UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/04**

Paper 4 **May/June 2007**

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

4148319455

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.
Answer at least one question from each section.
Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.
Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay/empathic question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **31** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

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SECTION A: DRAMA

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Either ***1** In what ways does this passage make you vividly aware of Walter's state of mind?

The phone rings. Ruth answers.

Ruth: [*at the phone*] Hello – just a minute. [*Goes to door.*] Walter, it's Mrs Arnold. [*Waits. Goes back to the phone. Tense.*] Hello. Yes, this is his wife speaking … He's lying down now. Yes … well, he'll be in tomorrow. He's been very sick. Yes – I know we should have called, but we were so sure he'd be able to come in today. Yes – yes, I'm very sorry. Yes … Thank you very much. [*She hangs up. Walter is standing in the doorway of the bedroom behind her.*] That was Mrs Arnold.

Walter: [*indifferently*] Was it?

Ruth: She said if you don't come in tomorrow that they are getting a new man …

Walter: Ain't that sad – ain't that crying sad.

Ruth: She said Mr Arnold has had to take a cab for three days … Walter, you ain't been to work for three days! [*This is a revelation to her.*] Where you been, Walter Lee Younger? [*Walter looks at her and starts to laugh.*] You're going to lose your job.

Walter: That's right …

Ruth: Oh, Walter, and with your mother working like a dog every day –

Walter: That's sad too. Everything is sad.

Mama: What you been doing for these three days, son?

Walter: Mama – you don't know all the things a man what got leisure can find to do in this city … What's this – Friday night? Well – Wednesday I borrowed Willy Harris's car and I went for a drive … just me and myself and I drove and drove … Way out … way past South Chicago, and I parked the car and I sat and looked at the steel mills all day long. I just sat in the car and looked at them big black chimneys for hours. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. [*Pause*.] And Thursday – Thursday I borrowed the car again and I got in it and I pointed it the other way and I drove the other way – for hours – way, way up to Wisconsin, and I looked at the farms. I just drove and looked at the farms. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. [*Pause*.] And today – today I didn't get the car. Today I just walked. All over the Southside. And I looked at the Negroes and they looked at me and finally I just sat down on the kerb at Thirty-ninth and South Parkway and I just sat there and watched the Negroes go by. And then I went to the Green Hat. You all sad? You all depressed? And you know where I am going right now –

Ruth goes out quietly.

Mama: Oh, Big Walter, is this the harvest of our days?

Walter: You know what I like about the Green Hat? [*He turns the radio on and a steamy, deep blues pours into the room*.] I like this

little cat they got there who blows a sax … He blows. He talks to me. He ain't but 'bout five feet tall and he's got a conked head and his eyes is always closed and he's all music –

Mama: [*rising and getting some papers out of her handbag*] Walter –

Walter: And there's this other guy who plays the piano … and they got a sound. I mean they can work on some music … They got the best little combo in the world in the Green Hat … You can just sit there and drink and listen to them three men play and you realize that don't nothing matter worth a damn, but just being there –

Mama: I've helped do it to you, haven't I, son? Walter, I been wrong.

Walter: Naw – you ain't never been wrong about nothing, Mama.

Or **2** *Both a heroine and a kind of villain.*

How far do you agree with this view of Mama?

Support your answer by close reference to the play.

Or **3** You are Beneatha at the end of the play, thinking about Asagai's proposal and what you will do next.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

Either ***7** What makes Rosalind's words here so entertaining and significant in the play? Support your answer by close reference to the text.

Rosalind: No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando: I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Rosalind: There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando: What were his marks?

Rosalind: A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando: Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind: Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando: I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind: But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando: Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind: Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando: Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind: Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him;

and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando: I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind: I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando: Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Rosalind: Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando: With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind: Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?
[*Exeunt*]

Or **8** How does Shakespeare present the differences between life in the Forest of Arden and life at the Court?

Support your answer by close reference to the play.

Or **9** You are Celia. You have just performed the mock wedding between Orlando and Rosalind.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Either ***10** Explore how in this passage Shakespeare creates a dark atmosphere of suspicion, where words often hide the true thoughts of the speakers.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Banquo: How goes the night, boy?
Fleance: The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Banquo: And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance: I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Banquo: Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.
Who's there?
Macbeth: A friend.
Banquo: What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macbeth: Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Banquo: All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three Weird Sisters.
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macbeth: I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Banquo: At your kind'st leisure.
Macbeth: If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Banquo: So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macbeth: Good repose the while!
Banquo: Thanks, sir; the like to you!

