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International General Certificate of Secondary Education
CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

LITERATURE 0486/4

PAPER 4

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2002

2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

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.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 34 printed pages and 2 blank pages.

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POETRY

SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist*

Either ***1** *Poor Women in a City Church*

The small wax candles melt to light,
Flicker in marble, reflect bright
Asterisks on brass candlesticks:
At the Virgin's altar on the right,
Blue flames are jerking on wicks.

Old dough-faced women with black shawls
Drawn down tight kneel in the stalls.
Cold yellow candle-tongues, blue flame
Mince and caper as whispered calls
Take wing up to the Holy Name.

Thus each day in the sacred place
They kneel. Golden shrines, altar lace,
Marble columns and cool shadows
Still them. In the gloom you cannot trace
A wrinkle on their beeswax brows.

Explore how the words in this poem make vivid for you the picture the poet is seeking to convey.

OR **2** What do you find particularly memorable in the language that Heaney uses in his poems? Refer to at least **two** of the set poems in your answer.

OR **3** Explore **two** of the set poems which are revealing of life in the countryside. Show how Heaney's words communicate his thoughts to you.

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TOUCHED WITH FIRE: from SECTION D

Either ***4** *My Blue Heaven*

I thought it was a Glue Factory –
a whiff of boiled bones
and the knacker's yard

excreted in the lee of the fells.
The smell of desperate exhumations
briefly fills the car.

I was wrong, the wind flicking
the plosive back into the throat:
it's the *Blue* Factory

staining the air, staining
the village beck, leaving
its cobalt drift of talcum

on window-sill and ledge,
tinting the grey-green slate
with hints of early Picasso.

The factory chimney steams
like a pencil designing fumes.
All this to manufacture Blue:

that stuff to make the sheets gleam
bright in a glossy commercial,
the stuff they use to justify

the suburbs' aerial madness.
As the ferro-cyanic stench
recedes, I wonder what

strange manufacturer
makes all the distant stuff
that gives some inflated clouds

their whiter than cotton whiteness?
What heavenly smell, pray,
lies behind all *that*?

Explore how Pybus's irony conveys his horror at the way in which the modern world is polluted.

OR **5** In this section there are poems which capture the feeling of a single moment to memorable effect. Choose **one** of the following and explore how the poet's words make the moment memorable.
Adlestrop; On First Looking into Chapman's Homer; The Lesson; Sonnet.

OR **6** Choose **one** poem from the following, where the poet appears to write in the ordinary language of conversation. Explore the poem, bringing out what you think is achieved here by writing in this way.
Mending Wall; The Dam; Dockery and Son.

[Turn over

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PROSE

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Either *7

'Is this Jane Eyre?' she said.

'Yes, Aunt Reed. How are you, dear aunt?'

I had once vowed that I would never call her aunt again: I thought it no sin to forget and break that vow now. My fingers had fastened on her hand which lay outside the sheet: had she pressed mine kindly, I should at that moment have experienced true pleasure. But unimpressionable natures are not so soon softened, nor are natural antipathies so readily eradicated. Mrs Reed took her hand away, and, turning her face rather from me, she remarked that the night was warm. Again she regarded me so icily, I felt at once that her opinion of me – her feeling towards me – was unchanged and unchangeable. I knew by her stony eye – opaque to tenderness, indissoluble to tears – that she was resolved to consider me bad to the last; because to believe me good would give her no generous pleasure: only a sense of mortification.

I felt pain, and then I felt ire; and then I felt a determination to subdue her – to be her mistress in spite both of her nature and her will. My tears had risen, just as in childhood: I ordered them back to their source. I brought a chair to the bed-head: I sat down and leaned over the pillow.

'You sent for me,' I said, 'and I am here; and it is my intention to stay till I see how you get on.'

'Oh, of course! You have seen my daughters?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you may tell them I wish you to stay till I can talk some things over with you I have on my mind: tonight it is too late, and I have a difficulty in recalling them. But there was something I wished to say – let me see –'

The wandering look and changed utterance told what wreck had taken place in her once vigorous frame. Turning restlessly, she drew the bedclothes round her; my elbow, resting on a corner of the quilt, fixed it down: she was at once irritated.

'Sit up!' said she; 'don't annoy me with holding the clothes fast. Are you Jane Eyre?'

'I am Jane Eyre.'

'I have had more trouble with that child than any one would believe. Such a burden to be left on my hands – and so much annoyance as she caused me, daily and hourly, with her incomprehensible disposition, and her sudden starts of temper, and her continual, unnatural watchings of one's movements! I declare she talked to me once like something mad, or like a fiend – no child ever spoke or looked as she did; I was glad to get her away from the house. What did they do with her at Lowood? The fever broke out there, and many of the pupils died. She, however, did not die: but I said she did – I wish she had died!'

'A strange wish, Mrs Reed; why do you hate her so?'

'I had a dislike to her mother always; for she was my husband's only sister, and a great favourite with him: he opposed the family's disowning her when she made her low marriage; and when news came of her death, he wept like a simpleton. He would send for the baby; though I entreated him rather to put it out to nurse and pay for its

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maintenance. I hated it the first time I set my eyes on it – a sickly, whining, pining thing! It would wail in its cradle all night long – not screaming heartily like any other child, but whimpering and moaning. Reed pitied it; and he used to nurse it and notice it as if it had been his own: more, indeed, than he ever noticed his own at that age. He would try to make my children friendly to the little beggar: the darlings could not bear it, and he was angry with them when they showed their dislike. In his last illness, he had it brought continually to his bedside; and but an hour before he died, he bound me by vow to keep the creature. I would as soon have been charged with a pauper brat out of a workhouse: but he was weak, naturally weak. John does not at all resemble his father, and I am glad of it: John is like me and like my brothers – he is quite a Gibson. Oh, I wish he would cease tormenting me with letters for money! I have no more money to give him: we are getting poor. I must send away half the servants and shut up part of the house; or let it off. I can never submit to do that – yet how are we to get on? Two-thirds of my income goes in paying the interest of mortgages. John gambles dreadfully, and always loses – poor boy! He is beset by sharpers: John is sunk and degraded – his look is frightful – I feel ashamed for him when I see him.'

She was getting much excited. 'I think I had better leave her now,' said I to Bessie, who stood on the other side of the bed.

How does Brontë's writing convey her opinion of Mrs Reed?

OR **8** *Arrogant and unfeeling.*
Devoted and understanding.

Which of these descriptions is closer to your view of Mr Rochester? Refer in detail to the novel as you answer.

OR **9** You are St John Rivers on your way to India, thinking about Jane. Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

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THOMAS HARDY: *The Woodlanders*

Either ***10** A dreadful enlightenment spread through the mind of Grace. 'Oh,' she cried, in her anguish, as she hastily prepared herself to go out; 'how selfishly correct I am always – too, too correct! Can it be that cruel propriety is killing the dearest heart that ever woman clasped to her own!'

