] Got some tea-leaves in it. D'you mind?	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	No. That's all right — thanks — <i>STANHOPE holds the mug to RALEIGH's lips, and the boy drinks.</i>	30
	I say, Dennis, don't you wait — if — if you want to be getting on.	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	It's quite all right, Jimmy.	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	Can you stay for a bit?	35
<i>Stanhope:</i>	Of course I can.	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	[<i>faintly</i>] Thanks awfully. <i>There is quiet in the dug-out for a long time. STANHOPE sits with one hand on RALEIGH's arm, and RALEIGH lies very still. Presently he speaks again — hardly above a whisper.</i>	40
	Dennis —	
<i>Stanhope:</i>	Yes, old boy?	
<i>Raleigh:</i>	Could we have a light? It's — it's so frightfully dark and cold.	45
<i>Stanhope:</i>	[<i>rising</i>] Sure! I'll bring a candle and get another blanket. <i>STANHOPE goes to the left-hand dug-out, and RALEIGH is alone, very still and quiet, on OSBORNE's bed. The faint rosy glow of the dawn is deepening to an angry red. The grey night sky is dissolving, and the stars begin to go. A tiny sound comes from where RALEIGH is lying — something between a sob and a moan.</i>	50

- STANHOPE *comes back with a blanket. He takes a candle from the table and carries it to RALEIGH's bed. He puts it on the box beside RALEIGH and speaks cheerfully.* 55
- Is that better, Jimmy? [RALEIGH *makes no sign.*] Jimmy — *Still RALEIGH is quiet. STANHOPE gently takes his hand. There is a long silence. STANHOPE lowers RALEIGH's hand to the bed, rises, and takes the candle back to the table. He sits on the bench behind the table with his back to the wall, and stares listlessly across at the boy on OSBORNE's bed. The solitary candle-flame throws up the lines on his pale, drawn face, and the dark shadows under his tired eyes. The thudding of the shells rises and falls like an angry sea.* 60
- A PRIVATE SOLDIER *comes scrambling down the steps, his round, red face wet with perspiration, his chest heaving for breath.* 65
- Soldier:* Message from Mr. Trotter, sir — will you come at once. STANHOPE *gazes round at the SOLDIER — and makes no other sign.* 70
- Mr. Trotter, sir — says will you come at once! STANHOPE *rises stiffly and takes his helmet from the table.*
- Stanhope:* All right, Broughton, I'm coming. 75
The SOLDIER turns and goes away.
 STANHOPE *pauses for a moment by OSBORNE's bed and lightly runs his fingers over RALEIGH's tousled hair. He goes stiffly up the steps, his tall figure black against the dawn sky.* 80
- The shelling has risen to a great fury. The solitary candle burns with a steady flame, and RALEIGH lies in the shadows. The whine of a shell rises to a shriek and bursts on the dug-out roof. The shock stabs out the candle-flame; the timber props of the door cave slowly in, sandbags fall and block the passage to the open air.* 85
- There is darkness in the dug-out. Here and there the red dawn glows through the jagged holes of the broken doorway.*
Very faintly there comes the dull rattle of machine-guns and the fevered spatter of rifle fire. 90

What do you think makes this such a movingly dramatic conclusion to the play? Support your ideas with details from Sherriff's writing.

- Or 17 *A cruel bully*
A fine leader of men

Which do you think is the more accurate description of Stanhope? Support your ideas with details from Sherriff's writing.

- Or 18 You are Raleigh. You have left the dugout after Stanhope has seized your letter and ordered you to inspect your rifles.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either *19 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it.

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, 5
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness 10
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; filtering forward, 15
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

(Thomas Hardy)

How does Hardy powerfully convey distress and grief in this poem?

- Or 20** Explore in detail how the poet memorably conveys delight in nature in **either** *Amends* (by Adrienne Rich) **or** *On the Grasshopper and The Cricket* (by John Keats).
- Or 21** Explore some of the ways poets bring places to life in any **two** of the poems in this selection from Part 3.

JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

Either *22 Read this extract from *The Eve of St Agnes*, and then answer the question that follows it.

39

'Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise – arise! the morning is at hand; –
The bloated wassaillers will never heed: –
Let us away, my love, with happy speed; 5
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, –
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.'

