



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/42**

Paper 4

**May/June 2011**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials:     Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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## SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

- Bernard:* Oh, the hell with the advice, Willy. I couldn't advise you. There's just one thing I've always wanted to ask you. When he was supposed to graduate, and the math teacher flunked him –
- Willy:* Oh, that son-of-a-bitch ruined his life. 5
- Bernard:* Yeah, but, Willy, all he had to do was to go to summer school and make up that subject.
- Willy:* That's right, that's right.
- Bernard:* Did you tell him not to go to summer school?
- Willy:* Me? I begged him to go. I ordered him to go! 10
- Bernard:* Then why wouldn't he go?
- Willy:* Why? Why? Bernard, that question has been trailing me like a ghost for the last fifteen years. He flunked the subject, and laid down and died like a hammer hit him!
- Bernard:* Take it easy, kid. 15
- Willy:* Let me talk to you – I got nobody to talk to. Bernard, Bernard, was it my fault? Y'see? It keeps going around in my mind, maybe I did something to him. I got nothing to give him.
- Bernard:* Don't take it so hard.
- Willy:* Why did he lay down? What is the story there? You were his friend! 20
- Bernard:* Willy, I remember, it was June, and our grades came out. And he'd flunked math.
- Willy:* That son-of-a-bitch!
- Bernard:* No, it wasn't right then. Biff just got very angry, I remember, and he was ready to enrol in summer school. 25
- Willy:* [surprised] He was?
- Bernard:* He wasn't beaten by it at all. But then, Willy, he disappeared from the block for almost a month. And I got the idea that he'd gone up to New England to see you. Did he have a talk with you then? 30
- [WILLY *stares in silence.*]
- Bernard:* Willy?
- Willy:* [with a strong edge of resentment in his voice] Yeah, he came to Boston. What about it? 35
- Bernard:* Well, just that when he came back – I'll never forget this, it always mystifies me. Because I'd thought so well of Biff, even though he'd always taken advantage of me. I loved him, Willy, y'know? And he came back after that month and took his sneakers – remember those sneakers with 'University of Virginia' printed on them? He was so proud of those, wore them every day. And he took them down in the cellar, and burned them up in the furnace. We had a fist fight. It lasted at least half an hour. Just the two of us, punching each other down the cellar, and crying right through it. I've often thought of how strange it was that I knew he'd given up his life. What happened in Boston, Willy? 40
- [WILLY *looks at him as at an intruder.*] 45

*Bernard:* I just bring it up because you asked me.  
*Willy:* [*angrily*] Nothing. What do you mean, 'What happened?' 50  
What's that got to do with anything?  
*Bernard:* Well, don't get sore.  
*Willy:* What are you trying to do, blame it on me? If a boy lays down  
is that my fault?  
*Bernard:* Now, Willy, don't get – 55  
*Willy:* Well, don't – don't talk to me that way! What does that mean,  
'What happened?'

In what ways do you think Miller makes this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the play?

**Or** †2 'Attention must be paid to him,' says Linda of Willy. How far does Miller make you agree with her? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 3 You are Happy, on the evening you abandoned Willy at the restaurant. You and Biff have just left the girls to return home.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

