

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

May/June 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours 30 minutes

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.

Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.

At least one question must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.

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

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 **2** blank pages.



POETRY

SEAMUS HEANEY: *Death of a Naturalist*

Either *1

Follower

My father worked with a horse-plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts and the furrow.
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock.
The sod rolled over without breaking.
At the headrig, with a single pluck

Of reins, the sweating team turned round
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back
Dipping and rising to his plod.

I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow
In his broad shadow round the farm.

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.

How do Heaney's words make vivid for you the images presented here?

Or 2 What do you find memorable or striking about the word-pictures in **one** of the following poems?

Ancestral Photograph; Turkeys Observed; Waterfall

Or 3 Explore **two** poems from the following list which illustrate Heaney's way of portraying animals. Be sure to give appropriate references from your chosen poems.

Death of a Naturalist; An Advancement of Learning; Trout

TOUCHED WITH FIRE: from SECTION D**Either *4***I am the only being whose doom*

I am the only being whose doom
 No tongue would ask, no eye would mourn:
 I never caused a thought of gloom,
 A smile of joy, since I was born.

In secret pleasure, secret tears,
 This changeful life has slipped away.
 As friendless after eighteen years,
 As lone as on my natal day.

There have been times I cannot hide,
 There have been times when this was drear,
 When my sad soul forgot its pride
 And longed for one to love me here.

But those were in the early glow
 Of feelings since subdued by care,
 And they have died so long ago
 I hardly now believe they were.

First melted off the hope of youth,
 Then fancy's rainbow fast withdrew,
 And then experience told me truth
 In mortal bosoms never grew.

'Twas grief enough to think mankind
 All hollow, servile, insincere –
 But worse to trust to my own mind
 And find the same corruption there.

What kind of personality would you say emerges from this poem, and how do Brontë's words make it such a powerful poem?

Or 5 Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet's words convey what it is like to work in the countryside.

Mending Wall; Follower; The Dam

Or 6 Sarcastic, ironic, humorous, indignant – whatever the tone of the poet's or narrator's voice, it can contribute much to the poem's meaning and effect. Choose **two** poems from the following list and explore in detail some lines from **each** where the tone of the voice makes such a contribution to the poem.

Dulce et Decorum Est; 5 Ways to Kill a Man; Dockery and Son; My Blue Heaven.

PROSE

BARNES & EGFORD, ed.: *Twentieth Century Short Stories*

Either *7

On my right hand there were lines of fishing-stakes resembling a mysterious system of half-submerged bamboo fences, incomprehensible in its division of the domain of tropical fishes, and crazy of aspect as if abandoned for ever by some nomad tribe of fishermen now gone to the other end of the ocean; for there was no sign of human habitation as far as the eye could reach. To the left a group of barren islets, suggesting ruins of stone walls, towers, and blockhouses, had its foundations set in a blue sea that itself looked solid, so still and stable did it lie below my feet; even the track of light from the westering sun shone smoothly, without that animated glitter which tells of an imperceptible ripple. And when I turned my head to take a parting glance at the tug which had just left us anchored outside the bar, I saw the straight line of the flat shore joined to the stable sea, edge to edge, with a perfect and unmarked closeness, in one levelled floor half brown, half blue under the enormous dome of the sky. Corresponding in their insignificance to the islets of the sea, two small clumps of trees, one on each side of the only fault in the impeccable joint, marked the mouth of the river Meinam we had just left on the first preparatory stage of our homeward journey; and, far back on the island level, a larger and loftier mass, the grove surrounding the great Paknam pagoda, was the only thing on which the eye could rest from the vain task of exploring the momentous sweep of the horizon. Here and there gleams as of a few scattered pieces of silver marked the windings of the great river; and on the nearest of them, just within the bar, the tug steaming right into the land became lost to my sight, hull and funnel and masts, as though the impassive earth had swallowed her up without an effort, without a tremor. My eye followed the light cloud of her smoke, now here, now there, above the plain, according to the devious curves of the stream, but always fainter and farther away, till I lost it at last behind the mitre-shaped hill of the great pagoda. And then I was left alone with my ship, anchored at the head of the Gulf of Siam.

She floated at the starting-point of a long journey, very still in an immense stillness, the shadows of her spars flung far to the eastward by the setting sun. At that moment I was alone on her decks. There was not a sound in her – and around us nothing moved, nothing lived, not a canoe on the water, not a bird in the air, not a cloud in the sky. In this breathless pause at the threshold of a long passage we seemed to be measuring our fitness for a long and arduous enterprise, the appointed task of both our existences to be carried out, far from all human eyes, with only sky and sea for spectators and for judges.

How would you say Conrad's description of this landscape and the man in it prepares the reader for the story that is to follow?

Or

8

'You've got to admit it's funny,' says the lorry driver at the end of *The Destructors* as the house is destroyed. Do you agree? Support your ideas with detailed reference to the writing.

Or

9

You are Cyril in *Daughters of the Late Colonel* just after your visit to your aunts and grandfather. Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Either *10 The promise of a smooth career, which my first calm introduction to Thornfield Hall seemed to pledge, was not belied on a longer acquaintance with the place and its inmates. Mrs Fairfax turned out to be what she appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured woman, of competent education and average intelligence. My pupil was a lively child, who had been spoilt and indulged, and therefore was sometimes wayward; but as she was committed entirely to my care, and no injudicious interference from any quarter ever thwarted my plans for her improvement, she soon forgot her little freaks, and became obedient and teachable. She had no great talents, no marked traits of character, no peculiar development of feeling or taste, which raised her one inch above the ordinary level of childhood; but neither had she any deficiency or vice which sunk her below it. She made reasonable progress, entertained for me a vivacious, though perhaps not very profound affection; and by her simplicity, gay prattle, and efforts to please, inspired me, in return, with a degree of attachment sufficient to make us both content in each other's society.

