

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/04**

Paper 4

October/November 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours 30 minutes**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.

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

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **35** printed pages and **1** blank page.



## POETRY

**SEAMUS HEANEY: *Death of a Naturalist***

Either \*1

*An Advancement of Learning*

I took the embankment path  
 (As always, deferring  
 The bridge). The river nosed past,  
 Pliable, oil-skinned, wearing

A transfer of gables and sky.  
 Hunched over the railing,  
 Well away from the road now, I  
 Considered the dirty-keeled swans.

Something slobbered curtly, close,  
 Smudging the silence: a rat  
 Slimed out of the water and  
 My throat sickened so quickly that

I turned down the path in cold sweat  
 But God, another was nimbling  
 Up the far bank, tracing its wet  
 Arcs on the stones. Incredibly then

I established a dreaded  
 Bridgehead. I turned to stare  
 With deliberate, thrilled care  
 At my hitherto snubbed rodent.

He clockworked aimlessly a while,  
 Stopped, back bunched and glistening,  
 Ears plastered down on his knobbled skull,  
 Insidiously listening.

The tapered tail that followed him,  
 The raindrop eye, the old snout:  
 One by one I took all in.  
 He trained on me. I stared him out

Forgetting how I used to panic  
 When his grey brothers scraped and fed  
 Behind the hen-coop in our yard,  
 On ceiling boards above my bed.

This terror, cold, wet-furred, small clawed,  
 Retreated up a pipe for sewage.  
 I stared a minute after him.  
 Then I walked on and crossed the bridge.

Explore this poem, showing how Heaney's changing feelings towards the rat are revealed.

- Or**     **2**     There are striking or unexpected moments in Heaney's writing. Explore such moments in **two** poems.
- Or**     **3**     Heaney has been praised for the power of his description and his ability to capture the reader's imagination. Explore **two** of the following poems which in your view best illustrate these qualities.

*Blackberry-Picking; Churning Day; Ancestral Photograph; Trout*

Explore how the poet's words create the different personalities of the two farmers in this poem.

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- Or**     **5**    Explore how the poet's descriptive use of words makes the scene memorable to the reader in **one** of the following poems:

*South Cumberland, 10 May 1943; Dulce et Decorum Est; Adlestrop*

- Or**     **6**     From **two** of the poems listed below, choose from each a moment of extreme joy or sadness. Show how the poets' words have made these moments of joy or sadness memorable for you.

*Our History; 5 ways to Kill a Man; The Windhover; On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*

## PROSE

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

Either \*7

Often and often Nicholas had pictured to himself what the lumber-room might be like, that region that was so carefully sealed from youthful eyes and concerning which no questions were ever answered. It came up to his expectations. In the first place it was large and dimly lit, one high window opening on to the forbidden garden being its only source of illumination. In the second place it was a storehouse of unimagined treasures. The aunt-by-assertion was one of those people who think things spoil by use and consign them to dust and damp by way of preserving them. Such parts of the house as Nicholas knew best were rather bare and cheerless, but here there were wonderful things for the eye to feast on. First and foremost there was a piece of framed tapestry that was evidently meant to be a fire-screen. To Nicholas it was a living, breathing story; he sat down on a roll of Indian hangings, glowing in wonderful colours beneath a layer of dust, and took in all the details of the tapestry picture. A man, dressed in the hunting costume of some remote period, had just transfixed a stag with an arrow; it could not have been a difficult shot because the stag was only one or two paces away from him; in the thickly growing vegetation that the picture suggested it would not have been difficult to creep up to a feeding stag, and the two spotted dogs that were springing forward to join in the chase had evidently been trained to keep to heel till the arrow was discharged. That part of the picture was simple, if interesting, but did the huntsman see, what Nicholas saw, that four galloping wolves were coming in his direction through the wood? There might be more than four of them hidden behind the trees, and in any case would the man and his dogs be able to cope with the four wolves if they made an attack? The man had only two arrows left in his quiver, and he might miss with one or both of them; all one knew about his skill in shooting was that he could hit a large stag at a ridiculously short range. Nicholas sat for many golden minutes revolving the possibilities of the scene; he was inclined to think that there were more than four wolves and that the man and his dogs were in a tight corner.

But there were other objects of delight and interest claiming his instant attention; there were quaint twisted candlesticks in the shape of snakes, and a tea-pot fashioned like a china duck, out of whose open beak the tea was supposed to come. How dull and shapeless the nursery teapot seemed in comparison! And there was a carved sandalwood box packed tight with aromatic cotton-wool, and between the layers of cotton-wool were little brass figures, hump-necked bulls; and peacocks and goblins, delightful to see and to handle. Less promising in appearance was a large square book with plain black covers; Nicholas peeped into it, and, behold, it was full of coloured pictures of birds. And such birds! In the garden, and in the lanes when he went for a walk, Nicholas came across a few birds, of which the largest were an occasional magpie or wood-pigeon; here were herons and bustards, kites, toucans, tiger-bitterns, brush turkeys, ibises, golden pheasants, a whole portrait gallery of undreamed-of-creatures. And as he was admiring the colouring of the mandarin duck and assigning a life-history to it, the voice of his aunt in shrill vociferation of his name came from the gooseberry garden without. She had grown suspicious at his long disappearance, and had leapt to the conclusion that he had climbed over the wall behind the sheltering screen of the lilac bushes; she was

now engaged in energetic and rather hopeless search for him among the artichokes and raspberry canes.

What do you think Saki's description here of the lumber room and Nicholas's response to it tells you about the attitudes and atmosphere of this household?

Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

**Or**     **8**     What do you find particularly horrifying about the world which Forster creates in *The Machine Stops*?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

**Or**     **9**     Suspense and surprise are often to be found in a good short story. Choose **one** short story from this selection in which you think this is particularly the case and by close attention to the writing justify your choice.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre***

**Either \*10** Some time in the afternoon I raised my head, and looking round and seeing the western sun gilding the sign of its decline on the wall, I asked, 'What am I to do?'

But the answer my mind gave – 'Leave Thornfield at once' – was so prompt, so dread, that I stopped my ears. I said I could not bear such words now. 'That I am not Edward Rochester's wife is the least part of my woe,' I alleged: 'that I have awakened out of most glorious dreams, and found them all void and vain, is a horror I could bear and master; but that I must leave him decidedly, instantly, entirely, is intolerable. I cannot do it.'

But, then a voice within me averred that I could do it, and foretold that I should do it. I wrestled with my own resolution: I wanted to be weak that I might avoid the awful passage of further suffering I saw laid out for me; and Conscience, turned tyrant, held Passion by the throat, told her tauntingly, she had yet but dipped her dainty feet in the slough, and swore that with that arm of iron he would thrust her down to unsounded depths of agony.

'Let me be torn away, then!' I cried. 'Let another help me!'

'No; you shall tear yourself away, none shall help you: you shall yourself pluck out your right eye; yourself cut off your right hand: your heart shall be the victim, and you the priest to transfix it.'

I rose up suddenly, terror-struck at the solitude which so ruthless a judge haunted – at the silence which so awful a voice filled. My head swam as I stood erect. I perceived that I was sickening from excitement and inanition; neither meat nor drink had passed my lips that day, for I had taken no breakfast. And, with a strange pang, I now reflected that, long as I had been shut up here, no message had been sent to ask how I was, or to invite me to come down: not even little Adèle had tapped at the door; not even Mrs Fairfax had sought me. 'Friends always forget those whom fortune forsakes,' I murmured, as I undrew the bolt and passed out. I stumbled over an obstacle: my head was still dizzy, my sight was dim, and my limbs were feeble. I could not soon recover myself. I fell, but not on the ground: an outstretched arm caught me, I looked up – I was supported by Mr Rochester, who sat in a chair across my chamber threshold.

'You come out at last,' he said. 'Well, I have been waiting for you long, and listening: yet not one movement have I heard, nor one sob: five minutes more of that deathlike hush, and I should have forced the lock like a burglar. So you shun me? – you shut yourself up and grieve alone! I would rather you had come and upbraided me with vehemence. You are passionate: I expected a scene of some kind. I was prepared for the hot rain of tears; only I wanted them to be shed on my breast: now a senseless floor has received them, or your drenched handkerchief. But I err: you have not wept at all! I see a white cheek and a faded eye, but no trace of tears. I suppose, then, your heart has been weeping blood?'

How do Brontë's words convey to you the turmoil and confusion in Jane's mind?

Or 11

*Strong and determined*  
*Quiet and meek*

To what extent do both of these phrases apply to Jane?

Or

12 You are Mr Rochester immediately after Jane has left you following the revelation of your previous marriage. Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Woodlanders*

**Either \*13** Meanwhile Winterborne and Grace Melbury had also undergone their little experiences.

As he drove off with her out of the town the glances of people fell upon them, the younger thinking that Mr. Winterborne was in a pleasant place, and wondering in what relation he stood towards her. Winterborne himself was unconscious of this. Occupied solely with the idea of having her in charge, he did not notice much with outward eye.

Their conversation was in briefest phrase for some time, Grace being somewhat disconcerted, through not having understood till they were about to start that Giles was to be her sole conductor, in place of her father. When they were in the open country he spoke.

“Don’t Brownley’s farm-buildings look strange to you, now they have been moved bodily from the hollow where the old ones stood to the top of the hill?”

She admitted that they did, though she should not have seen any difference in them if he had not pointed it out.

“They had a good crop of bitter-sweets, they couldn’t grind them all” – nodding towards an orchard where some heaps of apples had been left lying ever since the ingathering.

She said “Yes,” but looking at another orchard.

“Why, you are looking at John-apple-trees! You know bitter-sweets – you used to well enough?”

“I am afraid I have forgotten, and it is getting too dark to distinguish.”

Winterborne did not continue. It seemed as if the knowledge and interests which had formerly moved Grace’s mind had quite died away from her. He wondered whether the special attributes of his image in the past had evaporated like these other things.

However that might be, the fact at present was merely this, that where he was seeing John-apples and farm-buildings she was beholding a much contrasting scene: a broad lawn in the fashionable suburb of a fast city, the evergreen leaves shining in the evening sun, amid which bounding girls, gracefully clad in artistic arrangements of blue, brown, red, and white, were playing at games, with laughter and chat, in all the pride of life, the notes of piano and harp trembling in the air from the open windows adjoining. Moreover they were girls – and this was a fact which Grace Melbury’s delicate femininity could not lose sight of – whose parents Giles would have addressed with a deferential Sir or Madam. Beside this visioned scene the homely farmsteads did not quite hold their own from her present twenty-year point of survey. For all his woodland sequestration Giles knew the primitive simplicity of the subject he had started, and now sounded a deeper note.

“’Twas very odd what we said to each other years ago; I often think of it. I mean our saying that if we still liked each other when you were twenty and I twenty-five, we’d —”

“It was child’s tattle.”

“H’m?” said Giles suddenly.

“I mean we were young,” said she more considerately. That abrupt manner of his in making inquiries reminded her that he was unaltered.

“Yes ... I beg your pardon, Miss Melbury; your father *sent* me to meet you to-day.”

“I know it, and I am glad of it.” And she looked at him affectionately.