	<i>Cheadle Hulme, Manchester, 1951. A hot August day. A distant rumble of thunder. DORIS wearing a sensible beige skirt, and MARGARET, wearing ski pants, are in the garden folding a single bed sheet. One more sheet remains on the line and one of JACK's shirts. Socks lie on the grass, one maroon one a little way off. The rest of the washing is already folded and in a washing basket. DORIS is 51 and MARGARET is 20.</i>	5
Doris:	I'll be glad when they put an end to clothes rationing. These sheets are quite threadbare in the middle. <i>Sound of light aircraft going overhead.</i> [studies the sky.] RAF from the base at Padgate.	10
Margaret:	They're B29s, not Lancasters!	
Doris:	I'll be glad when they're gone. [ <i>Disdain.</i> ] Americans.	
Margaret:	Mother! Without them we couldn't have won the –	15
Doris:	Are you going to help me fold this sheet, or are you just going to stand there all afternoon identifying aircraft!	
Margaret:	[staring at the sky] Maybe one of them's Ken.	
Doris:	[they hold the sheet by the corners and tug] I don't see how it can be, if he's calling in half an hour. <i>They shake the sheet vigorously.</i>	20
Margaret:	I can't wait to live in London! [ <i>No reply.</i> ] Ken says he can get a job there. He's frightfully clever. <i>They balloon the sheet up into the air.</i>	
Margaret:	I'm in love, Mother.	25
Doris:	<i>Distant rumble of thunder. DORIS looks up at the sky.</i> It's not going to hold. [ <i>Pause.</i> ] <i>They pull diagonals to stretch the sheet.</i>	
Margaret:	And I'm going to learn to type! Ken says it will be helpful if we need a second income. [ <i>As they shake the sheet.</i> ] Typing's far more useful than all those stupid school certificates. I'll get a <i>proper</i> job.	30
Doris:	What do you call running a home? [ <i>Looks up at the sky.</i> ] I knew we were in for a storm.	
Margaret:	I'm not wasting my life.	35
Doris:	[angry] Thank you Margaret! [ <i>They fold the sheet lengthwise.</i> ] Pull! [ <i>MARGARET pulls so hard that DORIS lets go and they jerk back from the each other.</i> ]	
Doris:	There's no need to snatch it out of my hands! There see, now you've spoiled it all.	40
Margaret:	Well you can pick it up again, can't you! [ <i>Pause. DORIS picks it up, they resume folding.</i> ] I'm not going to have a family, babies and all that. Ken and I have decided.	
Doris:	[distant rumble of thunder] It will break soon. <i>They fold the sheet lengthwise.</i> And what makes you so sure you can keep Mother Nature at bay?	45

Explore the ways in which Keatley vividly reveals the tensions between mother and daughter at this moment in the play.

**Or** †5 Which one of the four women in the play does Keatley make you feel most sympathy for? Support your answer with details from Keatley's writing.

**Or** 6 You are Doris. You have just learned that your granddaughter, Jackie, is expecting a child.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

<i>Leonato:</i>	Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him I may avoid him. Which of these is he?	
<i>Borachio:</i>	If you would know your wronger, look on me.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd Mine innocent child?	5
<i>Borachio:</i>	Yea, even I alone.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it. I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.	10
<i>Claudio:</i>	I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not But in mistaking.	15
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.	20
<i>Leonato:</i>	I cannot bid you bid my daughter live – That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innocent she died; and, if your love Can labour aught in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night. To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead; And she alone is heir to both of us. Give her the right you should have giv'n her cousin, And so dies my revenge.	25
<i>Claudio:</i>	O noble sir! Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me. I do embrace your offer; and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio.	30
<i>Leonato:</i>	To-morrow, then I will expect your coming; To-night I take my leave. This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong, Hir'd to it by your brother.	35
<i>Borachio:</i>	No, by my soul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me; But always hath been just and virtuous In anything that I do know by her.	40
		45

<i>Dogberry:</i>	Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass; I beseech you, let it be rememb'ed in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.	50
<i>Leonato:</i>	I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.	60
<i>Leonato:</i>	There's for thy pains.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	God save the foundation!	
<i>Leonato:</i>	Go; I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.	65
	[ <i>Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.</i> ]	70
<i>Leonato:</i>	Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.	
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	We will not fail.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	To-night I'll mourn with Hero.	75
	[ <i>Exeunt DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.</i> ]	
<i>Leonato:</i>	[ <i>To the Watch</i> ] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [ <i>Exeunt severally.</i> ]	

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

Or †8 *Well-intentioned and honourable.*  
*Scheming and untrustworthy.*

Which is closer to your view of Don Pedro? Support your answer with details from Shakespeare's writing.

Or 9 You are Hero. You have just woken on the morning of your marriage to Claudio (in Act 3, not Act 5).

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

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

<i>York:</i>	Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper, My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow More than my brother. 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloucester 'Small herbs have grace: great weeds do grow apace.' And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast, Because sweet flow'rs are slow and weeds make haste.	5
<i>Duchess:</i>	Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold In him that did object the same to thee. He was the wretched'st thing when he was young, So long a-growing and so leisurely That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.	10
<i>Archbishop:</i>	And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.	
<i>York:</i>	Now, by my troth, if I had been rememb'rd, I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.	15
<i>Duchess:</i>	How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.	
<i>York:</i>	Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old. 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.	20
<i>Duchess:</i>	I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?	
<i>York:</i>	Grandam, his nurse.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	His nurse! Why she was dead ere thou wast born.	25
<i>York:</i>	If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.	
<i>Queen Elizabeth:</i>	A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.	
<i>Archbishop:</i>	Good madam, be not angry with the child.	
<i>Queen Elizabeth:</i>	Pitchers have ears. <i>Enter a Messenger.</i>	30
<i>Archbishop:</i>	Here comes a messenger. What news?	
<i>Messenger:</i>	Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.	
<i>Queen Elizabeth:</i>	How doth the Prince?	
<i>Messenger:</i>	Well, madam, and in health.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	What is thy news?	35
<i>Messenger:</i>	Lord Rivers and Lord Grey Are sent to Pomfret, and with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Who hath committed them?	
<i>Messenger:</i>	The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.	40
<i>Archbishop:</i>	For what offence?	
<i>Messenger:</i>	The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd. Why or for what the nobles were committed Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.	45
<i>Queen Elizabeth:</i>	Ay me, I see the ruin of my house! The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind; Insulting tyranny begins to jet Upon the innocent and aweless throne. Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre! I see, as in a map, the end of all.	50

