UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/41**

Paper 4 **October/November 2011**

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

Answer **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.

DC (CB/NB) 31622/3

UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

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SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

Howard: 'Cause you gotta admit, business is business.

Willy: [*angrily*] Business is definitely business, but just listen for a minute. You don't understand this. When I was a boy – eighteen, nineteen – I was already on the road. And there was a question in my mind as to whether selling had a future for me. Because in those days I had a yearning to go to Alaska. See, there were three gold strikes in one month in Alaska, and I felt like going out. Just for the ride, you might say.

Howard: [*barely interested*] Don't say.

Willy: Oh, yeah, my father lived many years in Alaska. He was an adventurous man. We've got quite a little streak of self-reliance in our family. I thought I'd go out with my older brother and try to locate him, and maybe settle in the North with the old man. And I was almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. His name was Dave Singleman. And he was eighty-four years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And old Dave, he'd go up to his room, y'understand, put on his green velvet slippers – I'll never forget – and pick up his phone and call the buyers, and without ever leaving his room, at the age of eighty-four, he made his living. And when I saw that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. 'Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able to go, at the age of eighty-four, into twenty or thirty different cities, and pick up a phone, and be remembered and loved and helped by so many different people? Do you know? When he died – and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, going into Boston – when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. Things were sad on a lotta trains for months after that. [*He stands up. Howard has not looked at him.*] In those days there was personality in it, Howard. There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there's no chance for bringing friendship to bear – or personality. You see what I mean? They don't know me any more.

Howard: [*moving away, toward the right*] That's just the thing, Willy.

Willy: If I had forty dollars a week – that's all I'd need. Forty dollars, Howard.

Howard: Kid, I can't take blood from a stone, I –

Willy: [*desperation is on him now*] Howard, the year Al Smith was nominated, your father came to me and –

Howard: [*starting to go off*] I've got to see some people, kid.

Willy: [*stopping him*] I'm talking about your father! There were promises made across this desk! You mustn't tell me you've got people to see – I put thirty-four years into this firm, Howard, and now I can't pay my insurance! You can't eat the orange and throw the peel away – a man is not a piece of fruit! [*After a pause*] Now pay attention. Your father – in 1928 I had a big year. I averaged a hundred and seventy dollars a week in commissions.

Howard: [*impatiently*] Now, Willy, you never averaged –

Willy: [*banging his hand on the desk*] I averaged a hundred and seventy dollars a week in the year of 1928! And your father came to me – or rather, I was in the office here – it was right over this desk – and he put his hand on my shoulder –

Howard: [*getting up*] You'll have to excuse me, Willy, I gotta see some people.

How do you think Miller makes this moment in the play so distressing?

Or **†2** What do you think Uncle Ben contributes to the dramatic power of the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **3** You are Charley. You have just given Willy money to pay his insurance and he has left.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

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

Oldham, September 1987. The backyard of Doris's terrace cottage. Distant sound of children. Two deck chairs. Piano stool from Act One, on it the Solitaire board from Act Two. A tub of geraniums. A green kite. Rosie is sunbathing in shorts and painted T-shirt, both of which she has tie-dyed herself, and she is wearing Walkman headphones, oblivious of all other noise. She hums Simply Red's 'Holding Back The Years', as she concentrates on the Solitaire game.

Doris: [*appears upstage, holding up kite tail. Calls*] Is this right?

Rosie: [*hums*] … Holding back the years …

Doris: [*comes nearer*] Rosie? CAN YOU HEAR ME DEAR? [*Taps Rosie on the shoulder.*]

Rosie: SORRY! [*Removes headphones.*]

Doris: You're shouting again, dear. Neighbours will think I'm deaf. [*Holds up kite tail.*] Is this right?

Rosie: Looks great! Thanks. [*Picks up the kite.*] Here, just tie it on the bottom.

Doris: [*ties the kite tail to the kite*] Needs a stitch in it …

Rosie: [*holds the kite aloft*] What d'you think?

Doris: [*pause*] I preferred the blue ones.

Rosie: Well they've ordered fifty, so I'm not complaining. [*Puts the kite down.*] Did ten this morning.

Doris: I gathered that, from the state of the box room. Bits of string …

Rosie: It's not for you to clear up. Sit down Doris, enjoy the sun.