While speaking thus to herself she had lit the lantern, and hastening out without further thought, took the direction whence the mutterings had proceeded. The course was marked by a little path, which ended at a distance of about forty yards in a small erection of hurdles, not much larger than a shock of corn, such as were frequent in the woods and copses when the cutting season was going on. It was too slight even to be called a hovel, and was not high enough to stand upright in; appearing, in short, to be erected for the temporary shelter of fuel. The side towards Grace was open, and turning the light upon the interior, she beheld what her prescient fear had pictured in snatches all the way thither.

Upon the hay within, her lover lay in his clothes, just as she had seen him during the whole of her stay here, except that his hat was off, and his hair matted and wild.

Both his clothes and the hay were saturated with rain. His arms were flung over his head; his face was flushed to an unnatural crimson. His eyes had a burning brightness, and though they met her own, she perceived that he did not recognise her.

'Oh, my Giles,' she cried, 'what have I done to you!'

But she stopped no longer even to reproach herself. She saw that the first thing to be thought of was to get him indoors.

How Grace performed that labour she never could have exactly explained. But by dint of clasping her arms round him, rearing him into a sitting posture, and straining her strength to the uttermost, she put him on one of the hurdles that was loose alongside, and taking the end of it in both her hands, dragged him along the path to the entrance of the hut, and, after a pause for breath, in at the doorway.

It was somewhat singular that Giles in his semi-conscious state acquiesced unresistingly in all that she did. But he never for a moment recognised her, continuing his rapid conversation to himself, and seeming to look upon her as some angel, or other supernatural creature of the visionary world in which he was mentally living. The undertaking occupied her more than ten minutes; but by that time, to her great thankfulness, he was in the inner room, lying in the bed, his damp outer clothing removed.

Then the unhappy Grace regarded him by the light of the candle. There was something in his look which agonised her, in the rush of his thoughts, accelerating their speed from minute to minute. He seemed to be passing through the universe of ideas like a comet: erratic, inapprehensible, untraceable.

Grace's distraction was almost as great as his. In a few moments she firmly believed he was dying. Unable to withstand her impulse, she knelt down beside him, kissed his hands, and his face and his hair, moaning, in a low voice, 'How could I? How could I?'

Her timid morality had, indeed, underrated his chivalry till now, though she knew him so well. The purity of his nature, his freedom from the grosser passions, his scrupulous delicacy, had never been fully understood by Grace till this strange self-sacrifice in lonely

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juxtaposition to her own person was revealed. The perception of it added something that was little short of reverence to the deep affection for him of a woman who, herself, had more of Artemis than of Aphrodite in her constitution.

All that a tender nurse could do, Grace did; and the power to express her solicitude in action, unconscious though the sufferer was, brought her mournful satisfaction. She bathed his hot head, clasped his twitching hands, moistened his lips, cooled his fiery eyelids, sponged his heated skin, and administered whatever she could find in the house that the imagination could conceive as likely to be in any way alleviating. That she might have been the cause, or partially the cause, of all this, interfused misery with her sorrow.

Six months before this date a scene, almost similar in its mechanical parts, had been enacted at Hintock House. It was between a pair of persons most intimately connected in their lives with these. Outwardly like as it had been, it was yet infinite in spiritual difference, though a woman's devotion had been common to both.

Explore the ways in which Hardy makes this episode so sad.

OR **11** Do you think it is right to call Fitzpiers the villain of the novel? Support your ideas with detail from Hardy's writing.

OR **12** You are Mrs Charmond. You have just met Grace for the first time, you have invited her to visit you at the House and now you are riding home. Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

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DORIS LESSING: *The Grass is Singing*

Either ***13** She raised her head and looked about her. She was sitting in that little room with the tin roof overhead, and the sweat was pouring down her body. With all the windows shut it was unbearable. She ran outside: what was the use of sitting there, just waiting, waiting for the door to open and death to enter? She ran away from the house, across the hard, baked earth where the grains of sand glittered, towards the trees. The trees hated her, but she could not stay in the house. She entered them, feeling the shade fall on her flesh, hearing the cicadas all about, shrilling endlessly, insistently. She walked straight into the bush, thinking: 'I will come across *him*, and it will all be over.' She stumbled through swathes of pale grass, and the bushes dragged at her dress. She leaned at last against a tree, her eyes shut, her ears filled with noise, her skin aching. There she remained, waiting, waiting. But the noise was unbearable! She was caught up in a shriek of sound. She opened her eyes again. Straight in front of her was a sapling, its greyish trunk knotted as if it were an old gnarled tree. But they were not knots. Three of those ugly little beetles squatted there, singing away, oblivious of her, of everything, blind to everything but the life-giving sun. She came close to them, staring. Such little beetles to make such an intolerable noise! And she had never seen one before. She realized, suddenly, standing there, that all those years she had lived in that house, with the acres of bush all around her, and she had never penetrated into the trees, had never gone off the paths. And for all those years she had listened wearily, through the hot dry months, with her nerves prickling, to that terrible shrilling, and had never seen the beetles who made it. Lifting her eyes she saw she was standing in the full sun, that seemed so low she could reach up a hand and pluck it out of the sky: a big red sun, sullen with smoke. She reached up her hand; it brushed against a cluster of leaves, and something whirred away. With a little moan of horror she ran through the bushes and the grass, away back to the clearing. There she stood still, clutching at her throat.

A native stood there, outside the house. She put her hand to her mouth to stifle a scream. Then she saw it was another native, who held in his hand a piece of paper. He held it as illiterate natives always handle printed paper: as if it is something that might explode in their faces. She went towards him and took it. It said: 'Shall not be back for lunch. Too busy clearing things up. Send down tea and sandwiches.' This small reminder from the outer world hardly had the power to rouse her. She thought irritably that here was Dick again; and holding the paper in her hand she went back into the house, opening the windows with an angry jerk. What did the boy mean by not keeping the windows open when she had told him so many times. … She looked at the paper; where had it come from? She sat on the sofa, her eyes shut. Through a grey coil of sleep she heard a knocking on the door and started up; then she sat down again, trembling, waiting for him to come. The knock sounded again. Wearily she dragged herself up and went to the door. Outside stood the native. 'What do you want?' she asked. He indicated, through the door, the paper lying on the table. She remembered that Dick had asked for tea. She made it, filled a whisky bottle with it, and sent the boy away, forgetting all about the sandwiches. The thought was in her mind that the young man would be thirsty; he was not used to the country. The phrase, 'the country', which was more of a summons to consciousness than even Dick was,

