



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/11

Paper 1

May/June 2013

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into the examination.



READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **25** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



CONTENTS

Section A: Drama

text	question numbers	page[s]
Arthur Miller: <i>Death of a Salesman</i>	*1, †2, 3	pages 4–5
William Shakespeare: <i>Julius Caesar</i>	*4, †5, 6	pages 6–7
William Shakespeare: <i>The Tempest</i>	*7, †8, 9	pages 8–9
Oscar Wilde: <i>The Importance of Being Earnest</i>	*10, †11, 12	pages 10–11

Section B: Poetry

text	question numbers	page[s]
Alfred, Lord Tennyson: <i>Selected Poems</i>	*13, †14, †15	pages 12–13
<i>Songs of Ourselves</i> : from Part 4	*16, †17, †18	page 14

Section C: Prose

text	question numbers	page[s]
Emily Brontë: <i>Wuthering Heights</i>	*19, †20, 21	pages 16–17
Tsitsi Dangarembga: <i>Nervous Conditions</i>	*22, †23, 24	pages 18–19
Anita Desai: <i>Fasting, Feasting</i>	*25, †26, 27	pages 20–21
Kiran Desai: <i>Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard</i>	*28, †29, 30	pages 22–23
F. Scott Fitzgerald: <i>The Great Gatsby</i>	*31, †32, 33	pages 24–25
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	*34, †35, 36	pages 26–27

SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

Willy:	Loves me. [<i>Wonderingly</i>] Always loved me. Isn't that a remarkable thing? Ben, he'll worship me for it!	
Ben:	[<i>with promise</i>] It's dark there, but full of diamonds.	
Willy:	Can you imagine that magnificence with twenty thousand dollars in his pocket?	5
Linda:	[<i>calling from her room</i>] Willy! Come up!	
Willy:	[<i>calling into the kitchen</i>] Yes! Yes. Coming! It's very smart, you realize that, don't you, sweetheart? Even Ben sees it. I gotta go, baby. 'Bye! 'Bye! [<i>Going over to Ben, almost dancing</i>] Imagine? When the mail comes he'll be ahead of Bernard again!	10
Ben:	A perfect proposition all around.	
Willy:	Did you see how he cried to me? Oh, if I could kiss him, Ben!	
Ben:	Time, William, time!	
Willy:	Oh, Ben, I always knew one way or another we were gonna make it, Biff and I!	15
Ben:	[<i>looking at his watch</i>] The boat. We'll be late. [<i>He moves slowly off into the darkness.</i>]	
Willy:	[<i>elegiacally, turning to the house</i>] Now when you kick off, boy, I want a seventy-yard boot, and get right down the field under the ball, and when you hit, hit low and hit hard, because it's important, boy. [<i>He swings around and faces the audience.</i>] There's all kinds of important people in the stands, and the first thing you know ... [<i>Suddenly realizing he is alone</i>] Ben! Ben, where do I ...? [<i>He makes a sudden movement of search.</i>] Ben, how do I ...?	20
Linda:	[<i>calling</i>] Willy, you coming up?	
Willy:	[<i>uttering a gasp of fear, whirling about as if to quiet her</i>] Sh! [<i>He turns around as if to find his way; sounds, faces, voices, seem to be swarming in upon him and he flicks at them, crying, 'Sh! Sh!' Suddenly music, faint and high, stops him. It rises in intensity, almost to an unbearable scream. He goes up and down on his toes, and rushes off around the house.</i>] Shhh!	30
Linda:	Willy?	
	[<i>There is no answer. Linda waits. Biff gets up off his bed. He is still in his clothes. Happy sits up. Biff stands listening.</i>]	35
Linda:	[<i>with real fear</i>] Willy, answer me! Willy!	
	[<i>There is the sound of a car starting and moving away at full speed.</i>]	
Linda:	No!	
Biff:	[<i>rushing down the stairs</i>] Pop!	40
	[<i>As the car speeds off, the music crashes down in a frenzy of sound, which becomes the soft pulsation of a single 'cello string.</i>]	

Biff slowly returns to his bedroom. He and Happy gravely don their jackets. Linda slowly walks out of her room. The music has developed into a dead march. The leaves of day are appearing over everything. Charley and Bernard, sombrely dressed, appear and knock on the kitchen door. Biff and Happy slowly descend the stairs to the kitchen as Charley and Bernard enter. All stop a moment when Linda, in clothes of mourning, bearing a little bunch of roses, comes through the draped doorway into the kitchen. She goes to Charley and takes his arm. Now all move toward the audience, through the wall-line of the kitchen. At the limit of the apron, Linda lays down the flowers, kneels, and sits back on her heels. All stare down at the grave.]

