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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/01**

Paper 1 **May/June 2009**

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2325784600

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 **four** questions.
Your questions must be from either three or four different set books.
This question paper is divided into three sections: Drama, Poetry and Prose. **Your questions must be taken from at least two of these sections**.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **31** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

1 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Jack: Come on, everyone, Ken's arrived.

Poppy: [*waving Tina out of the dining room*] Come on, Tina. Quickly.
Tina scurries across the hall and into the near sitting room where she joins Cliff, Anita, Lotario, Harriet, Desmond, Roy and Jack. Poppy hovers in the hall, waiting.

Anita: [*as someone touches her*] Oooh!

All: Sssh!

Anita: Here we go again …
The doorbell rings. Poppy opens the door immediately. Ken and Yvonne enter. Ken is much the same, perhaps a little vaguer. Yvonne is like a Christmas tree. She sparkles with expensive jewellery, everywhere.

Poppy: Hallo, there. Come in, come in.

Ken: Hallo, my flower. Hallo, my dearest.

Poppy: Let me take your coats.

Yvonne: [*winking*] Are we the first?

Poppy: I think you are, yes.

Ken: Happy birthday, my dear. And very many more.

Yvonne: No, it's your birthday, Ken. It's yours. [*to Poppy*] He keeps forgetting. He kept wishing the taxi driver many happy returns.

Ken: Mine? Is it my birthday, then?

Poppy: Yes, it's yours. Not mine.

Ken: I know that, girl. Seventy-five. Seventy-five today. Right?

Poppy: That's right. Now you come on through.

Ken: This is very nice. Who lives here, then?
Poppy leads them across the hall. As Ken enters the near sitting room, the lights are switched on. A great cry from everyone.

All: [*singing*]
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you, *etc.*
At the end, applause. People cluster round Ken with good wishes. He seems quite overwhelmed. Poppy draws Jack to one side.

Poppy: Jack! Have you seen what that woman's wearing?
Have you seen what Yvonne's wearing?

Jack: What's that?

Poppy: That's all Grace's jewellery. Those are my mother's diamonds she's got on.

Jack: Perhaps Ken lent them to her.

Poppy: [*with some venom*] Nonsense. Jack, she's stolen them. If they belong to anyone, they're mine. That woman has stolen them and she thinks we daren't do anything about it. Little thieving bitch …

Jack: It's all right, love. If she has stolen them, then she'll answer for it. I'm having no more of that, ever again. From now on this family's going to be subject to a few hard and fast

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rules. And anyone who breaks them is going to have the family to answer to. I'll get Anita to have a word with her later. Now come on, stop worrying and enjoy the party …

Poppy: [*lovingly*] You're a good man, Jack. You're such a good man.

She kisses him lightly. They both return to the throng.

Ken: [*above the chatter*] Ladies and … Ladies …

Cliff: Speech! Speech!

Anita: Ssshh! Quiet!

A silence. Ken and Yvonne have both been given drinks.

Ken: Ladies and Gentlemen … I just want to say … now, I'm not saying very much. Because it's not my place to. It's not my day. All I want to say is … Jack.

He looks towards Desmond.

Desmond: [*pointing, gently*] That's Jack, Dad …

Ken: Yes, it's Jack I'm talking to, not you, you fool. [*turning to Jack*] Jack. Thank you, for everything. And you know what I mean by everything. And, happy birthday, son.

He raises his glass. Everyone, rather startled, toasts Jack.

Jack: Well. This is an unexpected anniversary pleasure. [*Reflects.*] I've made my speech for this year. It still stands. I'd simply like to propose this toast. Here's to you, Ken. Here's to us. Here's to the family. And finally, here's to the business. We've had our share of troubles and we've seen them off. And together, I can promise you this, we will continue to see them all off – whoever they are and wherever they come from. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you – the family business!

All: The family business!

As they drink, the lights fade on the party guests – leaving, for a few seconds or so, the image of Samantha, huddled and alone. Then, as we lose her too:

Blackout, Curtain.

Explore the ways in which Ayckbourn makes these last few moments of the play so ironic.

2 How do you think Ayckbourn makes Benedict Hough such a menacing figure in the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

3 You are Samantha at the opening of the play. You have just watched your father's return home and have just listened to his speech. Write your thoughts.

