



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**2010/11**

Paper 1

**May/June 2010**

**2 hours 40 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 **four** questions.

**Your questions must be from either three or four different set books.**

This question paper is divided into three sections: Drama, Poetry and Prose. **Your questions must be taken from at least two of these sections.**

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **30** printed pages and **6** blank pages.





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## SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

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

|          |  |    |
|----------|--|----|
|          | <i>Jack watches the next in stunned amazement. The ensuing business discussion happens with great rapidity.</i>  |    |
| Desmond: | How much are we talking about, then?   |    |
| Anita:   | Ten maximum.   |    |
| Cliff:   | How many of us are there ... one, two ... don't count Jack ... three, four five ... Five? Can we go to ten?  | 5  |
| Desmond: | Ten? I can't go to ten ...   |    |
| Cliff:   | No, two ...  |    |
| Desmond: | Still a lot.   |    |
| Anita:   | We could start with five. Hold back five.  | 10 |
| Cliff:   | In reserve.  |    |
| Roy:     | Two maximum.   |    |
| Desmond: | Five up front.   |    |
| Anita:   | Five behind. Right?  |    |
| Roy:     | Done.  | 15 |
| Cliff:   | Carried.   |    |
| Desmond: | OK.  |    |
| Jack:    | What's going on? What's going on?  |    |
| Anita:   | <i>[to Orlando] Duemila lire sterline. Ciascuno. Diecimila come assicurazione. D'accordo?</i>  | 20 |
| Orlando: | <i>[laughing at this] Con un premio simile mio fratello ti combinerebbe un'assicurazione molto più permanente.</i>   |    |
| Jack:    | What's he saying now?  |    |
| Anita:   | Orlando says for that sort of premium his brother could arrange something more permanent ...   | 25 |
|          | <i>Cliff laughs.</i>   |    |
| Jack:    | Like what?   |    |
| Orlando: | <i>[laughing] Un'assicurazione contro gli incidenti, eh?</i>   |    |
| Anita:   | <i>[laughing] He says, accident insurance ...</i>  |    |
| Cliff:   | What? Like accidentally falling out of a fifth-floor window ...?   | 30 |
| Roy:     | Accidentally swallowing his magnifying glass?<br><i>Orlando makes a cheerful choking gesture with his hands, for Jack's benefit.</i>   |    |
| Jack:    | If this is intended in any way as a serious suggestion – ?   | 35 |
| Anita:   | No, no, Jack. Orlando's joking, isn't he? <i>[kissing Orlando on the top of his head] Oh, I love this one best of all. Do you know he's got six children? Sei bambini, sì?</i>   |    |
| Orlando: | <i>[reaching for his wallet] Sei bambini, sì...</i>  |    |
| Jack:    | Look, just a minute. Just a minute ...<br><i>Under this, Orlando is passing round photos of his family to any who are interested.</i>  | 40 |
| Orlando: | <i>[during the next] Questa è la più piccola, Maria. Ha due anni. Quella è sua madre. E' una bella donna, vero? Questo è mio figlio maggiore, Rodolfo. Ha otto anni e già vuol fare l'architetto. Queste sono le gemelle, Lucia e Lucrezia, il giorno del loro quarto compleanno ...</i> | 45 |
| Jack:    | ... What is going on here?   |    |
| Roy:     | We're just sorting out how much we need to give him, Jack.   |    |
| Jack:    | Give who?  | 50 |

Roy: This Mr Hough.  
 Jack: We're not giving him anything. Except what he's earned ...  
 Desmond: But, Jack –  
 Jack: No. I've had enough of this. No more of it. You understand.  
*Orlando tries to interest Jack in a family snapshot.* 55  
 No, I don't want to see. Put them away. *Avanti!* [*to the others*] Let me make this quite clear. I have no intention of indulging in any more blackmail, bribery, corruption or anything else. Is that understood? From now onwards, all our business is going to be conducted above board. 60  
 My God, if we start giving five hundred quid here and five hundred quid there to every –  
 Roy: Thousand.  
 Jack: What?  
 Roy: I think we're talking about thousands, Jack. Ten thousand. 65  
 Jack: [*stunned*] Ten thousand quid. You're joking.  
 Desmond: It might only be five.  
 Jack: You are joking ... I am boggled ...  
 Cliff: It's about the going rate, Jack ...  
 Jack: I am just – boggled ... I mean ... 70  
 Desmond: [*hopefully*] You don't think Jack could get him for five hundred, do you?  
 Anita: Never.  
 Cliff: Jack ought to do it, though.  
 Jack: What? 75  
 Anita: Yes, you'll have to be the one to deal with it, Jack.  
 Jack: You want me to do the bribing as well?  
 Anita: Seriously. It'll have to be you.  
 Jack: [*rising in fury*] That's it. No more. Not another word ...  
 Cliff: Wait a second, Jack. Wait a sec ... 80  
 Anita: It has to be you, Jack. You're employing the man.  
 Jack: Good day. I am leaving now before I commit damage.  
 Desmond: [*vainly*] Jack! Don't go that way, please ...  
 Jack: Goodbye.