Doris: [*sits*] I fancy one of those garden tables … white one, with an umbrella. But they do cost, don't they?

Rosie: [*firmly*] When I've sold the next batch, maybe. We mustn't spend before we've paid off the overheads.

Doris: You shouldn't be bothering your head with work on your birthday. [*Pause.*] Just like your mother.

Rosie: Did you see her present!

Doris: Mrs W saw me take it in. Postman couldn't get it through the letterbox.

Rosie: It's one of her paintings.

Doris: I propped it on the mantelpiece.

Rosie: What d'you think?

Doris: [*pause*] I liked the gold frame. Looks expensive.

Rosie: Gran! She did it specially for me.

Rosie returns to Solitaire.

Doris: Is Jackie still seeing that man with the hairdo?

Rosie: Dreadlocks. You mean Andy, yeah. Think he's OK.

Doris: D'you think she'll marry?

Explore how Keatley brings out the relationship between Doris and her great-granddaughter at this moment in the play.

Or **†5** How far does Keatley make you sympathise with Jackie? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **6** You are Margaret. You have just learned that your daughter, Jackie, is pregnant.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

Benedick: How doth the lady?
Beatrice: Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!
Leonato: O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.
Beatrice: How now, cousin Hero!
Friar: Have comfort, lady.
Leonato: Dost thou look up?
Friar: Yea; wherefore should she not?
Leonato: Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?
But mine, and mine, I lov'd and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her – why, she, O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
Benedick: Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
Beatrice: O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Benedick: Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beatrice: No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leonato: Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie; and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! Let her die.
Friar: Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leonato: Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar: Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero: They know that do accuse me; I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

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

Or **†8** Does Shakespeare make you feel any sympathy for Claudio? Support your answer with details from the play.

Or **9** You are Dogberry. You and the Watch have just handed over Borachio to Leonato.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

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

King Edward: Why, so. Now have I done a good day's work.
You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more at peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.
Rivers: By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hastings: So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
King Edward: Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hastings: So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Rivers: And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
King Edward: Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;
Nor you, son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you:
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Queen Elizabeth: There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
King Edward: Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love Lord Marquis.
Dorset: This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hastings: And so swear I. [*They embrace.*
King Edward: Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buckingham: [*To the Queen*] Whenever
Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of God
When I am cold in love to you or yours. [*They embrace.*
King Edward: A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buckingham: And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.
Enter Gloucester, and Ratcliff.
Gloucester: Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

King Edward: Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Gloucester: A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord. *55*
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe –
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne *60*
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this passage so ironic in the light of what has already happened in the play.

Or **†11** Explore how Shakespeare makes the characters and situation of the two Princes (Edward, Prince of Wales and Richard, Duke of York) so sad for you.

Or **12** You are Richard on the night before your coronation.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

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

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

Hibbert: I've a perfect right to go sick if I want to. The men can – why can't an officer?

Stanhope: No man's sent down unless he's very ill. There's nothing wrong with you, Hibbert. The German attack's on Thursday; almost for certain. You're going to stay here and see it through with the rest of us.

Hibbert: [*hysterically*] I tell you, I *can't* – the pain's nearly sending me mad. I'm going; I've got all my stuff packed. I'm going now – *you* can't stop me!

He goes excitedly into the dug-out. Stanhope walks slowly towards the steps, turns, and undoes the flap of his revolver holster. He takes out his revolver, and stands casually examining it.

Hibbert returns with his pack slung on his back and a walking-stick in his hand. He pauses at the sight of Stanhope by the steps.

Hibbert: Let's get by, Stanhope.

Stanhope: You're going to stay here and do your job.

Hibbert: Haven't I *told* you? I *can't*! Don't you understand? Let – let me get by.

Stanhope: Now look here, Hibbert. I've got a lot of work to do and no time to waste. Once and for all, you're going to stay here and see it through with the rest of us.

Hibbert: I shall die of this pain if I don't go!

Stanhope: Better die of the pain than be shot for deserting.

Hibbert: [*in a low voice*] What do you mean?

Stanhope: You know what I mean –

Hibbert: I've a right to see the doctor!