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance

Macbeth: Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

Exit Servant

Or **11** How far do you think Macbeth is led into violence by his wife and the Witches – and how far do you think he himself is responsible for his actions?

Support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's writing.

Or **12** You are Malcolm in England. You have heard that Macduff has arrived from Scotland and wishes to see you.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

Either ***13** Explore this passage, bringing out how Shaw makes it amusing, and yet also a deeply serious moment in the play.

Richard: Mrs Anderson: this visit is very kind of you. And how are you after last night? I had to leave you before you recovered; but I sent word to Essie to go and look after you. Did she understand the message?

Judith: [*breathless and urgent*] Oh, dont think of me: I havnt come here to talk about myself. Are they going to – to – [*meaning 'to hang you'*]?

Richard: [*whimsically*] At noon, punctually. At least, that was when they disposed of Uncle Peter. [*She shudders*.] Is your husband safe? Is he on the wing?

Judith: He is no longer my husband.

Richard: [*opening his eyes wide*] Eh?

Judith: I disobeyed you. I told him everything. I expected him to come here and save you. I wanted him to come here and save you. He ran away instead.

Richard: Well, thats what I meant him to do. What good would his staying have done? Theyd only have hanged us both.

Judith: [*with reproachful earnestness*] Richard Dudgeon: on your honor, what would you have done in his place?

Richard: Exactly what he has done, of course.

Judith: Oh, why will you not be simple with me – honest and straightforward? If you are so selfish as that, why did you let them take you last night?

Richard: [*gaily*] Upon my life, Mrs Anderson, I dont know. Ive been asking myself that question ever since; and I can find no manner of reason for acting as I did.

Judith: You know you did it for his sake, believing he was a more worthy man than yourself.

Richard: [*laughing*] Oho! No: thats a very pretty reason, I must say; but I'm not so modest as that. No: it wasnt for his sake.

Judith: [*after a pause, during which she looks shamefacedly at him, blushing painfully*] Was it for my sake?

Richard: [*gallantly*] Well, you had a hand in it. It must have been a little for your sake. You let them take me, at all events.

Judith: Oh, do you think I have not been telling myself that all night? Your death will be at my door. [*Impulsively, she gives him her hand, and adds, with intense earnestness.*] If I could save you as you saved him, I would do it, no matter how cruel the death was.

Richard: [*holding her hand and smiling, but keeping her almost at arms length*] I am very sure I shouldnt let you.

Judith: Dont you see that I can save you?

Richard: How? by changing clothes with me, eh?

Judith: [*disengaging her hand to touch his lips with it*] Dont [*meaning 'Dont jest'*]. No: by telling the court who you really are.

Richard: [*frowning*] No use: they wouldnt spare me; and it would spoil half his chance of escaping. They are determined to cow us by making an example of somebody on that gallows today. Well, let us cow them by showing that we can stand by one another to the death. That is the only force that can send Burgoyne back across the Atlantic and make America a nation.

Judith: [*impatiently*] Oh, what does all that matter?

Richard: [*laughing*] True: what does it matter? what does anything matter? You see, men have these strange notions, Mrs Anderson; and women see the folly of them.

Judith: Women have to lose those they love through them.

Richard: They can easily get fresh lovers.

Judith: [*revolted*] Oh! [*Vehemently*] Do you realize that you are going to kill yourself?

Richard: The only man I have any right to kill, Mrs Anderson. Dont be concerned: no woman will lose her lover through my death. [*Smiling*] Bless you, nobody cares for me. Have you heard that my mother is dead?

Judith: Dead!

Richard: Of heart disease – in the night. Her last word to me was her curse: I dont think I could have borne her blessing. My other relatives will not grieve much on my account. Essie will cry for a day or two; but I have provided for her: I made my own will last night.

Judith: [*stonily, after a moment's silence*] And I!

Richard: [*surprised*] You?

Judith: Yes, I. Am I not to care at all?

Richard: [*gaily and bluntly*] Not a scrap. Oh, you expressed your feelings towards me very frankly yesterday. What happened may have softened you for the moment; but believe me, Mrs Anderson, you dont like a bone in my skin or a hair on my head. I shall be as good a riddance at 12 today as I should have been at 12 yesterday.

Judith: [*her voice trembling*] What can I do to shew you that you are mistaken?

Richard: Don't trouble. I'll give you credit for liking me a little better than you did. All I say is that my death will not break your heart.

Judith: [*almost in a whisper*] How do you know? [*She puts her hands on his shoulders and looks intently at him*.]