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LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

4 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Lindner: [*looking around at all of them*] I take it then that you have decided to occupy.

Beneatha: That's what the man said.

Lindner: [*to Mama in her reverie*] Then I would like to appeal to you, Mrs Younger. You are older and wiser and understand things better I am sure …

Mama: [*rising*] I am afraid you don't understand. My son said we was going to move and there ain't nothing left for me to say. [*Shaking her head with double meaning*] You know how these young folks is nowadays, mister. Can't do a thing with 'em. Good-bye.

Lindner: [*folding up his materials*] Well – if you are that final about it … There is nothing left for me to say. [*He finishes. He is almost ignored by the family, who are concentrating on Walter Lee. At the door Lindner halts and looks around.*] I sure hope you people know what you're doing. [*He shakes his head and goes.*]

Ruth: [*looking around and coming to life*] Well, for God's sake – if the moving men are here – LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

Mama: [*into action*] Ain't it the truth! Look at all this here mess. Ruth put Travis's good jacket on him … Walter Lee, fix your tie and tuck your shirt in, you look just like somebody's hoodlum. Lord have mercy, where is my plant? [*She flies to get it amid the general bustling of the family, who are deliberately trying to ignore the nobility of the past moment.*] You all start on down … Travis child, don't go empty-handed … Ruth, where did I put that box with my skillets in it? I want to be in charge of it myself … I'm going to make us the biggest dinner we ever ate tonight … Beneatha, what's the matter with them stockings? Pull them things up, girl …

The family starts to file out as two moving men appear and begin to carry out the heavier pieces of furniture, bumping into the family as they move about.

Beneatha: Mama, Asagai – asked me to marry him today and go to Africa –

Mama: [*in the middle of her getting-ready activity*] He did? You ain't old enough to marry nobody. [*Sees the moving men lifting one of her chairs precariously.*] Darling, that ain't no bale of cotton, please handle it so we can sit in it again. I had that chair twenty-five years …

The movers sigh with exasperation and go on with their work.

Beneatha: [*girlishly and unreasonably trying to pursue the conversation*] To go to Africa, Mama – be a doctor in Africa …

Mama: [*distracted*] Yes, baby –

Walter: Africa! What he want you to go to Africa for?

Beneatha: To practise there …

Walter: Girl, if you don't get all them silly ideas out your head! You better marry yourself a man with some loot …

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Beneatha: [*angrily, precisely as in the first scene of the play*] What have you got to do with who I marry?

Walter: Plenty. Now I think George Murchison –

He and Beneatha go out yelling at each other vigorously; Beneatha is heard saying that she would not marry George Murchison if he were Adam and she were Eve, etc. The anger is loud and real till their voices diminish. Ruth stands at the door and turns to Mama and smiles knowingly.

Mama: [*fixing her hat at last*] Yeah – they something all right, my children …

Ruth: Yeah – they're something. Let's go, Lena.

Mama: [*stalling, starting to look around the house*] Yes – I'm coming. Ruth –

Ruth: Yes?

Mama: [*quietly, woman to woman*] He finally come into his manhood today, didn't he? Kind of like a rainbow after the rain …

Ruth: [*biting her lip lest her own pride explode in front of Mama*] Yes, Lena.

Walter's voice calls for them raucously.

Mama: [*waving Ruth out vaguely*] All right, honey – go on down. I be down directly.

Ruth hesitates, then goes. Mama stands at last alone in the living-room, her plant on the table before her as the lights start to come down. She looks around at all the walls and ceilings and suddenly, despite herself, while the children call below, a great heaving thing rises in her and she puts her fist to her mouth, takes a final desperate look, pulls her coat about her, pats her hat and goes out. The lights dim down. The door opens and she comes back in, grabs her plant, and goes out for the last time.

Curtain.

How does Hansberry make this such a satisfying ending to the play?

5 Explore the ways in which Hansberry vividly conveys the tensions between characters in any **two** moments in the play. (Do **not** use the passage printed for Question 4 in answering this question.)

6 You are Travis. Your grandmother has just opened the envelope containing the cheque and you have gone out to play in the yard. Write your thoughts.

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

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In what ways does Keatley vividly convey the reactions of mother and daughter in this extract?