Stanhope: Good God! Don't you understand! – he'll send you back here. Dr. Preston's never let a shirker pass him yet – and he's not going to start now – two days before the attack –

Hibbert: [*pleadingly*] Stanhope – if you only *knew* how awful I feel – Please do let me go by –

He walks slowly round behind Stanhope. Stanhope turns and thrusts him roughly back. With a lightning movement Hibbert raises his stick and strikes blindly at Stanhope, who catches the stick, tears it from Hibbert's hands, smashes it across his knee, and throws it on the ground.

Stanhope: God! – you little swine. You know what that means – don't you? Striking a superior officer!

There is silence. Stanhope takes hold of his revolver as it swings from its lanyard. Hibbert stands quivering in front of Stanhope.

Never mind, though. I won't have you shot for that –

Hibbert: Let me go –

Stanhope: If you went, I'd have you shot – for deserting. It's a hell of a disgrace – to die like that. I'd rather spare you the disgrace. I give you half a minute to think. You either stay here and try and be a man – or you try to get out of that door – to desert. If you do that, there's going to be an accident. D'you understand? I'm fiddling with my revolver, d'you see? – cleaning it – and it's going off by accident. It often happens out here. It's going off,

and it's going to shoot you between the eyes.

Hibbert: [*in a whisper*] You daren't –

Stanhope: You don't deserve to be shot by accident – but I'd save you the disgrace of the other way – I give you half a minute to decide. [*He holds up his wrist to look at his watch.*] Half a minute from now –

There is silence; a few seconds go by. Suddenly Hibbert bursts into a high-pitched laugh.

Hibbert: Go on, then, shoot! You won't let me go to hospital. I swear I'll never go into those trenches again. Shoot! – and thank God –

Stanhope: [*with his eyes on his watch*] Fifteen more seconds –

Hibbert: Go on! I'm ready –

Stanhope: [*He looks up at Hibbert, who has closed his eyes.*] Five.

Again Stanhope looks up. After a moment he quietly drops his revolver into its holster and steps towards Hibbert, who stands with lowered head and eyes tightly screwed up, his arms stretched stiffly by his sides, his hands tightly clutching the edges of his tunic. Gently Stanhope places his hands on Hibbert's shoulders. Hibbert starts violently and gives a little cry. He opens his eyes and stares vacantly into Stanhope's face. Stanhope is smiling.

Stanhope: Good man, Hibbert. I liked the way you stuck that.

How do you think Sherriff makes this such a gripping moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **†14** Explore how Sherriff vividly portrays in the character of Stanhope the pressures of being in command. Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **15** You are Osborne at the end of Act 1. You have just got into your bed.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Either ***16** Read these lines from *In Memoriam* and then answer the question that follows:

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

Explore these lines, showing how Tennyson seeks comfort from the spirit of his friend, Hallam.

Or **†17** What does Tennyson make you feel about Ulysses as a leader? Support your answer with details from the poem *Ulysses*.

Or **†18** Tennyson asked for *Crossing the Bar* to be placed at the end of editions of his poetry. What is there about this poem, do you think, that makes it suitable to end an edition of his poetry?

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

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

On The Grasshopper and The Cricket

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's – he takes the lead
In summer luxury, – he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

(by John Keats)

Explore how Keats vividly portrays here the never-ending pleasures that Nature has to offer.

Or **†20** Explore how the poets' words create striking pictures of the world at night in *Amends* (by Adrienne Rich) **and** *Dover Beach* (by Matthew Arnold).

Or **†21** Explore the endings of **two** poems in the selection from Part 3 which you find particularly memorable. By close reference to the poets' words, show why you find them so memorable. **(NB Do not use *On The Grasshopper and The Cricket* in answering this question.)**

[Turn over

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

I was going to the Grange one evening – a dark evening threatening thunder – and, just at the turn of the Heights, I encountered a little boy with a sheep and two lambs before him, he was crying terribly, and I supposed the lambs were skittish, and would not be guided.

'What is the matter, my little man?' I asked.

'They's Heathcliff and a woman, yonder, under t'Nab,' he blubbered, 'un' Aw darnut pass 'em.'

I saw nothing; but neither the sheep nor he would go on, so I bid him take the road lower down.