*Duchess:* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
 And often up and down my sons were toss'd 55  
 For me to joy and weep their gain and loss;  
 And being seated, and domestic broils  
 Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors  
 Make war upon themselves – brother to brother,  
 Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous 60  
 And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,  
 Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*Queen Elizabeth:* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.  
 Madam, farewell.

*Duchess:* Stay, I will go with you. 65

*Queen Elizabeth:* You have no cause.

*Archbishop:* [*To the Queen*] My gracious lady, go.  
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
 For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace  
 The seal I keep; and so betide to me 70  
 As well I tender you and all of yours!  
 Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

How do you think Shakespeare makes this scene such a powerfully dramatic ending to Act 2?

**Or †11** How do you think Shakespeare makes Richard such a lively and humorous character? Support your argument with details from the play.

**Or 12** You are Lord Hastings as you are being hurried to execution.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

	<i>Early next morning.</i>	
	<i>A pale shaft of sunlight shines down the steps, but candles still burn in the dark corner where OSBORNE and RALEIGH are at breakfast. MASON has put a large plate of bacon before each, and turns to go as TROTTER comes down the steps, whistling gaily and rubbing his hands.</i>	5
Trotter:	What a lovely smell of bacon!	
Mason:	Yes, sir. I reckon there's enough smell of bacon in 'ere to last for dinner.	
Trotter:	Well, there's nothing like a good fat bacon rasher when you're as empty as I am.	10
Mason:	I'm glad you like it fat, sir.	
Trotter:	Well, I like a bit o' lean, too.	
Mason:	There was a bit of lean in the middle of yours, sir, but it's kind of shrunk up in the cooking.	15
Trotter:	Bad cooking, that's all. Any porridge?	
Mason:	Oh, yes, sir. There's porridge.	
Trotter:	Lumpy, I s'pose?	
Mason:	Yes, sir. Quite nice and lumpy.	
Trotter:	Well, take the lumps out o' mine.	20
Mason:	And just bring you the gravy, sir? Very good, sir. MASON goes out. TROTTER looks after him suspiciously.	
Trotter:	You know, that man's getting familiar.	
Osborne:	He's not a bad cook. TROTTER has picked up his coffee mug, and is smelling it.	25
Trotter:	I say, d'you realise he's washed his dish-cloth?	
Osborne:	I know, I told him about it.	
Trotter:	Did you really? You've got some pluck. 'Ow did you go about it?	
Osborne:	I wrote and asked my wife for a packet of Lux. Then I gave it to Mason and suggested he tried it on something.	30
Trotter:	Good man. No, he's not a bad cook. Might be a lot worse. When I was in the ranks we 'ad a prize cook – used to be a plumber before the war. Ought to 'ave seen the stew 'e made. Thin! Thin wasn't the word. Put a bucketful of 'is stew in a bath and pull the plug, and the whole lot would go down in a couple of gurgles. MASON brings TROTTER's porridge.	35
Mason:	I've took the lumps out.	
Trotter:	Good. Keep 'em and use 'em for dumplings next time we 'ave boiled beef.	40
Mason:	Very good, sir. He goes out.	
Trotter:	Yes. That plumber was a prize cook, 'e was. Lucky for us one day 'e set 'imself on fire making the tea. 'E went 'ome pretty well fried. Did Mason get that pepper?	45
Osborne:	Yes.	
Trotter:	Good. Must 'ave pepper.	
Osborne:	I thought you were on duty now.	
Trotter:	I'm supposed to be. Stanhope sent me down to get my breakfast. He's looking after things till I finish.	50
Osborne:	He's got a long job then.	

