



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/43

Paper 4

October/November 2012

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.



This document consists of **26** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

- Bernard:* [*rushing in*] The watchman's chasing Biff!
- Willy:* [*angrily*] Shut up! He's not stealing anything!
- Linda:* [*alarmed, hurrying off left*] Where is he? Biff, dear!
[*She exits.*]
- Willy:* [*moving toward the left, away from Ben*] There's nothing wrong. 5
What's the matter with you?
- Ben:* Nervy boy. Good!
- Willy:* [*laughing*] Oh, nerves of iron, that Biff!
- Charley:* Don't know what it is. My New England man comes back and
he's bleedin', they murdered him up there. 10
- Willy:* It's contacts, Charley, I got important contacts!
- Charley:* [*sarcastically*] Glad to hear it, Willy. Come in later, we'll shoot a
little casino. I'll take some of your Portland money. [*He laughs at
Willy and exits.*]
- Willy:* [*turning to Ben*] Business is bad, it's murderous. But not for me, 15
of course.
- Ben:* I'll stop by on my way back to Africa.
- Willy:* [*longingly*] Can't you stay a few days? You're just what I need,
Ben, because I – I have a fine position here, but I – well, Dad
left when I was such a baby and I never had a chance to talk to 20
him and I still feel – kind of temporary about myself.
- Ben:* I'll be late for my train.
[*They are at opposite ends of the stage.*]
- Willy:* Ben, my boys – can't we talk? They'd go into the jaws of hell for
me, see, but I – 25
- Ben:* William, you're being first-rate with your boys. Outstanding,
manly chaps!
- Willy:* [*hanging on to his words*] Oh, Ben, that's good to hear! Because
sometimes I'm afraid that I'm not teaching them the right kind
of – Ben, how should I teach them? 30
- Ben:* [*giving great weight to each word, and with a certain vicious
audacity*] William, when I walked into the jungle, I was
seventeen. When I walked out I was twenty-one. And, by God, I
was rich! [*He goes off into darkness around the right corner of
the house.*] 35
- Willy:* . . . was rich! That's just the spirit I want to imbue them with! To
walk into a jungle! I was right! I was right! I was right!
[*Ben is gone, but Willy is still speaking to him as Linda, in
nightgown and robe, enters the kitchen, glances around for
Willy, then goes to the door of the house, looks out and sees
him. Comes down to his left. He looks at her.*] 40
- Linda:* Willy, dear? Willy?

- Willy:* I was right!
- Linda:* Did you have some cheese? [*He can't answer.*] It's very late, darling. Come to bed, heh? 45
- Willy:* [*looking straight up*] Gotta break your neck to see a star in this yard.
- Linda:* You coming in?
- Willy:* Whatever happened to that diamond watch fob? Remember? When Ben came from Africa that time? Didn't he give me a watch fob with a diamond in it? 50
- Linda:* You pawned it, dear. Twelve, thirteen years ago. For Biff's radio correspondence course.
- Willy:* Gee, that was a beautiful thing. I'll take a walk.
- Linda:* But you're in your slippers. 55
- Willy:* [*starting to go around the house at the left*] I was right! I was! [*Half to Linda, as he goes, shaking his head*] What a man! There was a man worth talking to. I was right!
- Linda:* [*calling after Willy*] But in your slippers, Willy!
[*Willy is almost gone when Biff, in his pyjamas, comes down the stairs and enters the kitchen.*] 60
- Biff:* What is he doing out there?
- Linda:* Sh!
- Biff:* God Almighty, Mom, how long has he been doing this?
- Linda:* Don't, he'll hear you. 65
- Biff:* What the hell is the matter with him?
- Linda:* It'll pass by morning.

How does Miller make this moment in the play so disturbing and moving?