45

50

How does Miller make this such a moving ending to the Act?

- Or** †2 How do you think Miller makes the audience care about what happens to Willy? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 3 You are Linda. Willy has returned from the restaurant and you are waiting for the return of Biff and Happy.

Write your thoughts.

<i>Brutus:</i>	Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	I durst not?	
<i>Brutus:</i>	No.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	What, durst not tempt him?	50
<i>Brutus:</i>	For your life you durst not.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; For I can raise no money by vile means.	55 60

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

- Or** †5 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare vividly presents the Roman crowd in the play.
- Or** 6 You are Antony. You have just made your speech to the crowd following Brutus's oration after Caesar's murder.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

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

<i>Master:</i>	Boatswain!	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	Here, master; what cheer?	
<i>Master:</i>	Good! Speak to th' mariners; fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir.	
		[Exit. 5
	<i>Enter Mariners.</i>	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.	
	<i>Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and Others.</i>	10
<i>Alonso:</i>	Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	I pray now, keep below.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	Where is the master, boson?	15
<i>Boatswain:</i>	Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.	
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	Nay, good, be patient.	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! Trouble us not.	20
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority; if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. – Cheerly, good hearts! – Out of our way, I say.	25
		[Exit.
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.	30
		[Exeunt. 35
	<i>Re-enter Boatswain.</i>	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	Down with the topmast. Yare, lower, lower! Bring her to try wi'th' maincourse. [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.	
	<i>Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.</i>	40
	Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!	

<i>Boatswain:</i>	Work you, then.	45
<i>Antonio:</i>	Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.	
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.	50
	<i>Enter Mariners, wet.</i>	
<i>Mariners:</i>	All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!	
	[<i>Exeunt.</i>]	
<i>Boatswain:</i>	What, must our mouths be cold?	55
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	The King and Prince at prayers! Let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	I am out of patience.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopp'd rascal – would thou mightest lie drowning The washing of ten tides!	60
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	He'll be hang'd, yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him. [<i>A confused noise within.</i>] Mercy on us! We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!	65
<i>Antonio:</i>	Let's all sink wi' th' King.	
<i>Sebastian:</i>	Let's take leave of him.	70
	[<i>Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian.</i>]	
<i>Gonzalo:</i>	Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground – long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.	

Explore how Shakespeare makes this a powerful opening to the play.

Or †8 How far does Shakespeare make it possible for you to have sympathy for Caliban? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 9 You are Ariel at the end of the play. Prospero has just promised you freedom once you have completed your final task.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