He seemed satisfied with her and went on – “At the time you were sitting beside me at the back of your father’s covered car, when we were coming home from gipsying, all the party being squeezed in together as

tight as sheep in an auction-pen. It got darker and darker and I said – I forget the exact words – but I put my arm round your waist, and there you let it stay till your father, sitting in front, suddenly stopped telling his story to Farmer Bollen, to light his pipe. The flash shone into the car, and showed us all up distinctly; my arm flew from your waist like lightning, yet not so quickly but that some of 'em had seen, and laughed at us. Yet your father, to our amazement, instead of being angry, was mild as milk, and seemed quite pleased. Have you forgot all that, or haven't you?"

She owned that she remembered it very well, now that he mentioned the circumstances. "But I must have been in short frocks," she said slyly.

"Come now, Miss Melbury, that won't do! Short frocks indeed. You know better as well as I."

Grace thereupon declared that she would not argue with an old friend she valued so highly as she valued him, but if it were as he said then she was virtually no less than an old woman now, so far did the time seem removed from her present.

What do you think Hardy's writing in this passage suggests about the likely future relationship of these two people?

- Or**     **14** Grace and Marty are both doomed to lives of unfulfilled love. For whom does Hardy make you feel more sad?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

- Or**     **15** What does Hardy's writing make you think about the community which lives in the Hintocks?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

What does Lessing's writing here make you feel about Mary Turner? Support your responses with detail from the passage.

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- Or**      **17** Do you feel any sympathy for Dick Turner or does Lessing create a figure who really can only be despised?

Support your ideas with detail from Lessing's writing.

- Or**      **18** You are Mary on the evening when, unknown to you, Dick Turner is going to visit you and propose marriage. Write your thoughts before his arrival and then after he has gone.

Please note that the copy of *The Grass is Singing* by Doris Lessing has been removed for copyright reasons.

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

When the shelter was finished, she went up to Selling.

'Selling,' she said, 'I'm going to ask you a question and I want a complete answer from you. Not half an answer.'

'What do you want to ask, Fiela?'

'Do you believe that a child of three could have wandered here from the Forest? Do you believe it before God?'

Selling dropped the rock-rabbit skin on his lap and looked away to the valley below for a long time. When he turned his eyes back to her, they were filled with tears that slowly started trickling down his cheeks. 'No, Fiela, I don't believe it. But...'

'I told you I want a complete answer, not one with a *but* coming up behind!'

'Then my answer is no. Not a child of three. Unless...'

'Selling!'

'No, Fiela, not a child of three.'

She walked back to the enclosure, telling the children to fetch thorn branches; the ostriches had to be driven into the pen so that they could cover their heads with sacks. Then she would be able to put paraffin in their ears against the ticks. The winter was dry, the pests had not settled yet. The two birds must have sensed that her patience was running low for they got them in the pen with little difficulty.

That night, by the light of the candle, she took the Bible and tried to find the place where it told about the two women with one child. In the next few days she made the children look for it and at length, on the Friday, she asked Petrus, who had come to show Selling his new stallion, and he knew where to find it.

'If I remember correctly, it's somewhere in Kings. Solomon told them to divide the living child in two with a sword and give each woman half.'

'That's horrible!' Emma cried.

Petrus laughed. 'Don't worry, Emma, they did not really cut the child in two; the real mother begged them to spare his life and give him to the other woman rather than cut him in two; are you having a Bible quiz or something?'

Selling was going to reply but she forestalled him. 'No, Master Petrus,' she said, 'I just wanted to know. Emma, put the Bible away now and see that Master Petrus gets a nice cup of coffee. Put some of the fresh bread with it.' She avoided the questioning eyes of Selling and the children. Later, when Petrus asked where Benjamin was, she again avoided the truth. 'He's playing somewhere – how is Miss Margaretha?'

'You haven't been to Maria or to Miss Baby lately, Fiela?'

He was suspicious, she knew. 'Things are not going so well with us at the moment. I was hoping the ostriches would have mated by this time, but all that so-called dashing male ostrich can do is eat.'

'Pollie's got on beautifully. You would not think it was the same bird that you got from Koos.'

'That's true, yes.'

'Why did you say things were not going well here with you?'

'It's just my way of talking. We can do with a bit of rain. I want to sow corn at the new moon.'

When Petrus was leaving, she walked with him to his horse.

'Fiela, are you sure there's nothing wrong? Selling looks much worse to me.'

'I've sent one of the children down to the shop for some elixir to give to him.'

‘You did not attend the prayer-meeting at Avontuur yesterday. Or last week neither.’

Petrus was fishing. ‘Do *you* go to church every Sunday, then, Master Petrus?’ she asked. She would leave the Kloof guessing about Benjamin until she had no choice. Petrus too. For years they had been talking behind her back about the white child in her house. and now they could burst with curiosity if they wanted to.

Selling was displeased when she got back to the house. ‘You should have told Petrus the truth, Fiela, he could help find out where the child is.’

‘Years ago Petrus wanted me to give the child to him and his wife to bring up. Bring up to what, I ask you? To be a white slave like Jan Barnard’s sister’s child?’

‘Petrus did not mean to do that, he meant well.’

‘He came here and suggested it after the child had been with us for more than a year. A child is not something you pass on from one to the other like a dog you no longer want. A child must know one home.’

‘Petrus could find out where the child is.’

‘It won’t be necessary, I’ll go and find out myself.’

‘How?’

‘God will show the way. I suddenly remembered something as I worked with the ostriches today; I want to go back to ask the magistrate at Knysna about it.’

‘What was it you remembered, Fiela?’

‘Don’t ask me now, Selling, give me the chance and I’ll bring you the answer and, for all you know, I might bring back Benjamin as well. Because this time I’m going to see the magistrate face to face even if I have to smoke him out like a swarm of bees!’