40

She hurried at his words, beset with fears, 10
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears –
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. –
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door; 15
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

41

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide; 20
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: – 25
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; –
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

42

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe, 30
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told, 35
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

Explore in this extract how Keats strikingly conveys the atmosphere in the castle as the lovers make their escape.

Or 23 In what ways does Keats make vivid for you his feelings about melancholy in *Ode on Melancholy*? Refer in detail to the poem as you respond.

Or 24 Explore how Keats vividly conveys the feelings of the knight in *La belle dame sans merci*. Support your ideas with details from the poem.

SECTION C: PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

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

Mrs Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr Collins began.

‘Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying – and moreover for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.’

The idea of Mr Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

‘My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly – which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford – between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s foot-stool, that she said, “Mr Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. – Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.” Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manner beyond any thing I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father, (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place – which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that

it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per 50
cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you
may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent;
and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass
my lips when we are married.'

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now. 55

What does Austen make you feel about Mr Collins here as he proposes to Elizabeth?
Support your views with details from the writing.

Or 26 How does Austen make Elizabeth Bennet such an appealing and lively character?
Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 27 You are Mr Bennet after the end of the novel. Elizabeth is married and you are in your
study.

Write your thoughts.

IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

Either *28 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Not sure whether I liked him in such a mood—honestly, you would have thought he was at a football match, and his team was winning—I picked up my schoolbag from my bedroom, gave my face a quick rub-over in the bathroom, streaked back down to the kitchen, anxious to be out and about. Dad had gone back upstairs, and Mum was finishing clearing the table. 5

‘All serene,’ I said. ‘Am I all spit and polish?’ I was trying to cheer her up, you see.

She wiped her hands on a tea towel and took a deep breath as she looked at me. Even if I say it myself, I couldn’t help noticing that the sight of me seemed to do her good. For a minute there, a look came across her face, as though she had suddenly thought of something cheerful. I think of her most at those times, when I was standing before her, and she looking me over, so tall and strong-looking, with sometimes a bit of a smile on her face, other times putting her hands out to hold me by the shoulders, eyeing me up and down, fixing up my collar, or making me roll up my sleeves properly; times like this morning, nearly the last morning of all, when she made me feel that nothing too bad could ever happen to me while she was around, and that she would always be there when I came home from school. 10 15

‘That shirt is lasting well,’ she said. ‘Now keep yourself clean until Father Gilligan comes.’ 20

Father Gilligan came to school once a week for confessions, and she was always keen on my clothes being clean for him. I pretty well always had to wear a clean white shirt, as I did this day, for his coming. It certainly made it hard after school though; a white shirt is a handicap when you want to muck around. 25

‘It’ll be as clean as when I put it on,’ I told her.

I felt almost sick with wanting to tell her how I felt, and because I couldn’t think of words to suit my feelings, I came up with the next-best thing.

‘I’ll go down to see Molly if you really want me to, Mum,’ I said. 30

‘I don’t really want you to go,’ she said quickly. So quickly that it seemed the words were right there on the tip of her tongue. ‘Sometimes Mum knows what is best, that’s all. But you forget all about it for a while yet. Forget all about it.’

‘All right,’ I said, though what she said was mixed up. She knew best, she didn’t really want me to go, yet she suggested that I should go. 35

‘And don’t say a word about this to your father. Not a word.’ That came out quickly, too, and louder, and I blushed, thinking of the morning before.

She gave me a peck on the forehead as Dad came back down the stairs, just bumped me with her lips, and I went back out to the passage and out the back door. 40

How does Cross make this brief moment of contact between Jimmy and his mother deeply moving?

- Or 29** How do you think Cross in his portrayal of Jimmy makes a rude and violent child such a sympathetic figure? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or 30** You are Jack Crannery ('Bloody Jack') after Jimmy has hit you with a stone. You have told him never to come to the wharf again and he has gone.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either *31 Read this extract from *Private Tuition by Mr Bose*, and then answer the question that follows it.