- Lady Bracknell:* Untruthful! My nephew Algernon? Impossible! He is an Oxonian.
- Jack:* I fear there can be no possible doubt about the matter. This afternoon during my temporary absence in London on an important question of romance, he obtained admission to my house by means of the false pretence of being my brother. Under an assumed name he drank, I've just been informed by my butler, an entire pint bottle of my Perrier-Jouet, Brut, '89; wine I was specially reserving for myself. Continuing his disgraceful deception, he succeeded in the course of the afternoon in alienating the affections of my only ward. He subsequently stayed to tea, and devoured every single muffin. And what makes his conduct all the more heartless, is, that he was perfectly well aware from the first that I have no brother, that I never had a brother, and that I don't intend to have a brother, not even of any kind. I distinctly told him so myself yesterday afternoon. 5
- Lady Bracknell:* Ahem! Mr. Worthing, after careful consideration I have decided entirely to overlook my nephew's conduct to you. 10
- Jack:* That is very generous of you, Lady Bracknell. My own decision, however, is unalterable. I decline to give my consent. 15
- Lady Bracknell:* [To Cecily.] Come here, sweet child. [Cecily goes over.] How old are you, dear? 20
- Cecily:* Well, I am really only eighteen, but I always admit to twenty when I go to evening parties.
- Lady Bracknell:* You are perfectly right in making some slight alteration. Indeed, no woman should ever be quite accurate about her age. It looks so calculating... [In a meditative manner.] Eighteen, but admitting to twenty at evening parties. Well, it will not be very long before you are of age and free from the restraints of tutelage. So I don't think your guardian's consent is, after all, a matter of any importance. 30
- Jack:* Pray excuse me, Lady Bracknell, for interrupting you again, but it is only fair to tell you that according to the terms of her grandfather's will Miss Cardew does not come legally of age till she is thirty-five. 35
- Lady Bracknell:* That does not seem to me to be a grave objection. Thirty-five is a very attractive age. London society is full of women of the very highest birth who have, of their own free choice, remained thirty-five for years. Lady Dumbleton is an instance in point. To my own knowledge she has been thirty-five ever since she arrived at the age of forty, which was many years ago now. I see no reason why our dear Cecily should not be even still more attractive at the age you mention than she is at present. There will be a large accumulation of property. 40
- 45
- 50

<i>Cecily:</i>	Algy, could you wait for me till I was thirty-five?	
<i>Algernon:</i>	Of course I could, Cecily. You know I could.	
<i>Cecily:</i>	Yes, I felt it instinctively, but I couldn't wait all that time. I hate waiting even five minutes for anybody. It always makes me rather cross. I am not punctual myself, I know, but I do like punctuality in others, and waiting, even to be married, is quite out of the question.	55
<i>Algernon:</i>	Then what is to be done, Cecily?	
<i>Cecily:</i>	I don't know, Mr. Moncrieff.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	My dear Mr. Worthing, as Miss Cardew states positively that she cannot wait till she is thirty-five—a remark which I am bound to say seems to me to show a somewhat impatient nature—I would beg of you to reconsider your decision.	60
<i>Jack:</i>	But my dear Lady Bracknell, the matter is entirely in your own hands. The moment you consent to my marriage with Gwendolen, I will most gladly allow your nephew to form an alliance with my ward.	65
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Rising and drawing herself up.</i>] You must be quite aware that what you propose is out of the question.	70

How does Wilde make this such a delightfully comic moment in the play?

Or †11 How far do you think Gwendolen's personality resembles that of her mother? Support your ideas with details from Wilde's writing.

Or 12 You are Jack Worthing. You have left London and are on your way to your home in the country.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

Either *13 Read these two parts of *In Memoriam*, and then answer the question that follows:

L

Be near me when my light is low,
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame 5
 Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
 And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
 And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry, 10
 And men the flies of latter spring,
 That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
 And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away, 15
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low dark verge of life
 The twilight of eternal day.

LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
 I know that in thy place of rest
 By that broad water of the west,
 There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears, 5
 As slowly steals a silver flame
 Along the letters of thy name,
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away; 10
 From off my bed the moonlight dies;
 And closing eaves of wearied eyes
 I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn 15
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,
 And in the dark church like a ghost
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

Explore the ways in which Tennyson vividly conveys his feelings in these two parts.

- Or †14 Explore the ways in which Tennyson makes the story so compelling in **either** *Mariana* or *The Lady of Shalott*.
- Or †15 How does Tennyson movingly convey the feelings of Ulysses contemplating his last journey?

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

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

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things –
 For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough; 5
 And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
 All things counter, original, spare, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: 10
 Praise him.
(by Gerard Manley Hopkins)

Explore the ways in which Hopkins vividly conveys the beauty of nature in this poem.

- Or †17** How does Elizabeth Brewster strikingly convey the contrasts between city and country life in *Where I Come From*?
- Or †18** Choose **two** poems from this selection from *Songs of Ourselves* which contrast natural and man-made things. Explore in detail how the poems you have chosen make this contrast striking.

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite that towards which my landlord advanced, and filled up an interval of silence by attempting to caress the canine mother, who had left her nursery, and was sneaking wolfishly to the back of my legs, her lip curled up, and her white teeth watering for a snatch. 5

My caress provoked a long, guttural gnarl.