- Or** †2 What do you think makes this play such a memorable attack on some aspects of American society? Support your views with details from Miller's writing.
- Or** 3 You are Biff coming home after your long absence (i.e. before Biff's entrance in Act One).
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

- Leonato:* Was not Count John here at supper?
- Antonio:* I saw him not.
- Beatrice:* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.
- Hero:* He is of a very melancholy disposition. 5
- Beatrice:* He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.
- Leonato:* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face – 10
- Beatrice:* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.
- Leonato:* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 15
- Antonio:* In faith, she's too curst.
- Beatrice:* Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none. 20
- Leonato:* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.
- Beatrice:* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen. 25
- Leonato:* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.
- Beatrice:* What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell. 30
- Leonato:* Well then, go you into hell?
- Beatrice:* No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids'. So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long. 35
- Antonio:* [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father. 40
- Beatrice:* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say 'Father, as it please you'. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'
- Leonato:* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 45

- Beatrice:* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. 50
- Leonato:* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.
- Beatrice:* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 55 60
- Leonato:* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.
- Beatrice:* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

How does Shakespeare create such a lively and attractive impression of Beatrice at this moment in the play?

- Or** †5 Explore in detail **two** moments in the play which Shakespeare makes comic and serious at the same time.
- Or** 6 You are Don Pedro. You have just witnessed Borachio wooing Margaret, and you believe that she was Hero.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

- Cicero:* Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
- Casca:* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests when the scolding winds 5
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
- Cicero:* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
- Casca:* A common slave – you know him well by sight – 15
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides – I ha' not since put up my sword – 20
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw 25
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 30
'These are their reasons – they are natural',
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
- Cicero:* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?
- Casca:* He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
- Cicero:* Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in. 40
- Casca:* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.
Enter Cassius.
- Cassius:* Who's there?
- Casca:* A Roman.
- Cassius:* Casca, by your voice. 45
- Casca:* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
- Cassius:* A very pleasing night to honest men.
- Casca:* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

Or †8 *A devoted friend to Caesar*
Cunning and ruthless

What is **your** view of Mark Antony? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.

Or 9 You are Brutus as you make your decision to end your life.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

- Stanhope:* I want to talk with you, sergeant-major.
- S.-M (Sergeant-Major):* (*standing stolidly by the steps*) Yes, sir?
- Stanhope:* Sit down. Have a whisky?
- S.-M:* (*a suspicion of brightness in his voice*) Thank you, sir.
The Sergeant-Major diffidently takes a small tot. 5
- Stanhope:* I say. You won't taste that. Take a proper one.
- S.-M:* Well — sir —
Stanhope reaches over, helps the Sergeant-Major to a large tot, and takes one himself.
Turning chilly again, sir. Quite warm this morning. 10
- Stanhope:* Yes.
- S.-M:* Well, here's your very good health, sir. (*He raises his glass and drinks.*)
- Stanhope:* Cheero. (*He puts down his glass and abruptly changes his tone .*)
Now, look here, sergeant-major. We must expect this attack on Thursday morning, at dawn. That's the second dawn from now. 15
The Sergeant-Major takes a very dirty little notebook from his pocket and jots down notes with a very small stub of pencil.
- S.-M:* Thursday morning. Very good, sir.
- Stanhope:* We're to hold these trenches, and no man's to move from here. 20
- S.-M:* Very good, sir.
- Stanhope:* It may happen that companies on our sides will give way, leaving our flanks exposed; so I want a screen of wire put down both flanks till it meets the wire in the support line.
- S.-M:* (*writing hurriedly*) Both flanks — yes, sir. 25
- Stanhope:* When the attack begins, I shall take charge of the left, and Mr. Osborne the right. You will be with Mr. Osborne, and Sergeant Baker with me; 9 and 10 Platoons will move over here (*he points out the position on the trench map*); 11 and 12 Platoons to the left.
- S.-M:* I see, sir. 30
- Stanhope:* Is there anything you're not clear about?
- S.-M:* (*looking at his notes*) Seems all clear, sir.
- Stanhope:* Anything you want to know?
- S.-M:* Well, sir (*clears his throat*) — when the attack comes, of course, we beat 'em off — but what if they keep on attacking? 35
- Stanhope:* Then we keep on beating them off.
- S.-M:* Yes, sir. But what I mean is — the y're bound to make a big thing of it.
- Stanhope:* (*cheerily*) Oh, I think they will!
- S.-M:* Well, then, sir. If they don't get through the first day, they'll attack the next day and the next — 40
- Stanhope:* They're bound to.