8 In what ways does Keatley strikingly convey the influence of Jack Bradley and Ken Metcalfe even though they are not seen in the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

9 You are Rosie after having discovered who your natural mother is. Write your thoughts.

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

10 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Giles: Say nothin' more, John. [*Pointing at Danforth.*] He's only playin' you! He means to hang us all!
Mary Warren bursts into sobs.

Danforth: This is a court of law, Mister. I'll have no effrontery here!

Proctor: Forgive him, sir, for his old age. Peace, Giles, we'll prove it all now. [*He lifts up Mary's chin*.] You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel, what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. (*Mary quiets. He takes out a paper, and turns to Danforth*.] This is Mary Warren's deposition. I – I would ask you remember, sir, while you read it, that until two weeks ago she were no different than the other children are today. [*He is speaking reasonably, restraining all his fears, his anger, his anxiety.*] You saw her scream, she howled, she swore familiar spirits choked her; she even testified that Satan, in the form of women now in jail, tried to win her soul away, and then when she refused –

Danforth: We know all this.

Proctor: Aye, sir. She swears now that she never saw Satan; nor any spirit, vague or clear, that Satan may have sent to hurt her. And she declares her friends are lying now.
Proctor starts to hand Danforth the deposition, and Hale comes up to Danforth in a trembling state.

Hale: Excellency, a moment. I think this goes to the heart of the matter.

Danforth: [*with deep misgivings*] It surely does.

Hale: I cannot say he is an honest man; I know him little. But in all justice, sir, a claim so weighty cannot be argued by a farmer. In God's name, sir, stop here; send him home and let him come again with a lawyer –

Danforth: [*patiently*] Now look you, Mr Hale –

Hale: Excellency, I have signed seventy-two death warrants; I am a minister of the Lord, and I dare not take a life without there be a proof so immaculate no slightest qualm of conscience may doubt it.

Danforth: Mr Hale, you surely do not doubt my justice.

Hale: I have this morning signed away the soul of Rebecca Nurse, Your Honour. I'll not conceal it, my hand shakes yet as with a wound! I pray you, sir, *this* argument let lawyers present to you.

Danforth: Mr Hale, believe me; for a man of such terrible learning you are most bewildered – I hope you will forgive me. I have been thirty-two year at the bar, sir, and I should be confounded were I called upon to defend these people. Let you consider, now – [*To Proctor and the others*.] and I bid you all do likewise. In an ordinary crime, how does one defend the accused? One calls up witnesses to prove his innocence. But witchcraft is *ipso facto*, on its face and by its nature, an invisible crime, is it not? Therefore, who may possibly be witness to it? The witch and the victim. None other. Now we cannot hope the witch will accuse herself; granted? Therefore, we must rely upon her victims – and they do testify, the children certainly

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do testify. As for the witches, none will deny that we are most eager for all their confessions. Therefore, what is left for a lawyer to bring out? I think I have made my point. Have I not?

Hale: But this child claims the girls are not truthful, and if they are not –

Danforth: That is precisely what I am about to consider, sir. What more may you ask of me? Unless you doubt my probity?

Hale: [*defeated*] I surely do not, sir. Let you consider it, then.

Danforth: And let you put your heart to rest. Her deposition, Mr. Proctor.

Proctor hands it to him. Hathorne rises, goes beside Danforth, and starts reading. Parris comes to his other side. Danforth looks at John Proctor, then proceeds to read. Hale gets up, finds position near the judge, reads too. Proctor glances at Giles. Francis prays silently, hands pressed together. Cheever waits placidly, the sublime official, dutiful. Mary Warren sobs once. John Proctor touches her head reassuringly. Presently Danforth lifts his eyes, stands up, takes out a kerchief and blows his nose. The others stand aside as he moves in thought toward the window.

To what extent do you think Miller suggests in this extract that justice and common sense may now return to Salem?

11 In your opinion, how does Miller make John Proctor such a vividly dramatic character? Support your ideas with details from the play.

