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International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0476/01

Paper 1

May/June 2011

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 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 **19** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



CONTENTS

Section A: Drama

text	question numbers	page[s]
William Shakespeare: <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	*1, †2, 3	pages 4–5
William Shakespeare: <i>Richard III</i>	*4, †5, 6	pages 6–7

Section B: Poetry

text	question numbers	page[s]
Alfred, Lord Tennyson: <i>Poems</i>	*7, †8, †9	page 8
<i>Songs of Ourselves</i> : from Part 3	*10, †11, †12	page 9

Section C: Prose

text	question numbers	page[s]
Emily Brontë: <i>Wuthering Heights</i>	*13, †14, 15	pages 10–11
Anita Desai: <i>Games at Twilight and Other Stories</i>	*16, †17, 18	pages 12–13
Bessie Head: <i>When Rain Clouds Gather</i>	*19, †20, 21	pages 14–15
F. Scott Fitzgerald: <i>The Great Gatsby</i>	*22, †23, 24	pages 16–17
Edith Wharton: <i>Ethan Frome</i>	*25, †26, 27	page 18
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	*28, †29, 30	pages 20–21

SECTION A: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

<i>Benedick:</i>	Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Yea, and I will weep a while longer.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	I will not desire that.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You have no reason; I do it freely.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.	5
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Is there any way to show such friendship?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	A very even way, but no such friend.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	May a man do it?	10
<i>Beatrice:</i>	It is a man's office, but not yours.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.	15
<i>Benedick:</i>	By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Do not swear, and eat it.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.	20
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Will you not eat your word?	
<i>Benedick:</i>	With no sauce that can be devised to it; I protest I love thee.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Why, then, God forgive me!	25
<i>Benedick:</i>	What offence, sweet Beatrice?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	And do it with all thy heart?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.	30
<i>Benedick:</i>	Come, bid me do anything for thee.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Kill Claudio.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Ha! not for the wide world.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You kill me to deny it. Farewell.	35
<i>Benedick:</i>	Tarry, sweet Beatrice.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I am gone though I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Beatrice –	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	In faith, I will go.	40
<i>Benedick:</i>	We'll be friends first.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Is Claudio thine enemy?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Is 'a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour – O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.	45
		50

<i>Benedick:</i>	Hear me, Beatrice.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Nay, but, Beatrice –	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Sweet Hero! She is wrong'd, she is sland'ed, she is undone.	55
<i>Benedick:</i>	Beat –	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Princes and Counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.	60
<i>Benedick:</i>	Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.	65
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.	70
<i>Benedick:</i>	Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead; and so, farewell.	75
	[Exeunt.]	

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

Or †2 *Silly and conceited*
Well-intentioned and honest

Which of these views do you think more accurately describes Shakespeare's portrayal of Dogberry? Support your answer with details from the play.

Or 3 You are Borachio. You have just heard of Don John's escape.

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

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

<i>Buckingham:</i>	You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious and traditional. Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place And those who have the wit to claim the place. This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it. Then, taking him from thence that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men; But sanctuary children never till now.	5
<i>Cardinal:</i>	My lord, you shall overrule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?	15
<i>Hastings:</i>	I go, my lord.	
<i>Prince:</i>	Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.]	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation? Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day or two Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower, Then where you please and shall be thought most fit For your best health and recreation.	20
<i>Prince:</i>	I do not like the Tower, of any place. Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?	25
<i>Buckingham:</i>	He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, Which, since, succeeding ages have reedified.	
<i>Prince:</i>	Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it?	30
<i>Buckingham:</i>	Upon record, my gracious lord.	
<i>Prince:</i>	But say, my lord, it were not regist'red, Methinks the truth should live from age to age, As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.	35
<i>Gloucester:</i>	[Aside] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.	
<i>Prince:</i>	What say you, uncle?	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	I say, without characters, fame lives long. [Aside] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.	40
<i>Prince:</i>	That Julius Caesar was a famous man; With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live. Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; For now he lives in fame, though not in life.	45
<i>Buckingham:</i>	I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham – What, my gracious lord?	