Richard: [*amazed – divining the truth*] Mrs Anderson! [*The bell of the town clock strikes the quarter. He collects himself, and removes her hands, saying rather coldly*] Excuse me: they will be here for me presently. It is too late.

Or **14** What makes Dick Dudgeon such a dramatically compelling character?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or **15** You are Mrs Dudgeon on your deathbed.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Either ***16** Explore the ways in which Stella and Stanley react in this extract.

Blanche: [*quickly*] What is it? Is it for *me*?

[*He is holding a little envelope towards her*.]

Stanley: Yes, I hope you like it!
Blanche: Why, why – Why, it's a –
Stanley: Ticket! Back to Laurel! On the Greyhound! Tuesday!

[*The Varsouviana music steals in softly and continues playing. Stella rises abruptly and turns her back. Blanche tries to smile. Then she tries to laugh. Then she gives both up and springs from the table and runs into the next room. She clutches her throat and then runs into the bathroom. Coughing, gagging sounds are heard.*]

Well!
Stella: You didn't need to do that.
Stanley: Don't forget all that I took off her.
Stella: You needn't have been so cruel to someone alone as she is.
Stanley: Delicate piece she is.
Stella: She is. She was. You didn't know Blanche as a girl. Nobody, nobody, was tender and trusting as she was. But people like you abused her, and forced her to change.

[*He crosses into the bedroom, ripping off his shirt, and changes into a brilliant silk bowling shirt. She follows him.*]

Do you think you're going bowling now?
Stanley: Sure.
Stella: You're not going bowling. [*She catches hold of his shirt.*] Why did you do this to her?
Stanley: I done nothing to no one. Let go of my shirt. You've torn it.
Stella: I want to know why. Tell me why.
Stanley: When we first met, me and you, you thought I was common. How right you was, baby. I was common as dirt. You showed me the snapshot of the place with the columns. I pulled you down off them columns and how you loved it, having them coloured lights going! And wasn't we happy together, wasn't it all okay till she showed here?

[*Stella makes a slight movement. Her look goes suddenly inward as if some interior voice had called her name. She begins a slow, shuffling progress from the bedroom to the kitchen, leaning and resting on the back of the chair and then on the edge of a table with a blind look and listening expression. Stanley, finishing with his shirt, is unaware of her reaction.*]

And wasn't we happy together? Wasn't it all okay? Till she showed here. Hoity-toity, describing me as an ape. [*He suddenly notices the change in Stella.*] Hey, what is it, Stell? [*He crosses to her*.]
Stella: [*quietly*] Take me to the hospital.

Or **17** To what extent does Williams make you sympathise with Blanche?

Refer to detail in the writing as you respond.

Or **18** You are Stella, before Blanche's arrival, thinking about the forthcoming visit of your sister.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

SECTION B: POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

Either ***19** Explore the ways in which Coleridge expresses his feelings for his child here.

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersèd vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

(from *Frost at Midnight*)

Or **20** By what means does Coleridge make you feel sympathy for Christabel?

Refer in detail to Coleridge's poem as you answer.

Or **21** Explore any **one** episode in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* which you find frightening.

Justify your choice by referring in detail to the writing.

***SONGS OF OURSELVES: The University of Cambridge International Examinations Anthology of Poetry in English* – from Section 3**

Either ***22** In what ways do you think the poet makes vivid the power of the storyteller?

Storyteller

she sat down
at the scoured table
in the swept kitchen
beside the dresser with its cracked delft.
And every last crumb of daylight was salted away.

No one could say the stories were useless
for as the tongue clacked
five or forty fingers stitched
corn was grated from the husk
patchwork was pieced
or the darning done.

Never the one to slander her shiftless.
Daily sloven or spotless no matter whether
dishwater or tasty was her soup.
To tell the stories was her work.
It was like spinning,
gathering thin air to the singlest strongest
thread. Night in
she'd have us waiting, held
breath, for the ending we knew by heart.

And at first light
as the women stirred themselves to build the fire
as the peasant's feet felt for clogs
as thin grey washed over flat fields
the stories dissolved in the whorl of the ear
but they
hung themselves upside down
in the sleeping heads of the children
till they flew again
in the storytellers night.

(by *Liz Lochhead*)

Or **23** Explore the ways in which the poet's words convey a sense of times past and the changes which growing older bring in **either** *The Old Familiar Faces* (by Charles Lamb) **or** *Plenty* (by Isobel Dixon).

Or **24** Explore the ways in which the poets in **two** of the following poems use imagery to vivid effect. Use examples from both of the poems.