He probably raised the phantoms from thinking, as he traversed the moors alone, on the nonsense he had heard his parents and companions repeat – yet still, I don't like being out in the dark, now – and I don't like being left by myself in this grim house – I cannot help it, I shall be glad when they leave it, and shift to the Grange!

'They are going to the Grange, then?' I said.

'Yes,' answered Mrs Dean, 'as soon as they are married; and that will be on New Year's day.'

'And who will live here then?'

'Why, Joseph will take care of the house, and, perhaps, a lad to keep him company. They will live in the kitchen, and the rest will be shut up.'

'For the use of such ghosts as choose to inhabit it,' I observed.

'No, Mr Lockwood,' said Nelly, shaking her head. 'I believe the dead are at peace, but it is not right to speak of them with levity.'

At that moment the garden gate swung to; the ramblers were returning.

'*They* are afraid of nothing,' I grumbled, watching their approach through the window. 'Together they would brave satan and all his legions.'

As they stepped onto the door-stones, and halted to take a last look at the moon, or, more correctly, at each other, by her light, I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them again; and, pressing a remembrance into the hand of Mrs Dean, and disregarding her expostulations at my rudeness, I vanished through the kitchen, as they opened the house-door, and so, should have confirmed Joseph in his opinion of his fellow-servant's gay indiscretions, had he not, fortunately, recognised me for a respectable character, by the sweet ring of a sovereign at his feet.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had made progress, even in seven months – many a window showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates jutted off, here and there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three head-stones on the slope next the moor – the middle one, grey, and half buried in heath – Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf, and moss creeping up its foot – Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath, and hare-bells; listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass; and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers, for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

To what extent do you think that Brontë makes this an optimistic ending to the novel? Support your views with details from the writing.

Or **†23** How far do you think Brontë makes it possible to sympathise with Heathcliff? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or **24** You are Linton Heathcliff. You are in bed on your first night at Wuthering Heights.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either ***25** Read the following extract from *Pineapple Cake*, and then answer the question that follows it:

Victor was a nervous rather than rebellious child. But it made no difference to his mother: she had the same way of dealing with nerves and rebels.

'You like pineapple cake, don't you? Well, come along, get dressed quickly – yes, yes, the velvet shorts – the new shoes, yes – hurry – pineapple cake for good boys …'

So it had gone all afternoon and, by holding out the bait of pineapple cake, his favourite, Mrs Fernandez had the boy dressed in his new frilled shirt and purple velvet shorts and new shoes that bit his toes and had him sitting quietly in church right through the long ceremony. Or so she thought, her faith in pineapple cake being matched only by her faith in Our Lady of Mount Mary, Bandra Hill, Bombay. Looking at Victor, trying hard to keep his loud breathing bottled inside his chest and leaning down to see what made his shoes so vicious, you might have thought she had been successful, but success never satisfies and Mrs Fernandez sighed to think how much easier it would have been if she had had a daughter instead. Little girls love weddings, little girls play at weddings, little girls can be dressed in can-can petticoats and frocks like crêpe-paper bells of pink and orange, their oiled and ringleted hair crowned with rustling wreaths of paper flowers. She glanced around her rather tiredly to hear the church rustling and crepitating with excited little girls, dim and dusty as it was, lit here and there by a blazing afternoon window of red and blue glass, a flare of candles or a silver bell breathless in the turgid air. This reminded her how she had come to this church to pray and light candles to Our Lady when she was expecting Victor, and it made her glance down at him and wonder why he was perspiring so. Yes, the collar of the frilled shirt was a bit tight and the church was airless and stuffy but it wasn't very refined of him to sweat so. Of course all the little boys in her row seemed to be in the same state – each one threatened or bribed into docility, their silence straining in their chests, soundlessly clamouring. Their eyes were the eyes of prisoners, dark and blazing at the ignominy and boredom and injustice of it all. When they shut their eyes and bowed their heads in prayer, it was as if half the candles in church had gone out, and it was darker.

Relenting, Mrs Fernandez whispered, under cover of the sonorous prayer led by the grey padre in faded purple, 'Nearly over now, Victor. In a little while we'll be going to tea – pineapple cake for you.'