Prince: An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again, 50
Or die a soldier as I liv'd a king.

Gloucester: [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so full of irony and dark humour.

Or †5 What do you think the Duke of Clarence and Lord Hastings contribute to the dramatic power of the play? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.

Or 6 You are Queen Elizabeth. You have just heard that Richard has been killed in battle and that Richmond has taken the throne.

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

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

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

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me –
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed 5
 Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods. 10
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite 15
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, 20
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are:
 One equal temper of heroic hearts, 25
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

In what ways does Tennyson strikingly convey the different feelings Ulysses expresses here and elsewhere in the poem?

- Or †8** How does Tennyson make clear for you his thoughts and feelings in Extract CXV from *In Memoriam* (beginning 'Now fades the long last streak of snow')?
- Or †9** What does Tennyson make you feel about the Lady in his poem *The Lady of Shalott*? Support your ideas with details from the poem.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either *10 Explore in detail lines you find particularly striking in these **two** poems:

Full Moon and Little Frieda

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank
of a bucket –

And you listening.

A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch.

A pail lifted, still and brimming – mirror

To tempt a first star to a tremor.

5

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the
hedges with warm wreaths of breath –

A dark river of blood, many boulders,

Balanced unspilled milk.

10

'Moon!' you cry suddenly, 'Moon! Moon!'

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing amazed
at a work

That points at him amazed.

(by Ted Hughes)

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring

In the days of long ago,

Ranged where the locomotives sing

And the prairie flowers lie low:–

The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass

Is swept away by the wheat,

Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by

In the spring that still is sweet.

But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring

Left us, long ago.

They gore no more, they bellow no more,

They trundle around the hills no more:–

With the Blackfeet, lying low,

With the Pawnees, lying low,

Lying low.

5

10

15

(by Vachel Lindsay)

Or †11 Explore how the poet powerfully communicates the pain of loss in **either** *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy) **or** *Sonnet 29* ('Pity me not because the light of day') (by Edna St Vincent Millay).

Or †12 Explore the ways in which Dennis Scott beautifully portrays a relationship in *Marrysong*.

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

I might as well have struggled with a bear, or reasoned with a lunatic. The only resource left me was to run to a lattice, and warn his intended victim of the fate which awaited him.

“You’d better seek shelter somewhere else to-night!” I exclaimed in a rather triumphant tone. “Mr Earnshaw has a mind to shoot you, if you persist in endeavouring to enter.” 5

“You’d better open the door, you –” he answered, addressing me by some elegant term that I don’t care to repeat.

“I shall not meddle in the matter,” I retorted again. “Come in, and get shot, if you please! I’ve done my duty.” 10

With that I shut the window, and returned to my place by the fire; having too small a stock of hypocrisy at my command to pretend any anxiety for the danger that menaced him.

Earnshaw swore passionately at me; affirming that I loved the villain yet; and calling me all sorts of names for the base spirit I evinced. And I, in my secret heart (and conscience never reproached me) thought what a blessing it would be for *him*, should Heathcliff put him out of misery; and what a blessing for *me*, should he send Heathcliff to his right abode! As I sat nursing these reflections, the casement behind me was banged on to the floor by a blow from the latter individual, and his black countenance looked blighting through. The stanchions stood too close to suffer his shoulders to follow; and I smiled, exulting in my fancied security. His hair and clothes were whitened with snow, and his sharp cannibal teeth, revealed by cold and wrath, gleamed through the dark. 15

“Isabella, let me in, or I’ll make you repent!” he “girmed”, as Joseph calls it. 20

“I cannot commit murder,” I replied. “Mr Hindley stands sentinel with a knife, and loaded pistol.”

“Let me in by the kitchen door!” he said.