How does Ayckbourn make this episode so funny? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

- 2 What does Anita contribute to your enjoyment of the play? Support your ideas with details from Ayckbourn's writing.
- 3 You are Poppy at the end of the play. The party is over.

Write your thoughts.

**CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should***

- 4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Enter Doris in the 1920s print dress which Jackie pulled from the box in Act Two and a straw hat trimmed with flowers. She is breathless and her hair is awry. Oldham, May 1923.*

|               |   |  |
|---------------|---|--|
| <i>Doris:</i> | <p>Mother! Mother? Oh, what do you think! It's happened, happened to me! All the way back on the train I could hardly keep still; I don't know what the other passengers must've thought, but I wouldn't be ladylike. Mother! Come and look. Do I look different? I must look different, I feel as though I've swallowed a firework. Oh it was a lovely, lovely day. We took a picnic, climbed up to the Waterloo Memorial, sat in the sunshine and it was after we'd finished the egg and cress; he couldn't wait till after the fruit cake! I felt so – shy, suddenly – I had to just stare and stare at the tablecloth while he was asking, blue and yellow squares, there was an ant struggling to carry a piece of cress across the corner ... These are things you remember all your life, I suppose. I didn't think it would be like this. <i>(Pause.)</i> And then we just ran and ran! Talked, made plans, I felt somehow – weedy! <i>(Laughs.)</i> – Sort of silly, for having given in ... to – love! – Do you know what I mean? <i>(Silence.)</i> Mother? We ate your fruit cake on the train. Jack put a paper down so as not to drop crumbs on the velvet upholstery, but then he sat on a strawberry – and oh, I got a grass stain on my frock, but Jack says he'll buy me a new one. <i>And, Mother, and</i> I got promoted to Head of Infants this morning! Miss Butterworth called me into her office, my heart was in my mouth, I thought she was going to tick me off for this dress being too short! ... Jack was very proud when I told him, but of course he says I shan't need to work when we're – when we're – oh, of course he's going to ask you first, he's waiting in the front room, I opened the curtains so the neighbours can see — Oh and – <i>(Lights begin to fade.)</i> I've seen just the posy, tiny white flowers, in the window of Ambleton's ... Oh Mother, I'm so happy, SO HAPPY! I suppose, really and truly, this is the beginning of my life! <i>(Lights fade to a single spot on Doris, then snap out.)</i></p> | <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> |
|---------------|---|--|

Explore how Keatley vividly reveals Doris's feelings in this scene.

- 5 In what ways does Keatley make you feel sympathy for Margaret? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- 6 You are Jackie. You have just learned that Jack has left everything to you in his will.

Write your thoughts.

(Turn over for Question 7)

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

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

|                 |  |    |
|-----------------|--|----|
| <i>Tituba:</i>  | <i>[already taking a step backward]</i> My Betty be hearty soon?   |    |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Out of here!   |    |
| <i>Tituba:</i>  | <i>[backing to the door]</i> My Betty not goin' die ...  |    |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | <i>[scrambling to his feet in a fury]:</i> Out of my sight! <i>[She is gone.]</i> Out of my – <i>[He is overcome with sobs. He clamps his teeth against them and closes the door and leans against it, exhausted.]</i> Oh, my God! God help me! <i>[Quaking with fear, mumbling to himself through his sobs, he goes to the bed and gently takes Betty's hand.]</i> Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one ... | 5  |
|                 | <i>He is bending to kneel again when his niece, Abigail Williams, seventeen, enters – a strikingly beautiful girl, an orphan, with an endless capacity for dissembling. Now she is all worry and apprehension and propriety.</i>   | 10 |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | Uncle? <i>[He looks to her.]</i> Susanna Walcott's here from Doctor Griggs.  | 15 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Oh? Let here come, let her come.   |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | <i>[leaning out the door to call to Susanna, who is down the hall a few steps]</i> Come in, Susanna.<br><i>Susanna Walcott, a little younger than Abigail, a nervous hurried girl, enters.</i>   | 20 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | <i>[eagerly]</i> What does the doctor say, child?  |    |
| <i>Susanna:</i> | <i>[craning around Parris to get a look at Betty]:</i> He bid me come and tell you, reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.   | 25 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Then he must search on.  |    |
| <i>Susanna:</i> | Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir. But he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.  |    |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | <i>[his eyes going wide]</i> No – no. There be no unnatural cause here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mr Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.   | 30 |
| <i>Susanna:</i> | Aye, sir. He bid me tell you. <i>[She turns to go.]</i>  |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.   | 35 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Go directly home and speak nothing of unnatural causes.  |    |
| <i>Susanna:</i> | Aye, sir. I pray for her. <i>[She goes out.]</i>   |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | Uncle, the rumour of witchcraft is all about; I think you'd best go down and deny it yourself. The parlour's packed with people, sir. I'll sit with her.   | 40 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | <i>[pressed, turns on her]:</i> And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?   |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it – and I'll be whipped if I must be. But they're speakin' of witchcraft. Betty's not witched.   | 45 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?  |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there's the whole of it.  | 50 |