Victor hadn't much faith in his mother's promises. They had a way of getting postponed or cancelled on account of some small accidental lapse on his part. He might tear a hole in his sleeve – no pocket money. Or stare a minute too long at Uncle Arthur who was down on a visit from Goa and had a wen on the back of his bald head – no caramel custard for pudding. So he would not exchange looks with her but stared stolidly down at his polished shoes, licked his dry lips and wondered if there would be Fanta or Coca-Cola at tea.

Then the ceremony came to an end.

Explore how Desai amusingly portrays the relationship between mother and son at this moment in the story.

Or **†26** Explore **one** short story in which Desai vividly conveys to you the sadness of people's lives. Support your views with details from the writing.

Or **27** You are Rakesh in *A Devoted Son*. You have just taken your parents to see your new clinic.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

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

'The children belong to the families of Golema Mmidi,' Dinorego said, smiling. 'They are supposed to be out in the bush grazing the goats, but here they are all playing at the home of Mma-Millipede. I told her she will one day become bankrupt through having to feed all these children and goats, but she pays no attention.'

An old woman walked slowly across the yard in a forward-bending manner as though her back troubled her. She wore a very long dress and had a scarf tied round her head. The children set up a clamour when they saw Dinorego, and she swerved round in her walk.

'Batho!' she said, addressing Dinorego. 'But I say, you are about early today, my friend.'

'I have brought my son about whom we spoke the whole week,' he replied.

'Batho!' she said, again.

She turned and looked at Makhaya, closely. There was something so lovely in the expression of habitual good humour and kindness in her face that it evoked a spontaneous smile in him. Once he got to know her well, he was to find that she often prefaced sentences with the word 'Batho,' which means, 'Oh, People' and may be used to express either sympathy, joy, or surprise.

Whatever conclusions the old woman had come to through her inspection of Makhaya's face, she determined to keep to herself and discuss them with the old man once Makhaya had left. To indicate this, she glanced meaningfully at Dinorego from under her eyes.

In reply Dinorego said, 'My son cannot stay long. He is just on his way to work.'

'Indeed! I am ashamed of you, my friend. What about the tea? There is always time for tea. Besides, I must gather some eggs to send to Gilbert. I was just about to feed the fowls.'

She pointed to a basket in her hand which was full of corn seed. This made Makhaya look towards the chicken house and recall the vivid words of the old man on their first day of meeting: 'If you have fifty-two fowls, you must build a coop fifteen feet by twenty-five feet …' And indeed, the chicken house stretched the entire length of the yard. Three of its walls were built of a mixture of smoothed mud and bricks, while the front part was enclosed with chicken wire and had a small gate. Poles were spaced at neat intervals round the walls, over which was suspended a thatched roof. There were troughs for food and water and boxes for broody hens. Fat sleek fowls pecked in the dust.

A child emerged from one of the huts with a tea tray, and once they had seated themselves, Mma-Millipede wanted to know all sorts of little things about Makhaya. Do you eat well, my son? she asked. Do you often get ill? If you get ill, please inform me so that I may accompany you to hospital as you are now far away from your home and relatives. About all these small things she chattered in her kindly motherly way, and they seemed like mountains of affection to the lonely Makhaya. He noted how the old man nodded his head contentedly in this sun of kindness and how the goats kept frisking their short tails and raising their forelegs high in the air, pretending to crack each other's skulls in mock battles, while the children tumbled in the dust. He was a little repelled at first by the generosity of the strange old woman. It was too extreme. It meant that if you loved people you had to allow a complete invasion by them of your life, and he wasn't built to face invasions of any kind. And yet, this isolation he so treasured had often been painful,

because he too felt this eternal human need to share the best and worst of life with another. Thus he looked at the old woman questioningly. He wanted a few simple answers on how to live well and sanely. He wanted to undo the complexity of hatred and humiliation that had dominated his life for so long. Perhaps, he thought, her life might provide him with a few clues. *55*

How does Head make this such a striking introduction to Mma-Millipede?

Or **†29** Dinorego says 'In my village people have long been ready to try out new ideas'. How does the novel make this particularly vivid for you? Support your answer with details from Head's writing.

Or **30** You are Chief Matenge. George Appleby-Smith has just refused to remove Makhaya from the village.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

When they met again, two days later, it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was, somehow, betrayed. Her porch was bright with the bought luxury of starshine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as she turned toward him and he kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold, and it made her voice huskier and more charming than ever, and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her.… Well, there I was, 'way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?"