“Hindley will be there before me,” I answered. “And that’s a poor love of yours, that cannot bear a shower of snow! We were left at peace in our beds, as long as the summer moon shone, but the moment a blast of winter returns, you must run for shelter! Heathcliff, if I were you, I’d go stretch myself over her grave, and die like a faithful dog ... The world is surely not worth living in now, is it? You had distinctly impressed on me, the idea that Catherine was the whole joy of your life – I can’t imagine how you think of surviving her loss.” 25

“He’s there ... is he?” exclaimed my companion, rushing to the gap. “If I can get my arm out I can hit him!”

I’m afraid, Ellen, you’ll set me down as really wicked – but you don’t know all, so don’t judge! I wouldn’t have aided or abetted an attempt on even *his* life, for anything – Wish that he were dead, I must; and therefore, I was fearfully disappointed, and unnerved by terror for the consequences of my taunting speech, when he flung himself on Earnshaw’s weapon and wrenched it from his grasp. 30

The charge exploded, and the knife, in springing back, closed into its owner’s wrist. Heathcliff pulled it away by main force, slitting up the flesh as it passed on, and thrust it dripping into his pocket. He then took a stone, struck down the division between two windows and sprung in. His adversary had fallen senseless with excessive pain, and the flow of blood 35

that gushed from an artery, or a large vein.

50

The ruffian kicked and trampled on him, and dashed his head repeatedly against the flags; holding me with one hand, meantime, to prevent me summoning Joseph.

He exerted preter-human self-denial in abstaining from finishing him, completely; but getting out of breath, he finally desisted, and dragged the apparently inanimate body onto the settle.

55

There he tore off the sleeve of Earnshaw's coat, and bound up the wound with brutal roughness, spitting and cursing, during the operation, as energetically as he had kicked before.

How does Brontë make Isabella's narration here such a dramatic part of the novel?

Or †14 Explore the ways in which Brontë makes Nelly Dean such a memorable character in the novel. Support your views with details from Brontë's writing.

Or 15 You are Heathcliff. You are on your way back to Wuthering Heights after your three-year absence.

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

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either *16 Read the following extract from *Games at Twilight*, and then answer the question that follows it:

Then, perhaps roused by the shrieks of the children, a band of parrots suddenly fell out of the eucalyptus tree, tumbled frantically in the still, sizzling air, then sorted themselves out into battle formation and streaked away across the white sky.

The children, too, felt released. They too began tumbling, shoving, pushing against each other, frantic to start. Start what? Start their business. The business of the children's day which is – play. 5

'Let's play hide-and-seek.'

'Who'll be It?'

'You be It.'

'Why should I? You be –'

'You're the eldest –'

'That doesn't mean –'

The shoves became harder. Some kicked out. The motherly Mira intervened. She pulled the boys roughly apart. There was a tearing sound of cloth but it was lost in the heavy panting and angry grumbling and no one paid attention to the small sleeve hanging loosely off a shoulder. 15

'Make a circle, make a circle!' she shouted, firmly pulling and pushing till a kind of vague circle was formed. 'Now clap!' she roared and, clapping, they all chanted in melancholy unison: 'Dip, dip, dip – my blue ship –' and every now and then one or the other saw he was safe by the way his hands fell at the crucial moment – palm on palm, or back of hand on palm – and dropped out of the circle with a yell and a jump of relief and jubilation. 20

Raghu was It. He started to protest, to cry 'You cheated – Mira cheated – Anu cheated –' but it was too late, the others had all already streaked away. There was no one to hear when he called out, 'Only in the veranda – the porch – Ma said – Ma said to stay in the porch!' No one had stopped to listen, all he saw were their brown legs flashing through the dusty shrubs, scrambling up brick walls, leaping over compost heaps and hedges, and then the porch stood empty in the purple shade of the bougainvillea and the garden was as empty as before; even the limp squirrels had whisked away, leaving everything gleaming, brassy and bare. 30