*Trotter:* Oh, no. I'm a quick eater. Hi! Mason! Bacon!  
*Mason:* [outside] Coming, sir!  
*Osborne:* It's a wonderful morning. 55  
*Trotter:* Isn't it lovely? Makes you feel sort of young and 'opeful. I was up in that old trench under the brick wall just now, and damned if a bloomin' little bird didn't start singing! Didn't 'arf sound funny. Sign of spring, I s'pose.  
MASON *arrives with TROTTER's bacon.* 60

This passage is quite different in tone and atmosphere from the ending of Act 1. Explore how Sherriff makes this change so dramatically effective.

- Or †14** How do you think Sherriff makes Osborne such a dramatically moving character? Support your views with details from the writing.
- Or 15** You are Stanhope at the beginning of Act 3. You are alone in the dugout, waiting for the Colonel.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

**Either \*16** Read these first three stanzas from *Mariana*, and then answer the question that follows:

With blackest moss the flower-plots Were thickly crusted, one and all: The rusted nails fell from the knots That held the pear to the gable-wall.	5
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange: Unlifted was the clinking latch; Weeded and worn the ancient thatch Upon the lonely moated grange. She only said, 'My life is dreary, He cometh not,' she said;	10
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!'	
Her tears fell with the dews at even; Her tears fell ere the dews were dried; She could not look on the sweet heaven, Either at morn or eventide.	15
After the flitting of the bats, When thickest dark did trance the sky, She drew her casement-curtain by, And glanced athwart the glooming flats.	20
She only said, 'The night is dreary, He cometh not,' she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!'	
Upon the middle of the night,	25
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow; The cock sung out an hour ere light: From the dark fen the oxen's low Came to her: without hope of change, In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,	30
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn About the lonely moated grange. She only said, 'The day is dreary, He cometh not,' she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!'	35

Explore how Tennyson strikingly conveys a gloomy, depressing atmosphere in these lines.

- Or †17 Explore how Tennyson conveys his thoughts and feelings in the extract from *Maud, Part 2* (from 'Dead, long dead' to 'Is enough to drive one mad').
- Or †18 In what ways does Tennyson convey his different feelings as he looks back on his friendship with Hallam in Extract XXIV ('And was the day of my delight ...') of *In Memoriam*?

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3**

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

*Full Moon and Little Frieda*

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

And you listening.

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

A pail lifted, still and brimming – mirror

To tempt a first star to a tremor.

5

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

A dark river of blood, many boulders,

Balancing unspilled milk.

10

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

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

That points at him amazed.

(by Ted Hughes)

Explore how Hughes conveys the delight of this moment.

- Or †20** Which parts of *Lament* (by Gillian Clarke) **and** *Report to Wordsworth* (by Boey Kim Cheng) are particularly vivid for you in their portrayal of the way Nature is being damaged? Show how the poets' words create such a powerful effect.
- Or †21** Explore how the words of **one** poem in this section vividly portray a single moment in time. **(N.B. Do not use *Full Moon and Little Frieda* in answering this question.)**

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## SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

‘Don’t you cant, Nelly,’ he said. ‘Nonsense! We ran from the top of the Heights to the park, without stopping – Catherine completely beaten in the race, because she was barefoot. You’ll have to seek for her shoes in the bog to-morrow. We crept through a broken hedge, groped our way up the path, and planted ourselves on a flower-plot under the drawing-room window. The light came from thence; they had not put up the shutters, and the curtains were only half closed. Both of us were able to look in by standing on the basement, and clinging to the ledge, and we saw – ah! it was beautiful – a splendid place carpeted with crimson, and crimson-covered chairs and tables, and a pure white ceiling bordered by gold, a shower of glass-drops hanging in silver chains from the centre, and shimmering with little soft tapers. Old Mr and Mrs Linton were not there. Edgar and his sister had it entirely to themselves; shouldn’t they have been happy? We should have thought ourselves in heaven! And now, guess what your good children were doing? Isabella – I believe she is eleven, a year younger than Cathy – lay screaming at the farther end of the room, shrieking as if witches were running red hot needles into her. Edgar stood on the hearth weeping silently, and in the middle of the table sat a little dog, shaking its paw and yelping, which, from their mutual accusations, we understood they had nearly pulled in two between them. The idiots! That was their pleasure! to quarrel who should hold a heap of warm hair, and each begin to cry because both, after struggling to get it, refused to take it. We laughed outright at the petted things, we did despise them! When would you catch me wishing to have what Catherine wanted? or find us by ourselves, seeking entertainment in yelling, and sobbing, and rolling on the ground, divided by the whole room? I’d not exchange, for a thousand lives, my condition here, for Edgar Linton’s at Thrushcross Grange – not if I might have the privilege of flinging Joseph off the highest gable, and painting the house-front with Hindley’s blood!’