12 You are Hale at the end of the play. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

13 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Celia: O my poor Rosalind! Whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind: I have more cause.
Celia: Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful. Know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind: That he hath not.
Celia: No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund'red? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Rosalind: Why, whither shall we go?
Celia: To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
Rosalind: Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia: I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind: Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar spear in my hand; and – in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will –
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia: What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind: I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia: Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind: But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Celia: He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

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

14 How far do you find *As You Like It* a happy and optimistic play? Support your answer by close reference to the play.

15 You are Celia. You have just met Oliver and heard his story about Orlando and the lioness. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

16 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Catesby: Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hastings: Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?
Catesby: It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hastings: How, wear the garland! Dost thou mean the crown?
Catesby: Ay, my good lord.
Hastings: I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Catesby: Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hastings: Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries,
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.
Catesby: God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hastings: But I shall laugh at this a twelve month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
Catesby: 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hastings: O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou knowest, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Catesby: The Princes both make high account of you –
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hastings: I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stanley: My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hastings: My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stanley: The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.

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This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent. *55*

Hastings: Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk'd of are beheaded.

Stanley: They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away. *60*

Explore how the ironies in this extract make it so dramatically powerful.

17 What do you think makes Richard such a memorable villain? Support your ideas with details from the play.

18 You are Buckingham just after Richard has refused your request for an earldom. Write your thoughts.

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SECTION B: POETRY

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

19 Read the following poem, and then answer the question that follows it.

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun's rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

(*by Maya Angelou*)

How do the words of this poem express suffering and oppression so powerfully?

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20 What do you find moving about the ways in which the poets in *Muliebrity* (by Sujata Bhatt) **and** *She dwelt among the untrodden ways* (by William Wordsworth) portray the two women?

21 Explore moments in **two** of the following poems in which the poets manage to surprise the reader with the unexpected. Support your ideas with details from the poems.

Plenty **(by Isobel Dixon)**
Storyteller **(by Liz Lochhead)**
Mid-Term Break **(by Seamus Heaney)**

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JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

22 Read the following extract from *Ode to Psyche*, and then answer the question that follows it.

O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
Nor altar heap'd with flowers;
Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moan
Upon the midnight hours;
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
From chain-swung censer teeming;
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;
Yet even in these days so far retir'd
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
Upon the midnight hours;
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
From swinged censer teeming;
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.

Explore how in this extract Keats shows how Psyche makes a memorable impression on him.

23 Explore the ways in which Keats makes Autumn attractive for you in his poem *To Autumn*. Support your ideas with details from the poem.

24 In what ways does Keats make vivid for you the feelings of the knight in *La belle dame sans merci*? Refer closely to the poem in your answer.

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SECTION C: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

25 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Mr Brown's successor was the Reverend James Smith, and he was a different kind of man. He condemned openly Mr Brown's policy of compromise and accommodation. He saw things as black and white. And black was evil. He saw the world as a battlefield in which the children of light were locked in mortal conflict with the sons of darkness. He spoke in his sermons about sheep and goats and about wheat and tares. He believed in slaying the prophets of Baal.

Mr Smith was greatly distressed by the ignorance which many of his flock showed even in such things as the Trinity and the Sacraments. It only showed that they were seeds sown on a rocky soil. Mr Brown had thought of nothing but numbers. He should have known that the kingdom of God did not depend on large crowds. Our Lord Himself stressed the importance of fewness. Narrow is the way and few the number. To fill the Lord's holy temple with an idolatrous crowd clamouring for signs was a folly of everlasting consequence. Our Lord used the whip only once in His life – to drive the crowd away from His church.

Within a few weeks of his arrival in Umuofia Mr Smith suspended a young woman from the church for pouring new wine into old bottles. This woman had allowed her heathen husband to mutilate her dead child. The child had been declared an *ogbanje*, plaguing its mother by dying and entering her womb to be born again. Four times this child had run its evil round. And so it was mutilated to discourage it from returning.

Mr Smith was filled with wrath when he heard of this. He disbelieved the story which even some of the most faithful confirmed, the story of really evil children who were not deterred by mutilation, but came back with all the scars. He replied that such stories were spread in the world by the Devil to lead men astray. Those who believed such stories were unworthy of the Lord's table.