Only small Manu suddenly reappeared, as if he had dropped out of an invisible cloud or from a bird's claws, and stood for a moment in the centre of the yellow lawn, chewing his finger and near to tears as he heard Raghu shouting, with his head pressed against the veranda wall, 'Eighty-three, eighty-five, eighty-nine, ninety ...' and then made off in a panic, half of him wanting to fly north, the other half counselling south. Raghu turned just in time to see the flash of his white shorts and the uncertain skittering of his red sandals, and charged after him with such a blood-curdling yell that Manu stumbled over the hosepipe, fell into its rubber coils and lay there weeping, 'I won't be It – you have to find them all – all – All!' 35

'I know I have to, idiot,' Raghu said, superciliously kicking him with his toe. 'You're dead,' he said with satisfaction, licking the beads of perspiration off his upper lip, and then stalked off in search of worthier prey, whistling spiritedly so that the hidiers should hear and tremble. 40

Explore how Desai memorably portrays the actions and feelings of children at play here and elsewhere in the story.

- Or †17 How far do you think Desai makes it possible to sympathise with Harish in *Surface Textures*? Support your views with details from Desai's writing.
- Or 18 You are Pat at the end of *Scholar and Gypsy*. You are walking off into the moonlight.
Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Pat at this moment.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

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

The wail of the approaching sirens sounded again. After they had swept past, the old man left the hut, closing the door behind him. Makhaya was left alone with his thoughts, and since these threatened to trouble him, he kept on numbing them with a little brandy sipped straight from the bottle.

The sun set early in winter and by seven o'clock it was pitch dark. Makhaya made ready to cross the patch of no-man's-land. The two border fences were seven-foot-high barriers of close, tautly drawn barbed wire. He waited in the hut until he heard the patrol van pass. Then he removed his heavy overcoat and stuffed it into a large leather bag. He stepped out of the hut and pitched the leather bag over the fence, grasped hold of the barbed wire, and heaved himself up and over. Picking up his bag, he ran as fast as he could across the path of ground to the other fence, where he repeated the performance. Then he was in Botswana.

In his anxiety to get as far away from the border as fast as possible, he hardly felt the intense, penetrating cold of the frosty night. For almost half an hour he sped, blind and deaf and numbed to anything but his major fear. The wail of the siren brought him to an abrupt halt. It sounded shockingly near and he feared that his crashing pace would draw attention to himself. But the lights of the patrol van swept past and he knew, from timing the patrols throughout the long torturous day, that he had another half hour of safety ahead of him. As he relaxed a little, his mind grasped the fact that he had been sucking in huge gulps of frozen air and that his lungs were flaming with pain. He removed the heavy coat from the bag and put it on. He also took a few careful sips from the brandy bottle and then continued on his way at a more leisurely pace.

He had not walked more than a few paces when he again came to an abrupt halt. The air was full of the sound of bells, thousands and thousands of bells, tinkling and tinkling with a purposeful, monotonous rhythm. Yet there was not a living thing in sight to explain where the sound was coming from. He was quite sure that around him and in front of him were trees and more trees, thorn trees that each time he approached too near ripped at his clothes. But how to explain the bells, unearthly sounding bells in an apparently unlivable wasteland?

Oh, God, I'm going crazy, he thought.

He looked up at the stars. They winked back at him, silently, blandly. He could even make out some of the star patterns of the southern constellations. Surely, if his mind was suddenly disordered through the tensions of the day, the stars would appear disordered too? Surely everything became mixed up to a person who had just lost his mind? He shook his head, but the bells continued their monotonous, rhythmic tinkling. He knew some pretty horrifying stories about tribal societies and their witch doctors who performed their ghoulish rites by night. But witch doctors were human, and nothing, however odd and perverse, need be feared if it was human.

How does Head make this introduction to Makhaya so dramatic and intriguing?