This, *par parenthèse*, will be thought cool language by persons who entertain solemn doctrines about the angelic nature of children, and the duty of those charged with their education to conceive for them an idolatrous devotion. But I am not writing to flatter parental egotism, to echo cant, or prop up humbug; I am merely telling the truth. I felt a conscientious solicitude for Adèle's welfare and progress, and a quiet liking to her little self; just as I cherished towards Mrs Fairfax a thankfulness for her kindness, and a pleasure in her society proportionate to the tranquil regard she had for me, and the moderations of her mind and character.

Anybody may blame me who likes, when I add further, that, now and then, when I took a walk by myself in the grounds; when I went down to the gates and looked through them along the road; or when, while Adèle played with her nurse, and Mrs Fairfax made jellies in the storeroom, I climbed the three staircases, raised the trapdoor of the attic, and having reached the leads, looked out afar over sequestered field and hill, and along dim skyline – that then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit; which might reach the busy world, towns, regions full of life I had heard of but never seen; that then I desired more of practical experience than I possessed; more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character, than was here within my reach. I valued what was good in Mrs Fairfax, and what was good in Adèle; but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness; and what I believed in I wished to behold.

What does the writing here reveal to you about

- (a) Jane's initial attitude to Mrs Fairfax and Adèle
- and**
- (b) Jane herself?

- Or 11** Which episode in *Jane Eyre* do you find most moving? Be sure to support your ideas with detail from the writing.
- Or 12** You are Grace Poole looking back over your experiences as guardian of the first Mrs Rochester at Thornfield Hall. Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Woodlanders*

Either *13 Then Fitzpiers broke the silence. “Have you lived here long?” he said.

Grace was wild with sorrow – bitter with all that had befallen her – with the cruelties that had attacked her – with life – with Heaven. She answered at random. “Yes. By what right do you ask?”

“Don’t think I claim any right,” said Fitzpiers sadly. “It is for you to do and say what you choose. I admit, quite as much as you feel, that I am a vagabond – a brute – not worthy to possess the smallest fragment of you. But here I am, and I have happened to take sufficient interest in you to make that inquiry.”

“He is everything to me!” said Grace, hardly heeding her husband, and laying her hand reverently on the dead man’s eyelids, where she kept it a long time, pressing down their lashes with gentle touches, as if she were stroking a little bird.

He watched her awhile; and then glanced round the chamber, where his eyes fell upon a few dressing necessaries that she had brought.

“Grace – if I may call you so,” he said, “I have been already humiliated almost to the depths. I have come back – since you refused to join me elsewhere – I have entered your father’s house – and borne all which that cost me without flinching, because I have felt I deserved humiliation. But is there a yet greater humiliation in store for me? You say you have been living here – that he was everything to you. Am I to draw from that the obvious, the extremest inference?”

Triumph at any price is sweet to men and women – especially the latter. It was her first and last opportunity of repaying him for the slights which she had borne at his hands so docilely.

“Yes,” she answered; and there was that in her subtly compounded nature which made her feel a thrill of pride as she did so.

Yet the moment after she had so mightily belied her character she half repented. Her husband had turned as white as the wall behind him. It seemed as if all that remained to him of hope and spirit had been abstracted at a stroke. Yet he did not move, and in his efforts at self-control closed his mouth together as a vice. His determination was fairly successful, though she saw how very much greater than she had expected her triumph had been. Presently he looked across at Winterborne.

“Would it startle you to hear,” he said, as if he hardly had breath to utter words, “that she who was to me what he was to you is dead also?”

“Dead – *she* dead?” exclaimed Grace.

“Yes. Felice Charmond is where this young man is.”

“Never!” said Grace vehemently.

He went on without heeding the insinuation. “And I came back to try to make it up with you – but –”

Fitzpiers rose, and moved across the room to go away, looking downwards with the droop of a man whose hope was turned to apathy if not despair. In going round the door his eye fell upon her once more. She was still bending over the body of Winterborne, her face close to his.

Explore how Hardy’s writing makes this passage both moving and ironic.

Or 14 What does Hardy make you think of Mr Melbury as man and father? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or 15 You are Marty after you have stood beside Winterborne’s grave with Grace. You are now alone. Write your thoughts.

Turn to page 8 for Question 16.

DORIS LESSING: *The Grass is Singing***Either *16**

That same afternoon Charlie drove over to the Turners. He was feeling a little guilty. He had always considered himself as Dick's mentor, as a man with much longer experience and greater knowledge. He felt responsible for Dick, whom he had watched right from the time he first began to farm. As he drove, he kept a sharp eye for signs of neglect. Things seemed neither better nor worse. The fireguards along the boundary were there, but they would protect the farm from a small, slow-burning fire, not a big one with the wind behind it. The cowsheds, while not actually falling down, had been propped up by poles, and the thatched roofs were patched like darned stockings, the grass all different colours and stages of newness, reaching untidily to the ground in untrimmed swathes. The roads needed draining: they were in a deplorable state. The big plantation of gum trees past which the road went had been burnt by a veld-fire in one corner; they stood pale and spectral in the strong yellow afternoon sunlight, their leaves hanging stiffly down, their trunks charred black.