|                 |   |    |
|-----------------|---|----|
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Child. Sit you down.  |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | [ <i>quavering, as she sits</i> ] I would never hurt Betty. I love her dearly.  | 55 |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Now look you, child, your punishment will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest I must know it now, for surely my enemies will, and they will ruin me with it. |    |
| <i>Abigail:</i> | But we never conjured spirits.  |    |
| <i>Parris:</i>  | Then why can she not move herself since midnight?   | 60 |

How does Miller make this such a powerful opening to the play?

- 8 Choose **two** moments in the play which you have found especially dramatic and explore in detail how Miller manages to make them so dramatic. (Do not use the passage printed in Question 7 in answering this question.)
- 9 You are Danforth, just after Proctor has been executed.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

|                   |   |    |
|-------------------|---|----|
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | Good den, good den.   |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Good day to both of you.  |    |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Hear you, my lords!   |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | We have some haste, Leonato.  |    |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord.  | 5  |
|                   | Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.   |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.  |    |
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | If he could right himself with quarrelling,<br>Some of us would lie low.  |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Who wrongs him?   | 10 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou!<br>Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;<br>I fear thee not.  |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Marry, beshrew my hand<br>If it should give your age such cause of fear!<br>In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.  | 15 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me;<br>I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,<br>As under privilege of age to brag<br>What have I done being young, or what would do<br>Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,<br>Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me<br>That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,<br>And with grey hairs and bruise of many days<br>Do challenge thee to trial of a man. | 20 |
|                   | I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;<br>Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,<br>And she lies buried with her ancestors –<br>O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,<br>Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.  | 25 |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | My villainy!  | 30 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.   |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | You say not right, old man.   |    |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | My lord, my lord,<br>I'll prove it on his body if he dare,<br>Despite his nice fence and his active practice,<br>His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.   | 35 |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Away! I will not have to do with you.   |    |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;<br>If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.  | 40 |
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;<br>But that's no matter; let him kill one first.<br>Win me and wear me; let him answer me.<br>Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come follow me;<br>Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;<br>Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.   | 45 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Brother –   |    |
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;<br>And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,<br>That dare as well answer a man indeed<br>As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.<br>Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!  | 50 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Brother Antony –  |    |

|                   |   |    |
|-------------------|---|----|
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,<br>And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple –   | 55 |
|                   | Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,<br>That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,<br>Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,<br>And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,<br>How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst; | 60 |
|                   | And this is all.  |    |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | But, brother Antony –   |    |
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | Come, 'tis no matter.<br>Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.  |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.<br>My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;<br>But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing<br>But what was true, and very full of proof.  | 65 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | My lord, my lord –  |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | I will not hear you.  | 70 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | No?   |    |
|                   | Come, brother, away. I will be heard.   |    |
| <i>Antonio:</i>   | And shall, or some of us will smart for it.   |    |

What does Shakespeare make you feel about Leonato at this point in the play?

- 11 How does Shakespeare make Dogberry and the Watch so entertaining? Support your answer by close reference to the play.
- 12 You are Beatrice at the end of the play. You are about to see Hero marry Claudio.

Write your thoughts.

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III***

13 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Gloucester:* Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths; 5  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I – that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass – 15  
 I – that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph –  
 I – that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20  
 Into this breathing world scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them –  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time, 25  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
 And descant on mine own deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain 30  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the King  
 In deadly hate the one against the other; 35  
 And if King Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up –  
 About a prophecy, which says that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. Here Clarence comes.

What do you think makes this such a memorable beginning to the play? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.

14 In what ways do you think Shakespeare makes Queen Margaret and Lady Anne memorable characters in the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

15 You are Richard, riding on your way to face Richmond at Bosworth Field.

Write your thoughts.