There was a saying in Umuofia that as a man danced so the drums were beaten for him. Mr Smith danced a furious step and so the drums went mad. The over-zealous converts who had smarted under Mr Brown's restraining hand now flourished in full favour. One of them was Enoch, the son of the snake-priest who was believed to have killed and eaten the sacred python. Enoch's devotion to the new faith had seemed so much greater than Mr Brown's that the villagers called him The Outsider who wept louder than the bereaved.

Enoch was short and slight of build, and always seemed in great haste. His feet were short and broad, and when he stood or walked his heels came together and his feet opened outwards as if they had quarrelled and meant to go in different directions. Such was the excessive energy bottled up in Enoch's small body that it was always erupting in quarrels and fights. On Sundays he always imagined that the sermon was preached for the benefit of his enemies. And if he happened to sit near one of them he would occasionally turn to give him a meaningful look, as if to say, 'I told you so'. It was Enoch who touched off the great conflict between church and clan in Umuofia which had been gathering since Mr Brown left.

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What does Achebe's writing here make you feel about the Reverend Smith, his beliefs and their likely result? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

26 Choose **one** episode where Achebe causes you to feel sympathy with Okonkwo and **one** where he makes you dislike him. Justify your choice by referring in detail to the way Achebe presents the character in each episode.

27 You are Obierika after Okonkwo has killed the court messenger. You are waiting for the inevitable arrival of the District Commissioner and soldiers. Write your thoughts.

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

28 Read the following passage, and then answer the question that follows it.

When dinner was over, she returned directly to Jane, and Miss Bingley began abusing her as soon as she was out of the room. Her manners were pronounced to be very bad indeed, a mixture of pride and impertinence; and she had no conversation, no stile, no taste, no beauty. Mrs Hurst thought the same, and added,

'She has nothing, in short, to recommend her, but being an excellent walker. I shall never forget her appearance this morning. She really looked almost wild.'

'She did indeed, Louisa. I could hardly keep my countenance. Very nonsensical to come at all! Why must *she* be scampering about the country, because her sister has a cold? Her hair so untidy, so blowsy!'

'Yes, and her petticoat; I hope you saw her petticoat, six inches deep in mud, I am absolutely certain; and the gown which had been let down to hide it, not doing its office.'

'Your picture may be very exact, Louisa,' said Bingley; 'but this was all lost upon me. I thought Miss Elizabeth Bennet looked remarkably well, when she came into the room this morning. Her dirty petticoat quite escaped my notice.'

'*You* observed it, Mr Darcy, I am sure,' said Miss Bingley; 'and I am inclined to think that you would not wish to see *your sister* make such an exhibition.'

'Certainly not.'

'To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ancles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to shew an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country town indifference to decorum.'

'It shews an affection for her sister that is very pleasing,' said Bingley.

'I am afraid, Mr Darcy,' observed Miss Bingley, in a half whisper, 'that this adventure has rather affected your admiration of her fine eyes.'

'Not at all,' he replied; 'they were brightened by the exercise.' – A short pause followed this speech, and Mrs Hurst began again.

'I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennet, she is really a very sweet girl, and I wish with all my heart she were well settled. But with such a father and mother, and such low connections, I am afraid there is no chance of it.'

'I think I have heard you say, that their uncle is an attorney in Meryton.'

'Yes; and they have another, who lives somewhere near Cheapside.'

'That is capital,' added her sister, and they both laughed heartily.

'If they had uncles enough to fill *all* Cheapside,' cried Bingley, 'it would not make them one jot less agreeable.'

'But it must very materially lessen their chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world,' replied Darcy.

To this speech Bingley made no answer; but his sisters gave it their hearty assent, and indulged their mirth for some time at the expense of their dear friend's vulgar relations.

With a renewal of tenderness, however, they repaired to her room on leaving the dining-parlour, and sat with her till summoned to coffee.

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Explore the ways in which Austen presents Bingley's sisters in this extract.

29 Do you think that Austen makes it possible to feel sympathy for Mrs Bennet? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

30 You are Elizabeth Bennet on the morning of your wedding day to Mr Darcy. Write your thoughts.

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IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

31 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

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How does Cross make this such an amusing episode without ever quite allowing you to forget Jimmy's sad life?

32 What do you think makes Mrs Sullivan such a tragic character? Support your ideas by close reference to Cross's writing.