Everything was just the same: ramshackle, but not exactly hopeless.

He found Dick sitting on a big stone by the tobacco barns, which were now used as store-sheds, watching his boys stack the year's supply of meal out of reach of the ants on strips of iron supported by bricks. Dick's big floppy farm hat was pulled over his face, and he looked up to nod at Charlie, who stood beside him, watching the operations, his eyes narrowed; he was noting that the sacks in which the meal was held were so rotten with age that they were unlikely to last out the season.

'What can I do for you?' asked Dick, with his usual defensive politeness. But his voice was uncertain; it sounded unused. And his eyes, peering painfully out of the shadow of that hat, were bright and anxious.

'Nothing,' said Charlie curtly, giving him a slow, irritated look. 'Just came to see how you were doing. Haven't seen you for months.'

To which there came no reply. The natives were finishing work. The sun had gone down, leaving a wake of sultry red over the kopjes, and the dusk was creeping over the fields from the edges of the bush. The compound, visible among the trees half a mile away as a group of conical shapes, was smoking gently, and there was a small glow of fire behind dark trunks. Someone was beating a drum; the monotonous tom-tom noise sounded the end of the day. The boys were swinging their tattered jackets over their shoulders and filing away along the edge of the lands. 'Well,' said Dick, getting up with a painful stiff movement, 'that's another day finished.' He shivered sharply. Charlie examined him: big trembling hands as thin as spines; thin hunched shoulders set in a steady shiver. And it was very hot: the ground was glowing out warmth and the red flush in the sky was fiery. 'Got fever?' asked Charlie.

'No, don't think so. Blood getting thin after all these years.'

'More than thin blood is wrong with you,' retorted Charlie, who seemed to find it a personal triumph that Dick should have fever. Yet he looked at him kindly, his big bristly face with its little squashed-looking features intent and steady. 'Get fever much these days? Had it since I brought the quack to see you?'

'I get it quite often these days,' said Dick. 'I get it every year. I had it twice last year.'

'Wife look after you?'

A worried look came on Dick's face. 'Yes,' he said.

'How is she?'

'Seems much the same.'

'Has she been ill?'

'Not, not ill. But she's not too good. Seems nervy. She's run down. Been on the farm too long.' And then, in a rush, as if he could not keep it to himself another moment, 'I am worried sick about her.'

'But what's the trouble?' Charlie sounded neutral; yet he never took his eyes off Dick's face. The two men were still standing in the dusk under the tall shape of the barn. A sweetish moist smell came from the open door; the smell of freshly-ground mealies. Dick shut the door, which was half off its hinges, by lifting it into place with his shoulder. He locked it. There was one screw in the triangular flange of the hasp: a strong man could have wrenched it off the frame. 'Come up to the house?' he asked Charlie, who nodded, and then inquired, looking around: 'Where's your car?'

'Oh, I walk these days.'

'Sold it?'

'Yes. Cost too much to run. I send in the wagon now to the station when I want something.'

They climbed into Charlie's monster of a car, which balanced and clambered over the rutted tracks too small for it. The grass was growing back over the roads now that Dick had no car.

What do you think the writing here tells you about

(a) the state of Turner's farm and its owner

and

(b) the relationship between Turner and Slatter?

- Or 17 What are the main impressions you receive of the colonial society described in this novel? Be sure to show in detail how Lessing's writing gives you these impressions.
- Or 18 You are Tony Marston just before you go to bed on your first night at the Turners. Write your thoughts.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child***Either *19**

When, as a child, he had pushed his wooden boats out on to the stream, a strange feeling of joy had gone through his body, and the same forgotten feeling welled up in him now as he stood there, but more powerfully. There was something about that dead ship that touched his whole being – he was like a stranger to himself, standing on the sand of an unknown bay where a ship lay wrecked that did not belong there either. The ship was trapped between the rocks and he stood rooted to his tracks. Was he dreaming?

He stayed at the foot of the hills until the darkness had driven everyone else away, except for one man at the water's edge.

'Good evening, uncle.' The man jumped. 'I'm sorry, I did not mean to startle you.'

'Then why did you creep up on me? I thought everyone had gone.'

'I'm sorry, uncle.'

'I'm not your uncle,' the man said with dignity. 'I'm Sergeant Armstrong. You'd better get up that hill before it's too dark to find the footpath. I have enough trouble as it is; I can't go after people who are lost up there.' The man was ill at ease and kept glancing in the direction of the ship as if he was afraid it might suddenly sail away.

'What ship is that, sergeant? How did it get there?'

'Everybody else is asking that, young man.'

'What do you mean?'

'Nobody knows how it got there. When the sun came up this morning, there she was. Somebody who was fishing here till late yesterday said there was nothing there when he left.'

'Were there people on the ship?'

'Corpses perhaps. Mr Benn reckons, judging by the state of the sails and the rigging, she must have been drifting about for months. The tide's coming in, she'll start breaking up soon.'

Where did she come from? Where had she been heading? Who had set her sails and then left her to drift in the wind?

'Can't they do something to get it afloat again?'

'Not from where she's lying.'

'It's a pity that she must break up.'

'The sooner the better, young man. I said to Mr Benn – do you know Mr Benn?'

'No.'