- S.-M: Then oughtn't we to fix up something about, well (*he gropes for the right words*) — er — falling back?
- Stanhope: There's no need to — you see, this company's a lot better than "A" and "B" Companies on either side of us. 45
- S.-M: Quite, sir.
- Stanhope: Well, then, if anyone breaks, "A" and "B" will break before we do. As long as we stick here when the other companies have given way, we can fire into the Boche as they try and get through the gaps on our sides — we'll make a hell of a mess of them. We might delay the advance a whole day. 50
- S.-M: (*diffidently*) Yes, sir, but what 'appens when the Boche 'as all got round the back of us?
- Stanhope: Then we advance and win the war. 55
- S.-M: (*pretending to make a note*) Win the war. Very good, sir.
- Stanhope: But you understand exactly what I mean, sergeant-major. Our orders are to stick here. If you're told to stick where you are you don't make plans to retire.
- S.-M: Quite, sir. 60
Osborne's voice is calling down the steps. Sergeant-Major rises.
- Osborne: Are you there, Stanhope?
- Stanhope: (*rising quickly*) Yes. What's the matter?
- Osborne: The colonel's up here. Wants to see you —
- Stanhope: Oh, right, I'll come up. 65
- Colonel: (*from above*) All right, Stanhope — I'll come down.
- S.-M: (*who has risen*) Anything more, sir?
- Stanhope: I don't think so. I'll see you at stand-to this evening.
- S.-M: Very good, sir.

How does Sherriff dramatically convey the relationship between Stanhope and the Sergeant-Major at this moment in the play?

- Or †11 How does Sherriff make the death of Osborne seem such a terrible loss? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or 12 You are Hibbert, in your sleeping quarters. The Colonel is about to leave the dugout after talking to Stanhope.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY**ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems***

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

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, 5
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, 10
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives 15
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast 20
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Explore the words of this extract showing how Tennyson at last finds hope here.

Or †14 What qualities in Ulysses does Tennyson make you admire? Support your answer with details from Tennyson's writing.

Or †15 How does Tennyson make the setting so vivid in *The Lady of Shalott*? Support your answer with details from Tennyson's writing.

Turn over for Question *16.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either *16 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Dover Beach

The sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; – on the French coast the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. 5
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!

Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling, 10
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15
 Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery: we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea. 20

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear 25
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems 30
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain 35
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

(by Matthew Arnold)

How does Arnold use the scene in this poem to convey vividly his disturbed thoughts and feelings?

- Or** †17 Explore how the poet vividly portrays the nature of human love in **either** *So, We'll Go No More A-Roving* (by Lord Byron) **or** *Marrysong* (by Dennis Scott).
- Or** †18 Explore some of the effects of the sounds of words in **two** of the poems which you have studied in this selection. (NB: Do not use *Dover Beach* in answering this question.)

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Miss Cathy and he were now very thick; but Hindley hated him, and to say the truth I did the same; and we plagued and went on with him shamefully, for I wasn't reasonable enough to feel my injustice, and the mistress never put in a word on his behalf, when she saw him wronged.

He seemed a sullen, patient child; hardened, perhaps, to ill-treatment: he would stand Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and my pinches moved him only to draw in a breath, and open his eyes as if he had hurt himself by accident, and nobody was to blame.

This endurance made old Earnshaw furious when he discovered his son persecuting the poor, fatherless child, as he called him. He took to Heathcliff strangely, believing all he said (for that matter, he said precious little, and generally the truth), and petting him up far above Cathy, who was too mischievous and wayward for a favourite.

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master had learnt to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections, and his privileges, and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries.