‘Hush, hush!’ I interrupted. ‘Still you have not told me, Heathcliff, how Catherine is left behind?’

‘I told you we laughed,’ he answered. ‘The Lintons heard us, and with one accord, they shot like arrows to the door; there was silence, and then a cry, “Oh, mamma, mamma! Oh, papa! Oh, mamma, come here. Oh, papa, oh!” They really did howl out, something in that way. We made frightful noises to terrify them still more, and then we dropped off the ledge, because somebody was drawing the bars, and we felt we had better flee. I had Cathy by the hand, and was urging her on, when all at once she fell down.

‘“Run, Heathcliff, run!” she whispered. “They have let the bull-dog loose, and he holds me!”

‘The devil had seized her ankle, Nelly; I heard his abominable snorting. She did not yell out – no! She would have scorned to do it, if she had been spitted on the horns of a mad cow. I did, though: I vociferated curses enough to annihilate any fiend in Christendom, and I got a stone and thrust it between his jaws, and tried with all my might to cram it down his throat. A beast of a servant came up with a lantern, at last, shouting –

‘“Keep fast, Skulker, keep fast!”

'He changed his note, however, when he saw Skulker's game. The dog was throttled off, his huge, purple tongue hanging half a foot out of his mouth, and his pendant lips streaming with bloody slaver. 50

'The man took Cathy up; she was sick; not from fear, I'm certain, but from pain. He carried her in; I followed, grumbling execrations and vengeance.'

How does Brontë vividly convey the differences between life at Thrushcross Grange and life at Wuthering Heights at this moment in the novel?

Or †23 *A wilful child who never grows up.*  
*A passionate romantic lover.*

Which of these descriptions of Catherine Earnshaw/Linton is closer to your own view of her? Support your views with details from Brontë's writing.

Or 24 You are Nellie Dean. Heathcliff has imprisoned you at Wuthering Heights and Catherine has been taken away from you.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

The neighbours lost sight of Harish. Once some children reported they had seen him lying under the *pipal* tree at the corner of their school compound, staring fixedly at the red gashes cut into the papery bark and, later, a boy who commuted to school on a suburban train claimed to have seen him on the railway platform, sitting against a railing like some tattered beggar, staring across the criss-cross of shining rails. But next day, when the boy got off the train, he did not see Harish again. 5

Harish had gone hunting. His slow, silent walk gave him the appearance of sliding rather than walking over the surface of the roads and fields, rather like a snail except that his movement was not as smooth as a snail's but stumbling as if he had only recently become one and was still unused to the pace. Not only his eyes and his hands but even his bare feet seemed to be feeling the earth carefully, in search of an interesting surface. Once he found it, he would pause, his whole body would gently collapse across it and hours – perhaps days – would be devoted to its investigation and worship. Outside the town the land was rocky and bare and this was Harish's especial paradise, each rock having a surface of such exquisite roughness, of such perfection in shape and design, as to keep him occupied and ecstatic for weeks together. Then the river beyond the rock quarries drew him away and there he discovered the joy of fingering silk-smooth stalks and reeds, stems and leaves. 10 15 20

Shepherd children, seeing him stumble about the reeds, plunging thigh-deep into the water in order to pull out a water lily with its cool, sinuous stem, fled screaming, not certain whether this was a man or a hairy water snake. Their mothers came, some with stones and some with canes at the ready, but when they saw Harish, his skin parched to a violet shade, sitting on the bank and gazing at the transparent stem of the lotus, they fell back, crying 'Wah!', gathered closer together, advanced, dropped their canes and stones, held their children still by their hair and shoulders, and came to bow to him. Then they hurried back to the village, chattering. They had never had a Swami to themselves, in these arid parts. Nor had they seen a Swami who looked holier, more inhuman than Harish with his matted hair, his blue, starved skin and single-focused eyes. So, in the evening, one brought him a brass vessel of milk, another a little rice. They pushed their children before them and made them drop flowers at his feet. When Harish stooped and felt among the offerings for something his fingers could respond to, they were pleased, they felt accepted. 'Swamiji,' they whispered, 'speak.' 25 30 35

Harish did not speak and his silence made him still holier, safer. So they worshipped him, fed and watched over him, interpreting his moves in their own fashion, and Harish, in turn, watched over their offerings and worshipped.