'He's the pilot at the Heads where the ships come through up the Knysna River. I said to him, I'll keep watch until tomorrow morning, it's my work, but from then on the customs people must take over. They will have to try and find out whose ship it is. As far as we could see, there is no name on her. It's getting dark – you must go.'

'I was on my way to the village, I can just as well stay here for the night.' The sergeant seemed pleased. 'Perhaps I could help you keep watch.'

The sergeant laughed, nervously, 'I might just take you up on that! There will be no moon tonight and the beachcombers will be ready to close in. Especially Kaliel September. I know him.' He sounded scared.

They gathered driftwood and made a fire. Then each ate his own food; they did not talk much.

'What do you keep on looking up at the sky for?' he asked.

'I haven't seen so many stars for a long time.'

'Are you from the Forest then?'

‘Yes.’

‘Funny. You people seldom speak to strangers. I thought you were a fisherman from Plettenberg Bay.’

‘I came from Barnard’s Island in Kom’s Bush. Where’s Plettenberg Bay?’

‘About four hours on horseback from here. Up the coast.’

The waves broke fiercely over the ship and over the rocks around the bay. When he closed one eye and got a star in line with a mast, he could see the ship rolling against the onslaught of the water. It would be a miracle if the wooden hull held out till daybreak.

But it was a peaceful night. Later on, when the sergeant dozed off, he got up to take a walk.

‘Where are you going?’

‘I’m just taking a walk.’

‘Are you coming back?’

‘Yes.’

‘If you see anything, call me.’

‘I will. Sleep a while.’

‘I dare not.’

The sea and the sky seemed immense around him. To the west the hills were huge dark humps against the starlit sky; behind him the fire threw a yellow circle of light across the sand; between the rocks lay the ghostly shape of the ship. He walked along the shore, following the curve of the bay. Sand sifted into his shoes and his feet grew heavier. Was it his imagination or did the ship list more to the one side? As if it wanted to lie down like a tired beast.

He walked to the river mouth and then turned back and sat down to shake the sand out of his shoes. He did not want to think, not about the past, not about the future or the village or Nina. He just wanted to sit there and give way to the strange feeling of unreality and relief that was growing on him. Like wine. He wanted to sit there and see the sun come out. He wanted to sit there and see the sun go down again. Perhaps he had been in the Forest too long. Perhaps it was the immensity of space around him that made his mind reel.

A shooting star drew a bright streak of light across the sky and vanished.

Why do you think this is such an important moment in Benjamin’s life, and how does Matthee’s writing communicate this?

- Or** **20** What do you think makes the character of Fiela Komoetie so powerful a creation? Be sure to support your response with detail from Matthee’s writing.
- Or** **21** You are John Benn at the end of the novel after Benjamin has left to go to see Nina. Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm***Either *22**

'Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

'And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.'

At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

'Comrades,' he said, 'here is a point that must be settled. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits – are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?'

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

'I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs, is an enemy. Whatever goes up four legs, or has wings, is a friend. And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannize over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

'And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back – words, I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse,

but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called "Beasts of England".

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing.

Imagine you are reading Major's speech without any knowledge of later events. Do you find the speech nobly eloquent, or hopelessly idealistic and wrong, or a bit of both? Make sure you support your ideas by looking closely at Orwell's writing here.

Or 23

A victim of Napoleon's ruthless cunning
A victim of his own complacent arrogance

Which of these two descriptions of Snowball do you think is nearer to the truth of Orwell's creation? Support your views with detail from the writing.

Or 24

Laughter is a key element in making satire effective. Choose **two** moments from Orwell's book which you find enjoyable in this respect, and show how his writing makes you laugh at the targets of his satire.

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

Either *25

It was at this shop, working like a peasant, that I met Clifford St. Clair. He was a large, pale American man who bought the store's cheap-style clothes and sent them overseas. It was his name that made me know I would marry him.

"Mistah Saint Clair," he said in English when he introduced himself to me.

And then he added in his thick, flat Chinese, "Like the angel of light."

I neither liked him nor disliked him. I thought him neither attractive nor unattractive. But this I knew. I knew he was the sign that the black side of me would soon go away.

Saint courted me for four years in his strange way. Even though I was not the owner of the shop, he always greeted me, shaking hands, holding them too long. From his palms water always poured, even after we married. He was clean and pleasant. But he smelled like a foreigner, a lamb-smell stink that can never be washed away.

I was not unkind. But he was *kechi*, too polite. He bought me cheap gifts: a glass figurine, a prickly brooch of cut glass, a silver-colored cigarette lighter. Saint acted as if these gifts were nothing, as if he were a rich man treating a poor country girl to things we had never seen in China.

But I saw his look as he watched me open the boxes. Anxious and eager to please. He did not know that such things were nothing to me, that I was raised with riches he could not even imagine.

I always accepted these gifts graciously, always protesting just enough, not too little, not too much. I did not encourage him. But because I knew this man would someday be my husband, I put these worthless trinkets carefully into a box, wrapping each with tissue. I knew that someday he would ask to see them again.

Lena thinks Saint saved me from the poor country village that I said I was from. She is right. She is wrong. My daughter does not know that Saint had to wait patiently for four years like a dog in front of a butcher shop.

How is it that I finally came out and let him marry me? I was waiting for the sign I knew would come. I had to wait until 1946.

A letter came from Tientsin, not from my family, who thought I was dead. It was from my youngest aunt. Even before I opened the letter I knew. My husband was dead. He had long since left his opera singer. He was with some worthless girl, a young servant. But she had a strong spirit and was reckless, more so than even he. When he tried to leave her, she had already sharpened her longest kitchen knife.