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

16 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                 |  |    |
|-----------------|--|----|
| <i>Osborne:</i> | He's a fine company commander.   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | I bet he is. Last time he was on leave he came down to the school; he'd just got his M.C. and been made captain. He looked splendid! It – sort of – made me feel –                                   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | – keen?  | 5  |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | Yes. Keen to get out here. I was frightfully keen to get into Dennis's regiment. I thought, perhaps, with a bit of luck I might get to the same battalion.   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | It's a big fluke to have got to the same company.  |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | I know. It's an amazing bit of luck. When I was at the base I did an awful thing. You see, my uncle's at the base – he has to detail officers to regiments –   | 10 |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | General Raleigh?   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | Yes. I went to see him on the quiet and asked him if he could get me into this battalion. He bit my head off, and said I'd got to be treated like everybody else –                                   | 15 |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | Yes?   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | – and next day I was told I was coming to this battalion. Funny, wasn't it?  |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | Extraordinary coincidence!   | 20 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | And when I got to Battalion Headquarters, and the colonel told me to report to "C" Company, I could have cheered. I expect Dennis'll be frightfully surprised to see me. I've got a message for him. |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | From the colonel?  | 25 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | No. From my sister.  |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | Your sister?   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | Yes. You see, Dennis used to stay with us, and naturally my sister [ <i>he hesitates</i> ] – well – perhaps I ought not.   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | That's all right. I didn't actually know that Stanhope –   | 30 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | They're not – er – officially engaged –  |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | No?  |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | She'll be awfully glad I'm with him here; I can write and tell her all about him. He doesn't say much in his letters; can we write often?  | 35 |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | Oh, yes. Letters are collected every day.  |    |
|                 | <i>There is a pause.</i>   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | You don't think Dennis'll mind my – sort of – forcing myself into his company? I never thought of that; I was so keen.   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | No, of course he won't. [ <i>Pause</i> ] You say it's – it's a good time since you last saw him?   | 40 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | Let's see. It was in the summer last year – nearly a year ago.   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | You know, Raleigh, you mustn't expect to find him – quite the same.  | 45 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | Oh?  |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | You see, he's been out here a long time. It – it tells on a man – rather badly –   |    |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | [ <i>thinking</i> ] Yes, of course, I suppose it does.   |    |
| <i>Osborne:</i> | You may find he's – he's a little bit quick-tempered.  | 50 |
| <i>Raleigh:</i> | [ <i>laughing</i> ] Oh, I know old Dennis's temper! I remember once at school he caught some chaps in a study with a   |    |

bottle of whisky. Lord! the roof nearly blew off. He gave them a dozen each with a cricket stump.

*Osborne laughs.*

55

He was so keen on the fellows in the house keeping fit. He was frightfully down on smoking – and that sort of thing.

*Osborne:* You must remember he's commanded this company for a long time – through all sorts of rotten times. It's – it's a big strain on a man.

60

*Raleigh:* Oh, it must be.

*Osborne:* If you notice a – difference in Stanhope – you'll know it's only the strain –

*Raleigh:* Oh, yes.

How do you think Sherriff's writing conveys the tension below the surface in this conversation?

- 17** How does Sherriff memorably portray soldiers' attempts to cope with trench warfare? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- 18** You are Hibbert. You have refused to eat your supper and you are now lying on your bed in the dugout.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

## SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

19 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Dover Beach*

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; – on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. 5  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar 10  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery: we  
Find also in the sound a thought, 20  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like folds of a bright girdle furled.  
But now I only hear 25  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true 30  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain 35  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

(by Matthew Arnold)

Explore the ways in which Arnold vividly conveys his state of mind in this poem.



- 20 Explore how **either** *The Flower-Fed Buffaloes* (by Vachel Lindsay) **or** *Report to Wordsworth* (by Boey Kim Cheng) powerfully conveys feelings about human destruction of the natural world.
- 21 What do you find particularly memorable about the poets' portrayal of night and moonlight in *Amends* (by Adrienne Rich) **and** *Full Moon and Little Frieda* (by Ted Hughes)? Support your answer with details from both poems.

JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

22 Read these three stanzas from *Ode to a Nightingale*, and then answer the question that follows:

## 1

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5  
 But being too happy in thine happiness, –  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

## 2

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim: 20

## 3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, 25  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

How do Keats's words here vividly reveal his feelings to you?

- 23 In what ways does Keats make *The Eve of St Agnes* such a dramatic poem for you? Support your ideas with details from the poem.
- 24 Explore the ways in which Keats appeals so powerfully to your senses in *To Autumn*. Refer in detail to the poem in your answer.

(Turn over for Question 25)

## SECTION C: PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

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

She had instinctively turned away; but, stopping on his approach, received his compliments with an embarrassment impossible to be overcome. Had his first appearance, or his resemblance to the picture they had just been examining, been insufficient to assure the other two that they now saw Mr Darcy, the gardener's expression of surprise, on beholding his master, must immediately have told it. They stood a little aloof while he was talking to their niece, who, astonished and confused, scarcely dared lift her eyes to his face, and knew not what answer she returned to his civil enquiries after her family. Amazed at the alteration in his manner since they last parted, every sentence that he uttered was increasing her embarrassment; and every idea of the impropriety of her being found there, recurring to her mind, the few minutes in which they continued together, were some of the most uncomfortable of her life. Nor did he seem much more at ease; when he spoke, his accent had none of its usual sedateness; and he repeated his enquiries as to the time of her having left Longbourn, and of her stay in Derbyshire, so often, and in so hurried a way, as plainly spoke the distraction of his thoughts.