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disturbed her, like a memory she did not want to revive. But she continued to think about the youth. She saw him, behind shut lids, with his very young, unmarked, friendly face. He had been kind to her; he had not condemned her. Suddenly she found herself clinging to the thought of him. He would save her. She would wait for him to return. She stood in the doorway looking down over the sweep of sere, dry vlei. Somewhere in the trees *he* was waiting; somewhere in the vlei was the young man, who would come before the night to rescue her. She stared, hardly blinking, into the aching sunlight. But what was the matter with the big land down there, which was always an expanse of dull red at this time of the year! It was covered over with bushes and grass. Panic plucked at her; already, before she was even dead, the bush was conquering the farm, sending its outriders to cover the good red soil with plants and grass; the bush knew she was going to die! But the young man … shutting out everything else she thought of him, with his warm comfort, his protecting arm. She leaned over the veranda wall, breaking off the geraniums, staring at the slopes of bush and vlei for a plume of reddish dust that would show the car was coming. But they no longer had a car; the car had been sold. … The strength went out of her, and she sat down, breathless, closing her eyes. When she opened them the light had changed, and the shadows were stretching out in front of the house. The feeling of late afternoon was in the air, and there was a sultry, dusty evening glow, a clanging bell of yellow light that washed in her head like pain. She had been asleep. She had slept through this last day. And perhaps while she slept he had come into the house looking for her? She got to her feet in a rush of defiant courage and marched into the front room. It was empty. But she knew, without any doubt at all, that he had been there while she slept, had peered through the window to see her. The kitchen door was open: that proved it. Perhaps that was what had awakened her, his being there, peering at her, perhaps even reaching out to touch her? She shrank and shivered.

How does the writing in this passage convey the impression of a woman close to complete breakdown?

OR **14** Whilst it is clear that Charles Slatter is a very dislikeable man, perhaps Lessing also allows us to understand why he is the kind of man he is. What do you think? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

OR **15** In what ways does Lessing's description of the Southern African landscape and climate provide an important background for the events of the novel?

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JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Either ***16** And now, at last, after a lifetime of linoleum and asphalt and Axminster carpets, the heavy flat-footed woman trod the springing earth. Born fifty-seven years ago in a suburban wilderness of smoke-grimed bricks, she knew no more of Nature than a scarecrow rigid on a broomstick above a field of waving corn. She who had lived so close to the little forest on the Bendigo Road had never felt the short wiry grass underfoot. Never walked between the straight shaggy stems of the stringy-bark trees. Never paused to savour the jubilant gusts of Spring that carried the scent of wattle and eucalypt right into the front hall of the College. Nor sniffed with foreboding the blast of the North wind, laden in summer with the fine ash of mountain fires. When the ground started to rise towards the Rock, she knew that she must turn to the right into the waist-high bracken and begin to climb. The ground was rough under the large soft feet in kid button-up boots. She sat down for a few minutes on a fallen log and took off her gloves. She could feel the perspiration trickling down her neck under the stiff lace at her throat. Now she was on her feet again looking up at the sky faintly streaked with pink behind a row of jagged peaks. For the first time it dawned on her what it meant to climb the Rock on a hot afternoon, as the lost girls had climbed it, long, long ago, in full-skirted summer frocks and thin shoes. Stumbling and sweating upwards through the bracken and dogwood, she thought of them now, without compassion. Dead. Both dead. And now Sara lying under the tower. When presently the monolith came into view she recognized it at once from the photographs. With her heart pounding under the heavy coat it was as much as she could do to clamber towards it over the last few yards of stones that slid from under her feet with every step. To the right a narrow ledge overhung a precipice at which she dared not look. To the left, on higher ground, a pile of stones … on one of them a large black spider, spread-eagled, asleep in the sun. She had always been afraid of spiders, looked round for something with which to strike it down and saw Sara Waybourne, in a nightdress, with one eye fixed and staring from a mask of rotting flesh.

Although she had seen the Hanging Rock for the first time this afternoon, when Ben Hussey had pointed it out from the buggy, Mrs Appleyard was only too familiar with its general aspect and the various key points of the Picnic Grounds, as depicted in the plans, drawings and photographs in the Melbourne press. Here, after a more or less level stretch on the seemingly endless road, was the sagging wooden gate through which Ben Hussey had driven his five-horse drag. There was the creek, holding the last of the afternoon light in its placid pools. To the left, a little way ahead, the much photographed spot where the picnic party from Lake View had camped beside their wagonette. To the right, the vertical walls of the Rock were already in deep shade, the undergrowth at the base exuding the dank forest breath of decay. Her gloved hands fumbled with the catch of the gate. Arthur used to say: 'My dear, you have an excellent head but you are no good with your hands.' She left the gate open and started to walk along the track towards the creek.

An eagle hovering high above the golden peaks heard her scream as she ran towards the precipice and jumped. The spider scuttled to safety as the clumsy body went bouncing and rolling from rock to rock towards the valley below. Until at last the head in the brown hat was impaled upon a jutting crag.

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As Hanging Rock asserts its power and claims its final victim, to what extent does Lindsay's writing encourage you to feel pity for Mrs Appleyard? Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

OR **17** What role do you think Sara Waybourne plays in this novel and what does Lindsay make you feel about the girl? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

OR **18** You are Irma. You have left the College and are sitting in the suite at the Menzies Hotel, Melbourne just before your parents arrive from India. Write your thoughts.

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MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein*

Either *19 ‘Get well – and return to us. You will find a happy, cheerful home and friends who love you dearly. Your father’s health is vigorous, and he asks but to see you, – but to be assured that you are well; and not a care will ever cloud his benevolent countenance. How pleased you would be to remark the improvement of our Ernest! He is now sixteen and full of activity and spirit. He is desirous to be a true Swiss and to enter into foreign service, but we cannot part with him, at least until his elder brother return to us. My uncle is not pleased with the idea of a military career in a distant country, but Ernest never had your powers of application. He looks upon study as an odious fetter; – his time is spent in the open air, climbing the hills or rowing on the lake. I fear that he will become an idler unless we yield the point and permit him to enter on the profession which he has selected.

‘Little alteration, except the growth of our dear children, has taken place since you left us. The blue lake, and snow-clad mountains, they never change; – and I think our placid home and our contented hearts are regulated by the same immutable laws. My trifling occupations take up my time and amuse me, and I am rewarded for any exertions by seeing none but happy, kind faces around me. Since you left us, but one change has taken place in our little household. Do you remember on what occasion Justine Moritz entered our family? Probably you do not; I will relate her history, therefore, in a few words. Madame Moritz, her mother, was a widow with four children, of whom Justine was the third. This girl had always been the favourite of her father; but through a strange perversity, her mother could not endure her, and after the death of M. Moritz, treated her very ill. My aunt observed this; and when Justine was twelve years of age, prevailed on her mother to allow her to live at our house. The republican institutions of our country have produced simpler and happier manners than those which prevail in the great monarchies that surround it. Hence there is less distinction between the several classes of its inhabitants; and the lower orders, being neither so poor nor so despised, their manners are more refined and moral. A servant in Geneva does not mean the same thing as a servant in France and England. Justine, thus received in our family, learned the duties of a servant, a condition which, in our fortunate country, does not include the idea of ignorance and a sacrifice of the dignity of a human being.