I thought this man had long ago drained everything from my heart. But now something strong and bitter flowed and made me feel another emptiness in a place I didn't know was there. I cursed this man aloud so he could hear. You had dog eyes. You jumped and followed whoever called you. Now you chase your own tail.

So I decided. I decided to let Saint marry me. So easy for me. I was the daughter of my father's wife. I spoke in a trembly voice. I became pale, ill, and more thin. I let myself become a wounded animal. I let the hunter come to me and turn me into a tiger ghost. I willingly gave up my *chi*, the spirit that caused me so much pain.

Now I was a tiger that neither pounced nor lay waiting between the trees. I became an unseen spirit.

Saint took me to America, where I lived in houses smaller than the one in the country. I wore large American clothes. I did servant's tasks. I learned the Western ways. I tried to speak with a thick tongue. I raised a daughter, watching her from another shore. I accepted her American ways.

With all these things, I did not care. I had no spirit.

Can I tell my daughter that I loved her father? This was a man who rubbed my feet at night. He praised the food that I cooked. He cried honestly when I brought out the trinkets I had saved for the day, the day he gave me my daughter, a tiger girl.

How could I not love this man? But it was the love of a ghost. Arms that encircled but did not touch. A bowl full of rice but without my appetite to eat it. No hunger. No fullness.

Now Saint is a ghost. He and I can now love equally. He knows the things I have been hiding all these years. Now I must tell my daughter everything. That she is the daughter of a ghost. She had no *chi*. This is my greatest shame. How can I leave this world without leaving her my spirit?

So this is what I will do. I will gather together my past and look. I will see a thing that has already happened. The pain that cut my spirit loose. I will hold that pain in my hand until it becomes hard and shiny, more clear. And then my fierceness can come back, my golden side, my black side. I will use this sharp pain to penetrate my daughter's tough skin and cut her tiger spirit loose. She will fight me, because this is the nature of two tigers. But I will win and give her my spirit, because this is the way a mother loves her daughter.

I hear my daughter speaking to her husband downstairs. They say words that mean nothing. They sit in a room with no life in it.

I know a thing before it happens. She will hear the vase and table crashing to the floor. She will come up the stairs and into my room. Her eyes will see nothing in the darkness, where I am waiting between the trees.

Ying-ying is throughout the novel a strange and remote figure. How would you say this passage explains that? Be sure to support your ideas with detail from Tan's writing here.

- Or** **26** What kind of picture of life in China at the time when the mothers were growing up do you think emerges from this novel? Support your argument with detail from the writing.
- Or** **27** Pick out **two** short episodes in the novel which you find particularly moving, and show how Tan's writing makes them so.

PAUL THEROUX: *The Mosquito Coast***Either *28**

Then I knew it was going to be a long lecture.

He watched me eat two cookies. He seemed to be smiling at the way I crunched them, and I sensed that the crunch-noise was coming out of my ears.

He said, 'I've been meaning to tell you sumthun, Charlie.' He stopped and sat closer to me on the glider – so close I had to put the glass of milk down. He said, 'Your father thinks I'm a fool.'

I did not say anything. What he said was half true, and the whole truth was worse.

He nodded at my silence, taking it for a yes, and fixed his mouth in a smile-like shape of warning and said, 'Long before you were born, they used to hang convicted murderers in Massachusetts. It sounds horrible, but most of them deserved it. There was a man around here, name of Mooney – Spider Mooney, they called him, and I suppose you can guess why –'

I could not imagine why, though the picture I now had in my mind was a hairy man on all fours, with black popping eyes. Polski was still talking.

'– lived with his father. Never went to school. Wasn't much older than you when he started stealun, first little things at the five-and-dime, then bigger things. He made a habit of it. Turned into a vobber. Did I say that his father was a bit touched in the head? Well, he was. Completely hoopy. Shell-shocked, people said. If you screamed at him, or made a loud noise, he fell down. Just dropped like a brick. And he was full of crazy ideas. Some father, eh? When Spider Mooney was about twenty years old, he killed a man. Not just killed, but cut his throat with a straight vazor. Nearly took the fella's head off – coloured fella – and it was only hangun by a little flap of skin. The police caught him easy – they knew where to go! His father's house, where else? Mooney was condemned to die. By hangun.'

Polski suddenly looked up and said, 'That might be some vain headun our way.'

He was perfectly still, looking into space for a whole minute, before he picked up the story. Now he was staring at our house, and the house seemed to stare right back at him.

'On the day of the hangun, they tied Mooney's hands and led him out to the prison yard. This was the old Charles Street Prison in Boston. It was six o'clock in the mornun. You know how vuined you feel at six a.m.? Well, that's how Mooney felt, and it was worse because he knew that in a few minutes he was going to be swingun on the vope. They marched him across to the gallows. He stopped at the bottom on the stairs and said, "I want to say sumthun to my father."'

'His father was there?'

'Yes, sir.' Polski turned his periwinkle eyes on me. 'His father was watchun the whole business. He was sort of a witness – next-of-kin, see. Mooney says, "Bring him over here – I want to say sumthun to him." And they had to grant him his last vequest. No matter what a condemned man asked, they had to grant it. If he asked for vaspberry pie and it was January, they had to find him a slice, even if it meant sendun it up from Florida. Mooney asked for his father. The father came over. Mooney looked at him. He says, "Come a little closer."

'The father came a few steps closer.