‘Fiela!’

‘Don’t look so worried, Selling; tomorrow I shall take to the road again and this time they won’t take me by surprise. They told Pace that he could not win either, remember?’

What characteristics of Fiela’s personality do you think this passage reveals?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

- Or**     **20** Elias Van Rooyen can be thought to be brutal, greedy, even rather lazy. Has Matthee made it possible for you to sympathise with him as well?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

- Or**     **21** How does Matthee’s writing bring out the effect that environment has upon the character of the people who live in the two areas of the Long Kloof and the Forest? You may choose to compare **both** places and their people **or** confine your answer to looking at **one**.

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm***

**Either \*22** Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into Snowball's activities. With his dogs in attendance he set out and made a careful tour of inspection of the farm buildings, the other animals following at a respectful distance. At every few steps Napoleon stopped and snuffed the ground for traces of Snowball's footsteps, which, he said, he could detect by the smell. He snuffed in every corner, in the barn, in the cowshed, in the hen-houses, in the vegetable garden, and found traces of Snowball almost everywhere. He would put his snout to the ground, give several deep sniffs, and exclaim in a terrible voice, 'Snowball! He has been here! I can smell him distinctly!' and at the word 'Snowball' all the dogs let out blood-curdling growls and showed their side teeth.

The animals were thoroughly frightened. It seemed to them as though Snowball were some kind of invisible influence, pervading the air about them and menacing them with all kinds of dangers. In the evening Squealer called them together, and with an alarmed expression on his face told them that he had some serious news to report.

'Comrades!' cried Squealer, making little nervous skips, 'a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm away from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball's rebellion was caused by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Do you know what the real reason was? Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. To my mind this explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted—fortunately without success—to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?'

The animals were stupefied. This was a wickedness far out-doing Snowball's destruction of the windmill. But it was some minutes before they would fully take it in. They all remembered, or thought they remembered, how they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the Cowshed, how he had rallied and encouraged them at every turn, and how he had not paused for an instant even when the pellets from Jones's gun had wounded his back. At first it was a little difficult to see how this fitted in with his being on Jones's side. Even Boxer, who seldom asked questions, was puzzled. He lay down, tucked his fore-hoofs beneath him, shut his eyes, and with a hard effort managed to formulate his thoughts.

'I do not believe that,' he said. 'Snowball fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed. I saw him myself. Did we not give him "Animal Hero, First Class", immediately afterwards?'

'That was our mistake, comrade. For we know now—it is all written down in the secret documents that we have found—that in reality he was trying to lure us to our doom.'

'But he was wounded,' said Boxer. 'We all saw him running with blood.'

'That was part of the arrangement!' cried Squealer. 'Jones's shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing, if you were able to read it. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded—I will even say, comrades, he *would* have succeeded if it

had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment, when panic was spreading and all seemed lost, that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of “Death to Humanity!” and sank his teeth in Jones’s leg? Surely you remember *that*, comrades?’ exclaimed Squealer frisking from side to side.

Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the animals that they did remember it. At any rate, they remembered that at the critical moment of the battle Snowball had turned to flee. But Boxer was still a little uneasy.

‘I do not believe that Snowball was a traitor at the beginning,’ he said finally. ‘What he has done since is different. But I believe that at the Battle of the Cowshed he was a good comrade.’

‘Our Leader, Comrade Napoleon,’ announced Squealer, speaking very slowly and firmly, ‘has stated categorically—categorically, comrade—that Snowball was Jones’s agent from the very beginning—yes, and from long before the Rebellion was ever thought of.’

‘Ah, that is different!’ said Boxer. ‘If Comrade Napoleon says it, it must be right.’

‘That is the true spirit, comrade!’ cried Squealer, but it was noticed he cast a very ugly look at Boxer with his little twinkling eyes. He turned to go, then paused and added impressively: ‘I warn every animal on this farm to keep his eyes wide open. For we have reason to think that some of Snowball’s secret agents are lurking among us at this moment!’

What makes the writing in this passage so powerfully satirical?

- Or**     **23** What do you think of the view that Orwell makes Boxer both the most tragic and the most stupid figure in the fable?

Support your argument with detail from Orwell’s writing.

- Or**     **24** You are Mollie just after having made your escape from Animal Farm. Write your thoughts.

**AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club***

**Either \*25** In this same war movie, the American soldier goes home and he falls to his knees asking another girl to marry him. And the girl's eyes run back and forth, so shy, as if she had never considered this before. And suddenly! – her eyes look straight down and she knows now she loves him, so much she wants to cry. "Yes," she says at last, and they marry forever.

This was not my case. Instead, the village matchmaker came to my family when I was just two years old. No, nobody told me this, I remember it all. It was summertime, very hot and dusty outside, and I could hear cicadas crying in the yard. We were under some trees in our orchard. The servants and my brothers were picking pears high above me. And I was sitting in my mother's hot sticky arms. I was waving my hand this way and that, because in front of me floated a small bird with horns and colourful paper-thin wings. And then the paper bird flew away and in front of me were two ladies. I remember them because one lady made watery "shrrhh, shrrhh" sounds. When I was older, I came to recognize this as a Peking accent, which sounds quite strange to Taiyuan people's ears.

The two ladies were looking at my face without talking. The lady with the watery voice had a painted face that was melting. The other lady had the dry face of an old tree trunk. She looked first at me, then at the painted lady.

Of course, now I know the tree-trunk lady was the old village matchmaker, and the other was Huang Taitai, the mother of the boy I would be forced to marry. No, it's not true what some Chinese say about girl babies being worthless. It depends on what kind of girl baby you are. In my case, people could see my value. I looked and smelled like a precious buncake, sweet with a good clean colour.