‘Justine, you may remember, was a great favourite of yours; and I recollect you once remarked that if you were in an ill humour, one glance from Justine could dissipate it, for the same reason that Ariosto gives concerning the beauty of Angelica – she looked so frank-hearted and happy. My aunt conceived a great attachment for her, by which she was induced to give her an education superior to that which she had at first intended. This benefit was fully repaid; Justine was the most grateful little creature in the world: I do not mean that she made any professions; I never heard one pass her lips; but you could see by her eyes that she almost adored her protectress. Although her disposition was gay, and in many respects inconsiderate, yet she paid the greatest attention to every gesture of my aunt. She thought her the model of all excellence and endeavoured to imitate her phraseology and manners, so that even now she often reminds me of her.

‘When my dearest aunt died every one was too much occupied in their own grief to notice poor Justine, who had attended her during her illness with the most anxious affection. Poor Justine was very ill; but other trials were reserved for her.

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'One by one, her brothers and sister died; and her mother, with the exception of her neglected daughter, was left childless. The conscience of the woman was troubled; she began to think that the deaths of her favourites was a judgment from heaven to chastise her partiality. She was a Roman Catholic; and I believe her confessor confirmed the idea which she had conceived. Accordingly, a few months after your departure for Ingolstadt, Justine was called home by her repentant mother. Poor girl! she wept when she quitted our house; she was much altered since the death of my aunt; grief had given softness and a winning mildness to her manners which had before been remarkable for vivacity. Nor was her residence at her mother's house of a nature to restore her gaiety. The poor woman was very vacillating in her repentance. She sometimes begged Justine to forgive her unkindness, but much oftener accused her of having caused the deaths of her brothers and sister. Perpetual fretting at length threw Madame Moritz into a decline, which at first increased her irritability, but she is now at peace for ever. She died on the first approach of cold weather, at the beginning of this last winter. Justine has returned to us, and I assure you I love her tenderly. She is very clever and gentle and extremely pretty; as I mentioned before, her mien and her expressions continually remind me of my dear aunt.

'I must say also a few words to you, my dear cousin, of little darling William. I wish you could see him; he is very tall of his age, with sweet laughing blue eyes, dark eyelashes, and curling hair. When he smiles, two little dimples appear on each cheek, which are rosy with health. He has already had one or two little *wives*, but Louisa Biron is his favourite, a pretty little girl of five years of age.

'Now, dear Victor, I dare say you wish to be indulged in a little gossip concerning the good people of Geneva. The pretty Miss Mansfield has already received the congratulatory visits on her approaching marriage with a young Englishman, John Melbourne, Esq. Her ugly sister, Manon, married M. Duvillard, the rich banker, last autumn. Your favourite schoolfellow, Louis Manoir, has suffered several misfortunes since the departure of Clerval from Geneva. But he has already recovered his spirits, and is reported to be on the point of marrying a very lively, pretty Frenchwoman, Madame Tavernier. She is a widow, and much older than Manoir, but she is very much admired and a favourite with everybody.

'I have written myself into better spirits, dear cousin; but my anxiety returns upon me as I conclude. Write, dearest Victor, – one line – one word will be a blessing to us. Ten thousand thanks to Henry for his kindness, his affection, and his many letters; we are sincerely grateful. Adieu! My cousin, take care of yourself, and, I entreat you, write!'

ELIZABETH LAVENZA

Explore how Shelley presents Elizabeth's character in this extract.

OR **20** Frankenstein's descriptions of the Creature often conflict with the impressions created by the Creature's own words. What effect do these often contradictory impressions have upon you? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

OR **21** In this novel the landscape in which an event takes place often contributes to the impact of that event. Explore in detail **two** such moments in the book, bringing out how Shelley's description of the landscape makes the moment so memorable to you.

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AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

Either *22

'So when Wu Tsing asked your mother to be his third concubine, to bear him a son, what choice did she have? She was already as low as a prostitute. And when she returned to her brother's house and kowtowed three times to say good-bye, her brother kicked her, and her own mother banned her from the family house forever. That is why you did not see your mother again until your grandmother died. Your mother went to live in Tientsin, to hide her shame with Wu Tsing's wealth. And three years later, she gave birth to a son, which Second Wife claimed as her own.

'And that is how I came to live in Wu Tsing's house,' concluded Yan Chang proudly.

And that was how I learned that the baby Syaudi was really my mother's son, my littlest brother.

In truth, this was a bad thing that Yan Chang had done, telling me my mother's story. Secrets are kept from children, a lid on top of the soup kettle, so they do not boil over with too much truth.

After Yan Chang told me this story, I saw everything. I heard things I had never understood before.

I saw Second Wife's true nature.

I saw how she often gave Fifth Wife money to go visit her poor village, encouraging this silly girl to 'show your friends and family how rich you've become!' And of course, her visits always reminded Wu Tsing of Fifth Wife's low-class background and how foolish he had been to be lured by her earthy flesh.

I saw Second Wife *koutou* to First Wife, bowing with deep respect while offering her more opium. And I knew why First Wife's power had been drained away.

I saw how fearful Third Wife became when Second Wife told her stories of old concubines who were kicked out into the streets. And I knew why Third Wife watched over Second Wife's health and happiness.

And I saw my mother's terrible pain as Second Wife bounced Syaudi on her lap, kissing my mother's son and telling this baby, 'As long as I am your mother, you will never be poor. You will never be unhappy. You will grow up to own this household and care for me in my old age.'

And I knew why my mother cried in her room so often. Wu Tsing's promise of a house – for becoming the mother of his only son – had disappeared the day Second Wife collapsed from another bout of pretend-suicide. And my mother knew she could do nothing to bring the promise back.

I suffered so much after Yan Chang told me my mother's story. I wanted my mother to shout at Wu Tsing, to shout at Second Wife, to shout at Yan Chang and say she was wrong to tell me these stories. But my mother did not even have the right to do this. She had no choice.

Two days before the lunar new year, Yan Chang woke me when it was still black outside.

'Quickly!' she cried, pulling me along before my mind and eyes could work together.

My mother's room was brightly lit. As soon as I walked in I could see her. I ran to her bed and stood on the footstool. Her arms and legs

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were moving back and forth as she lay on her back. She was like a soldier, marching to nowhere, her head looking right then left. And now her whole body became straight and stiff as if to stretch herself out of her body. Her jaw was pulled down and I saw her tongue was swollen and she was coughing to try to make it fall out.

'Wake up!' I whispered, and then I turned and saw everybody standing there: Wu Tsing, Yan Chang, Second Wife, Third Wife, Fifth Wife, the doctor.

'She has taken too much opium,' cried Yan Chang. 'The doctor says he can do nothing. She has poisoned herself.'

So they were doing nothing, only waiting. I also waited those many hours.

The only sounds were that of the girl in the clock playing the violin. And I wanted to shout to the clock and make its meaningless noise be silent, but I did not.