'"I want to whisper sumthun in your ear," Mooney says.

‘The father came vight up to him, and Mooney leaned over and put his head close to his father’s, the way you do when you whisper in somebody’s ear. Then, all at once, the father let out a scream that’d wake the dead, and staggered back holdun his head and still yellun.’

Polski let this sink in, though I had braced myself for Polski screaming to let me hear what it had sounded like.

I said, ‘What did the son say to him?’

‘Nuthun.’

‘But why did the father scream?’

Polski worked his tongue over his teeth.

He said, ‘Because Mooney had bitten his father’s ear off. He still had it in his mouth. He spit it out, and *then* he says “That’s for makun me what I am.”’

I saw Spider Mooney’s wet lips, the blood on his chin, the little wrinkled ear on the ground.

‘Bit the old man’s ear off.’ Polski said.

He stood up.

‘“That’s for makun me what I am.”’

I stayed on the shaking glider. Polski was done, but I wanted to hear more. I wanted a conclusion. But there was no more to the story. I was left with the image of the old man clutching his head and keeling over, and Mooney pausing on the gallows stairs, and the grey ear on the ground like a lean withered gristle.

‘Your father’s the most obnoxious man I’ve ever met,’ Polski said. ‘He is the worst kind of pain in the neck know-it-all who’s sometimes vight.’

Then with all the sawdust in him stirring, he added, ‘I come to see he’s dangerous. You tell him that, Charlie. Tell him he’s a dangerous man, and one of these days he’s going to get you all killed. Tell him I said so. Now finish that milk and off you go!’

Father was sitting in his hydraulic chair when I got back to the house. He was puffing a cigar. A cloud of smoke, satisfaction, hung over his smiling face. He paddled smoke with his hand.

‘What did he say?’

‘Nothing.’

Father was still smiling. He shook his head.

‘Honest,’ I said.

‘You’re lying,’ he said softly. ‘That’s all right. But who you trying to protect – him or me?’

My face was hot. I stared at the floor.

Father said, ‘In twenty-four hours none of this will matter.’

What do you feel is the effect of Polski telling his gruesome story and making these comments at this point in the novel? Support your ideas with detail from Theroux’s writing.

- Or 29** What would you say it is like to be a child in the Fox family? Support your ideas with detail from the novel.
- Or 30** Theroux’s writing constantly makes the reader aware of the awesome power of Nature. By exploring in detail **two** particularly memorable instances, suggest why he makes this so important a feature of his novel.

DRAMA

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

Either *31 Hally: [To the telephone.] Hello, Mom ... No, everything is okay here. Just doing my homework. ... What's your news? ... You've what? ... [Pause. He takes the receiver away from his ear for a few seconds. In the course of Hally's telephone conversation, Sam and Willie discreetly position the stacked tables and chairs. Hally places the receiver back to his ear.] Yes, I'm still here. Oh, well, I give up now. Why did you do it, Mom? ... Well I just hope you know what you've let us in for. ... [Loudly.] I said I hope you know what you've let us in for! It's the end of the peace and quiet we've been having. [Softly.] Where is he? [Normal voice.] He can't hear us from in there. But for God's sake, Mom, what happened? I told you to be firm with him. ... Then you and the nurses should have held him down, taken his crutches away. ... I know only too well he's my father! ... I'm not being disrespectful, but I'm sick and tired of emptying stinking chamberpots full of phlegm and piss. ... Yes, I do! When you're not there, he asks *me* to do it. ... If you really want to know the truth, that's why I've got no appetite for my food. ... Yes! There's a lot of things you don't know about. For your information, I still haven't got that science textbook I need. And you know why? He borrowed the money you gave me for it. ... Because I didn't want to start another fight between you two. ... He says that every time. ... All right, Mom! [Viciously.] Then just remember to start hiding your bag away again, because he'll be at your purse before long for money for booze. And when he's well enough to come down here, you better keep an eye on the till as well, because that is also going to develop a leak. ... Then don't complain to me when he starts his old tricks. ... Yes, you do. I get it from you on one side and from him on the other, and it makes life hell for me. I'm not going to be the peacemaker anymore. I'm warning you now: when the two of you start fighting again, I'm leaving home. ... Mom, if you start crying, I'm going to put down the receiver. ... Okay. ... [Lowering his voice to a vicious whisper.] Okay, Mom. I heard you. [Desperate.] No ... Because I don't want to. I'll see him when I get home! Mom! ... [Pause. When he speaks again, his tone changes completely. It is not simply pretence. We sense a genuine emotional conflict.] Welcome home, chum! ... What's that? ... Don't be silly, Dad. You being home is just about the best news in the world. ... I bet you are. Bloody depressing there with everybody going on about their ailments, hey! ... How you feeling? ... Good ... Here as well, pal. Coming down cats and dogs. ... That's right. Just the day for a kip and a toss in your old Uncle Ned. ... Everything's just hunky-dory on my side, Dad. ... Well, to start with, there's a nice pile of comics for you on the counter. ... Yes, old Kempie brought them in. *Batman and Robin, Submariner* ... just your cup of tea ... I will. ... Yes, we'll spin a few yarns tonight. ... Okay, chum, see you in a little while. ... No, I promise. I'll come straight home. ... [Pause – his mother comes back on the phone.] Mom? Okay. I'll lock

on the door. His head swerves. They all stand motionless. Another knock. Eddie, in a whisper, pointing upstage.] Go up the fire escape, get them out over the back fence.