Mr Bose gave his private tuition out on the balcony, in the evenings, in the belief that, since it faced south, the river Hooghly would send it a wavering breeze or two to drift over the rooftops, through the washing and the few pots of *tulsi* and marigold that his wife had placed precariously on the balcony rail, to cool him, fan him, soothe him. But there was no breeze: it was hot, the air hung upon them like a damp towel, gagging him and, speaking through this gag, he tiredly intoned the Sanskrit verses that should, he felt, have been roared out on a hill-top at sunrise. 5

‘*Aum. Usa va asvasya medhyasya sirah ...*’

It came out, of course, a mumble. Asked to translate, his pupil, too, 10 scowled as he had done, thrust his fist through his hair and mumbled:

‘Aum is the dawn and the head of a horse ...’

Mr Bose protested in a low wail. ‘What horse, my boy? What horse?’

The boy rolled his eyes sullenly. ‘I don’t know, sir, it doesn’t say.’

Mr Bose looked at him in disbelief. He was the son of a Brahmin priest 15 who himself instructed him in the Mahabharata all morning, turning him over to Mr Bose only in the evening when he set out to officiate at weddings, *puja* and other functions for which he was so much in demand on account of his stately bearing, his calm and inscrutable face and his sensuous voice that so suited the Sanskrit language in which he, almost 20 always, discoursed. And this was his son – this Pritam with his red-veined eyes and oiled locks, his stumbling fingers and shuffling feet that betrayed his secret life, its scruffiness, its gutters and drains full of resentment and destruction. Mr Bose suddenly remembered how he had seen him, from 25 the window of a bus that had come to a standstill on the street due to a fist fight between the conductor and a passenger, Pritam slipping up the stairs, through the door, into a neon-lit bar off Park Street.

‘The sacrificial horse,’ Mr Bose explained with forced patience. ‘Have you heard of Asvamedha, Pritam, the royal horse that was let loose to run through the kingdom before it returned to the capital and was sacrificed by 30 the king?’

The boy gave him a look of such malice that Mr Bose bit the end of his moustache and fell silent, shuffling through the pages. ‘Read on, then,’ he mumbled and listened, for a while, as Pritam blundered heavily through the Sanskrit verses that rolled off his father’s experienced tongue, and even Mr 35 Bose’s shy one, with such felicity. When he could not bear it any longer, he turned his head, slightly, just enough to be able to look out of the corner of his eye through the open door, down the unlit passage at the end of which, in the small, dimly lit kitchen, his wife sat kneading dough for bread, their child at her side. Her head was bowed so that some of her hair had freed 40 itself of the long steel pins he hated so much and hung about her pale, narrow face. The red border of her sari was the only stripe of colour in that smoky scene. The child beside her had his back turned to the door so that Mr Bose could see his little brown buttocks under the short white shirt, squashed firmly down upon the woven mat. Mr Bose wondered what it was 45 that kept him so quiet – perhaps his mother had given him a lump of dough to mould into some thick and satisfying shape. Both of them seemed bound together and held down in some deeply absorbing act from which he was excluded. He would have liked to break in and join them.

How does Desai memorably create in this opening to the story the boredom and frustrations of Mr Bose's life? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **32** In *Studies in the Park* how does Desai vividly convey the pressure that Suno feels he is under and the ways in which he seeks to escape it?

Or **33** You are the artist in *Sale*. Your visitors have gone and you have to explain to your wife what has happened.

Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

Either *34 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

He looked hard into her eyes when she raised them for a moment; Bathsheba looked down again, for his gaze was too strong to be received point-blank with her own. But she had obliquely noticed that he was young and slim, and that he wore three chevrons upon his sleeve.

Bathsheba pulled again. 5

'You are a prisoner, miss; it is no use blinking the matter,' said the soldier drily. 'I must cut your dress if you are in such a hurry.'

'Yes – please do!' she exclaimed helplessly.

'It wouldn't be necessary if you could wait a moment'; and he unwound a cord from the little wheel. She withdrew her own hand, but, whether by accident or design, he touched it. Bathsheba was vexed; she hardly knew why. 10

His unravelling went on, but it nevertheless seemed coming to no end. She looked at him again.

'Thank you for the sight of such a beautiful face!' said the young sergeant, without ceremony. 15

She coloured with embarrassment. 'Twas unwillingly shown,' she replied stiffly, and with as much dignity – which was very little – as she could infuse into a position of captivity.

'I like you the better for that incivility, miss,' he said. 20

'I should have liked – I wish – you had never shown yourself to me by intruding here!' She pulled again, and the gathers of her dress began to give way like lilliputian musketry.