‘You’d better let the dog alone,’ growled Mr Heathcliff, in unison, checking fiercer demonstrations with a punch of his foot. ‘She’s not accustomed to be spoiled – not kept for a pet.’

Then, striding to a side-door, he shouted again. 10

‘Joseph!’

Joseph mumbled indistinctly in the depths of the cellar, but gave no intimation of ascending; so, his master dived down to him, leaving me *vis-à-vis* the ruffianly bitch, and a pair of grim, shaggy sheep dogs, who shared with her a jealous guardianship over all my movements. 15

Not anxious to come in contact with their fangs, I sat still – but, imagining they would scarcely understand tacit insults, I unfortunately indulged in winking and making faces at the trio, and some turn of my physiognomy so irritated madam, that she suddenly broke into a fury, and leapt on my knees. I flung her back, and hastened to interpose the table between us. 20

This proceeding roused the whole hive. Half-a-dozen four-footed fiends, of various sizes, and ages, issued from hidden dens to the common centre. I felt my heels and coat-laps peculiar subjects of assault; and, parrying off the larger combatants, as effectually as I could, with the poker, I was constrained to demand, aloud, assistance from some of the household in re-establishing peace. 25

Mr Heathcliff and his man climbed the cellar steps with vexatious phlegm. I don’t think they moved one second faster than usual, though the hearth was an absolute tempest of worrying and yelping.

Happily, an inhabitant of the kitchen made more dispatch; a lusty dame, with tucked-up gown, bare arms, and fire-flushed cheeks, rushed into the midst of us flourishing a frying-pan; and used that weapon, and her tongue, to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically, and she only remained, heaving like a sea after a high wind, when her master entered on the scene. 30

‘What the devil is the matter?’ he asked, eyeing me in a manner that I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

‘What the devil, indeed!’ I muttered. ‘The herd of possessed swine could have had no worse spirits in them than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!’ 35

‘They won’t meddle with persons who touch nothing,’ he remarked, putting the bottle before me, and restoring the displaced table. ‘The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?’

‘No, thank you.’

‘Not bitten, are you?’ 40

‘If I had been, I would have set my signet on the biter.’

Heathcliff’s countenance relaxed into a grin. 45

What impressions does Brontë give you of Lockwood and of Wuthering Heights and its owner at this moment in the novel?

Or †20 Explore the ways in which Brontë makes the contrast between Heathcliff and Edgar Linton such a compelling part of the novel.

Or 21 You are Catherine Linton the night before your marriage to Hareton.

Write your thoughts.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Nyasha was losing weight steadily, constantly, rapidly. It dropped off her body almost hourly and what was left of her was grotesquely unhealthy from the vital juices she flushed down the toilet. Did he not know? Did he not see? I could not ask him these questions. The most I could do was ask in a small, timid voice to be allowed to stay, with Nyasha, I specified, for a few more days. Nobody was more surprised by my audacity than I was. Babamukuru did not answer, but I was not taken home. I did not take it as a victory though. I took it as proof that Babamukuru was good. 5

Nyasha grew weaker by the day. She weaved when she walked and every night was the same. Although we were on vacation she studied fourteen hours a day to make sure that she passed her 'O' levels. She worked late into the night to wake me up regularly and punctually at three o'clock with a problem – a chemical equation to balance, the number of amperes in a circuit to be calculated or an irregular Latin verb to be conjugated, although I was only in Form One and could not often help her. 'I have to get it right,' she would whisper with an apologetic smile. It was truly alarming, but nobody commented, nobody acted; we were all very frightened. One evening, at supper, she passed out into her plate. It didn't last long, only a minute or two, but it was enough to overtax her father's precarious patience. Babamukuru, who thought she was making a scene, ordered her to her bedroom, where she lay open-eyed and quiet all night. At three o'clock she woke me up. 10