33 You are Mr Sullivan on the morning when you are going to give Jimmy his new bike. Write your thoughts.

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ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

34 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Then Bhola leaned towards me. He was the quietest of them, although he wore a shirt of purple and white flowers and had dyed his moustache ginger. I knew he had been to jail twice already for housebreaking and theft. Yet he dared to lean close to me, almost touching me, and to say '*Bhai*, go back to the *sitar*. You even know how to play the *sarod* and the *vina*. You could be a great Ustad yourself, with some practice. We are telling you this for your own good. When you become famous and go to America, you will thank us for this advice. Why do you spend your life sitting at the back of the stage and playing that idiot *tanpura* while someone else takes all the fame and all the money from you?'

It was as if they had decided to assault me. I felt as if they were climbing on top of me, choking me, grabbing me by my hair and dragging me down. Their words were blows, the idea they were throwing at me an assault. I felt beaten, destroyed, and with my last bit of strength shook them off, threw them off and, pushing aside the table and cups and plates, ran out of the tea-shop. I think they followed me because I could hear voices calling me as I went running down the street, pushing against people and only just escaping from under the rickshaws, tongas and buses. It was afternoon, there were crowds on the street, dust and smoke blotted out the natural light of day. I saw everything as vile, as debased, as something amoral and ugly, and pushed it aside, pushed through as I ran.

And all the time I thought, Are they right? Could I have played the *sitar* myself? Or the *sarod*, or the *vina*? And become an Ustad myself? This had never before occurred to me. My father had taught me to play all these instruments and disciplined me severely, but he had never praised me or suggested I could become a front-rank musician. I had learnt to play these instruments as the son of a carpenter would naturally have learnt to make beds and tables and shelves, or the son of a shopkeeper learnt to weigh grain and sell and make money. But I had practised on these instruments and played the ragas he taught me to play without thinking of it as an art or of myself as artist. Perhaps I was a stupid, backward boy. My father always said so. Now these boys who had heard me play in the dark hall of our house in the music lane, told me I could have been an Ustad myself, sat in the centre of the stage, played for great audiences and been applauded for my performance. Were they right? Was this true? Had I wasted my life?

As I ran and pushed, half-crying, I thought these things for the first time in my life, and they were frightening thoughts – large, heavy, dark ones that threatened to crush and destroy me. I found myself pushed up against an iron railing. Holding onto its bars, looking through tears at the beds of flowering cannas and rows of imperial palms of a dusty city park, I hung against those railings, sobbing, till I heard someone address me – possibly a policeman, or a beggar, or perhaps just a kindly passer-by. 'In trouble?' he asked me. 'Got into trouble, boy?' I did not want to speak to anyone and shook him off without looking at him and found the gate and went into the park, trying to control myself and order my thoughts.

I found a path between some tall bushes, and walked up and down here, alone, trying to think. Having cried, I felt calmer now. I had a bad headache but I was calmer. I talked to myself.

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How does Desai vividly convey how dreadful this moment is in the life of the accompanist?

35 Explore how Desai vividly portrays a child's disappointment in **either** *Games at Twilight* **or** *Pineapple Cake*. Support your ideas with details from your chosen story.

36 You are Rakesh after your father has refused your medicine at the end of *A Devoted Son.* Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

37 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

The fire was dead. They saw that straight away; saw what they had really known down on the beach when the smoke of home had beckoned. The fire was right out, smokeless and dead; the watchers were gone. A pile of unused fuel lay ready.

Ralph turned to the sea. The horizon stretched, impersonal once more, barren of all but the faintest trace of smoke. Ralph ran stumbling along the rocks, saved himself on the edge of the pink cliff, and screamed at the ship.

'Come back! Come back!'

He ran backwards and forwards along the cliff, his face always to the sea, and his voice rose insanely.

'Come back! Come back!'

Simon and Maurice arrived. Ralph looked at them with unwinking eyes. Simon turned away, smearing the water from his cheeks. Ralph reached inside himself for the worst word he knew.

'They let the bloody fire out.'

He looked down the unfriendly side of the mountain. Piggy arrived, out of breath and whimpering like a littlun. Ralph clenched his fist and went very red. The intentness of his gaze, the bitterness of his voice pointed for him.

'There they are.'