- Or** **†20** How does Head make Chief Matenge such a horrible character? Support your ideas with details from Head's writing.
- Or** **21** You are Dinorego at the end of the novel, reflecting on the changes in Golema Mmidi.
Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Dinorego at this moment in the novel.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

There was music from my neighbour's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On weekends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before. 5

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York – every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb. 15

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough coloured lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another. 20

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colours, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names. 25

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light. 40

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the *Follies*. The party has begun. 45

50

What striking impressions of Gatsby's grand party does Fitzgerald's writing convey to you here and later in this chapter?

Or †23 How does Fitzgerald make Tom Buchanan such an unpleasant character? Support your answer by close reference to Fitzgerald's writing.

Or 24 You are Daisy. You have just returned home after your surprise meeting with Jay Gatsby. Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Daisy at this moment in the novel.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

He was still kneeling when his eyes, on a level with the lower panel of the door, caught a faint ray beneath it. Who could be stirring in that silent house? He heard a step on the stairs, and again for an instant the thought of tramps tore through him. Then the door opened and he saw his wife.

Against the dark background of the kitchen she stood up tall and angular, one hand drawing a quilted counterpane to her flat breast, while the other held a lamp. The light, on a level with her chin, drew out of the darkness her puckered throat and the projecting wrist of the hand that clutched the quilt, and deepened fantastically the hollows and prominences of her high-boned face under its ring of crimping-pins. To Ethan, still in the rosy haze of his hour with Mattie, the sight came with the intense precision of the last dream before waking. He felt as if he had never before known what his wife looked like.

She drew aside without speaking, and Mattie and Ethan passed into the kitchen, which had the deadly chill of a vault after the dry cold of the night.

“Guess you forgot about us, Zeena,” Ethan joked, stamping the snow from his boots.

“No, I just felt so mean I couldn’t sleep.”

Mattie came forward, unwinding her wraps, the colour of the cherry scarf in her fresh lips and cheeks. “I’m so sorry, Zeena! Isn’t there anything I can do?”

“No; there’s nothing.” Zeena turned away from her. “You might ‘a’ shook off that snow outside,” she said to her husband.

She walked out of the kitchen ahead of them and pausing in the hall raised the lamp at arm’s-length, as if to light them up the stairs.

Ethan paused also, affecting to fumble for the peg on which he hung his coat and cap. The doors of the two bedrooms faced each other across the narrow upper landing, and tonight it was peculiarly repugnant to him that Mattie should see him follow Zeena.

“I guess I won’t come up yet awhile,” he said, turning as if to go back into the kitchen.

Zeena stopped short and looked at him. “For the land’s sake – what you going to do down here?”

“I’ve got the mill accounts to go over.”

She continued to stare at him, the flame of the unshaded lamp bringing out with microscopic cruelty the fretful lines of her face.

“At this time o’ night? You’ll ketch your death. The fire’s out long ago.”

Without answering he moved away toward the kitchen. As he did so his glance crossed Mattie’s and he fancied that a fugitive warning gleamed through her lashes. The next moment they sank to her flushed cheeks and she began to mount the stairs ahead of Zeena.

“That’s so. It *is* powerful cold down here,” Ethan assented; and with lowered head he went up in his wife’s wake, and followed her across the threshold of their room.

Explore how Wharton memorably conveys the tension between the three people at this moment in the novel.

Or †26 How far do you think Wharton makes it possible to sympathise with Zeena? Support your ideas with details from Wharton’s writing.

Or 27 You are Mattie, alone in your room. You have just had supper with Ethan in Zeena’s absence.

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

Turn over for Question 28

Stories of Ourselves

Either *28 Read the following extract from *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri), and then answer the question that follows it:

At the end of our first week, on Friday, I suggested going out. Mala set down her knitting and disappeared into the bathroom. When she emerged I regretted the suggestion; she had put on a clean silk sari and extra bracelets, and coiled her hair with a flattering side part on top of her head. She was prepared as if for a party, or at the very least for the cinema, but I had no such destination in mind. The evening air was balmy. We walked several blocks down Massachusetts Avenue, looking into the windows of restaurants and shops. Then, without thinking, I led her down the quiet street where for so many nights I had walked alone. 5

'This is where I lived before you came,' I said, stopping at Mrs Croft's chain-link fence. 10

'In such a big house?'