[Catherine stands motionless, uncomprehending.]

First officer: [in the hall]: Immigration! Open up in there!

Eddie: Go, go. Hurry up! [She stands a moment staring at him in a realized horror.] Well, what're you lookin' at!

First officer: Open up!

Eddie: [calling towards the door]: Who's that there?

First officer: Immigration, open up.

Explore the dialogue here, showing how the differing feelings of Eddie and Catherine are revealed.

Or 35

A selfish opportunist

A caring and loving suitor

Which of these is nearer to your view of Rodolpho? Support your argument with detail from the play.

Or

36 You are Mr Alfieri at the end of the play. Write a report for your own records on why Eddie met his death.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- Either *37 Jim: Where's your tobacco?
 Keller: I think I left it on the table. [*Jim goes slowly to table on the arbour, finds a pouch, and sits there on the bench, filling his pipe.*] Gonna rain tonight.
- Jim: Paper says so?
 Keller: Yeah, right here.
 Jim: Then it can't rain.
 [*Frank Lubey enters, through a small space between poplars. Frank is thirty-two but balding. A pleasant, opinionated man, uncertain of himself, with a tendency towards peevishness when crossed, but always wanting it pleasant and neighbourly. He rather saunters in, leisurely, nothing to do. He does not notice Jim in the arbour. On his greeting, Jim does not bother looking up.*]
- Frank: Hya.
 Keller: Hello, Frank. What's doin'?'
 Frank: Nothin'. Walking off my breakfast. [*looks up at the sky.*] That beautiful? Not a cloud.
 Keller: [*looking up*]: Yeah, nice.
 Frank: Every Sunday ought to be like this.
 Keller: [*indicating the sections beside him*]: Want the paper?
 Frank: What's the difference, it's all bad news. What's today's calamity?
 Keller: I don't know, I don't read the news part any more. It's more interesting in the want ads.
 Frank: Why, you trying to buy something?
 Keller: No, I'm just interested. To see what people want, y'know? For instance, here's a guy is lookin' for Newfoundland dogs. Now what's he want with two Newfoundland dogs?
 Frank: That is funny.
 Keller: Here's another one. Wanted – old dictionaries. High prices paid. Now what's a man going to do with an old dictionary?
 Frank: Why not? Probably a book collector.
 Keller: You mean he'll make a living out of that?
 Frank: Sure, there's a lot of them.
 Keller: [*shaking his head*]: All the kind of business goin' on. In my day, either you were a lawyer, or a doctor, or you worked in a shop. Now –
 Frank: Well, I was going to be a forester once.
 Keller: Well, that shows you; in my day, there was no such thing. [*scanning the page, sweeping it with his hand*]. You look at a page like this you realize how ignorant you are. [*softly, with wonder, as he scans page*] Pss!
 Frank: [*noticing tree*]: Hey, what happened to your tree?
 Keller: Ain't that awful? The wind must've got it last night. You heard the wind, didn't you?
 Frank: Yeah, I got a mess in my yard, too. [*goes to tree.*] What a pity. [*turning to Keller*] What'd Kate say?
 Keller: They're all asleep yet. I'm just waiting for her to see it.
 Frank: [*struck*]: You know? – it's funny.
 Keller: What?

Frank: Larry was born in August. He'd been twenty-seven this month. And this tree blows down.

Keller: [*touched*]: I'm surprised you remember his birthday, Frank. That's nice.

Frank: Well, I'm working on his horoscope.

Keller: How can you make him a horoscope? That's for the future, ain't it?

What kind of an atmosphere is Miller seeking to create in this opening section? How does his writing achieve this atmosphere?

- Or** **38** Is it simply profit or are there other motives that drive Joe Keller to act as he does? Refer in detail to Miller's writing as you answer.
- Or** **39** You are Chris at the end of the play, wondering whether you should have responded in a different way to your father's confession. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either *40

ACT 4 SCENE 3. Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

- Juliet:* Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou knowest is cross and full of sin.
[Enter Lady Capulet.]
- Lady Capulet:* What, are you busy, ho? – Need you my help?
Juliet: No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
- Lady Capulet:* Good night.
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse]
- Juliet:* Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life;
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse! – What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?
No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
[Laying down her dagger]
What if it be a poison which the friar
Subtly hath minst'red to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd.
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place –
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort –
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking – what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad –
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints.
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kingsman's bone,
As with a club dash out my des'prate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, Stay.
Romeo, I come. This do I drink to thee.

[She drinks and falls upon her bed within the curtains.]

What impression of Juliet's personality and state of mind does Shakespeare's writing give you here?

- Or** **41** 'Violent delights have violent ends' Friar Lawrence warns Romeo. To what extent do you think Shakespeare suggests that the violent passion of the young lovers is itself responsible for their sad end? Support your ideas with detail from the play.
- Or** **42** You are Tybalt just after your uncle Lord Capulet has ordered you to behave yourself at the ball and leave the disguised Romeo alone. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Either *43 Duke: Once more, Cesario,
 Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.
 Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune;
 But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
 That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Viola: But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke: I cannot be so answer'd.
Viola: Sooth, but you must.
 Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
 Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
 As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her;
 You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?
Duke: There is no woman's sides
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
 So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite—
 No motion of the liver, but the palate—
 That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much. Make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.
Viola: Ay, but I know—
Duke: What dost thou know?
Viola: Too well what love women to men may owe.
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.
Duke: And what's her history?
Viola: A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought;
 And with a green and yellow melancholy
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
 Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke: But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Viola: I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too – and yet I know not.
 Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke: Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste. Give her this jewel; say
 My love can give no place, bide no deny.
 [Exeunt.]