At length, every idea seemed to fail him; and, after standing a few moments without saying a word, he suddenly recollected himself, and took leave.

The others then joined her, and expressed their admiration of his figure; but Elizabeth heard not a word, and, wholly engrossed by her own feelings, followed them in silence. She was overpowered by shame and vexation. Her coming there was the most unfortunate, the most ill-judged thing in the world! How strange must it appear to him! In what a disgraceful light might it not strike so vain a man! It might seem as if she had purposely thrown herself in his way again! Oh! why did she come? or, why did he thus come a day before he was expected? Had they been only ten minutes sooner, they should have been beyond the reach of his discrimination, for it was plain that he was that moment arrived, that moment alighted from his horse or his carriage. She blushed again and again over the perverseness of the meeting. And his behaviour, so strikingly altered, – what could it mean? That he should even speak to her was amazing! – but to speak with such civility, to enquire after her family! Never in her life had she seen his manners so little dignified, never had he spoken with such gentleness as on this unexpected meeting. What a contrast did it offer to his last address in Rosing's Park, when he put his letter into her hand! She knew not what to think, nor how to account for it.

Explore the ways in which Austen vividly conveys Elizabeth's confused emotions in this extract.

26 In this novel, what do you think Austen suggests are the features of a good marriage? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

27 You are Charlotte, awaiting the arrival of your friend Elizabeth Bennet at your new home, Hunsford.

Write your thoughts.

IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

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

‘She is friendly to me and her eyes are all right then. She’s been that way ever since she was sick that time. She looks as though she picked up sixpence and lost a pound note as they say. That was silly, her getting sick, and he blaming her for getting sick.’ 5

‘It’s hard to say when people are being silly,’ said Jack. ‘Little boys don’t understand what is going on, and perhaps they should not pay attention. Grownups should be ignored sometimes, kind of, by children.’

‘It’s hard not to pay attention,’ I explained, ‘especially when they shout. Do you think I’m queer and imagine things?’ I said. 10

‘No, it’s not that,’ said Jack. ‘You’re hearing right, I don’t doubt a second. It’s just that you’re hearing what you shouldn’t be. Most of the trouble in the world starts that way, Jimmy, with people hearing or seeing something they shouldn’t be. You think if you never bothered to look or see anything much you wouldn’t be worrying.’ 15

‘I’d have to be very dumb to be like that,’ I said.

‘Then be dumb,’ he said. ‘See nothing, hear nothing.’

‘I can’t, I can’t,’ I said. ‘I can’t help hearing. I can’t help seeing. I can’t help it unless I run away.’

‘Then just don’t care,’ said Jack. ‘Don’t care. Like for instance you know about that fire down at Albertville a couple of days ago and six people got burned to death?’ 20

I nodded my head. Everybody knew about that fire. We’d even talked about it at school.

‘Well,’ said Jack. ‘You know about the fire, and yet it doesn’t drive you out of your head thinking about it, does it?’ 25

‘No,’ I said. ‘I’m sorry, even so.’

‘Of course you are sorry, but you don’t care. Well, be the same with your Mum and Dad. Be sorry but don’t worry or care. They can take care of themselves. They both are nice to you aren’t they?’ 30

‘Yes.’

‘That’s all you got to worry about then. They’re nice to you. Let them worry about the other business.’

‘I’ll try,’ I said.

We were both quiet after that, with old Jack just staring down into the water around his line as though he could see the fish, and me looking everywhere at once. Then I thought that I would ask him about his troubles, if he had any, seeing he was so decent about mine. With that advice and stuff. 35

‘Don’t you worry about a thing, Jack?’ I asked. 40

‘Nope,’ he said.

‘What about being all by yourself, and nobody to look after you, as you told me once you had no family?’

He moved his chin up and around and jerked at his line.

‘Nope,’ he said. ‘Don’t worry.’ 45

‘You mean you never worried?’ I said, wondering if he thought I had been a little sissy for telling him what I had earlier.

‘Worried a long time ago about my wife. All of thirty years ago it must be. Worried myself nearly sick. Then she ran away and I never did see her again and I never did worry much again, either. He was a fat little bloke with a beard, all the time dressing up, and having smelly oil on his hair, thinking he was a great one, he was.’ 50

'Who was?' I asked.

'He was,' he said.

That was Bloody Jack all over. He was always getting mixed up like that, without making sense, when he talked about himself. So I tried another subject. 55

How does Cross make this conversation between Jimmy and Bloody Jack so sad? Support your views with detail from the extract.