On the last afternoon before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day, with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain before he went to the front, and following the Argonne battles he got his majority and the command of the divisional machine-guns. After the armistice he tried frantically to get home, but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now – there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the 'Beale Street Blues' while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the grey tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

Through this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men, and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately – and the decision must be made by some force – of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality – that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his

position, and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

What vivid impressions of Daisy does Fitzgerald give you at this moment in the novel?

Or **†32** Do you think that Fitzgerald presents Jordan Baker as a likeable character? Support your views with details from the novel.

Or **33** You are Gatsby on your way to meet Daisy for tea at Nick's house.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

Andrew Hale was a ruddy man with a big grey moustache and a stubbly double-chin unconstrained by a collar; but his scrupulously clean shirt was always fastened by a small diamond stud. This display of opulence was misleading, for though he did a fairly good business it was known that his easy-going habits and the demands of his large family frequently kept him what Starkfield called "behind." He was an old friend of Ethan's family, and his house one of the few to which Zeena occasionally went, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Hale, in her youth, had done more "doctoring" than any other woman in Starkfield, and was still a recognised authority on symptoms and treatment.

Hale went up to the greys and patted their sweating flanks.

"Well, sir," he said, "you keep them two as if they was pets." Ethan set about unloading the logs and when he had finished his job he pushed open the glazed door of the shed which the builder used as his office. Hale sat with his feet up on the stove, his back propped against a battered desk strewn with papers: the place, like the man, was warm, genial and untidy.

"Sit right down and thaw out," he greeted Ethan.

The latter did not know how to begin, but at length he managed to bring out his request for an advance of fifty dollars. The blood rushed to his thin skin under the sting of Hale's astonishment. It was the builder's custom to pay at the end of three months, and there was no precedent between the two men for a cash settlement.

Ethan felt that if he had pleaded an urgent need Hale might have made shift to pay him; but pride, and an instinctive prudence, kept him from resorting to this argument. After his father's death it had taken time to get his head above water, and he did not want Andrew Hale, or anyone else in Starkfield, to think he was going under again. Besides, he hated lying; if he wanted the money he wanted it, and it was nobody's business to ask why. He therefore made his demand with the awkwardness of a proud man who will not admit to himself that he is stooping; and he was not much surprised at Hale's refusal.

The builder refused genially, as he did everything else: he treated the matter as something in the nature of a practical joke, and wanted to know if Ethan meditated buying a grand piano or adding a "cupolo" to his house; offering, in the latter case, to give his services free of cost.

Ethan's arts were soon exhausted, and after an embarrassed pause he wished Hale good day and opened the door of the office. As he passed out the builder suddenly called after him: "See here – you ain't in a tight place, are you?"

"Not a bit," Ethan's pride retorted before his reason had time to intervene.

"Well, that's good! Because I *am*, a shade. Fact is, I was going to ask you to give me a little extra time on that payment. Business is pretty slack, to begin with, and then I'm fixing up a little house for Ned and Ruth when they're married. I'm glad to do it for 'em, but it costs." His look appealed to Ethan for sympathy. "The young people like things nice. You know how it is yourself: it's not so long ago since you fixed up your own place for Zeena."

How does Wharton at this moment in the novel vividly convey the ways in which both men seek to hide their desperate anxieties?

Or **†35** Explore the ways in which Wharton vividly portrays the growing attraction between Ethan and Mattie.

Or **36** You are Zeena. You have just been informed that your husband and Mattie have been seriously injured in a sled accident.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *37 Read the following extract from *On Her Knees*, and then answer the question that follows it:

Mum came in while I was on my knees still vacuuming the flounces and folds of the patchwork quilt.

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I followed her into the hot afternoon.

How does Winton's writing make this conversation such a satisfying ending to the story?

Or †38 What do you find particularly intriguing about the way in which these two stories begin?

Meteor (by John Wyndham)There Will Come Soft Rains (by Ray Bradbury)

Support your answer by close reference to the writing.

Or 39 You are Helen in The Third and Final Continent. You are on your way back to Arlington at the end of the story. Write your thoughts.

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