'Can I get into bed with you, Tambu?' she whispered, but when I rolled over to make room for her to climb in she shook her head and smiled. 'It's all right,' she said. 'I just wanted to see if you would let me.' Then she sat on her bed and looked at me out of her sunken eyes, her bony knees pressed together so that her nightdress fell through the space where her thighs had been, agitated and nervous and picking her skin. 'I don't want to do it, Tambu, really I don't, but it's coming, I feel it coming.' Her eyes dilated. 'They've done it to me,' she accused, whispering still. 'Really, they have.' And then she became stern. 'It's not their fault. They did it to them too. You know they did,' she whispered. 'To both of them, but especially to him. They put him through it all. But it's not his fault, he's good.' Her voice took on a Rhodesian accent. 'He's a good boy, a good munt. A bloody good kaffir,' she informed in sneering sarcastic tones. Then she was whispering again. 'Why do they do it, Tambu,' she hissed bitterly, her face contorting with rage, 'to me and to you and to him? Do you see what they've done? They've taken us away. Lucia. Takesure. All of us. They've deprived you of you, him of him, ourselves of each other. We're grovelling. Lucia for a job, Jeremiah for money. Daddy grovels to them. We grovel to him.' She began to rock, her body quivering tensely. 'I won't grovel. Oh no, I won't. I'm not a good girl. I'm evil. I'm not a good girl.' I touched her to comfort her and that was the trigger. 'I won't grovel, I won't die,' she raged and crouched like a cat ready to spring. 15 20 25 30 35 40

How does Dangarembga make this a powerful and moving moment in the novel?

Or †23 How far do you think Dangarembga makes the narrator's life before she moves to the town seem attractive? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 24 You are Lucia, just after Babamukuru has told you he has found you a job.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

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

After the last of the school examinations – the most frenzied, the most panic-stricken, the most gravely consequential of all – Mama and Uma thought that at last the boy would be free. Mama had ideas about sending him to Aruna in Bombay for a little holiday. Papa treated the suggestion with contempt. ‘Holiday? In Bombay? Is that what will get him into a good university? He has to take his entrance tests now, he has to prepare his applications, we have to make lists, collect information –’ and it was Papa’s busiest time, bustling around to the club, meeting old friends he had not seen in years, gathering advice, references, information, sending Arun off to the bank, the post office, signing statements, filling in applications: there was no end to the paperwork involved, if Arun were to go abroad for ‘higher studies’.

‘Where is the need?’ Mama protested. ‘He can go to Seth Baba Ram College here – Mr Joshi went there – it is not bad –’

Papa did not even bother to counter Mama’s arguments; he did not expect her to understand the importance of sending Arun abroad to study, the value of a foreign degree, the openings this would create later in life, the opportunities. He merely brushed aside her protests and concentrated on Arun who required all the advice and careful handling Papa could summon. Perhaps Papa’s memories of studying under the streetlights and of the painful beginnings in dusty provincial courts filled him with this almost manic determination. Was he fulfilling through Arun a dream he had had there under the streetlights, or in the shabby district courts? Uma watched, trying to find out. Of course he would never tell: how could Papa admit he had unfulfilled dreams? That he had done anything less than succeed, totally?

So when the letter of acceptance finally arrived, Papa it was who collapsed from sheer exhaustion. He was not even able to rise to a celebration, the festivities he had promised his son if he won this prize. He lay back weakly on the swing, his face grey, and allowed Mama to take over and have her way.

But after the first congratulatory embrace and the making of traditional sweets to be sent around to friends and neighbours, Mama too huddled up on the swing, sniffing delicately into her handkerchief, now and then dabbing at her eyes. Uma sat by her, even patted her on the arm now and then, but was uncertain if Mama was sorrowing at the thought of Arun going away, or if this were a role mothers had to play – in which case she must be allowed to continue.

Uma watched Arun too, when he read the fateful letter. She watched and searched for an expression, of relief, of joy, doubt, fear, anything at all. But there was none. All the years of scholarly toil had worn down any distinguishing features Arun’s face might once have had. They had left the essentials: a nose, eyes, mouth, ears. But he held his lips tightly together, his nose was as flattened as could possibly be, and his eyes were shielded by the thick glasses his relentless studies had necessitated. There was nothing else – not the hint of a smile, frown, laugh or anything: these had all been ground down till they had disappeared. This blank face now stared at the letter and faced another phase of his existence arranged for him by Papa.