'I had a small room upstairs. At the back.'

'Who else lives there?'

'A very old woman.'

'With her family?'

'Alone.'

'But who takes care of her?'

I opened the gate. 'For the most part she takes care of herself.' 15

I wondered if Mrs Croft would remember me; I wondered if she had a new boarder to sit with her on the bench each evening. When I pressed the bell I expected the same long wait as that day of our first meeting, when I did not have a key. But this time the door was opened almost immediately, by Helen. Mrs Croft was not sitting on the bench. The bench was gone. 20

'Hello there,' Helen said, smiling with her bright pink lips at Mala. 'Mother's in the parlor. Will you be visiting awhile?' 25

'As you wish, madame.'

'Then I think I'll run to the store, if you don't mind. She had a little accident. We can't leave her alone these days, not even for a minute.'

I locked the door after Helen and walked into the parlor. Mrs Croft was lying flat on her back, her head on a peach-colored cushion, a thin white quilt spread over her body. Her hands were folded together on top of her chest. When she saw me she pointed at the sofa, and told me to sit down. I took my place as directed, but Mala wandered over to the piano and sat on the bench, which was now positioned where it belonged. 30

'I broke my hip!' Mrs Croft announced, as if no time had passed.

'Oh dear, madame.'

'I fell off the bench!'

'I am so sorry, madame.'

'It was the middle of the night! Do you know what I did, boy?' 40

I shook my head.

'I called the police!'

She stared up at the ceiling and grinned sedately, exposing a crowded row of long gray teeth. Not one was missing. 'What do you say to that, boy?'

As stunned as I was, I knew what I had to say. With no hesitation at all, I cried out, 'Splendid!' 45

Mala laughed then. Her voice was full of kindness, her eyes bright with amusement. I had never heard her laugh before, and it was loud enough so that Mrs Croft had heard, too. She turned to Mala and glared.

'Who is she, boy?'

'She is my wife, madame.' 50

Mrs Croft pressed her head at an angle against the cushion to get a better look. 'Can you play the piano?'

'No, madame,' Mala replied.

'Then stand up!'

55

Mala rose to her feet, adjusting the end of her sari over her head and holding it to her chest, and, for the first time since her arrival, I felt sympathy. I remembered my first days in London, learning how to take the Tube to Russell Square, riding an escalator for the first time, being unable to understand that when the man cried 'piper' it meant 'paper', being unable to decipher, for a whole year, that the conductor said 'mind the gap' as the train pulled away from each station. Like me, Mala had traveled far from home, not knowing where she was going, or what she would find, for no reason other than to be my wife. As strange as it seemed, I knew in my heart that one day her death would affect me, and stranger still, that mine would affect her. I wanted somehow to explain this to Mrs Croft, who was still scrutinising Mala from top to toe with what seemed to be placid disdain. I wondered if Mrs Croft had ever seen a woman in a sari, with a dot painted on her forehead and bracelets stacked on her wrists. I wondered what she would object to. I wondered if she could see the red dye still vivid on Mala's feet, all but obscured by the bottom edge of her sari. At last Mrs Croft declared, with the equal measures of disbelief and delight I knew well:

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'She is a perfect lady!'

Now it was I who laughed. I did so quietly, and Mrs Croft did not hear me. But Mala had heard, and, for the first time, we looked at each other and smiled.

75

How does Lahiri make this such a moving moment in the story?

Or †29 How does the writer make you sympathise with **one** of the following characters?

Mr Wills (in *The Taste of Watermelon* by Borden Deal)

The narrator/wife (in *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman)

The Signalman (*The Signalman* by Charles Dickens)

Support your ideas with details from your chosen story.

Or 30 You are the leader of the gang in *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma). You have just left the orchard at the end of the story.

Write your thoughts, assuming a voice which is suitable for the leader of the gang at this moment.

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