I watched my mother march in her bed. I wanted to say the words that would quiet her body and spirit. But I stood there like the others, waiting and saying nothing.

And then I recalled her story about the little turtle, his warning not to cry. And I wanted to shout to her that it was no use. There were already too many tears. And I tried to swallow them one by one, but they came too fast, until finally my closed lips burst open and I cried and cried, then cried all over again, letting everybody in the room feed on my tears.

I fainted with all this grief and they carried me back to Yan Chang's bed. So that morning, while my mother was dying, I was dreaming.

I was falling from the sky down to the ground, into a pond. And I became a little turtle lying at the bottom of this watery place. Above me I could see the beaks of a thousand magpies drinking from the pond, drinking and singing happily and filling their snow-white bellies. I was crying hard, so many tears, but they drank and drank, so many of them, until I had no more tears left and the pond was empty, everything as dry as sand.

In this passage, what is it that makes Tan's portrayal of the role of women in early twentieth-century China so memorable?

OR **23** What do you think makes Ying-ying St Clair perhaps the saddest figure in the novel? Support your ideas with detail from Tan's writing.

OR **24** The emigration of the four mothers from China to America brought some clear benefits to them. Was there a loss as well? Support your ideas with detail from Tan's writing.

[Turn over

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PAUL THEROUX: *The Mosquito Coast*

Either ***25** Five days of this weakened us worse than the river had, and now this coast seemed a great mistake. Creatures here, the only life, fed on each other. We went around in our rags. The longer we stayed here, the more fearful we were of the ocean. Because of the turtles, we never swam, and because of the birds, we stayed under cover.

When I slept, I had food dreams. I dreamed of chocolate fudge cake and cold milk. I dreamed of our kitchen in Hatfield, how some nights I had gone down in the dark and opened the refrigerator to cool myself and look upon the lighted shelves, the cheese, the milk, the bacon, a jar of grape jelly, a jug of water, a pie, a pitcher of fresh orange juice. The kitchen was dark, but the inside of the refrigerator was bright and filled with clean food.

I was woken from this very dream one day by Jerry's shouts, and I was to remember that interruption. Jerry had seen a sailboat beating from the south. The wind was offshore. The boat tacked way out, then sailed in on a wave, its grey sail luffing, and ploughed the beach.

'It's a boat, Dad!'

Father raised himself up and watched Jerry running towards the sailboat.

I said, 'It might be Mr Haddy.'

'Where's Mother?'

I looked around. I had been sleeping. 'She must be in the village.'

The twins were asleep beside him. They slept holding hands.

'Go see who it is,' Father said. He gave me a sneaky glance, his coward's glance, which was weak and wanting comfort and willing to ditch anything in order to get away – his blamer's look, which had a hint of sadness and self-hate in it. I saw his face. I did not size up his expression until later.

'Take your time,' he said. 'I'll be right here.'

I left him with the twins and ran down the beach. Jerry had already reached the sailboat. He was talking to the man on board, who had turtles stacked around his mast and filling his cuddy like manhole covers. It was not Mr Haddy, but he was willing to talk. He had broken his mainsheet, he needed some rope. He was talking about rope when we heard the yell.

'The twins,' Jerry said.

It was a child's shriek, thin and complaining and pathetic.

'Mother! Mother! Mother! Mother!'

'You got trouble for true,' the boat man said, speaking at the sound of the voice.

The twins were awake, rubbing their eyes, when we got back to the little camp. Father was missing, but we could see the groove-mark of his body across the sand, like a lizard track, with handprints on either side. All fours.

'Mother!'

The strangled shout came from the other side of the dune.

He had dragged himself quite a distance from the camp. He had been hurrying. He lay on a slope of sand. He had been heading west, where the rivermouth was. But he was motionless now. Five birds stood over him – vultures – and they were attacking his head. They made cruel swipes at his scalp. They cast terrible shadows over him. They held parts of his flesh in their beaks. The birds looked up at me. I had interrupted them, I was screaming and waving my arms.

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> They were not frightened. This victory had taken away their fear. They hesitated, they hopped aside, they gave me a look at Father's head. I grabbed a stick from the sand, but even as I went forward, a vulture bent over and struck and tore again, like a child snatching something extra because he knows he will be scolded anyway, and this one had his tongue.

This is the end of Allie Fox's experiment. Explore how Theroux's writing here brings out the ironies and the horror of that end.

OR **26** Why do you think Theroux made Charlie, though still only a boy, the story-teller of the novel?

OR **27** Explore **two** moments in this novel which you find particularly dramatic, and show how Theroux's writing makes them so.

[Turn over

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RICHARD WRIGHT: *Black Boy*

Either ***28** For weeks after that I could not believe in my feelings. My personality was numb, reduced to a lumpish, loose, dissolved state. I was a non-man, something that knew vaguely that it was human but felt that it was not. As time separated me from the experience, I could feel no hate for the men who had driven me from the job. They did not seem to be individual men, but part of a huge, implacable, elemental design toward which hate was futile. What I did feel was a longing to attack. But how? And because I knew of no way to grapple with this thing, I felt doubly cast out.

I went to bed tired and got up tired, though I was having no physical exercise. During the day I over-reacted to each event, my banked emotions spilling around it. I refused to talk to anyone about my affairs, because I knew that I would only hear a justification of the ways of the white folks and I did not want to hear it. I lived carrying a huge wound, tender, festering, and I shrank when I came near anything that I thought would touch it.

But I had to work because I had to eat. My next job was that of a helper in a drugstore, and the night before I reported for work I fought with myself, telling myself that I had to master this thing, that my life depended upon it. Other black people worked, got along somehow, then I must, *must*, MUST get along until I could get my hands on enough money to leave.

I would make myself fit in. Others had done it. I would do it. I had to do it.

I went to the job apprehensive, resolving to watch my every move. I swept the sidewalk, pausing when a white person was twenty feet away. I mopped the store, cautiously waiting for the white people to move out of my way in their own good time. I cleaned acres of glass shelving, changing my tempo now to work faster, holding every nuance of reality within the focus of my consciousness. Noon came and the store was crowded; people jammed to the counters for food. A white man behind the counter ran up to me and shouted:

'A jug of Coca-Cola, quick, boy!'

My body jerked taut and I stared at him. He stared at me.

'What's wrong with you?'

'Nothing,' I said.

'Well, move! Don't stand there gaping!'

Even if I had tried, I could not have told him what was wrong. My sustained expectation of violence had exhausted me. My preoccupation with curbing my impulses, my speech, my movements, my manner, my expressions had increased my anxiety. I became forgetful, concentrating too much upon trivial tasks. The men began to yell at me and that made it worse. One day I dropped a jug of orange syrup in the middle of the floor. The boss was furious. He caught my arm and jerked me into the back of the drugstore. His face was livid. I expected him to hit me. I was braced to defend myself.

'I'm going to deduct that from your pay, you black bastard!' he yelled.