I sympathised awhile, but, when the children fell ill of the measles and I had to tend them, and take on me the cares of a woman, at once, I changed my ideas. Heathcliff was dangerously sick, and while he lay at the worst he would have me constantly by his pillow; I suppose he felt I did a good deal for him, and he hadn't wit to guess that I was compelled to do it. However, I will say this, he was the quietest child that ever nurse watched over. The difference between him and the others forced me to be less partial: Cathy and her brother harassed me terribly: *he* was as uncomplaining as a lamb; though hardness, not gentleness, made him give little trouble.

He got through, and the doctor affirmed it was in a great measure owing to me, and praised me for my care. I was vain of his commendations, and softened towards the being by whose means I earned them, and thus Hindley lost his last ally; still I couldn't dote on Heathcliff, and I wondered often what my master saw to admire so much in the sullen boy who never, to my recollection, repaid his indulgence by any sign of gratitude. He was not insolent to his benefactor; he was simply insensible, though knowing perfectly the hold he had on his heart, and conscious he had only to speak and all the house would be obliged to bend to his wishes.

As an instance, I remember Mr Earnshaw once bought a couple of colts at the parish fair, and gave the lads each one. Heathcliff took the handsomest, but it soon fell lame, and when he discovered it, he said to Hindley,

'You must exchange horses with me; I don't like mine, and if you won't I shall tell your father of the three thrashings you've given me this week, and show him my arm, which is black to the shoulder.'

Hindley put out his tongue, and cuffed him over the ears.

'You'd better do it, at once,' he persisted, escaping to the porch (they were in the stable): 'you will have to, and if I speak of these blows, you'll get them again with interest.'

'Off, dog!' cried Hindley, threatening him with an iron weight, used for weighing potatoes and hay.

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‘Throw it,’ he replied, standing still, ‘and then I’ll tell how you boasted that you would turn me out of doors as soon as he died, and see whether he will not turn you out directly.’ 50

Hindley threw it, hitting him on the breast, and down he fell, but staggered up immediately, breathless and white, and had not I prevented it, he would have gone just so to the master, and got full revenge by letting his condition plead for him, intimating who had caused it. 55

‘Take my colt, gipsy, then!’ said young Earnshaw, ‘And I pray that he may break your neck; take him, and be damned, you beggarly interloper! and wheedle my father out of all he has: only, afterwards, show him what you are, imp of Satan – And take that, I hope he’ll kick out your brains!’ 60

How does Brontë in this passage reveal the young Heathcliff’s character and suggest the course of events in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †20 How far do you think Brontë makes the younger Catherine’s personality like that of her mother? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 21 You are Nelly Dean. Lockwood has returned from his second visit to Wuthering Heights.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

Kulfi watched the rain. It came down fast and then faster yet. It filled up every bit of sky.

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There were nuts, sweets and baby-food tins galore.

How does Desai make Sampath's birth such a memorable moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †23 To what extent do you think Desai makes it possible to sympathise with Mr Chawla? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 24 You are Kulfi at the end of the novel. The Spy has fallen into your cooking pot.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