Caged Bird (by Maya Angelou)
Rising Five (by Norman Nicholson)
Before the Sun (by Charles Mungoshi)

[Turn over

SECTION C: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Either ***25** What do you find particularly revealing about Achebe's portrayal of Okonkwo in this passage? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Ikemefuna came to Umuofia at the end of the carefree season between harvest and planting. In fact he recovered from his illness only a few days before the Week of Peace began. And that was also the year Okonkwo broke the peace, and was punished, as was the custom, by Ezeani, the priest of the earth goddess.

Okonkwo was provoked to justifiable anger by his youngest wife, who went to plait her hair at her friend's house and did not return early enough to cook the afternoon meal. Okonkwo did not know at first that she was not at home. After waiting in vain for the dish he went to her hut to see what she was doing. There was nobody in the hut and the fireplace was cold.

'Where is Ojiugo?' he asked his second wife, who came out of her hut to draw water from a gigantic pot in the shade of a small tree in the middle of the compound.

'She has gone to plait her hair.'

Okonkwo bit his lips as anger welled up within him.

'Where are her children? Did she take them?' he asked with unusual coolness and restraint.

'They are here,' answered his first wife, Nwoye's mother. Okonkwo bent down and looked into her hut. Ojiugo's children were eating with the children of his first wife.

'Did she ask you to feed them before she went?'

'Yes,' lied Nwoye's mother, trying to minimize Ojiugo's thoughtlessness.

Okonkwo knew she was not speaking the truth. He walked back to his *obi* to wait Ojiugo's return. And when she returned he beat her very heavily. In his anger he had forgotten that it was the Week of Peace. His first two wives ran out in great alarm pleading with him that it was the sacred week. But Okonkwo was not the man to stop beating somebody half-way through, not even for fear of a goddess.

Okonkwo's neighbours heard his wife crying and sent their voices over the compound walls to ask what was the matter. Some of them came over to see for themselves. It was unheard of to beat somebody during the sacred week.

Before it was dusk Ezeani, who was the priest of the earth goddess, Ani, called on Okonkwo in his *obi*. Okonkwo brought out kola nut and placed it before the priest.

'Take away your kola nut. I shall not eat in the house of a man who has no respect for our gods and ancestors.'

Okonkwo tried to explain to him what his wife had done, but Ezeani seemed to pay no attention. He held a short staff in his hand which he brought down on the floor to emphasize his points.

'Listen to me,' he said when Okonkwo had spoken. 'You are not a stranger in Umuofia. You know as well as I do that our forefathers ordained that before we plant any crops in the earth we should observe a week in which a man does not say a harsh word to his neighbour. We live in peace with our fellows to honour our great goddess of the earth without whose blessing our crops will not grow. You have committed a great evil.' He brought down his staff heavily on the floor. 'Your wife

was at fault, but even if you came into your *obi* and found her lover on top of her, you would still have committed a great evil to beat her.' His staff came down again. 'The evil you have done can ruin the whole clan. The earth goddess whom you have insulted may refuse to give us her increase, and we shall all perish.' His tone now changed from anger to command. 'You will bring to the shrine of Ani tomorrow one she-goat, one hen, a length of cloth and a hundred cowries.' He rose and left the hut.

Okonkwo did as the priest said. He also took with him a pot of palm wine. Inwardly, he was repentant. But he was not the man to go about telling his neighbours that he was in error. And so people said he had no respect for the gods of the clan. His enemies said his good fortune had gone to his head. They called him the little bird *nza* who so far forgot himself after a heavy meal that he challenged his *chi*.

Or **26** What kind of picture do you think Achebe draws of the old clan religion ?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **27** You are Nwoye as you leave your father Okonkwo for the last time. You are walking back to the church.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Either ***28** In this extract, what for you are the most memorable features of Wemmick's home, and what do you think they tell you about his personality? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

At first with such discourse, and afterwards with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road, until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

'My own doing,' said Wemmick. 'Looks pretty; don't it?'

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

'That's a real flagstaff, you see,' said Wemmick, 'and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up – so – and cut off the communication.'

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so, with a relish and not merely mechanically.

'At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time,' said Wemmick, 'the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger.'

The piece of ordnance referred to, was mounted in a separate fortress, constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

'Then, at the back,' said Wemmick, 'out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications – for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up – I don't know whether that's your opinion –'

I said, decidedly.

'– At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then, I knock together my own little frame, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir,' said Wemmick, smiling again, but seriously too, as he shook his head, 'if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions.'

Then, he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

'I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades,' said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. 'Well; it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?'