Words had come instead of blows and I relaxed.

'Yes, sir,' I said placatingly. 'It was my fault.'

My tone whipped him to a frenzy.

'You goddamn right it was!' he yelled louder.

'I'm new at this,' I mumbled, realizing that I had said the wrong thing, though I had been striving to say the right.

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'We're only trying you out,' he warned me.

'Yes, sir. I understand,' I said.

He stared at me, speechless with rage. Why could I not learn to keep my mouth shut at the right time? I had said just one short sentence too many. My words were innocent enough, but they indicated, it seemed, a consciousness on my part that infuriated white people.

Show how this passage reveals Richard's feelings and his attitude to the whites.

OR **29** How do Richard's early experiences of family life affect his development into adolescence? Refer in detail to the book as you answer.

OR **30** You are Richard and you have been asked to speak to a group of young black people about the way to succeed in a world dominated by whites. Write your speech.

[Turn over

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DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

Either ***31** *Jack:* (*ignoring him*) That is all I have to say on that matter. All right? We are going to clean this up, all right? We are going to sponge the shit off the family name, all right? That's what we're here to do today. We are going to put the business back together as it was. As a decent, honest, small family business. So. How do we go about that?

Roy: Difficult.

Jack: I'll tell you. We start with that end. (*indicating Orlando*) We stop doing business with them to start with. *Arrivederci* Donizetti, all right?

Anita: (*to Orlando*) *Dice che dobbiamo smettere di fare affari con voi* …

Orlando: *Si Arrivederci* Donizetti.

He laughs.

Jack: Oh, we've got the laughing one today, have we?

Anita: He doesn't speak much English …

Jack: Never mind, they seem to muddle through, don't they? (*to Cliff and Anita*) Secondly, there will be no more cut-price sales to your lot, all right?

Cliff: If you say so, Jack.

Jack: I do. Thirdly – (*turns to Desmond*) – we put our production line back to producing *bona-fide* company products, all right? Sold through the proper outlets at the correct prices. All right?

Desmond: Yes. (*looking at Roy*) All right, Roy?

Roy: Well, the lads aren't going to like it …

Jack: (*outraged*) The lads aren't going to like what?

Roy: Well, you know, losing the extra. I mean they'd sort of come to rely on it.

Jack: Then they're going to have to rely on working for their money instead, aren't they?

Roy: But they're bound to take a drop, Jack … I mean, their basic wage is only –

Jack: If their basic isn't enough they'll have to clock overtime, won't they?

Roy: They'd have to do another seventy hours a week to make up what they'd be losing …

Jack: Too bloody bad!

Roy: All I'm saying, Jack, is they're not going to like it … You could have trouble.

Jack: (*excitedly*) I don't believe this. Are you threatening me with industrial action because the workforce object to being told they can no longer swindle the firm they're working for? It defies belief. It –

The hatch slams open and Harriet sticks her head through.

Harriet: Would you mind keeping your voices down in here, please? There are other people in this house.

A startled silence.

Thank you.

Harriet closes the hatch sharply, comes out of the dining room and returns to the far sitting room.

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Desmond: Best to keep our voices down a bit. It's safer if Harriet doesn't hear what we're …

Anita: She knows far too much already –

Desmond: Ah, now, we don't know that necessarily –

Anita: Of course we do. Who else told Yvonne?

Jack: (*anxious to proceed*) So.

Desmond: Sorry, Jack.

Jack: So. That is what's going to happen. All right?

Anita: Could I just –?

Jack: No. No discussion. No choice in the matter. That is it. Close of meeting.

Anita: Please. (*faintly sarcastic*) Mr Chairperson, sir?

Jack: (*suspiciously*) What?

Anita: Just before we go, I just wanted to ask what you intend we do about our friend Mr Hough? In considerably less than a week, he seems to have found out quite a lot about us. He's either got supremely good powers of detection or he's had the good sense to talk to Yvonne …

Desmond: Now we don't know that necessarily …

Jack: (*over-riding this*) He doesn't know much. He knows about the Rivettis, that's all.

Anita: He knows Des and I are supplying them. Because he phoned me this morning. He wants to meet me tomorrow sometime.

Jack: And he starts with our firm tomorrow morning.

Desmond: Oh my God … That's it then, isn't it? That's it. (*He rises agitatedly*.)

Jack: All right, all right, Des …

Desmond: That's it! It's all over!

Anita: (*sharply*) Desmond! Sit down and shut up!

Desmond sits again. They reflect.

Jack: All right then, I'll cancel him. I'll phone him tonight and tell him we no longer require his services. That solves it.

Cliff: You'll need to pay him off.

Jack: I will. I'll tell him to submit his account for the work done to date.

Roy: He'll need more than that.

Jack: What are you talking about?

Anita: (*as to a child*) What they're saying, Jack, is Mr Hough might not be totally satisfied with his standard payment. Considering the amount of information about us he has already gathered …

Jack: Are you suggesting he'll try to blackmail us? (*Slight pause*.) Again?

Anita: I'm suggesting he'll probably need paying …

Jack watches the next in stunned amazement. The ensuing business discussion happens with great rapidity.

Desmond: How much are we talking about, then?

Anita: Ten maximum.

Cliff: How many of us are there … one, two … don't count Jack … three, four five … Five? Can we go to ten?

Desmond: Ten? I can't go to ten …

Cliff: No, two …

Desmond: Still a lot.

Anita: We could start with five. Hold back five.

[Turn over

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Cliff: In reserve.
Roy: Two maximum.
Desmond: Five up front.
Anita: Five behind. Right?
Roy: Done.
Cliff: Carried.
Desmond: OK.
Jack: What's going on? What's going on?
Anita: (*to Orlando*) *Duemila lire sterline. Ciascuno. Diecimila come assicurazione. D'accordo?*
Orlando: (*laughing at this*) *Con un premio simile mio fratello ti combinerebbe un'assicurazione molto più permanente*.
Jack: What's he saying, now?
Anita: Orlando says for that sort of premium his brother could arrange something more permanent …
Cliff laughs.
Jack: Like what?
Orlando: (*laughing*) *Un'assicurazione contro gli incidenti, eh?*
Anita: (*laughing*) He says, accident insurance …
Cliff: What? Like accidentally falling out of a fifth-floor window …?
Roy: Accidentally swallowing his magnifying glass?
Orlando makes a cheerful choking gesture with his hands, for Jack's benefit.
Jack: If this is intended in any way as a serious suggestion –?
Anita: No, no, Jack. Orlando's joking, isn't he? (*kissing Orlando on the top of his head*) Oh, I love this one best of all. Do you know he's got six children? *Sei bambini, si?*
Orlando: (*reaching for his wallet*) *Sei bambini, si* …
Jack: Look, just a minute. Just a minute …
Under this, Orlando is passing round photos of his family to any who are interested.

By exploring this extract in detail, show how Jack's determination to clean up the business is gradually and amusingly undermined.