The matchmaker bragged about me: "An earth horse for an earth sheep. This is the best marriage combination." She patted my arm and I pushed her hand away. Huang Taitai whispered in her shrrhh-shrrhh voice that perhaps I had an unusually bad *pichi*, a bad temper. But the matchmaker laughed and said, "Not so, not so, She is a strong horse. She will grow up to be a hard worker who serves you well in your old age."

And this is when Huang Taitai looked down at me with a cloudy face as though she could penetrate my thoughts and see my future intentions. I will never forget that look. Her eyes opened wide, she searched my face carefully and then she smiled. I could see a large gold tooth staring at me like the blinding sun and then the rest of her teeth opened wide as if she were going to swallow me down in one piece.

This is how I became betrothed to Huang Taitai's son, who I later discovered was just a baby, one year younger than I. His name was Tyan-yu – *tyan* for "sky," because he was so important, and *yu*, meaning "leftovers," because when he was born his father was very sick and his family thought he might die. Tyan-yu would be the leftover of his father's spirit. But his father lived and his grandmother was scared the ghosts would turn their attention to this baby boy and take him instead. So they watched him carefully, made all his decisions, and he became very spoiled.

But even if I had known I was getting such a bad husband, I had no choice, now or later. That was how backward families in the country were. We were always the last to give up stupid old-fashioned customs. In other cities already, a man could choose his own wife, with his

parents' permission of course. But we were cut off from this type of new thought. You never heard if ideas were better in another city, only if they were worse. We were told stories of sons who were so influenced by bad wives that they threw their old, crying parents out into the street. So, Taiyuanese mothers continued to choose their daughters-in-law, ones who would raise proper sons, care for the old people, and faithfully sweep the family burial grounds long after the old ladies had gone to their graves.

Because I was promised to the Huangs' son for marriage, my own family began treating me as if I belonged to somebody else. My mother would say to me when the rice bowl went up to my face too many times, "Look how much Huang Taitai's daughter can eat."

My mother did not treat me this way because she didn't love me. She would say this biting back her tongue, so she wouldn't wish for something that was no longer hers.

What does Tan's writing here make you feel about the customs of rural China in the time of Lindo Jong's childhood?

Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

- Or**     **26** Amy Tan is of Chinese origin but she was born in the USA. On the evidence of this novel how do you think she views the land of her birth?

Support your ideas with detail from Tan's writing.

- Or**     **27** You are Rose Jordan in *Without Wood* after you have given Ted the divorce papers and you have seen him leave the house and garden. Write your thoughts.

**PAUL THEROUX: *The Mosquito Coast***

**Either \*28** Jeronimo, just a name, was the muddy end of the muddy path. Because it had once been a clearing and was now overgrown, it was thicker with bushes and weeds than any jungle. In other ways it was no different from fifty bushy places we had passed on our walk from the Zambu riverbank that Mr Haddy called Fish-Bucket. It was hot, damp, smelly, full of bugs, and its leaves were limp and dark green, 'like old dollar bills,' Father said.

Jeronimo reminded me of one time when we were in Massachusetts, and fishing. Father pointed to a small black stump and said, 'That's the State Line there.' I looked at this rotten stump – the State Line! Jeronimo was like that. We had to be told what it was. We would not have taken it for a town. It had a huge tree, a trunk-pillar propping up a blimp of leafy branches with tiny jays in it. It was a guanacaste and under it was a half-acre of shade. The remnants of Weerwilly's shack and his failure were still there, looking sad and accidental. But these left-over ruins only made Jeronimo seem wilder this wet afternoon.

One other thing was a smoking chair in the grass, an armchair, sitting there smouldering. Its stuffings were charred and some of its springs showed and its stink floated into the bushes. This burned chair, useless and fuming, was as unimportant as the place itself, and the only person who was sure we had arrived at our destination was Father.

The twins sat down and bellyached. Jerry's face was red from the steamy heat. Jerry said, 'I'll bet he makes you climb that tree, Charlie. I'll bet you chicken out.'

But Father had walked into the chest-high bushes. His baseball cap was turned sideways and he was shouting.

'Nothing – nothing! This is what I dreamed about – nothing! Look, Mother—'

Mother said, 'You're right. I don't see a thing.'

'Do you see it, Charlie?'

I said no.

He was still punching his way through the bushes.

'I see a house here,' he said. 'Kind of a barn there, with a workshop – a real blacksmith's shop, with a forge. Over there, the out-house and plant. Slash and burn the whole area and we've got four or five acres of good growing land. We'll put our water-tank on that rise and we'll divert part of the stream so we get some water into those fields. We'll have to lose some of these trees, but there's plenty more, and anyway we'll need timber for a bridge. I figure the house should face east – that will give us those hills and the morning sun. I see a mooring down there and a slipway to a boat-house. A couple of breezeways to the left and right of the main house will make us showerproof. The ground's plenty high enough, but we'll raise the house to be on the safe side and use the underneath for a kitchen. I'd like to see some drainage back there – I smell a swamp. But that'll be easy – some three-foot culverts will do the trick, and once we've got control of the water we can grow rice and do some serious hydraulics. The hard part is the plant. I see it in that hollow, a little down-wind. We can take advantage of that fuel growing there – they look like hardwoods. It'll be a cinch to get it off the slope—'

All this time, under the guanacaste tree, the Zambus and Mr Haddy were putting their loads down. Mr Haddy pulled his shoes off and frowned at Father's voice. Father went on talking, staking out the house, marking his proposed paths and dividing the land into beanfields and culverts. We had arrived ten minutes ago.

But even Father's booming voice could not make Jeronimo mean more than sour-smelling bushes in an overgrown clearing.