Or **29** *A wicked and violent criminal*
A victim of injustice

Which of these two descriptions of Magwitch is nearer to your view of him?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **30** You are Herbert Pocket and you have had to leave Pip with all his problems after the collapse of his expectations. You are on your way to Cairo.

Write your thoughts.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Either ***31** How does Dunmore in this passage movingly convey the feelings the two young people have for one another?

It is nearly dark by the time Anna gets close to home. So dark that she almost passes Andrei, only a hundred metres from her home. She sees a young man on the opposite side of the road, head down, striding away. She sees him as a stranger, then as himself.

'Andrei Mikhailovich! Is that you?' she calls out, braking the bike.

He looks up at her call. 'Anna.'

He says it as if her name is the end of a journey. His face opens in a smile. 'I thought I'd missed you. I've just been to your apartment, but Marina Petrovna told me you were out.'

'Yes.' She is smiling, too.

'I've got a few hours off. Listen, shall we go and have a drink somewhere? Maybe a dance, like we said?'

'I'll have to take the potatoes home first.' She must, but she wants to stall him, too. After all that getting used to disappointment, it's too easy that he's suddenly here.

'What?'

'All this stuff.' She points to the panniers. 'I've been to the dacha.'

'You've been out of Leningrad?'

'Yes, I told you, to the dacha.'

'Don't you know how close they are? There's going to be another major advance any day. What if you'd got caught up in it?'

'I didn't see anything.'

'And you could have got stopped on the way back in.'

'I knew what I was doing.'

They stare through the gloom into each other's faces.

'Sorry,' says Andrei.

'No one tells me what to do.'

'I can see that.'

'You think I didn't work out the risk? Who is going to look after Kolya, if I don't? Look how much food I got.'

But her skin crawls with goose-flesh, remembering the silence of the dacha, and the rustling leaves.

'Are you all right?'

'I'm fine.'

'You don't look all right.' He falls into step beside her as she wheels her bike to the courtyard entrance. It would be now that he comes, when she's tired and sweaty, dressed in a cut-down pair of her father's old trousers, and the boots which are two sizes too big, even though she's lined them with felt so they are quite comfortable. He must think that her entire wardrobe consists of cast-offs.

'My feet aren't really this big,' she finds herself saying. 'You know how it is, I couldn't get the right-sized boots last winter.'

'You should see mine. But luckily, as it's dark, neither of us need worry.'

At the bottom of the staircase she turns to him. 'If you wouldn't mind waiting here with the bags, while I take the bike up. It's not safe to leave them here.'

'I'll carry your bike up for you.'

He shoulders the bike. She slings a pannier on each arm, and holds the basket.

'I'll have to come back downstairs again for the sacks.'

'You wait here while I take the bike up. I'll come back down and help you with the rest of the stuff.'

Then he does a strange thing. He puts the bike down again, and takes a handkerchief out of his pocket.

'If you'll allow me, there's something on your cheek. Mud, I think.'

He rubs at the mark with his handkerchief, but it won't come off.

'If you spit on the handkerchief –'

'You don't mind?'

'No.'

'There.' He wipes firmly. 'It's all gone.'

There they are. His spit on her cheek, like a seal.

'I wanted to come before,' he says.

'I know.'

'I couldn't. It's been crazy –'

'I know.'

Or **32** What features of the siege do you think are most vividly created in this novel?

Support your views with detail from Dunmore's writing.

Or **33** You are Marina, just after you have tried to give Mikhael Levin a renewed will to live. He has gone to sleep.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either ***34** What makes this such a tense and significant moment in the novel? Remember to refer closely to details of the writing.

The older boys first noticed the child when he resisted. There was a group of little boys urging him forward and he did not want to go. He was a shrimp of a boy, about six years old, and one side of his face was blotted out by a mulberry-coloured birthmark. He stood now, warped out of the perpendicular by the fierce light of publicity, and he bored into the coarse grass with one toe. He was muttering and about to cry.

The other little boys, whispering but serious, pushed him towards Ralph.

'All right,' said Ralph, 'come on then.'

The small boy looked round in panic.

'Speak up!'

The small boy held out his hands for the conch and the assembly shouted with laughter; at once he snatched back his hands and started to cry.

'Let him have the conch!' shouted Piggy. 'Let him have it!'

At last Ralph induced him to hold the shell but by then the blow of laughter had taken away the child's voice. Piggy knelt by him, one hand on the great shell, listening and interpreting to the assembly.

'He wants to know what you're going to do about the snake-thing.'

Ralph laughed, and the other boys laughed with him. The small boy twisted further into himself.

'Tell us about the snake-thing.'

'Now he says it was a beastie.'