Uma gave a sigh of disappointment and turned away, ungratified. She should have expected no more. It was the expression with which he had

gone through several hundred comic books in his childhood – tales of adventure, wizardry, crime, passion, daring and hilarity – allowing them to flood into his mind and drown there in a deep well of greyness that was his actual existence. Uma could gaze into the well, looking for some scraps of coloured paper that might still float, but they had sunk without trace. Sometimes she was seized with a longing to stir up that viscous greyness, to bring to life some evidence of colour, if not in her life then in another's. 55

It made her spectacles flash, it gave her movements an agitated edge, but no one noticed. She went back and forth, getting Arun's clothes ready, packing and re-packing them. Mama could not summon up the energy required by the task. 60

Arun paid her little attention, he was too engrossed in the brochures and booklets sent him by the university, trying to picture himself on that strange campus. 65

Then the day of departure arrived, and he was getting into the train to Bombay from where he would leave for the States. Looking back, he saw Uma on the platform beside his parents and suddenly noticed how old she looked: his sister Uma, already beginning to stoop and shrink. He threw her a stricken look. 70

How does Desai make you feel so sympathetic towards Arun at this moment in the novel?

Or †26 Explore the ways in which Desai makes the preparation and eating of food so significant in the 'Feasting' part of the novel.

Or 27 You are Aruna. Your father is on his way to rescue Uma from Harish and his family.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

And so the post office stood in the middle of the hustle and bustle of Shahkot. Schoolchildren, beggars, potters and signboard painters. Cows and pigs and water buffaloes. Ikebana class teachers from the polytechnic. Mathematics tutors. Clerks from the asthma institute, and cooks. Lady doctors and the head of the mental asylum. Accountants. Hosiery products men. Umbrella repair men. A bread and egg man. A fish woman. Flies. A washerman barely visible beneath sheets and towels. An orange-robed sadhu smiling and bowing despite the heat. (Truly India is a land of miracles.) Scooters and rickshaws, trucks and cars. Everyone's mother, father, uncle, sister-in-law and fourth and fifth cousin-brother twice and thrice removed. And Sampath on his way to work with Pinky sitting on the back seat of the cycle, charting a zigzag line through it all as he sought out the promise of coolness alongside walls and under trees and awnings, for the morning sun was already hot. Dashing from one blue pool of shadow to another, he conducted an erratic path through the crowd, which responded with snorts and shouts, a vast blowing of horns and utter chaos. 5

'Stop!' Pinky thumped her brother. 'I am almost falling off the back here. Can't you even cycle straight?' They continued a bit farther. 'Let me off.' She hammered at him. 'This is too much. I am going to take the public bus instead. You are making me feel sick.' 10

He stopped and, glowering at him, Pinky straightened her fantastic outfit of sunset polyester and strode towards the bus stop. He watched her, resting for a minute as he drank a glass of ice-cold water from the water man's cart. 15

As the bus appeared around the bend, filled to bursting as usual, Pinky removed a hairpin from her hair so as to have a weapon against men who might misbehave on seeing such a pretty girl at close quarters. Throwing herself on to the overcrowded steps, hanging on, feet waving wildly in the air, she speared a man who was not only taking up too much room in her opinion, but had made the mistake of winking at her, unaware of whom he was up against. Sampath could hear him shouting in alarm as his voice carried out of the window of the bus and down the street. 25

Everyone on the bus shouted as well. Some in attempt to restore calm: 'But why are you making such a big fuss about a little thing like a wink?' Some in encouragement: 'Very good. Good for you. You show him.' Some disapproving and terse: 'There are some ladies who should be made to walk to work.' The bus disappeared in a billowing cloud of exhaust fumes. 30

When Sampath had finished coughing, he cycled on, taking a short cut that led through the hospital grounds, forgetting, as usual, to bend down low enough to pass under his own particular bit of raised wire when he reached the post office, so that a large tuft of hair was caught and wrenched from his head as he entered the compound. Perhaps it would later be claimed by the crows as a superior sort of nesting material. Was he, he wondered, an especially generous supporter of the increasing crow population of Shahkot? Would this make him prematurely bald? Or perhaps his hair, inspired by empty patches, would spring back thicker and more resilient than ever? 40 45

What does Desai make you feel about Sampath's life at this moment in the novel?