'I deserve the chastisement your words give me. But why should such a fair and dutiful girl have such an aversion to her father's sex?' 25

'Go on your way, please.'

'What, Beauty, and drag you after me? Do but look; I never saw such a tangle!'

'O, 'tis shameful of you; you have been making it worse on purpose to keep me here – you have!' 30

'Indeed, I don't think so,' said the sergeant, with a merry twinkle.

'I tell you you have!' she exclaimed, in high temper. 'I insist upon undoing it. Now, allow me!'

'Certainly, miss; I am not of steel.' He added a sigh which had as much archness in it as a sigh could possess without losing its nature altogether. 35

'I am thankful for beauty, even when 'tis thrown to me like a bone to a dog. These moments will be over too soon!'

She closed her lips in a determined silence.

Explore the ways in which Hardy strikingly presents Sergeant Troy in this passage.

Or 35 *Caring and considerate*
Selfish and thoughtless

In what ways do you think both descriptions apply to Hardy's portrayal of Bathsheba?

Or 36 You are Boldwood. You have just left Bathsheba's house after reading the notice of her marriage to Troy.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

Either *37 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Makhaya stood up at last, sickened by the ceaseless clack, clack of the vultures' beaks. Away from the little hut and the vultures was the endless, dead vista of scorched earth and twisted dry thornbush. He leaned against a dead tree and closed his eyes, all his capacity for thought slowly seeping out of him. This bush on all sides was the most awful life imaginable, and it occurred to Makhaya that it must have been this unrelieved, heavy isolation which had driven the lively-minded Dinorego out of the cattle business. Yet thousands of people lived like this, like trees, in all the lonely wastes of Africa, cut off even from communication with their own selves. Was it any wonder that life stood still if a man became a tree? Therefore, he, Makhaya, could run so far in search of peace, but it was contact with other living beings that a man needed most. Maybe even Utopias were just trees. Maybe. Maybe he walked around in hopeless circles, but at least he was attempting to reach up to a life beyond the morass in which all black men lived. Most men were waiting for the politicians to sort out their private agonies. 5 10 15

At this point he ceased thinking altogether, and the sun passed its topmost peak in the sky and began sinking towards the horizon. At about three o'clock Gilbert returned with the police officer George Appleby-Smith and a doctor. Makhaya sat in the car drinking a little water and eating food which Gilbert had brought along, while the policeman and doctor made their reports. Gilbert also sat in the car but he kept silent, too. Eventually the doctor came out of the hut and walked towards the car. 20

'I'd say the poor little fellow died of malnutrition,' he said.

He kept quiet a moment, screwed up his eyes, and looked away. The hospitals were full of children who died in the posture of the little boy in the hut, their knees cramped up to their chins, their bony fingers curled into their palms like steel claws. Most of those who survived would be mental defectives or cripples – while this little boy had mercifully died. 25

'The policeman wants to know if it's all right to bury the boy here,' he added quietly. 30

Only Makhaya moved. 'I'll accept responsibility for that,' he said. He turned round and picked up a small can of petrol, jumped out of the car, and walked to the hut. George Appleby-Smith stood in the dark hut, staring at the little heap of bones, with an expressionless face. All these sights were supposed to be all in a day's work to him. But he stored these experiences away to give him the courage to run his area the way he thought it ought to be run, even to befriending 'security risks' like Makhaya. All those authorities had kicked up such a dust about his allowing a 'security risk' to settle in Golema Mmidi, but they never had occasion to come out into the bush to see how children died, while he, George, saw everything, every day. He turned towards Makhaya with one of those very rare smiles. 35 40

'Hullo, Makhaya,' he said. 'You settling down?'

What makes this extract so sad? Remember to support your answer by close reference to the writing.

Or 38 'The women were the backbone of agriculture.' Explore the ways in which Head vividly demonstrates this in the novel.

Or 39 You are Paulina. You have just been to speak to Mma-Millipede after Makhaya has said he does not know you.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Either *40 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade: and you must have asked who he was. 5

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the 'natives' were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line. 10

"He's looked that way ever since he had his smash-up; and that's twenty-four years ago come next February," Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses. 15

The 'smash-up' it was—I gathered from the same informant—which, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to take the few steps from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his farm every day at about noon, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I noticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the post-master would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs. Zenobia—or Mrs. Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the post-master. 20 25 30 35

Everyone in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm. 40

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his strong shoulders before they were bent out of shape. 45

"Wust kind," my informant assented. "More'n enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to assure himself of the security of a wooden 50

box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. “*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!”