'Beastie?'

'A snake-thing. Ever so big. He saw it.'

'Where?'

'In the woods.'

Either the wandering breezes or perhaps the decline of the sun allowed a little coolness to lie under the trees. The boys felt it and stirred restlessly.

'You couldn't have a beastie, a snake-thing, on an island this size,' Ralph explained kindly. 'You only get them in big countries, like Africa, or India.'

Murmur; and the grave nodding of heads.

'He says the beastie came in the dark.'

'Then he couldn't see it!'

Laughter and cheers.

'Did you hear that? Says he saw the thing in the dark –'

'He still says he saw the beastie. It came and went away again an' came back and wanted to eat him –'

'He was dreaming.'

Laughing, Ralph looked for confirmation round the ring of faces. The older boys agreed; but here and there among the little ones was the dubiety that required more than rational assurance.

'He must have had a nightmare. Stumbling about among all those creepers.'

More grave nodding; they knew about nightmares.

'He says he saw the beastie, the snake-thing, and will it come back to-night?'

'But there isn't a beastie!'

'He says in the morning it turned into them things like ropes in the

trees and hung in the branches. He says will it come back to-night?'

'But there isn't a beastie!'

There was no laughter at all now and more grave watching. Ralph pushed both hands through his hair and looked at the little boy in mixed amusement and exasperation. *55*

Or **35** Do you think that Golding suggests that Jack might have been a better leader than Ralph?

Support your answer by close reference to the novel.

Or **36** You are Piggy on your way to Castle Rock just after the theft of your glasses.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels with My Aunt*

Either ***37** Do you think this passage suggests that Henry has made the right decision in obeying Aunt Augusta and travelling to South America? Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

Wordsworth led me round the corner of the street and we approached the house from the back through a little door which he locked behind him and through the grove of sweet-smelling trees and bushes. 'Hi!' he called to the great square block of stone, 'hi!' and got no response. The house in its solidity and its silence reminded me of the great family tombs in the cemetery at Boulogne. This was a journey's end too.

'Your auntie she got a bit deaf,' Wordsworth said, 'she no young no more, no more.' He spoke regretfully, as though he had known her as a girl, and yet she had been over seventy when she picked him up outside the Grenada Palace. We went up one flight of stone steps and into the hall of the house.

Paved with cracked marble, the big hall was unfurnished. The windows had been shuttered and the only light came from a bare globe in the ceiling. There was no chair, no table, no sofa, no pictures. The one sign of human occupation was a mop which leant against one wall, but it might have been left there a generation ago by someone hired to tidy up after the furniture-removers had departed.

'Hi!' Wordsworth shouted. 'Hi! Mr Pullen be here,' and I heard the click of high heels along a passage overhead. A flight of pink marble stairs rose to the first floor, and at the head of them my aunt appeared. The light was too dim to see her clearly, and it may have been my imagination which read into her voice an older, more tremulous tone than I had remembered. 'Why, Henry,' she said, 'you are welcome home.' She came slowly down the stairs, and perhaps it was the bad light which caused her to clutch the banister. 'I am so sorry', she said, 'that Mr Visconti is not here to greet you. I had expected him yesterday.'

'Mr Visconti?'

'Yes,' my aunt said, 'Mr Visconti. We are happily reunited. Did you bring the picture safely?'

'Ar got it,' Wordsworth said, holding up his new suitcase.

'Mr Visconti will be relieved. He was afraid of the customs. You look well, Henry,' she said, kissing my cheek and leaving on the air a smell of lavender. 'Come, let me show you your room.' She led me up to the first landing which was as bare as the hall and opened a door. This room at least contained a bed and a chair and a cupboard, though nothing else. My aunt may have thought some explanation was needed, for she said, 'The furniture will be arriving any day now.' I opened another door and saw a room which was empty except for two mattresses laid together on the floor and a dressing-table and stool that looked new. 'I have given you the bed,' my aunt said, 'but I couldn't do without my dressing-table.'

'Is this your room?'

'Sometimes I miss my Venetian glass, but when the curtains go up and the furniture arrives. … You must be hungry, Henry. Wordsworth will bring your bags. I have a little meal prepared.'

I could no longer be surprised by the furnishing of the dining-room – an immense room which had been lit once by three chandeliers; the wires sprouted like weeds out of holes in the ceiling. There was a table but no cloth, and the chairs were packing-cases. 'It's all a little rough,' my aunt said, 'but when Mr Visconti returns you will see how soon we shall get things in order.' The meal came out of tins, and there was a sweet

red wine of local origin which tasted like an evil medicine of childhood. I thought of my first-class ticket on the boat with shame.