Or †29 Before Sampath runs away, how does Desai amusingly portray the lack of understanding between Sampath and his father?

Or 30 You are Grandmother Ammaji on the day the monkey stole your false teeth. It is near the end of the day.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Either *31 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Under the dripping bare lilac-trees a large open car was coming up the drive. It stopped. Daisy's face, tipped sideways beneath a three-cornered lavender hat, looked out at me with a bright ecstatic smile.

'Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one?'

The exhilarating ripple of her voice was a wild tonic in the rain. I had to follow the sound of it for a moment, up and down, with my ear alone, before any words came through. A damp streak of hair lay like a dash of blue paint across her cheek, and her hand was wet with glistening drops as I took it to help her from the car.

'Are you in love with me,' she said low in my ear, 'or why did I have to come alone?'

'That's the secret of Castle Rackrent. Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour.'

'Come back in an hour, Ferdie.' Then in a grave murmur: 'His name is Ferdie.'

'Does the gasoline affect his nose?'

'I don't think so,' she said innocently. 'Why?'

We went in. To my overwhelming surprise the living-room was deserted.

'Well, that's funny,' I exclaimed.

'What's funny?'

She turned her head as there was a light dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.

With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire, and disappeared into the living-room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door to against the increasing rain.

For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living-room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh, followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note:

'I certainly am awfully glad to see you again.'

A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall, so I went into the room.

Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned back so far that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock, and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy, who was sitting, frightened but graceful, on the edge of a stiff chair.

'We've met before,' muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me, and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon he turned and caught it with trembling fingers, and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand.

'I'm sorry about the clock,' he said.

My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

'It's an old clock,' I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

'We haven't met for many years,' said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be.

'Five years next November.'

55

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and, while Daisy and I talked, looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense, unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself, I made an excuse at the first possible moment, and got to my feet.

60

'Where are you going?' demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

65

'I'll be back.'

'I've got to speak to you about something before you go.'

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door, and whispered: 'Oh, God!' in a miserable way.

'What's the matter?'

70

'This is a terrible mistake,' he said, shaking his head from side to side, 'a terrible, terrible mistake.'

'You're just embarrassed, that's all,' and luckily I added: 'Daisy's embarrassed too.'

'She's embarrassed?' he repeated incredulously.

75

'Just as much as you are.'

'Don't talk so loud.'

'You're acting like a little boy,' I broke out impatiently. 'Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone.'

He raised his hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach, and, opening the door cautiously, went back into the other room.

80

How does Fitzgerald make this visit of Daisy to Nick such a tense moment in the novel?

Or †32

A moving love story.

A story of self-deception.

Which of these descriptions is closer to your view of the novel? Support your ideas by close reference to Fitzgerald's writing.

Or

33

You are Jordan Baker. You have just telephoned Nick before going to Southampton (towards the end of the novel) and he has turned down your suggestion of a meeting.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *34 Read this extract from *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P.G. Wodehouse), and then answer the question that follows it:

Two new arrivals had just joined the throng, and, being of rugged and knobby physique, had already shoved themselves through to the ringside seats. One was a tall, handsome, smooth-faced gentleman of authoritative appearance, who, if he had not worn rimless glasses, would have looked like a Roman emperor. The other was a shorter, sturdier man with a bristly red beard. 5

‘McAllister!’ moaned his lordship piteously. ‘McAllister, my dear fellow, do please tell this man who I am.’

After what had passed between himself and his late employer, a lesser man than Angus McAllister might have seen in Lord Emsworth’s predicament merely a judgement. A man of little magnanimity would have felt that here was where he got a bit of his own back. 10

Not so this splendid Glaswegian.

‘Aye,’ he said. ‘Yon’s Lorrud Emsworruth.’

‘Who are you?’ inquired the constable searchingly. 15

‘I used to be head-gardener at the cassel.’

‘Exactly,’ bleated Lord Emsworth. ‘Precisely. My head-gardener.’