29 Why do you think telling the story from Jimmy's point of view makes the novel so powerful? Support your answer with details from Cross's writing.

30 You are Father Gilligan just after having heard confessions, including Jimmy's.

Write your thoughts.

**ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories***

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

That evening he had tried to question her again but she was tired, vague, merely brushed the hair from her face and murmured 'Yes, that's Guru Dina Nath. He's so sweet – so gay – so –' and went up to bed. He sniffed the air in the room suspiciously. Was it *bhang*? But he wouldn't know what it smelt like if it were. He imagined it would be sweetish and the air in their room was sour, acid. He wrenched the window open, with violence, hoping to wake her. It did not. 5

The day he gave up questioning her or pursuing her was when she came in, almost prancing, he thought, like some silly mare, burbling, 'Do you remember Nasogi, David? That darling village where we ate apricots? You remember its temple like a little dolls' house? Well, I met some folks who live in a commune right next to it – a big attic over a cow shed actually, but it overlooks the temple and has an orchard all around it, so it's real nice. Edith – she's from Harlem – took me across, and I had coffee with some of them –' 10 15

'Sure it was coffee?' he snarled and, turning his back, hurled himself at the typewriter with such frenzy that she could not make herself heard. She sat on her bed, chewing her lip for a while, then got up and went out again. What she had planned to say to him was put away, like an unsuccessful gift. 20

She kept out of his way after that, and made no further attempts to take him along with her on the way to nirvana. When, at breakfast, he told her, 'It's time I got back to Delhi. I've got more material to research down there and I can't sit here in your valley and contemplate the mountains any more. I plan to book some seats on that plane for Delhi.' 25

She was shocked, although she made a stout attempt to disguise it, and he was gratified to see this. 'When d'you want to leave?' she asked, spitting a plum seed into her fist. 30

'Next Monday, I think,' he said.

She said nothing and disappeared for the rest of the day. She was out again before he'd emerged from his bath next morning, and he had to go down to the bus depot by himself, hating every squalid step of the way: the rag market where Tibetans sold stained and soiled imported clothes to avid Indian tourists and played dice in the dust while waiting for customers, the street where snot-gobbed urchins raced and made puppies scream, only just managing to escape from under roaring lorries and stinking buses. He directed looks of fury at the old beggar without a nose or fingers who solicited him for alms and at the pig-tailed Tibetan with one turquoise earring who tried to sell him a mangey pup. 35 40

In this extract (from *Scholar and Gypsy*) how does Desai vividly convey David's rising frustration with his wife and with life in India?

32 Desai frequently portrays people who live in a state of irritation and anger. Explore how she does this so memorably in *Private Tuition by Mr Bose* or *Pigeons at Daybreak*.



33 You are Bina in *The Farewell Party* as the party finishes.

Write your thoughts.

**THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd***

34 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Bathsheba said very little to her husband all that evening of their return from market, and he was not disposed to say much to her. He exhibited the unpleasant combination of a restless condition with a silent tongue. The next day, which was Sunday, passed nearly in the same manner as regarded their taciturnity, Bathsheba going to church both morning and afternoon. This was the day before the Budmouth races. In the evening Troy said, suddenly – 5

‘Bathsheba, could you let me have twenty pounds?’

Her countenance instantly sank. ‘Twenty pounds?’ she said.

‘The fact is, I want it badly.’ The anxiety upon Troy’s face was unusual and very marked. It was a culmination of the mood he had been in all the day. 10

‘Ah! for those races to-morrow.’

Troy for the moment made no reply. Her mistake had its advantages to a man who shrank from having his mind inspected as he did now. ‘Well, suppose I do want it for races?’ he said, at last. 15

‘O, Frank!’ Bathsheba replied, and there was such a volume of entreaty in the words. ‘Only such a few weeks ago you said that I was far sweeter than all your other pleasures put together, and that you would give them all up for me; and now, won’t you give up this one, which is more a worry than a pleasure? Do, Frank. Come, let me fascinate you by all I can do – by pretty words and pretty looks, and everything I can think of – to stay at home. Say yes to your wife – say yes!’ 20 25

The tenderest and softest phases of Bathsheba’s nature were prominent now – advanced impulsively for his acceptance, without any of the disguises and defences which the wariness of her character when she was cool too frequently threw over them. Few men could have resisted the arch yet dignified entreaty of the beautiful face, thrown a little back and sideways in the well-known attitude that expresses more than the words it accompanies, and which seems to have been designed for these special occasions. Had the woman not been his wife, Troy would have succumbed instantly; as it was, he thought he would not deceive her longer. 30 35

‘The money is not wanted for racing debts at all,’ he said.

‘What is it for?’ she asked. ‘You worry me a great deal by these mysterious responsibilities, Frank.’