What does Desai make you feel at this moment in the story about the change that has overtaken Harish? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Or** †26 In **either** *Scholar and Gypsy* **or** *A Devoted Son* explore the ways in which Desai vividly portrays how self-centred and selfish people can be. Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** 27 You are Mr Bose at the beginning of *Private Tuition by Mr Bose*. You are awaiting the arrival of Pritam for his tutorial.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

‘I wish to be relieved of the administration of Golema Mmidi,’ said Matenge.

Chief Sekoto furrowed his brow. This was most unexpected. He dreaded what was coming next.

‘Have you had another clash with the young man, Gilbert?’ he asked lightly. 5

Matenge turned his deep doom-ridden eyes on his brother. ‘He is now harbouring refugees at the farm.’

‘Oh, is that all, brother?’ Chief Sekoto asked, relieved. ‘I see no harm in that. The world is always full of refugees. How many has Gilbert taken in?’ 10

For answer, Matenge held out the paper with Makhaya’s picture on the front page. Chief Sekoto studied the face carefully and felt a sharp stab of jealousy. The man was too attractive, he could steal all the women in the country. Chief Sekoto did not enjoy the thought of a competitor so near his own hunting grounds. 15

‘You mean there is only one refugee, brother?’ he asked, anxiously.

Matenge nodded.

‘Well, what’s the trouble then? Why do you want to resign?’

‘I see,’ Matenge said with heavy sarcasm. ‘You haven’t read the story.’

‘But I haven’t the time, brother. I’m already late for the important appointment.’ 20

Matenge swung around furiously on his brother. ‘Either I go or the refugee goes,’ he said. ‘How can people feel safe with a criminal and murderer in their midst? That is what the story says; he is a criminal and murderer who walks around with bombs in his pocket. Why should Gilbert take in such a man unless it is his intention to murder me? There is no other reason why Gilbert should associate with a murderer. He is doing nothing at the farm.’ 25

Chief Sekoto edged towards the door. ‘Brother,’ he said. ‘Such criminology is outside my jurisdiction. You must report this matter to the police. You must report this to George Appleby-Smith as he patrols your area. In the meantime, please avail yourself of my hospitality and have lunch at the house. Tell the wife I am called away by an important appointment.’ 30

Chief Sekoto swung his short dumpy legs out of the car, closed the door and, without looking back, waddled over briskly to a small white sports car. He was literally suffocating. Inside the fat, overstuffed body was a spirit that fiercely resented intense, demanding, vicious people. It was as though they had the power to trap him inside a dark airless tunnel when all he wanted was the casualness of the free air and the silly chatter of a pretty, painted-up woman. 35

The small white car roared into life. Chief Sekoto pressed the accelerator down to the floor and then, at a speed of over a hundred miles an hour, streaked out of the village like a continuous blur of white light. Within barely fifteen minutes he had covered twenty-eight miles and approached the railroad crossing where Makhaya had been dropped off by the truck driver on his first day in Botswana. The chief slowed down, drove past the railway station and into a yard which contained a small white-washed house. It was the home of his friend, Inspector George Appleby-Smith, the green-eyed police officer who had interviewed Makhaya and granted him political asylum. 40 45

How does Head convey the different characters of Matenge and Sekoto so strikingly at this moment in the novel?

- Or** †29 Explore **one** incident in the novel which makes you particularly admire the people of Golema Mmidi. Support your answer with details from Head's writing.
- Or** 30 You are Mma-Millipede. Makhaya has just left your house after his first visit to you.  
Write your thoughts.

**F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby***

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

We went upstairs, through period bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing rooms and poolrooms, and bathrooms, with sunken baths – intruding into one chamber where a dishevelled man in pajamas was doing liver exercises on the floor. It was Mr Klipspringer, the ‘boarder.’ I had seen him wandering hungrily about the beach that morning. Finally we came to Gatsby’s own apartment, a bedroom and a bath, and an Adam study, where we sat down and drank a glass of some Chartreuse he took from a cupboard in the wall. 5

He hadn’t once ceased looking at Daisy, and I think he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way, as though in her actual and astounding presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs. 10

His bedroom was the simplest room of all – except where the dresser was garnished with a toilet set of pure dull gold. Daisy took the brush with delight, and smoothed her hair, whereupon Gatsby sat down and shaded his eyes and began to laugh. 15

‘It’s the funniest thing, old sport,’ he said hilariously. ‘I can’t – When I try to – ’

He had passed visibly through two states and was entering upon a third. After his embarrassment and his unreasoning joy he was consumed with wonder at her presence. He had been full of the idea so long, dreamed it right through to the end, waited with his teeth set, so to speak, at an inconceivable pitch of intensity. Now, in the reaction, he was running down like an over-wound clock. 20 25

Recovering himself in a minute he opened for us two hulking patent cabinets which held his massed suits and dressing-gowns and ties, and his shirts, piled like bricks in stacks a dozen high.