A procession had appeared, far down among the pink screes that lay near the water's edge. Some of the boys wore black caps but otherwise they were almost naked. They lifted sticks in the air together, whenever they came to an easy patch. They were chanting, something to do with the bundle that the errant twins carried so carefully. Ralph picked out Jack easily, even at that distance, tall, red-haired, and inevitably leading the procession.

Simon looked now, from Ralph to Jack, as he had looked from Ralph to the horizon, and what he saw seemed to make him afraid. Ralph said nothing more, but waited while the procession came nearer. The chant was audible but at that distance still wordless. Behind Jack walked the twins, carrying a great stake on their shoulders. The gutted carcass of a pig swung from the stake, swinging heavily as the twins toiled over the uneven ground. The pig's head hung down with gaping neck and seemed to search for something on the ground. At last the words of the chant floated up to them, across the bowl of blackened wood and ashes.

'Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Spill her blood.'

Explore the ways in which Golding's writing makes this a particularly powerful moment in the novel.

38 Which character do you find the more frightening, Jack or Roger? Support your view by close reference to Golding's writing.

39 You are Simon on your way up the mountain just after the meeting when Ralph claims that he and Jack have seen the beast. Write your thoughts.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

40 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

> Troy was full of activity, but his activities were less of a locomotive than a vegetative nature; and, never being based upon any original choice of foundation or direction, they were exercised on whatever object chance might place in their way. Hence, whilst he sometimes reached the brilliant in speech because that was spontaneous, he fell below the commonplace in action, from inability to guide incipient effort. He had a quick comprehension and considerable force of character; but, being without the power to combine them, the comprehension became engaged with trivialities whilst waiting for the will to direct it, and the force wasted itself in useless grooves through unheeding the comprehension.
>
> He was a fairly well-educated man for one of middle class, exceptionally well educated for a common soldier. He spoke fluently and unceasingly. He could in this way be one thing and seem another; for instance, he could speak of love and think of dinner; call on the husband to look at the wife; be eager to pay and intend to owe.
>
> The wondrous power of flattery in *passados* at woman is a perception so universal as to be remarked upon by many people almost as automatically as they repeat a proverb, or say that they are Christians and the like, without thinking much of the enormous corollaries which spring from the proposition. Still less is it acted upon for the good of the complemental being alluded to. With the majority such an opinion is shelved with all those trite aphorisms which require some catastrophe to bring their tremendous meanings thoroughly home. When expressed with some amount of reflectiveness it seems co-ordinate with a belief that this flattery must be reasonable to be effective. It is to the credit of men that few attempt to settle the question by experiment, and it is for their happiness, perhaps, that accident has never settled it for them. Nevertheless, that a male dissembler who by deluging her with untenable fictions charms the female wisely, may acquire powers reaching to the extremity of perdition, is a truth taught to many by unsought and wringing occurrences. And some profess to have attained to the same knowledge by experiment as aforesaid, and jauntily continue their indulgence in such experiments with terrible effect. Sergeant Troy was one.
>
> He had been known to observe casually that in dealing with womankind the only alternative to flattery was cursing and swearing. There was no third method. 'Treat them fairly, and you are a lost man,' he would say.

What kind of picture of Sergeant Troy does Hardy create for you here?

41 Explore **one** incident in this novel which you find vividly dramatic. Refer in detail to Hardy's writing in your answer.

42 You are Farmer Boldwood just after you have again proposed marriage to Bathsheba on the assumption that Troy is dead. Write your thoughts.

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HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

43 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

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Explore how Lee vividly portrays the behaviour of Bob Ewell and Atticus in this extract.

44 In what ways do you think Scout develops and matures in the course of this novel? Support your ideas with details from Lee's writing.

45 You are Reverend Sykes just after the trial, thinking about what has taken place in the courtroom. Write your thoughts.

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BARRIE WADE, ed.: ***Into the Wind: Contemporary Stories in English***

46 Read the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Like an executioner approaching his victim, the policeman came strolling slowly towards us. He was a big meaty man with a belly, and his blue breeches were skintight around his enormous thighs. His goggles were pulled up on to the helmet, showing a smouldering red face with wide cheeks.

We sat there like guilty schoolboys, waiting for him to arrive.

'Watch out for this man,' my passenger whispered. ''Ee looks mean as the devil.'