The Zambus saw it their own way. There were hills behind it, and a stream running through it. The Zambus called the hills mountains – the Esperanzas – and the stream a river – the Bonito – and Jeronimo, to their bloodshot eyes, was a farm – the estancia. These grand names were all wrong and imaginary, but they were like the names of the Zambus themselves. The half-naked jabbering man, pointing to the narrow creek and calling it the Bonito River, called himself John Dixon. It was the fierce woolly-headed one in the torn shorts – Francis Lungley – who told us the name of the mountains, and the dumbest one, Bucky Smart, who called the rusty hut the estancia.

They could call it anything they liked, but I knew that Jeronimo was no more than a tin-roofed hut in a bushpatch, a field of finger-bananas that had collapsed with beards of brown smut-disease. Over here a broken rowboat and over there some cut-down tree trunks that no one had bothered to saw into cords. What fenceposts there were had turned into trees again, a row of short saplings that might have been a pig-pen, and mud and fever grass and that armchair smoking poison.

Father came back saying, 'It's beautiful.'

What feelings do you have as you read Theroux's description of the arrival of the Fox family in Jeronimo?

Support your response with detail from the writing.

- Or 29**            *A heroic and protective mother*  
                          *A passive and obedient wife who risks her children's lives*

Consider these contrasting views of Mother. By referring in detail to the book, say which you think is the nearer to the truth.

- Or 30** You are Allie Fox on your boat, close to the Spellgood Mission at Guampu. Having shut the children in the boat, you are returning ashore. Write your thoughts.

## DRAMA

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

Either\*31

- WILLIE [Singing as he works.]  
 'She was scandalizin' my name,  
 She took my money  
 She called me honey  
 But she was scandalizin' my name.  
 Called it love but was playin' a game...'  
 [He gets up and moves the bucket. Stands thinking for a moment, then, raising his arms to hold an imaginary partner, he launches into an intricate ballroom dance step. Although a mildly comic figure, he reveals a reasonable degree of accomplishment.]  
 Hey, Sam.  
 [Sam, absorbed in the comic book, does not respond.]  
 Hey, Boet Sam!  
 [Sam looks up.]  
 I'm getting it. The quickstep. Look now and tell me. [He repeats the step.] Well?
- SAM [Encouragingly.] Show me again.
- WILLIE Okay, count for me.
- SAM Ready?
- WILLIE Ready.
- SAM Five, six, seven, eight ... [Willie starts to dance.] A-n-d one two three four ... and one two three four ... [Ad libbing as Willie dances.] Your shoulders, Willie ... your shoulders! Don't look down! Look happy, Willie! Relax, Willie!
- WILLIE [Desperate but still dancing.] I am relax.
- SAM No, you're not.
- WILLIE [He falters.] Ag no man, Sam! Mustn't talk. You make me make mistakes.
- SAM But you're too stiff.
- WILLIE Yesterday I'm not straight ... today I'm too stiff!
- SAM Well, you are. You asked me and I'm telling you.
- WILLIE Where?
- SAM Everywhere. Try to glide through it.
- WILLIE Glide?
- SAM Ja, make it smooth. And give it more style. It must look like you're enjoying yourself.
- WILLIE [Emphatically.] I wasn't.
- SAM Exactly.
- WILLIE How can I enjoy myself? Not straight, too stiff and now it's also glide, give it more style, make it smooth ... Haai! Is hard to remember all those things, Boet Sam.
- SAM That's your trouble. You're trying too hard.
- WILLIE I try hard because it *is* hard.
- SAM But don't let me see it. The secret is to make it look easy. Ballroom must look happy, Willie, not like hard work. It must ... Ja!... it must look like romance.
- WILLIE Now another one! What's romance?
- SAM Love story with happy ending. A handsome man in tails, and in his arms, smiling at him, a beautiful lady in evening dress!
- WILLIE Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers.

- SAM You got it. Tapdance or ballroom, it's the same. Romance. In two weeks' time when the judges look at you and Hilda, they must see a man and a woman who are dancing their way to a happy ending. What I saw was you holding her like you were frightened she was going to run away.
- WILLIE *Ja!* Because that is what she wants to do! I got no romance left for Hilda anymore, *Boet* Sam.
- SAM Then pretend. When you put your arms around Hilda imagine she is Ginger Rogers.
- WILLIE With no teeth? You try.
- SAM Well, just remember, there's only two weeks left.
- WILLIE I know, I know! [*To the jukebox.*] I do it better with music. You got sixpence for Sarah Vaughan?
- SAM That's a slow foxtrot. You're practising the quickstep.
- WILLIE I'll practise slow foxtrot.
- SAM [*Shaking his head.*] It's your turn to put money in the jukebox.

In this opening scene what impressions do you have of the interests and the personalities of Sam and Willie?

- Or 32 Explore how Fugard makes racism a central feature of his play. Be sure to support your opinions with detail from the writing.
- Or 33 Has Hally learnt anything about relationships by the end of the play? Refer in some detail to the play as you respond.