‘I’ve got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall.’ 30

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many coloured disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heap mounted higher – shirts with stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and apple-green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of indian blue. Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry stormily. 35

‘They’re such beautiful shirts,’ she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. ‘It makes me sad because I’ve never seen such – such beautiful shirts before.’ 40

Explore how Fitzgerald strikingly conveys the feelings of Gatsby and Daisy at this moment in the novel.

**Or †32** What do you think it is about Daisy that makes Gatsby so attracted to her? Support your ideas with details from Fitzgerald’s writing.

**Or 33** You are Jordan Baker at Gatsby’s lavish party. The butler has summoned you to a meeting with Jay Gatsby.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

The querulous drone ceased as I entered Frome's kitchen, and of the two women sitting there I could not tell which had been the speaker.

One of them, on my appearing, raised her tall bony figure from her seat, not as if to welcome me – for she threw me no more than a brief glance of surprise – but simply to set about preparing the meal which Frome's absence had delayed. A slatternly calico wrapper hung from her shoulders and the wisps of her thin grey hair were drawn away from a high forehead and fastened at the back by a broken comb. She had pale opaque eyes which revealed nothing and reflected nothing, and her narrow lips were of the same sallow colour as her face. 5 10

The other woman was much smaller and slighter. She sat huddled in an armchair near the stove, and when I came in she turned her head quickly toward me, without the least corresponding movements of her body. Her hair was as grey as her companion's, her face as bloodless and shrivelled, but amber-tinted, with swarthy shadows sharpening the nose and hollowing the temples. Under her shapeless dress her body kept its limp immobility, and her dark eyes had the bright witch-like stare that disease of the spine sometimes gives. 15

Even for that part of the country the kitchen was a poor-looking place. With the exception of the dark-eyed woman's chair, which looked like a soiled relic of luxury bought at a country auction, the furniture was of the roughest kind. Three coarse china plates and a broken-nosed milk-jug had been set on a greasy table scored with knife-cuts, and a couple of straw-bottomed chairs and a kitchen dresser of unpainted pine stood meagrely against the plaster walls. 20 25

"My, it's cold here! The fire must be 'most out," Frome said, glancing about him apologetically as he followed me in.

The tall woman, who had moved away from us toward the dresser, took no notice; but the other, from her cushioned niche, answered complainingly, in a high thin voice. "It's on'y just been made up this very minute. Zeena fell asleep and slep' ever so long, and I thought I'd be frozen stiff before I could wake her up and get her to 'tend to it." 30

I knew then that it was she who had been speaking when we entered.

Her companion, who was just coming back to the table with the remains of a cold mince-pie in a battered pie-dish, set down her unappetising burden without appearing to hear the accusation brought against her. 35

Frome stood hesitatingly before her as she advanced; then he looked at me and said: "This is my wife, Mis' Frome." After another interval he added, turning toward the figure in the armchair: "And this is Miss Mattie Silver. ..."

How do you think Wharton makes this such a surprising and shocking moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or †35** Explore **two** episodes in the novel which for you most vividly convey the disappointments of Ethan Frome's life. Support your views with details from Wharton's writing.

**Or 36** You are Zeena. You have been married a year.

Write your thoughts.

From *Stories of Ourselves*

**Either \*37** Read this extract from *Secrets* (by Bernard MacLaverly) and then answer the question that follows it:

His aunt had been small – her head on a level with his when she sat at her table – and she seemed to get smaller each year. Her skin fresh, her hair white and waved and always well washed. She wore no jewellery except a cameo ring on the third finger of her right hand and, around her neck, a gold locket on a chain. The white classical profile on the ring was almost worn through and had become translucent and indistinct. The boy had noticed the ring when she had read to him as a child. In the beginning fairy tales, then as he got older extracts from famous novels, *Lorna Doone*, *Persuasion*, *Wuthering Heights* and her favourite extract, because she read it so often, Pip's meeting with Miss Havisham from *Great Expectations*. She would sit with him on her knee, her arms around him and holding the page flat with her hand. When he was bored he would interrupt her and ask about the ring. He loved hearing her tell of how her grandmother had given it to her as a brooch and she had had a ring made from it. He would try to count back to see how old it was. Had her grandmother got it from her grandmother? And if so what had she turned it into? She would nod her head from side to side and say, 'How would I know a thing like that?' keeping her place in the closed book with her finger.