The constable was shaken. Lord Emsworth might not look like an earl, but there was no getting away from the fact that Angus McAllister was supremely head-gardeneresque. A staunch admirer of the aristocracy, the constable perceived that zeal had caused him to make a bit of a bloomer. 20

In this crisis, however, he comported himself with masterly tact. He scowled blackly upon the interested throng.

‘Pass along there, please. Pass along,’ he commanded austerely. ‘Ought to know better than block up a public thoroughfare like this. Pass along!’ 25

He moved off, shepherding the crowd before him. The Roman emperor with the rimless glasses advanced upon Lord Emsworth, extending a large hand.

‘Pleased to meet you at last,’ he said. ‘My name is Donaldson, Lord Emsworth.’ 30

For a moment the name conveyed nothing to his lordship. Then its significance hit him, and he drew himself up with hauteur.

‘You’ll excuse us, Angus,’ said Mr Donaldson. ‘High time you and I had a little chat, Lord Emsworth.’

Lord Emsworth was about to speak, when he caught the other’s eye. It was a strong, keen, level grey eye, with a curious forcefulness about it that made him feel strangely inferior. There is every reason to suppose that Mr Donaldson had subscribed for years to those personality courses advertised in the magazines which guarantee to impart to the pupil who takes ten correspondence lessons the ability to look the boss in the eye and make him wilt. Mr Donaldson looked Lord Emsworth in the eye, and Lord Emsworth wilted. 35

‘How do you do?’ he said weakly.

‘Now, listen, Lord Emsworth,’ proceeded Mr Donaldson. ‘No sense in having hard feelings between members of a family. I take it you’ve heard by this that your boy and my girl have gone ahead and fixed it up? Personally, I’m delighted. That boy is a fine young fellow.’ 40

Lord Emsworth blinked.

‘You are speaking of my son Frederick?’ he said incredulously. 45

‘Of your son Frederick. Now, at the moment, no doubt, you are feeling a trifle sore. I don’t blame you. You have every right to be sorer than a gumboil. But you must remember – young blood, eh? It will, I am convinced, be a lasting grief to that splendid young man’— 50

‘You are still speaking of my son Frederick?’

‘Of Frederick, yes. It will, I say, be a lasting grief to him if he feels he has incurred your resentment. You must forgive him, Lord Emsworth. He must have your support.’ 55

‘I suppose he’ll have to have it, dash it!’ said his lordship unhappily. ‘Can’t let the boy starve.’

Mr Donaldson’s hand swept round in a wide, grand gesture. 60

‘Don’t you worry about that, I’ll look after that end of it. I am not a rich man’—

‘Ah!’ said Lord Emsworth rather bleakly. There had been something about the largeness of the other’s manner which had led him to entertain hopes. 65

‘I doubt,’ continued Mr Donaldson frankly, for he was a man who believed in frankness in these matters, ‘if, all told, I have as much as ten million dollars in the world.’

Lord Emsworth swayed like a sapling in the breeze.

‘Ten million? Ten million? Did you say you had ten million dollars?’ 70

‘Between nine and ten, I suppose. Not more. You must remember,’ said Mr Donaldson, with a touch of apology, ‘that conditions have changed very much in America of late. We have been through a tough time, a mighty tough time. Many of my friends have been harder hit than I have. But things are coming back. Yes, sir, they’re coming right back. I am a firm believer in President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Under the New Deal, the American dog is beginning to eat more biscuits. That, I should have mentioned, is my line. I am Donaldson’s Dog-Biscuits.’ 75

‘Donaldson’s Dog-Biscuits? Indeed? Really? Fancy that!’

‘You have heard of Donaldson’s Dog-Biscuits?’ asked their proprietor eagerly. 80

‘Never,’ said Lord Emsworth cordially.

How does Wodehouse make this moment in the story so amusing?

- Or †35 How does the writer of **one** of the following stories memorably portray the power that one character has over another?

The Son’s Veto (by Thomas Hardy)
The Fly in the Ointment (by V. S. Pritchett)
Sandpiper (by Ahdaf Soueif)

- Or 36 You are Mr Thomas in *The Destructors*. You have just finished showing Trevor (T.) around your house.

Write your thoughts.

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