**ARTHUR MILLER: A View from the Bridge**

- Either \*34** EDDIE Will you listen a minute? I'm talkin' about the law. Lemme just bring out what I mean. A man, which he comes into the country illegal, don't it stand to reason he's gonna take every penny and put it in the sock? Because they don't know from one day to another, right?
- ALFIERI All right.
- EDDIE He's spendin'. Records he buys now. Shoes. Jackets. Y'understand me? This guy ain't worried. This guy is *here*. So it must be that he's got it all laid out in his mind already – he's stayin'. Right?
- ALFIERI Well? What about it?
- EDDIE All right. [*He glances at ALFIERI, then down to the floor.*] I'm talking to you confidential, ain't I?
- ALFIERI Certainly.
- EDDIE I mean it don't go no place but here. Because I don't like to say this about anybody. Even my wife I didn't exactly say this.
- ALFIERI What is it?
- EDDIE [*takes a breath and glances briefly over each shoulder*]: The guy ain't right, Mr Alfieri.
- ALFIERI What do you mean?
- EDDIE I mean he ain't right.
- ALFIERI I don't get you.
- EDDIE [*shifts to another position in the chair*]: Dja ever get a look at him?
- ALFIERI Not that I know of, no.
- EDDIE He's a blond guy. Like ... platinum. You know what I mean?
- ALFIERI No.
- EDDIE I mean if you close the paper fast – you could blow him over.
- ALFIERI Well that doesn't mean –
- EDDIE Wait a minute, I'm tellin' you sump'm. He sings, see. Which is – I mean it's all right, but sometimes he hits a note, see. I turn around. I mean – high. You know what I mean?
- ALFIERI Well, that's a tenor.
- EDDIE I know a tenor, Mr Alfieri. This ain't no tenor. I mean if you came in the house and you didn't know who was singin', you wouldn't been lookin' for him you be lookin' for her.
- ALFIERI Yes, but that's not –
- EDDIE I'm tellin' you sump'm, wait a minute. Please, Mr Alfieri. I'm tryin' to bring out my thoughts here. Couple of nights ago my niece brings out a dress which it's too small for her, because she shot up like a light this last year. He takes the dress, lays it on the table, he cuts it up; one-two-three, he makes a new dress. I mean he looked so sweet there, like an angel – you could kiss him he was so sweet.
- ALFIERI Now look, Eddie –
- EDDIE Mr Alfieri, they're laughin' at him on the piers. I'm ashamed. Paper Doll they call him. Blondie now. His brother thinks it's because he's got a sense of humour, see – which he's got – but that ain't what they're laughin'. Which they're not goin' to come out with it because they know he's my relative, which they have to see me if they make a crack, y'know? But I know what they're laughin' at, and when I think of that guy layin' his hands on her I could – I mean it's eatin' me out, Mr Alfieri, because I struggled for that girl. And now he comes in my house and –

Explore how Miller's writing here brings out the differences between Eddie's attitudes and Alfieri's responses.

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**Or**     **35** To what extent do you think Catherine is in any way responsible for the final tragedy?

Refer in detail to Miller's writing as you answer.

**Or**     **36** You are Marco at the end of the play justifying your actions to the police investigating Eddie's death. Write what you would say.

Please note that the extract from All My Sons by Arthur Miller has been removed for copyright reasons.

Joe can't come down ... He's sick. Sick! He suddenly gets the flu! Suddenly! But he promised to take responsibility. Do you understand what I'm saying? On the telephone you can't have responsibility! In a court you can always deny a phone call and that's exactly what he did. They knew he was a liar the first time, but in the appeal they believed that rotten lie and now Joe is a big shot and your father is the patsy. [*He gets up.*] Now what're you going to do? Eat his food, sleep in his bed? Answer me; what're you going to do?

How does the writing here make George's feelings so intense?

**Or**      **38** How strong is the influence of Larry in the play?

Refer in detail to Miller's writing.

**Or**      **39** Would you think it appropriate for Anne and Chris to go ahead with their marriage following the tragic events at the end of the play? Justify your ideas with detail from the play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

**Either \*40** JULIET I would not for the world they saw thee here.  
 ROMEO I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;  
 And but thou love me, let them find me here.  
 My life were better ended by their hate  
 Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.  
 JULIET By whose direction found'st thou out this place?  
 ROMEO By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;  
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
 I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
 I should adventure for such merchandise.  
 JULIET Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,  
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!  
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ay,  
 And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
 Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries  
 They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
 And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light;  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion. Therefore pardon me,  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.  
 ROMEO Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—  
 JULIET O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.  
 ROMEO What shall I swear by?  
 JULIET Do not swear at all;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.  
 ROMEO If my heart's dear love—  
 JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
 Too like lightning, which doth cease to be  
 Ere one can say 'It lightens'. Sweet, good night!  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! As sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast!  
 ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night***

- Either \*43** OLIVIA Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature  
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.  
He might have took his answer long ago.
- VIOLA If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.
- OLIVIA Why, what would you?
- VIOLA Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out 'Olivia! O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth  
But you should pity me!
- OLIVIA You might do much.  
What is your parentage?
- VIOLA Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.
- OLIVIA Get you to your lord.  
I cannot love him; let him send no more—  
Unless perchance you come to me again  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well.  
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.
- VIOLA I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
- [Exit.
- OLIVIA 'What is your parentage?'  
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast!  
Soft, soft!  
Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter* MALVOLIO

- MALVOLIO Here, madam at your service.
- OLIVIA Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The County's man. He left this ring behind him,

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him.  
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,  
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

MALVOLIO Madam, I will. *[Exit.*

OLIVIA I do I know not what, and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;  
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

*[Exit.*

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this passage (the end of Act 1) so amusing.