'Don't be so inquisitive,' she'd say. 'Let's see what happens next in the story.'

One day she was sitting copying figures into a long narrow book with a dip pen when he came into her room. She didn't look up but when he asked her a question she just said, 'Mm?' and went on writing. The vase of irises on the oval table vibrated slightly as she wrote.

'What is it?' She wiped the nib on blotting paper and looked up at him over her reading glasses.

'I've started collecting stamps and Mamma says you might have some.'

'Does she now – ?'

She got up from the table and went to the tall walnut bureau-bookcase standing in the alcove. From a shelf of the bookcase she took a small wallet of keys and selected one for the lock. There was a harsh metal shearing sound as she pulled the desk flap down. The writing area was covered with green leather which had dog-eared at the corners. The inner part was divided into pigeon holes, all bulging with papers. Some of them, envelopes, were gathered in batches nipped at the waist with elastic bands. There were postcards and bills and cash-books. She pointed to the postcards.

'You may have the stamps on those,' she said. 'But don't tear them. Steam them off.'

She went back to the oval table and continued writing. He sat on the arm of the chair looking through the picture post-cards – torchlight processions at Lourdes, brown photographs of town centres, dull black and whites of beaches backed by faded hotels. Then he turned them over and began to sort the stamps. Spanish, with a bald man, French with a rooster, German with funny jerky print, some Italian with what looked like a chimney-sweep's bundle and a hatchet.

'These are great,' he said. 'I haven't got any of them.'

'Just be careful how you take them off.'

'Can I take them downstairs?'

'Is your mother there?'

'Yes.'

‘Then perhaps it’s best if you bring the kettle up here.’

He went down to the kitchen. His mother was in the morning room polishing silver. He took the kettle and the flex upstairs. Except for the dipping and scratching of his aunt’s pen the room was silent. It was at the back of the house overlooking the orchard and the sound of traffic from the main road was distant and muted. A tiny rattle began as the kettle warmed up, then it bubbled and steam gushed quietly from its spout. The cards began to curl slightly in the jet of steam but she didn’t seem to be watching. The stamps peeled moistly off and he put them in a saucer of water to flatten them. 55

‘Who is Brother Benignus?’ he asked. She seemed not to hear. He asked again and she looked over her glasses. 60

‘He was a friend.’

His flourishing signature appeared again and again. Sometimes Bro Benignus, sometimes Benignus and once Iggy. 65

‘Is he alive?’

‘No, he’s dead now. Watch the kettle doesn’t run dry.’

When he had all the stamps off he put the postcards together and replaced them in the pigeon-hole. He reached over towards the letters but before his hand touched them his aunt’s voice, harsh for once, warned. 70

‘A-A-A,’ she moved her pen from side to side. ‘Do-not-touch,’ she said and smiled. ‘Anything else, yes! That section, no!’ She resumed her writing.

The boy went through some other papers and found some photographs. One was of a beautiful girl. It was very old-fashioned but he could see that she was beautiful. The picture was a pale brown oval set on a white square of card. The edges of the oval were misty. The girl in the photograph was young and had dark, dark hair scraped severely back and tied like a knotted rope on the top of her head – high arched eyebrows, her nose straight and thin, her mouth slightly smiling, yet not smiling – the way a mouth is after smiling. Her eyes looked out at him dark and knowing and beautiful. 75

‘Who is that?’ he asked.

‘Why? What do you think of her?’

‘She’s all right.’

‘Do you think she is beautiful?’ The boy nodded. 85

‘That’s me,’ she said. The boy was glad he had pleased her in return for the stamps.

How does MacLaverty vividly convey the boy’s fascination with his aunt at this moment in the story?

**Or †38** How does the writer of **either** *How It Happened* (by Arthur Conan Doyle) **or** *There Will Come Soft Rains* (by Ray Bradbury) make the story so effective even though it is so short? Support your answer by close reference to the story you choose.

**Or 39** You are Mrs Croft in *The Third and Final Continent*. You have just met Mala for the first time.

Write your thoughts.

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