OR **32** To what extent do you sympathise with Poppy as well as laugh at her? Support your ideas with detail from the play.

OR **33** You are Anita listening to Jack's last speech at the end of the play. Write your thoughts.

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Turn to page 24 for Question 34.

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Either ***34** *Sam:* Okay, Hally, okay.
(*Hally settles down to his homework; determined preparations … pen, ruler, exercise book, dictionary, another cake … all of which will lead to nothing.*)
(*Sam waltzes over to Willie and starts to replace tables and chairs. He practises a ballroom step while doing so. Willie watches. When Sam is finished, Willie tries.*) Good! But just a little bit quicker on the turn and only move in to her after she's crossed over. What about this one?
(*Another step. When Sam is finished, Willie again has a go.*)

Willie: But I haven't got partner, *Boet* Sam.

Sam: Maybe Hilda will turn up tonight.

Willie: No, *Boet* Sam. (*Reluctantly.*) I gave her a good hiding.

Sam: You mean a bad one.

Willie: Good bad one.

Sam: Then you mustn't complain either. Now you pay the price for losing your temper.

Willie: I also pay two pounds ten shilling entrance fee.

Sam: They'll refund you if you withdraw now.

Willie: (*appalled.*) You mean, don't dance?

Sam: Yes.

Willie: No! I wait too long and I practise too hard. If I find me new partner, you think I can be ready in two weeks? I ask Madam for my leave now and we practise every day.

Sam: Quickstep non-stop for two weeks. World record, Willie, but you'll be mad at the end.

Willie: No jokes, *Boet* Sam.

Sam: I'm not joking.

Willie: So then what?

Sam: Find Hilda. Say you're sorry and promise you won't beat her again.

Willie: No.

Sam: Then withdraw. Try again next year.

Willie: No.

Sam: Then I give up.

Willie: *Haaikona, Boet* Sam, you can't.

Sam: What do you mean, I can't? I'm telling you: I give up.

Willie: (*Adamant.*) No! (*Accusingly.*) It was you who start me ballroom dancing.

Sam: So?

Willie: Before that I use to be happy. And is you and Miriam who bring me to Hilda and say here's partner for you.

Sam: What are you saying, Willie?

Willie: You!

Sam: But me what? To blame?

Willie: Yes.

Sam: Willie …? (*Bursts into laughter.*)

Willie: And now all you do is make jokes at me. You wait. When Miriam leaves you is my turn to laugh. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sam: (*He can't take Willie seriously any longer.*) She can leave me tonight! I know what to do. (*Bowing before an imaginary partner.*) May I have the pleasure? (*He dances and sings.*)
'Just a fellow with his pillow …

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Dancin' like a willow …
In an autumn breeze …'

Willie: There you go again!
(*Sam goes on dancing and singing*.)
Boet Sam!

Sam: There's the answer to your problem! Judges' announcement in two weeks' time: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the winner in the open section … Mr Willie Malopo and his pillow!'
(*This is too much for a now really angry Willie.)*

What does the writing tell you about the relationship between Sam and Willie in this extract?

OR **35** What do you infer about Hally's feelings for his parents in this play? Be sure to refer to detail in the text as you answer.

OR **36** Do you think Sam and Willie are Hally's servants or his friends? Support your ideas with close reference to Fugard's writing.

[Turn over

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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

Either ***37**

Rodolpho: (*his smile vanishing*). When?
Catherine: Well … when we get married.
Rodolpho: (*astonished*). You want to be an Italian?
Catherine: No, but I could live there without being Italian. Americans live there.
Rodolpho: For ever?
Catherine: Yeah.
Rodolpho: (*crosses to rocker*). You're fooling.
Catherine: No, I mean it.
Rodolpho: Where do you get such an idea?
Catherine: Well, you're always saying it's so beautiful there, with the mountains and the ocean and all the –
Rodolpho: You're fooling me.
Catherine: I mean it.
Rodolpho: (*goes to her slowly*). Catherine, if I ever brought you home with no money, no business, nothing, they would call the priest and the doctor and they would say Rodolpho is crazy.
Catherine: I know, but I think we would be happier there.
Rodolpho: Happier! What would you eat? You can't cook the view!
Catherine: Maybe you could be a singer, like in Rome or –
Rodolpho: Rome! Rome is full of singers.
Catherine: Well, I could work then.
Rodolpho: Where?
Catherine: God, there must be jobs somewhere!
Rodolpho: There's nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing. Now tell me what you're talking about. How can I bring you from a rich country to suffer in a poor country? What are you talking about? (*She searches for words*). I would be a criminal stealing your face. In two years you would have an old, hungry face. When my brother's babies cry they give them water, water that boiled a bone. Don't you believe that?
Catherine: (*quietly*). I'm afraid of Eddie here.
(*Slight pause*).
Rodolpho: (*steps closer to her*). We wouldn't live here. Once I am a citizen I could work anywhere and I would find better jobs and we would have a house, Catherine. If I were not afraid to be arrested I would start to be something wonderful here!
Catherine: (*steeling herself*). Tell me something. I mean just tell me, Rodolpho – would you still want to do it if it turned out we had to go live in Italy? I mean just if it turned out that way.
Rodolpho: This is your question or his question?
Catherine: I would like to know, Rodolpho. I mean it.
Rodolpho: To go there with nothing.
Catherine: Yeah.
Rodolpho: No. (*She looks at him wide-eyed*). No.
Catherine: You wouldn't?
Rodolpho: No; I will not marry you to live in Italy. I want you to be my wife, and I want to be a citizen. Tell him that, or I will. Yes. (*He moves about angrily*). And tell him also, and tell yourself, please, that I am not a beggar, and you are not a horse, a gift, a favour for a poor immigrant.

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Catherine: Well, don't get mad!

Rodolpho: I am furious! (*Goes to her*). Do you think I am so desperate? My brother is desperate, not me. You think I would carry on my back the rest of my life a woman I didn't love just to be an American? It's so wonderful? You think we have no tall buildings in Italy? Electric lights? No wide streets? No flags? No automobiles? Only work we don't have. I want to be an American so I can work, that is the only wonder here – work! How can you insult me, Catherine?

Catherine: I didn't mean that –

Rodolpho: My heart dies to look at you. Why are you so afraid of him?

Explore how Miller's writing here conveys the attitudes of Catherine and Rodolpho.

OR **38** To what extent do you find it possible to like Eddie Carbone? Refer to Miller's writing as you answer.

OR **39** What do you think is the dramatic effect of the character of Marco in this play? Refer in detail to the play in your answer.

[Turn over

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either ***40** *Romeo:* In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
(*Laying Paris in the tomb*)
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! (*Drinks*). O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
(*Dies*)

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Explore how Shakespeare's language makes this a movingly tragic moment in the play.

OR **41** What do you think it is that makes Juliet such a dramatically compelling character? Support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's writing.