<p>‘Look in the drawer there,’ he said, pointing at the desk. ‘Which drawer?’ ‘That drawer – that one.’ Michaelis opened the drawer nearest his hand. There was nothing in it but a small, expensive dog-leash, made of leather and braided silver. It was apparently new. ‘This?’ he inquired, holding it up. Wilson stared and nodded. ‘I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it, but I knew it was something funny.’ ‘You mean your wife bought it?’ ‘She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau.’ Michaelis didn’t see anything odd in that, and he gave Wilson a dozen reasons why his wife might have bought the dog-leash. But conceivably Wilson had heard some of these same explanations before, from Myrtle, because he began saying ‘Oh, my God!’ again in a whisper – his comforter left several explanations in the air. ‘Then he killed her,’ said Wilson. His mouth dropped open suddenly. ‘Who did?’ ‘I have a way of finding out.’ ‘You’re morbid, George,’ said his friend. ‘This has been a strain to you and you don’t know what you’re saying. You’d better try and sit quiet till morning.’ ‘He murdered her.’ ‘It was an accident, George.’ Wilson shook his head. His eyes narrowed and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior ‘Hm!’ ‘I know,’ he said definitely, ‘I’m one of these trusting fellas and I don’t think any harm to <i>nobody</i>, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn’t stop.’ Michaelis had seen this too, but it hadn’t occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs Wilson had been running away from her husband, rather than trying to stop any particular car. ‘How could she of been like that?’ ‘She’s a deep one,’ said Wilson, as if that answered the question. ‘Ah-h-h –’ He began to rock again, and Michaelis stood twisting the leash in his hand. ‘Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone for, George?’ This was a forlorn hope – he was almost sure that Wilson had no friend: there was not enough of him for his wife. He was glad a little later when he noticed a change in the room, a blue quickening by the window, and realized that dawn wasn’t far off. About five o’clock it was blue enough outside to snap off the light. Wilson’s glazed eyes turned out to the ashheaps, where small grey clouds took on fantastic shapes and scurried here and there in the faint dawn wind. ‘I spoke to her,’ he muttered, after a long silence. ‘I told her she might fool me but she couldn’t fool God. I took her to the window’ – with an effort he got up and walked to the rear window and leaned with his face pressed</p>	<p>5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50</p>
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against it – ‘and I said “God knows what you’ve been doing, everything you’ve been doing. You may fool me, but you can’t fool God!”’

Standing behind him, Michaelis saw with a shock that he was looking at the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg, which had just emerged, pale and enormous, from the dissolving night. 55

‘God sees everything,’ repeated Wilson.

‘That’s an advertisement,’ Michaelis assured him. Something made him turn away from the window and look back into the room. But Wilson stood there a long time, his face close to the window pane, nodding into the twilight. 60

In what ways does Fitzgerald strikingly convey Wilson’s mood at this point in the novel?

Or †26 How far do you think Fitzgerald makes Nick Carraway a likeable character? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 27 You are Daisy at the end of the novel. You have just heard of Gatsby’s death.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

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

Dinorego politely bowed his head and greeted Matenge. His greeting was dismissed with a slight gesture of the head, which contained in it an inheritance of centuries of contempt for the ordinary man. Matenge never once took his eyes off Makhaya, as though by this concentrated stare he intended to pulverize Makhaya into nonexistence. 5

‘Who are you?’ he asked.
‘Makhaya Maseko.’

Matenge bent his head slightly and a mocking smile played around his mouth. ‘I hear you have begun to work with Gilbert at the farm,’ he said.

‘It worries me,’ he said. ‘Gilbert just makes arrangements with people but the authorities do not approve of his actions, nor the people he chooses to associate with. Having a refugee at the farm is going to give it a bad name, including the whole area in which it is placed.’ 10

‘What’s wrong with a refugee?’ Makhaya asked.
‘Oh, we hear things about them,’ he said. ‘They get up at night and batter people to death.’ 15

He glanced briefly at Dinorego, then continued. ‘I’ll tell you something about Gilbert. He knows nothing about Botswana agriculture. He ought to be in England where he received his training in agriculture. The only man who knows how to do things here is a Batswana man. Most of the trouble here is caused by people from outside and we don’t want you. We want you to get out. When are you going?’ 20

Makhaya looked at the man in amazement and disbelief, almost overwhelmed by the viciousness in his voice.

‘But I’m not going away,’ Makhaya said, as calmly as he could, though a sudden rush of anger made his voice quiver. 25

‘If you don’t go away I’ll make things difficult for you here,’ he said.
‘What else can I say, except go ahead?’ Makhaya said.

Matenge smiled. ‘You know what a South African swine is?’ he said. ‘He is a man like you. He always needs to run after his master, the white man.’ 30

Matenge turned and ascended the steps, unaware that a murderously angry man stood staring up at him. There was a wild element in Makhaya. He had seen and faced death too often to be afraid of it, and taking another man’s life meant little to him. Several times Dinorego said, ‘Let’s go, my son.’ But Makhaya just looked at the old man with a pained, dazed expression and his eyes glistened with tears. Dinorego misinterpreted this, and tears also rushed into his eyes. 35

Joas Tsepe ran lightly down the steps. ‘I’d like a word with you, Maseko,’ he said. 40

Makhaya laughed harshly, sarcastically. ‘I don’t know who you are,’ he said. ‘But Maseko is my father’s name and I haven’t given you permission to use it.’