55

How do you think Wharton makes this an intriguing and gripping beginning to the novel?

Or 41 How does Wharton convey what a hard life some people have to endure in this novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 42 You are Ethan. You have been married to Zeena for a year.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *43 Read this extract from *The Lemon Orchard*, and then answer the question that follows it.

The coloured man said nothing, but stared ahead of himself into the half-light made by the small lantern. He could see the silhouette of the man who carried the light, but he did not want to look at the two who flanked him, the one who had complained of the cold, and the one who had spoken of his fear. They each carried a sjambok and every now and then one of them slapped a corduroyed leg with his. 5

‘He is dumb also,’ the one who had spoken last chuckled.

‘No, Andries. Wait a minute,’ the leader who carried the shotgun said, and they all stopped between the row of trees. The man with the lantern turned and put the light on the rest of the party. 10

‘What is it?’ he asked.

‘Wag’n oomblikkie. Wait a moment,’ the leader said, speaking with forced casualness. ‘He is not dumb. He is a slim hotnot; one of those educated bushmen. Listen, hotnot,’ he addressed the coloured man, speaking angrily now. ‘When a baas speaks to you, you answer him. Do you hear?’ The coloured man’s wrists were tied behind him with a riem and the leader brought the muzzle of the shotgun down, pressing it hard into the small of the man’s back above where the wrists met. ‘Do you hear, hotnot? Answer me or I will shoot a hole through your spine.’ 15

The bound man felt the hard round metal of the gun muzzle through the loose raincoat and clenched his teeth. He was cold and tried to prevent himself from shivering in case it should be mistaken for cowardice. He heard the small metallic noise as the man with the gun thumbed back the hammer of the shotgun. In spite of the cold little drops of sweat began to form on his upper lip under the overnight stubble. 20

‘For God’s sake, don’t shoot him,’ the man with the light said, laughing a little nervously. ‘We don’t want to be involved in any murder.’

‘What are you saying, man?’ the leader asked. Now with the beam of the battery-lamp on his face the shadows in it were washed away to reveal the mass of tiny wrinkled and deep creases which covered the red-clay complexion of his face like the myriad lines which indicate rivers, streams, roads and railways on a map. They wound around the ridges of his chin and climbed the sharp range of his nose and the peaks of his chin and cheekbones, and his eyes were hard and blue like two frozen lakes. 30

‘This is mos a slim hotnot,’ he said again. ‘A teacher in a school for which we pay. He lives off our sweat, and he had the audacity to be cheeky and uncivilised towards a minister of our church and no hotnot will be cheeky to a white man while I live.’ 35

‘Ja, man,’ the lantern-bearer agreed. ‘But we are going to deal with him. There is no necessity to shoot him. We don’t want that kind of trouble.’ 40

‘I will shoot whatever hotnot or kaffir I desire, and see me get into trouble over it. I demand respect from these donders. Let them answer when they’re spoken to.’

He jabbed the muzzle suddenly into the coloured man’s back so that he stumbled struggling to keep his balance. ‘Do you hear, jong? Did I not speak to you?’ The man who had jeered about the prisoner’s fear stepped up then, and hit him in the face, striking him on a cheekbone with the clenched fist which still held the sjambok. He was angry over the delay and wanted the man to submit so that they could proceed. ‘Listen you hotnot bastard,’ he said loudly. ‘Why don’t you answer?’ 50

The man stumbled, caught himself and stood in the rambling shadow of one of the lemon trees. The lantern-light swung on him and he looked away from the centre of the beam. He was afraid the leader would shoot him in anger and he had no wish to die. He straightened up and looked away from them.

55

How does La Guma make you feel sympathy for the coloured man here?

Or **44** What do you find particularly striking about the ways in which Bradbury presents a vision of the future in *There Will Come Soft Rains*? Support your answer by close reference to the story.

Or **45** You are Aunt Mary in *Secrets*. You have just discovered that your nephew has read your letters.

Write your thoughts.

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