OR **42** You are the Nurse, faced with explaining very soon to the authorities your part in the tragedy. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

Either ***43**

Petruchio: Proceed.
Tailor: *With a small compassed cape.*
Grumio: I confess the cape.
Tailor: *With a trunk sleeve.*
Grumio: I confess two sleeves.
Tailor: *The sleeves curiously cut.*
Petruchio: Ay, there's the villainy.
Grumio: Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tailor: This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Grumio: I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.
Hortensio: God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.
Petruchio: Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Grumio: You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.
Petruchio: Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
Grumio: Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!
Petruchio: Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Grumio: O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
Petruchio: (*aside*). Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
Hortensio: (*aside to Tailor*). Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
(*Exit Tailor*)
Petruchio: Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
Katharina: I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

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Petruchio: It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
Hortensio: Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

(*Exeunt*)

(a) What do you think is Petruchio's scheme in arguing with the tailor?

(b) What kind of man do you think the extract shows Petruchio to be? Support your ideas with detail from the extract.

OR **44** What is your opinion of Baptista as a man and a father? Be sure to support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's writing.

OR **45** You are Grumio after your master's wedding, travelling ahead of him and your new mistress to prepare things at the house for their arrival. Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

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Either ***46** *Mrs Cheveley:* Then you must make him keep it. I give you till tomorrow morning – no more. If by that time your husband does not solemnly bind himself to help me in this great scheme in which I am interested –

Lady Chiltern: This fraudulent speculation –

Mrs Cheveley: Call it what you choose. I hold your husband in the hollow of my hand, and if you are wise you will make him do what I tell him.

Lady Chiltern: (*rising and going towards her*). You are impertinent. What has my husband to do with you? With a woman like you?

Mrs Cheveley: (*with a bitter laugh*). In this world like meets with like. It is because your husband is himself fraudulent and dishonest that we pair so well together. Between you and him there are chasms. He and I are closer than friends. We are enemies linked together. The same sin binds us.

Lady Chiltern: How dare you class my husband with yourself? How dare you threaten him or me? Leave my house. You are unfit to enter it.

Sir Robert Chiltern enters from behind. He hears his wife's last words and sees to whom they are addressed. He grows deadly pale.

Mrs Cheveley: Your house! A house bought with the price of dishonour. A house, everything in which has been paid for by fraud. (*Turns round and sees Sir Robert Chiltern.*) Ask him what the origin of his fortune is! Get him to tell you how he sold to a stockbroker a Cabinet secret. Learn from him to what you owe your position.

Lady Chiltern: It is not true! Robert! It is not true!

Mrs Cheveley: (*pointing at him with outstretched finger*). Look at him! Can he deny it? Does he dare to?

Sir Robert Chiltern: Go! Go at once. You have done your worst now.

Mrs Cheveley: My worst? I have not yet finished with you, with either of you. I give you both till tomorrow at noon. If by then you don't do what I bid you to do, the whole world shall know the origin of Robert Chiltern.

Sir Robert Chiltern strikes the bell. Enter Mason.

Sir Robert Chiltern: Show Mrs Cheveley out.

Mrs Cheveley starts; then bows with somewhat exaggerated politeness to Lady Chiltern, who makes no sign of response. As she passes by Sir Robert Chiltern, who is standing close to the door, she pauses for a moment and looks him straight in the face. She then goes out, followed by the servant, who closes the door after him. The husband and wife are left alone. Lady Chiltern stands like someone in a dreadful dream. Then she turns round and looks at her husband. She looks at him with strange eyes, as though she were seeing him for the first time.

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Lady Chiltern: You sold a Cabinet secret for money! You began your life with fraud! You built up your career on dishonour! Oh, tell me it is not true! Lie to me! Lie to me! Tell me it is not true!

Sir Robert Chiltern: What this woman said is quite true. But, Gertrude, listen to me. You don't realise how I was tempted. Let me tell you the whole thing. (*Goes towards her.*)

Lady Chiltern: Don't come near me. Don't touch me. I feel as if you had soiled me for ever. Oh! what a mask you have been wearing all these years! A horrible painted mask! You sold yourself for money. Oh! a common thief were better. You put yourself up to sale to the highest bidder! You were bought in the market. You lied to the whole world. And yet you will not lie to me.

Sir Robert Chiltern: (*rushing towards her*). Gertrude! Gertrude!

Lady Chiltern: (*thrusting him back with outstretched hands*). No, don't speak! Say nothing! Your voice wakes terrible memories – memories of things that made me love you – memories of words that made me love you – memories that now are horrible to me. And how I worshipped you! You were to me something apart from common life, a thing pure, noble, honest, without stain. The world seemed to me finer because you were in it, and goodness more real because you lived. And now – oh, when I think that I made of a man like you my ideal! the ideal of my life!

Sir Robert Chiltern: There was your mistake. There was your error. The error all women commit. Why can't you women love us, faults and all? Why do you place us on monstrous pedestals? We have all feet of clay, women as well as men; but when we men love women, we love them knowing their weaknesses, their follies, their imperfections, love them all the more, it may be, for that reason. It is not the perfect, but the imperfect, who have need of love. It is when we are wounded by our own hands, or by the hands of others, that love should come to cure us – else what use is love at all? All sins, except a sin against itself, Love should forgive. All lives, save loveless lives, true Love should pardon. A man's love is like that. It is wider, larger, more human than a woman's. Women think that they are making ideals of men. What they are making of us are false idols merely. You made your false idol of me, and I had not the courage to come down, show you my wounds, tell you my weaknesses. I was afraid that I might lose your love, as I have lost it now. And so, last night you ruined my life for me – yes, ruined it! What this woman asked of me was nothing compared to what she offered to me. She offered security, peace, stability. The sin of

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my youth, that I had thought was buried, rose up in front of me, hideous, horrible, with its hands at my throat. I could have killed it for ever, sent it back into its tomb, destroyed its record, burned the one witness against me. You prevented me. No one but you, you know it. And now what is there before me but public disgrace, ruin, terrible shame, the mockery of the world, a lonely dishonoured life, a lonely dishonoured death, it may be, some day? Let women make no more ideals of men! let them not put them on altars and bow before them, or they may ruin other lives as completely as you – you whom I have so wildly loved – have ruined mine!

He passes from the room. Lady Chiltern rushes towards him, but the door is closed when she reaches it. Pale with anguish, bewildered, helpless, she sways like a plant in the water. Her hands, outstretched, seem to tremble in the air like blossoms in the wind. Then she flings herself down beside a sofa and buries her face. Her sobs are like the sobs of a child.

Act Drop

Explore the ways in which Wilde makes this a dramatically memorable ending to the Act.

OR **47** What do you think makes Lord Goring perhaps the most memorable character in this play? Support your ideas by detailed reference to the impact of Wilde's writing.

OR **48** You are Mrs Cheveley on the way from Vienna to London to confront Sir Robert Chiltern with his past. Write your thoughts.

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