He turned abruptly and walked away. Dinorego shuffled anxiously beside him. He kept glancing at Makhaya’s face but could not understand his mood. It was tight and withdrawn. 45

‘I am struck with pity for what has happened, my son,’ he said. ‘But you must keep calm. Some people say the chief has high blood pressure and will surely die of this ailment one day.’

Makhaya looked at the old man with a queer expression. ‘The chief is not going to die of high blood pressure,’ he said. ‘I am going to kill him.’ 50

And he said this with all the calm assurance of a fortune-teller making a prediction. Dinorego went ashen with shock.

‘No,’ he said sharply. ‘You must never, never do that, my son.’

‘But he is concentrating on killing someone,’ Makhaya said. ‘And he is doing this, not with guns or blows, but through the cruelty and cunning of his mind.’ 55

Dinorego absorbed this rapidly. It had a strange ring of truth. The series of crises and upheavals in Golema Mmidi fully justified Makhaya’s theory.

‘Can’t you concentrate too, son,’ the old man said quickly. ‘Can’t you concentrate and be as clever as the next man?’ 60

This quaint reply and the anxiety of the old man completely dashed away Makhaya’s anger. He laughed but he also felt a twinge of remorse. Makhaya felt that anger had made him utter unduly harsh words to that other grinning, uncomfortable fellow who had run down the steps. Perhaps he was just another of those two-penny-ha’penny politicians who sprang up everywhere like mushrooms in Africa these days. 65

How does Head make this confrontation between Matenge and Makhaya such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or †29 How do you think Head makes Mma-Millipede such a memorable character? Support your ideas by close reference to Head’s writing.

Or 30 You are Paulina. Rankoane has just given you news about your son.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

Her sombre violence constrained him: she seemed the embodied instrument of fate. He pulled the sled out, blinking like a night-bird as he passed from the shade of the spruces into the transparent dusk of the open. The slope below them was deserted. All Starkfield was at supper, and not a figure crossed the open space before the church. The sky, swollen with the clouds that announce a thaw, hung as low as before a summer storm. He strained his eyes through the dimness, and they seemed less keen, less capable than usual. 5

He took his seat on the sled and Mattie instantly placed herself in front of him. Her hat had fallen into the snow and his lips were in her hair. He stretched out his legs, drove his heels into the road to keep the sled from slipping forward, and bent her head back between his hands. Then suddenly he sprang up again. 10

“Get up,” he ordered her.

It was the tone she always heeded, but she cowered down in her seat, repeating, vehemently: “No, no, no!” 15

“Get up!”

“Why?”

“I want to sit in front.”

“No, no! How can you steer in front?” 20

“I don’t have to. We’ll follow the track.”

They spoke in smothered whispers, as though the night were listening.

“Get up! Get up!” he urged her; but she kept on repeating: “Why do you want to sit in front?”

“Because I—because I want to feel you holding me,” he stammered, and dragged her to her feet. 25

The answer seemed to satisfy her, or else she yielded to the power of his voice. He bent down, feeling in the obscurity for the glassy slide worn by preceding coasters, and placed the runners carefully between its edges. She waited while he seated himself with crossed legs in the front of the sled; then she crouched quickly down at his back and clasped her arms about him. Her breath on his neck set him shuddering again, and he almost sprang from his seat. But in a flash he remembered the alternative. She was right: this was better than parting. He leaned back and drew her mouth to his. . . . 30

Just as they started he heard the sorrel’s whinny again, and the familiar wistful call, and all the confused images it brought with it, went with him down the first reach of the road. Half-way down there was a sudden drop, then a rise, and after that another long delirious descent. As they took wing for this it seemed to him that they were flying indeed, flying far up into the cloudy night, with Starkfield immeasurably below them, falling away like a speck in space. . . . Then the big elm shot up ahead, lying in wait for them at the bend of the road, and he said between his teeth: “We can fetch it; I know we can fetch it ——” 40