In this passage Viola's disguise continues to create much irony.

Explore

(a) the ironies here

and

(b) what Shakespeare's words reveal about Orsino's and Viola's characters.

Or 44

A drunken parasite
A merry and amusing fellow

Which of the above is the nearer to your view of Sir Toby? Support your argument with detail from the play.

Or 45

In this comedy, with all its various sorts of disguise and misunderstandings, what do you think Shakespeare is saying about the nature of love? Support your ideas with detail from the play.

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- Either *46** *Lady Markby:* And a very good thing too, dear, I dare say. It might break up many a happy home if they did. Not yours. I need hardly say, Gertrude. You have married a pattern husband. I wish I could say as much for myself. But since Sir John has taken to attending the debates regularly, which he never used to do in the good old days, his language has become quite impossible. He always seems to think that he is addressing the House, and consequently whenever he discusses the state of the agricultural labourer, or the Welsh Church, or something quite improper of that kind, I am obliged to send all the servants out of the room. It is not pleasant to see one's own butler, who has been with one for twenty-three years, actually blushing at the sideboard, and the footmen making contortions in corners like persons in circuses. I assure you my life will be quite ruined unless they send John at once to the Upper House. He won't take any interest in politics again then, will he? The House of Lords is so sensible. An assembly of gentlemen. But in his present state, Sir John is really a great trial. Why, this morning before breakfast was half over, he stood up on the hearthrug, put his hands in his pockets, and appealed to the country at the top of his voice. I left the table as soon as I had my second cup of tea, I need hardly say. But his violent language could be heard all over the house! I trust, Gertrude, that Sir Robert is not like that?
- Lady Chiltern:* But I am very much interested in politics, Lady Markby. I love to hear Robert talk about them.
- Lady Markby:* Well, I hope he is not as devoted to Blue Books as Sir John is. I don't think they can be quite improving reading for anyone.
- Mrs Cheveley:* (*Languidly*)
I have never read a Blue Book. I prefer books ... in yellow covers.
- Lady Markby:* (*Genially unconscious*)
Yellow is a gayer colour, is it not? I used to wear yellow a good deal in my early days, and would do so now if Sir John was not so painfully personal in his observations, and a man on the question of dress is always ridiculous, is he not?
- Mrs Cheveley:* Oh, no! I think men are the only authorities on dress.
- Lady Markby:* Really? One wouldn't say so from the sort of hats they wear, would one?
The Butler enters, followed by the Footman.
Tea is set on a small table close to Lady Chiltern.
- Lady Chiltern:* May I give you some tea, Mrs Cheveley?
- Mrs Cheveley:* Thanks.
The Butler hands Mrs Cheveley a cup of tea on a salver.
- Lady Chiltern:* Some tea, Lady Markby?
- Lady Markby:* No thanks, dear. (*The servants go out.*) The fact is, I have promised to go round for ten minutes to see

poor Lady Brancaster, who is in very great trouble. Her daughter, quite a well-brought-up girl, too, has actually become engaged to be married to a curate in Shropshire. It is very sad, very sad indeed. I can't understand this modern mania for curates. In my time we girls saw them, of course, running about the place like rabbits. But we never took any notice of them, I need hardly say. But I am told that nowadays country society is quite honeycombed with them. I think it most irreligious. And then the eldest son has quarrelled with his father, and it is said that when they meet at the club Lord Brancaster always hides himself behind the money article in *The Times*. However, I believe that is quite a common occurrence nowadays and that they have to take in extra copies of *The Times* at all the clubs in St James's Street; there are so many sons who won't have anything to do with their fathers, and so many fathers who won't speak to their sons. I think, myself, it is very much to be regretted.

Mrs Cheveley: So do I. Fathers have so much to learn from their sons nowadays.

Lady Markby: Really, dear? What?

Mrs Cheveley: The art of living. The only really Fine Art we have produced in living times.

Lady Markby: (*Shaking her head*)

Ah! I am afraid Lord Brancaster knew a good deal about that. More than his poor wife ever did. (*Turning to Lady Chiltern*) You know Lady Brancaster, don't you, dear?

Lady Chiltern: Just slightly. She was staying at Langton last autumn, when we were there.

Lady Markby: Well, like all stout women, she looks the very picture of happiness, as no doubt you noticed. But there are many tragedies in her family, besides this affair of the curate. Her own sister, Mrs Jekyll, had a most unhappy life; through no fault of her own, I am sorry to say. She ultimately was so broken-hearted that she went into a convent, or on to the operatic stage, I forget which. No; I think it was decorative art-needlework she took up. I know she had lost all sense of pleasure in life. (*Rising*). And now, Gertrude, if you will allow me, I shall leave Mrs Cheveley in your charge and call back for her in a quarter of an hour. Or perhaps, dear Mrs Cheveley, you wouldn't mind waiting in the carriage while I am with Lady Brancaster. As I intend it to be a visit of condolence, I shan't stay long.

By looking in detail at the words Wilde gives her in this scene, explore what makes Lady Markby so amusing a character.

- Or** **47** Do you think that Wilde expects the audience to feel any sympathy for Mrs Cheveley? Support your ideas with detail from the play.
- Or** **48** You are Lady Chiltern at the end of Act 2 after your husband's exit. Write your thoughts.

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