'When Mr Visconti is back,' Aunt Augusta said, 'we plan to give you a party. A house like this is made for parties. We shall have a barbecue with an ox roasted whole in the garden and there will be coloured lights in the trees, and music, of course, for dancing. A harp and a guitar – that is the fashion here. The polka and the gallop are the national dances. I shall invite the Chief of Police, the Jesuit Provincial (for his conversation of course), the British Ambassador and his wife. The Italian Ambassador, no – it would not be tactful. We must find some pretty girls for you, Henry.' A splinter from the packing-case scratched my thigh.

Or **38** Do you think Henry Pulling is better or worse off for having met Aunt Augusta?

Support your ideas with detail from Greene's writing.

Or **39** You are Colonel Hakim after deporting Aunt Augusta and Henry Pulling from Turkey.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Either ***40** What makes this such an exciting moment in the novel?

'You reckon we oughta sing, Jem?'

'No. Be real quiet again, Scout.'

We had not increased our pace. Jem knew as well as I that it was difficult to walk fast without stumping a toe, tripping on stones, and other inconveniences, and I was barefooted. Maybe it was the wind rustling the trees. But there wasn't any wind and there weren't any trees except the big oak.

Our company shuffled and dragged his feet, as if wearing heavy shoes. Whoever it was wore thick cotton pants; what I thought were trees rustling was the soft swish of cotton on cotton, wheek, wheek, with every step.

I felt the sand go cold under my feet and I knew we were near the big oak. Jem pressed my head. We stopped and listened.

Shuffle-foot had not stopped with us this time. His trousers swished softly and steadily. Then they stopped. He was running, running towards us with no child's steps.

'Run, Scout! Run! Run!' Jem screamed.

I took one giant step and found myself reeling: my arms useless, in the dark, I could not keep my balance.

'Jem, Jem, help me, Jem!'

Something crushed the chicken wire around me. Metal zipped on metal and I fell to the ground and rolled as far as I could, floundering to escape my wire prison. From somewhere near by came scuffling, kicking sounds, sounds of shoes and flesh scraping dirt and roots. Someone rolled against me and I felt Jem. He was up like lightning and pulling me with him but, though my head and shoulders were free, I was so entangled we didn't get very far.

We were nearly to the road when I felt Jem's hand leave me, felt him jerk backwards to the ground. More scuffling, and there came a dull crunching sound and Jem screamed.

I ran in the direction of Jem's scream and sank into a flabby male stomach. Its owner said, 'Uff!' and tried to catch my arms, but they were tightly pinioned. His stomach was soft but his arms were like steel. He slowly squeezed the breath out of me. I could not move. Suddenly he was jerked backwards and flung on the ground, almost carrying me with him. I thought, Jem's up.

One's mind works very slowly at times. Stunned, I stood there dumbly. The scuffling noises were dying; someone wheezed and the night was still again.

Still but for a man breathing heavily, breathing heavily and staggering. I thought he went to the tree and leaned against it. He coughed violently, a sobbing, bone-shaking cough.

'Jem?'

There was no answer but the man's heavy breathing.

'Jem?'

Jem didn't answer.

Or **41** How does Lee make Tom Robinson's conviction seem so unjust?

Refer in detail to the novel as you respond.

Or **42** You are Aunt Alexandra after hosting the tea-party for the meeting of the missionary circle, thinking about your relationship with your niece, Jean Louise.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

Either ***43** Explore the ways in which Richardson conveys the feelings of Laura here.

She was spending that week-end at Godmother's. It was as dull as usual; she had ample leisure to brood over what lay before her. It was now a certainty, fixed, immovable; for, by leaving school that day without having spoken, she had burned her ships behind her. When she went back on Monday M. P. would be there, and every loophole closed. On Sunday evening she made an excuse and went down into the garden. There was no moon; but, overhead, the indigo-blue was a prodigal glitter of stars – myriads of silver eyes that perforated the sky. They sparkled with a cold disregard of the small girl standing under the mulberry tree; but Laura, too, was only half-alive to their magnificence. Her thoughts ran on suicide, on making an end of her blighted career. God was evidently not going to be generous or long-suffering enough to come to her aid; and in imagination she saw the fifty-five gaining on her like a pack of howling hyaenas; saw Mrs Gurley, Mr Strachey – Mother. Detection and exposure, she knew it now, were the most awful things the world held. But she had nothing handy: neither a rope, nor poison, nor was there a dam in the neighbourhood.