Troy hesitated. He did not now love her enough to allow himself to be carried too far by her ways. Yet it was necessary to be civil. ‘You wrong me by such a suspicious manner,’ he said. ‘Such strait-waistcoating as you treat me to is not becoming in you at so early a date.’ 40

‘I think that I have a right to grumble a little if I pay,’ she said, with features between a smile and a pout. 45

‘Exactly; and, the former being done, suppose we proceed to the latter. Bathsheba, fun is all very well, but don’t go too far, or you may have cause to regret something.’

She reddened. ‘I do that already,’ she said quickly.

‘What do you regret?’ 50

‘That my romance has come to an end.’

‘All romances end at marriage.’

'I wish you wouldn't talk like that. You grieve me to my soul by being smart at my expense.'

'You are dull enough at mine. I believe you hate me.'

55

'Not you – only your faults. I do hate them.'

'Twould be much more becoming if you set yourself to cure them. Come, let's strike a balance with the twenty pounds, and be friends.'

Explore the ways in which Hardy powerfully conveys the tensions between husband and wife here.

**35** 'Boldwood has only himself to blame.'

How far do you agree? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**36** You are Gabriel shortly after Bathsheba has agreed to marry you.

Write your thoughts.

**BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather***

37 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Matenge had not expected this. He stood in the shadow of his enclosed porch, watching the crowd. When they turned and walked towards the gate of his yard, he retreated indoors, in panic, running from window to window and door to door, barricading himself inside. The servants, observing his panic, crept like stricken shadows out of the backdoor and fled into the bush. He was left alone with his panic, in a dark, locked house. He walked to one of the windows and looked down into the yard. The villagers had all seated themselves on the ground, with their faces turned expectantly towards the house, waiting for him to come out. And they would wait and wait and wait now because this was the end of the road for them and Matenge. Big, slow tears rolled down the rutted grooves of his cheeks as he stood there, watching them. 5 10

Why did he cry? The greatest moments of his life had been when he had inflicted suffering on his fellow men. People were not people to him but things he kicked about, pawns to be used by him, to break, banish and destroy for his entertainment. That was the tradition in which he had grown up, and maybe he could not be blamed for taking full advantage of it. Most chiefs were half Matenge and half of the casual charm of his brother, and they lived on their own weird tightrope as fathers of the people. Half the time they turned on the charm, just in the nick of time to save themselves from damnation. But they were all an evil, cruel crowd. Only Matenge had not known how to turn on the charm to save himself. 15 20

Was he crying now because, for the first time in his life, he was feeling what it must be like to face a tomorrow without any future? That was what those upturned faces meant. He would have to go away. They weren't going to tolerate a man like him any longer because he would not give way nor understand that they needed co-operation from the man at the top to whom everyone had to go for permission to progress. The Matenges and Paramount Chief Sekotos did not have to lift up the spades and dig the earth. It cost them nothing to say yes, yes, yes, build your dam because we have no water in this country. But it gave them a deep and perverted joy to say no, no, no. The end of it was that Matenge had to barricade himself up, not because the villagers were about to rise up and tear him to shreds, but because he was an evil pervert and knew it. Only you could not understand why a man like that stood there crying like a forlorn and lonely child. 25 30 35

In what ways does Head make this extract a particularly satisfying moment for you?

38 How does Head make the love story of Makhaya and Paulina so compelling? Support your answer with details from the novel.

- 39 You are Gilbert. You have just informed Dinorego that you are going to marry Maria and he has sent her to Mma-Millipede to arrange the wedding.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

40 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

When Ethan was called back to the farm by his father's illness his mother gave him, for his own use, a small room behind the untenanted "best parlour". Here he had nailed up shelves for his books, built himself a box-sofa out of boards and a mattress, laid out his papers on a kitchen-table, hung on the rough plaster wall an engraving of Abraham Lincoln and a calendar with "Thoughts from the Poets" and tried, with these meagre properties, to produce some likeness to the study of a "minister" who had been kind to him and lent him books when he was at Worcester. He still took refuge there in summer, but when Mattie came to live at the farm he had had to give her his stove, and consequently the room was uninhabitable for several months of the year. 5

To this retreat he descended as soon as the house was quiet, and Zeena's steady breathing from the bed had assured him that there was to be no sequel to the scene in the kitchen. After Zeena's departure he and Mattie had stood speechless, neither seeking to approach the other. Then the girl had returned to her task of clearing up the kitchen for the night and he had taken his lantern and gone on his usual round outside the house. The kitchen was empty when he came back to it; but his tobacco-pouch and pipe had been laid on the table, and under them was a scrap of paper torn from the back of a seedsman's catalogue, on which three words were written: "Don't trouble, Ethan." 10