The policeman came round to my open window and placed one meaty hand on the sill. 'What's the hurry?' he said.

'No hurry, officer,' I answered.

'Perhaps there's a woman in the back having a baby and you're rushing her to hospital? Is that it?'

'No, officer.'

'Or perhaps your house is on fire and you're dashing home to rescue the family from upstairs?' His voice was dangerously soft and mocking.

'My house isn't on fire, officer.'

'In that case,' he said, 'you've got yourself into a nasty mess, haven't you? Do you know what the speed limit is in this country?'

'Seventy,' I said.

'And do you mind telling me exactly what speed you were doing just now?'

I shrugged and didn't say anything.

When he spoke next, he raised his voice so loud that I jumped. *'One hundred and twenty miles per hour!'* he barked. 'That's *fifty* miles an hour over the limit!'

He turned his head and spat out a big gob of spit. It landed on the wing of my car and started sliding down over my beautiful blue paint. Then he turned back again and stared hard at my passenger. 'And who are you?' he asked sharply.

'He's a hitch-hiker,' I said. 'I'm giving him a lift.'

'I didn't ask you,' he said, 'I asked him.'

''Ave I done something wrong?' my passenger asked. His voice was as soft and oily as haircream.

'That's more than likely,' the policeman answered. 'Anyway, you're a witness. I'll deal with you in a minute. Driving licence,' he snapped, holding out his hand.

I gave him my driving licence.

He unbuttoned the left-hand breast-pocket of his tunic and brought out the dreaded book of tickets. Carefully, he copied the name and address from my licence. Then he gave it back to me. He strolled round to the front of the car and read the number from the numberplate and wrote that down as well. He filled in the date, the time and the details of my offence. Then he tore out the top copy of the ticket. But before handing it to me, he checked that all the information had come through clearly on his own carbon copy. Finally, he replaced the book in his tunic pocket and fastened the button.

'Now you,' he said to my passenger, and he walked around to the other side of the car. From the other breast-pocket he produced a small black notebook. 'Name?' he snapped.

'Michael Fish,' my passenger said.

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'Address?'

'Fourteen, Windsor Lane, Luton.'

'Show me something to prove this is your real name and address,' the policeman said.

My passenger fished in his pockets and came out with a driving licence of his own. The policeman checked the name and address and handed it back to him. 'What's your job?' he asked sharply.

'I'm an 'od carrier.'

'A *what*?'

'I'm an 'od carrier.'

'Spell it.'

'H-O-D C-A-…'

'That'll do. And what's a hod carrier, may I ask?'

'An 'od carrier, officer, is a person 'oo carries the cement up the ladder to the bricklayer. And the 'od is what 'ee carries it in. It's got a long 'andle, and on the top you've got two bits of wood set at an angle …'

'All right, all right. Who's your employer?'

'Don't 'ave one. I'm unemployed.'

The policeman wrote all this down in the black notebook. Then he returned the book to its pocket and did up the button.

'When I get back to the station I'm going to do a little checking up on you,' he said to my passenger.

'Me? What've I done wrong?' the rat-faced man asked.

'I don't like your face, that's all,' the policeman said. 'And we just might have a picture of it somewhere in our files.' He strolled round the car and returned to my window.

'I suppose you know you're in serious trouble,' he said to me.

'Yes, officer.'

'You won't be driving this fancy car of yours again for a very long time, not after *we've* finished with you. You won't be driving *any* car again come to that for several years. And a good thing, too. I hope they lock you up for a spell into the bargain.'

'You mean prison?' I asked, alarmed.

'Absolutely,' he said, smacking his lips. 'In the clink. Behind the bars. Along with all the other criminals who break the law. *And* a hefty fine into the bargain. Nobody will be more pleased about that than me. I'll see you in court, both of you. You'll be getting a summons to appear.'

He turned away and walked over to his motorcycle. He flipped the prop stand back into position with his foot and swung his leg over the saddle. Then he kicked the starter and roared off up the road out of sight.

Explore Dahl's portrayal of the policeman in this extract.

47 Explore how the writers create a vivid setting for **two** short stories from the collection.

48 You are the mostly silent victim in *The Lemon Orchard*. Write your thoughts as the story progresses.

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