That night she had the familiar dream that she was being 'stood up' and expelled, as Annie Johns had been: thousands of tongues shouted her guilt; she was hunted like a wallaby. She wakened with a scream, and Marina, her bedfellow, rose on one elbow and lighted the candle. Crumpled and dishevelled, Laura lay outside the sheet that should have covered her; and her pillow had slipped to the floor.

'What on earth's the matter? Dreaming? Then depend on it you've eaten something that's disagreed with you.'

How she dragged her legs back to school that morning, Laura never knew. At the sight of the great stone building her inner disturbance was such that she was nearly sick. Even the unobservant Marina was forced to a remark.

'You do look a bit peaky. I'm sure your stomach's out of order. You should take a dose of castor-oil to-night, before you go to bed.'

Or **44** How does Richardson vividly convey to you the cruelty among the girls of Melbourne Ladies' College?

Refer in detail to the novel in your answer.

Or **45** You are Mrs Gurley, writing a report on Laura at the end of her first year at Melbourne Ladies' College.

Write your report.

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Turn to page 32 for Question 46

BARRIE WADE, ed.: *Into the Wind: Contemporary Stories in English*

Either ***46** Explore how O'Connor here amusingly portrays the boy's feelings after his father's return from war.

The irony of it! That very day when he came in to dinner he took off his boots and put on his slippers, donned the dirty old cap he wore about the house to save him from colds, crossed his legs, and began to talk gravely to Mother, who looked anxious. Naturally, I disliked her looking anxious, because it destroyed her good looks, so I interrupted him.

'Just a moment, Larry!' she said gently.

This was only what she said when we had boring visitors, so I attached no importance to it and went on talking.

'Do be quiet, Larry!' she said impatiently. 'Don't you hear me talking to Daddy?'

This was the first time I had heard those ominous words, 'talking to Daddy', and I couldn't help feeling that if this was how God answered prayers, he couldn't listen to them very attentively.

'Why are you talking to Daddy?' I asked with as great a show of indifference as I could muster.

'Because Daddy and I have business to discuss. Now don't interrupt again!'

In the afternoon, at Mother's request, Father took me for a walk. This time we went into town instead of out to the country, and I thought at first, in my usual optimistic way, that it might be an improvement. It was nothing of the sort. Father and I had quite different notions of a walk in town. He had no proper interest in trams, ships, and horses, and the only thing that seemed to divert him was talking to fellows as old as himself. When I wanted to stop he simply went on, dragging me behind him by the hand; when he wanted to stop I had no alternative but to do the same. I noticed that it seemed to be a sign that he wanted to stop for a long time whenever he leaned against a wall. The second time I saw him do it I got wild. He seemed to be settling himself forever. I pulled him by the coat and trousers, but, unlike Mother who, if you were too persistent, got into a wax and said: 'Larry, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good slap,' Father had an extraordinary capacity for amiable inattention. I sized him up and wondered would I cry, but he seemed to be too remote to be annoyed even by that. Really, it was like going for a walk with a mountain! He either ignored the wrenching and pummelling entirely, or else glanced down with a grin of amusement from his peak. I had never met anyone so absorbed in himself as he seemed.

At teatime, 'talking to Daddy' began again, complicated this time by the fact that he had an evening paper, and every few minutes he put it down and told Mother something new out of it. I felt this was foul play. Man for man, I was prepared to compete with him any time for Mother's attention, but when he had it all made up for him by other people it left me no chance. Several times I tried to change the subject without success.

'You must be quiet while Daddy is reading, Larry,' Mother said impatiently.

It was clear that she either genuinely liked talking to Father better than talking to me, or else that he had some terrible hold on her which made her afraid to admit the truth.

'Mummy,' I said that night when she was tucking me up, 'do you think if I prayed hard God would send Daddy back to the war?'

She seemed to think about that for a moment.

'No, dear,' she said with a smile. 'I don't think he would.'
'Why wouldn't he, Mummy?'
'Because there isn't a war any longer, dear.'
'But, Mummy, couldn't God make another war, if He liked?'
'He wouldn't like to, dear. It's not God who makes wars, but bad people.'
'Oh!' I said.
I was disappointed about that. I began to think that God wasn't quite what he was cracked up to be.

(from *My Oedipus Complex*)

Or **47** Explore the ways in which the author vividly describes a lonely woman in a dreadful relationship in **either** *Samphire* (by Patrick O'Brian) **or** *A Stranger from Lagos* (by Cyprian Ekwensi).

Refer in detail to the story in your answer.

Or **48** You are Jane Turner in *Feet*, on the evening of the day on which you have umpired the tennis final.

Write your thoughts.

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