Going into his cold dark "study" he placed the lantern on the table and, stooping to its light, read the message again and again. It was the first time that Mattie had ever written to him, and the possession of the paper gave him a strange new sense of her nearness; yet it deepened his anguish by reminding him that henceforth they would have no other way of communicating with each other. For the life of her smile, the warmth of her voice, only cold paper and dead words! 15

Confused motions of rebellion stormed in him. He was too young, too strong, too full of the sap of living, to submit so easily to the destruction of his hopes. Must he wear out all his years at the side of a bitter querulous woman? Other possibilities had been in him, possibilities sacrificed, one by one, to Zeena's narrow-mindedness and ignorance. And what good had come of it? She was a hundred times bitterer and more discontented than when he had married her: the one pleasure left her was to inflict pain on him. All the healthy instincts of self-defence rose up in him against such waste ... 20

He bundled himself into his old coon-skin coat and lay down on the box-sofa to think. Under his cheek he felt a hard object with strange protuberances. It was a cushion which Zeena had made for him when they were engaged – the only piece of needlework he had ever seen her do. He flung it across the floor and propped his head against the wall ... 25

Explore how Wharton in this extract so vividly creates the hopelessness of Ethan's life.

41 What do you find so memorable about Wharton's portrayal of life in Starkfield? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

42 You are Zeena on the train home after having hired the girl to take Mattie's place.

Write your thoughts.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

- 43 Read this extract from *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal), and then answer the question that follows it:

Mr Wills was tearing up and down the melon patch, and I was puzzled by his actions. Then I saw; he was destroying every melon in the patch. He was breaking them open with his feet, silent now, concentrating on his frantic destruction. I was horrified by the awful sight, and my stomach moved sickly. 5

My father stood for a moment, watching him, then he jumped off the porch and ran toward Mr Wills. I followed him. I saw Mrs Wills and Willadean huddled together in the kitchen doorway. My father ran into the melon patch and caught Mr Wills by the arm. 10

'What's come over you?' he said. 'What's the matter, man?' 10

Mr Wills struck his grip away. 'They've stolen my seed melon,' he yelled. 'They took it right out from under me.'

My father grabbed him with both arms. He was a brave man, for he was smaller than Mr Wills, and Mr Wills looked insane with anger, his teeth gripped over his lower lip, his eyes gleaming furiously. Mr Wills shoved my father away, striking at him with his fist. My father went down into the dirt. Mr Wills didn't seem to notice. He went back to his task of destruction, raging up and down the field, stamping melons large and small. 15

My father got up and began to chase him. But he didn't have a chance. Every time he got close, Mr Wills would sweep his great arm and knock him away again. At last Mr Wills stopped of his own accord. He was standing on the place where the great melon had grown. His chest was heaving with great sobs of breath. He gazed about him at the destruction he had wrought, but I don't think he saw it. 20

'They stole my seed melon,' he said. His voice was quieter now than I had ever heard it. I had not believed such quietness was in him. 'They got it away, and now it's gone.' 25

I saw that tears stood on his cheeks, and I couldn't look at him any more. I'd never seen a grown man cry, crying in such strength. 30

'I had two plans for that melon,' he told my father. 'Mrs Wills has been poorly all the spring, and she dearly loves the taste of melon. It was her melon for eating, and my melon for planting. She would eat the meat, and next spring I would plant the seeds for the greatest melon crop in the world. Every day she would ask me if the great seed melon was ready yet.' 35

I looked toward the house. I saw the two women, the mother and the daughter, standing there. I couldn't bear any more. I fled out of the field towards the sanctuary of my house. I ran past my mother, standing on the porch, and went into my room. 40

I didn't sleep that night. I heard my father come in, heard the low-voiced conversation with my mother, heard them go to bed. I lay wide-eyed and watched the moon through the window as it slid slowly down the sky and at last brought a welcome darkness into the world. 45

I don't know all the things I thought that night. Mostly it was about the terrible thing I had committed so lightly, out of pride and out of being sixteen years old and out of wanting to challenge the older man, the man with the beautiful daughter. 50



That was the worst of all, that I had done it so lightly, with so little thought of its meaning. In that country and in that time, watermelon stealing was not a crime. It was tolerated, laughed about. The men told great tales of their own watermelon-stealing days, how they'd been set on by dogs and peppered with salt-loaded shotgun shells. Watermelon raiding was a game, a ritual of defiance and rebellion by young males. I could remember my own father saying, 'No melon tastes as sweet as a stolen one,' and my mother laughing and agreeing.

55

How does Deal make this such a dramatic moment in the story?

- 44 How does the writer make any **one** of the following characters particularly memorable?

Aunt Mary in *Secrets* (by Bernard MacLaverty)

Mrs Croft in *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri)

Mother in *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton)

Remember to support your answer with details from your chosen story.

- 45 You are John in *The Yellow Wallpaper*. Your lease on the house will expire in three weeks' time and your wife has asked you to take her away.

Write your thoughts.





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