As they flew toward the tree Mattie pressed her arms tighter, and her blood seemed to be in his veins. Once or twice the sled served a little under them. He slanted his body to keep it headed for the elm, repeating to himself again and again: “I know we can fetch it”; and little phrases she had spoken ran through his head and danced before him on the air. The big tree loomed bigger and closer, and as they bore down on it he thought: “It’s waiting for us: it seems to know.” But suddenly his wife’s face, with 45 50

twisted monstrous lineaments, thrust itself between him and his goal, and he made an instinctive movement to brush it aside. The sled swerved in response, but he righted it again, kept it straight, and drove down on the black projecting mass. There was a last instant when the air shot past him like millions of fiery wires; and then the elm. . . .

55

Explore how Wharton makes this such a dramatic and exciting moment in the novel.

Or †32 How do you think Wharton makes Ethan such a moving and tragic figure? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 33 You are Zeena. Mattie is due to arrive by train to take up her duties as household servant. Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *34 Read this extract from *Secrets* (by Bernard MacLaverty), and then answer the question that follows it:

Suddenly the boy heard the creak of the stair and he frantically tried to slip the letter back into its envelope but it crumpled and would not fit. He bundled them all together. He could hear his aunt's familiar puffing on the short stairs to her room. He spread the elastic band wide with his fingers. It snapped and the letters scattered. He pushed them into their pigeon hole and quickly closed the desk flap. The brass screeched loudly and clicked shut. At that moment his aunt came into the room. 5

'What are you doing, boy?' she snapped.

'Nothing.' He stood with the keys in his hand. She walked to the bureau and opened it. The letters sprung out in an untidy heap. 10

'You have been reading my letters,' she said quietly. Her mouth was tight with the words and her eyes blazed. The boy could say nothing. She struck him across the side of the face.

'Get out,' she said. 'Get out of my room.'

The boy, the side of his face stinging and red, put the keys on the table on his way out. When he reached the door she called him. He stopped, his hand on the handle. 15

'You are dirt,' she hissed, 'and always will be dirt. I shall remember this till the day I die.'

Even though it was a warm evening there was a fire in the large fireplace. His mother had asked him to light it so that she could clear out Aunt Mary's stuff. The room could then be his study, she said. She came in and seeing him at the table said, 'I hope I'm not disturbing you.' 20

'No.'

She took the keys from her pocket, opened the bureau and began burning papers and cards. She glanced quickly at each one before she flicked it onto the fire. 25

'Who was Brother Benignus?' he asked.

His mother stopped sorting and said, 'I don't know. Your aunt kept herself very much to herself. She got books from him through the post occasionally. That much I do know.' 30

She went on burning the cards. They built into strata, glowing red and black. Now and again she broke up the pile with the poker, sending showers of sparks up the chimney. He saw her come to the letters. She took off the elastic band and put it to one side with the useful things and began dealing the envelopes into the fire. She opened one and read quickly through it, then threw it on top of the burning pile. 35

'Mama,' he said.

'Yes?'

'Did Aunt Mary say anything about me?' 40

'What do you mean?'

'Before she died – did she say anything?'

'Not that I know of – the poor thing was too far gone to speak, God rest her.' She went on burning, lifting the corners of the letters with the poker to let the flames underneath them. 45

When he felt a hardness in his throat he put his head down on his books. Tears came into his eyes for the first time since she had died and he cried silently into the crook of his arm for the woman who had been his maiden aunt, his teller of tales, that she might forgive him.

How does MacLaverty make this ending so moving?

Or †35 How effectively do you think the writer conveys a warning in **either** *There Will Come Soft Rains* (by Ray Bradbury) **or** *Meteor* (by John Wyndham)? Support your answer by close reference to the writing.

Or 36 You are John at the end of *The Yellow Wall Paper*. You have just regained consciousness after your faint.

Write your thoughts.

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