**Or**     **44** The word 'clown' creates expectation of merriment and fun. Do you think Shakespeare created Feste simply to fulfil that expectation?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

**Or**     **45** You are Malvolio after your final exit from the play. Write your thoughts.

**OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband***

- Either \*46** MRS CHEVELEY Yes. I am so glad to get it back. It was ... a present.  
LORD GORING Won't you wear it?  
MRS CHEVELEY Certainly, if you pin it in. [LORD GORING *suddenly clasps it on her arm.*] Why do you put it on as a bracelet? I never knew it could be worn as a bracelet.
- LORD GORING Really?  
MRS CHEVELEY [*Holding out her handsome arm*]  
No; but it looks very well on me as a bracelet, doesn't it?
- LORD GORING Yes; much better than when I saw it last.  
MRS CHEVELEY When did you see it last?  
LORD GORING [*Calmly*] Oh, ten years ago, on Lady Berkshire, from whom you stole it.
- MRS CHEVELEY [*Starting*] What do you mean?  
LORD GORING I mean that you stole that ornament from my cousin, Mary Berkshire, to whom I gave it when she was married. Suspicion fell on a wretched servant, who was sent away in disgrace. I recognized it last night. I determined to say nothing about it till I had found the thief. I have found the thief now, and I have heard her own confession.
- MRS CHEVELEY [*Tossing her head*] It is not true.  
LORD GORING You know it is true. Why, thief is written across your face at this moment.
- MRS CHEVELEY I will deny the whole affair from beginning to end. I will say that I have never seen this wretched thing, that it was never in my possession.  
*MRS CHEVELEY tries to get the bracelet off her arm, but fails. LORD GORING looks on amused. Her thin fingers tear at the jewel to no purpose. A curse breaks from her.*
- LORD GORING The drawback of stealing a thing, Mrs Cheveley, is that one never knows how wonderful the thing that one steals is. You can't get that bracelet off, unless you know where the spring is. And I see you don't know where the spring is. It is rather difficult to find.
- MRS CHEVELEY You brute! You coward!  
*She tries again to unclasp the bracelet, but fails.*
- LORD GORING Oh! don't use big words. They mean so little.  
MRS CHEVELEY [*Again tears at the bracelet in a paroxysm of rage, with inarticulate sounds. Then stops, and looks at LORD GORING*]  
What are you doing to do?
- LORD GORING I am going to ring for my servant. He is an admirable servant. Always comes in the moment one rings for him. When he comes I will tell him to fetch the police.
- MRS CHEVELEY [*Trembling*] The police? What for?  
LORD GORING Tomorrow the Berkshires will prosecute you. That is what the police are for.
- MRS CHEVELEY [*Is now in an agony of physical terror. Her face is distorted. Her mouth awry. A mask has fallen from her. She is, for the moment, dreadful to look at.*]  
Don't do that. I will do anything you want. Anything in the world you want.
- LORD GORING Give me Robert Chiltern's letter.  
MRS CHEVELEY Stop! Stop! Let me have time to think.

- LORD GORING Give me Robert Chiltern's letter.  
 MRS CHEVELEY I have not got it with me. I will give it to you tomorrow.  
 LORD GORING You know you are lying. Give it to me at once. [MRS CHEVELEY *pulls the letter out, and hands it to him. She is horribly pale.*] This is it?  
 MRS CHEVELEY [*In a hoarse voice*] Yes.  
 LORD GORING [*Takes the letter, examines it, sighs, and burns it over the lamp*] For so well-dressed a woman, Mrs Cheveley, you have moments of admirable common sense. I congratulate you.  
 MRS CHEVELEY [*Catches sight of LADY CHILTERN'S letter, the cover of which is just showing from under the blotting-book*] Please get me a glass of water.  
 LORD GORING Certainly.  
     *Goes to the corner of the room and pours out a glass of water. While his back is turned MRS CHEVELEY steals LADY CHILTERN'S letter. When LORD GORING returns with the glass she refuses it with a gesture.*  
 MRS CHEVELEY Thank you. Will you help me on with my cloak?  
 LORD GORING With pleasure.  
     *[Puts her cloak on]*  
 MRS CHEVELEY Thanks. I am never going to try to harm Robert Chiltern again.  
 LORD GORING Fortunately you have not the chance, Mrs Cheveley.  
 MRS CHEVELEY Well, if even I had the chance, I wouldn't. On the contrary, I am going to render him a great service.  
 LORD GORING I am charmed to hear it. It is a reformation.  
 MRS CHEVELEY Yes. I can't bear so upright a gentleman, so honourable an English gentleman, being so shamefully deceived, and so –  
 LORD GORING Well?  
 MRS CHEVELEY I find that somehow Gertrude Chiltern's dying speech and confession has strayed into my pocket.  
 LORD GORING What do you mean?  
 MRS CHEVELEY [*With a bitter note of triumph in her voice*] I mean that I am going to send Robert Chiltern the love letter his wife wrote to you tonight.  
 LORD GORING Love letter?  
 MRS CHEVELEY [*Laughing*]  
     'I want you. I trust you. I am coming to you. Gertrude.'  
     LORD GORING *rushes to the bureau and takes up the envelope, finds it empty, and turns round.*  
 LORD GORING You wretched woman, must you always be thieving? Give me back that letter. I'll take it from you by force. You shall not leave my room till I have got it.  
     *He rushes towards her, but MRS CHEVELEY at once puts her hand on the electric bell that is on the table. The bell sounds with shrill reverberations, and PHIPPS enters.*  
 MRS CHEVELEY [*After a pause*]  
 Lord Goring merely rang that you should show me out. Good-night, Lord Goring!  
     *Goes out, followed by PHIPPS. Her face is illumined with evil triumph. There is joy in her eyes. Youth seems to have come back to her. Her last glance is like a swift arrow. LORD GORING bites his lip, and lights a cigarette.*

ACT-DROP

Good melodrama is full of ironies and sudden twists of fortune. Explore how Wilde creates a compelling end to the Act here.

- Or**     **47** At the end of the play Lord Caversham says to Sir Robert Chiltern, 'You have a great future in front of you.' On the evidence of the play, do you think Wilde suggests that the man deserves such a future?
- Or**     **48** Wilde was famous for his humorous wit. Choose **two or three** instances of it which most pleased you in this play, and try to show what you find so amusing about them.



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