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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/01**

Paper 1 **October/November 2009**

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

8453039839

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.

A silence. Benedict stares at him.

Jack (*slightly nervously*): Does that seem fair enough to you?

Benedict: Frankly no, Mr McCracken. It doesn't seem fair to me at all.

Jack: Ah.

Benedict: Not fair to anyone, in fact. Not to the firm, not to Mr Ayres, not to me nor indeed, most important, to the course of justice.

Slight pause.

Jack: Yes, well. Fair enough. I meant to add, of course, that – that we were all – when we talked – so impressed with your – work to date – Mr Hough – that it was generally felt overall that a – bonus would be in order. A cash bonus. (*Pause.*) A large cash bonus.

Benedict: I see.

Jack: The figure talked of was five thousand pounds. (*Slight pause.*) Five thousand five hundred pounds. Cash.

A chilly pause.

I don't know how that strikes you.

Benedict: It strikes me as most offensive, Mr McCracken.

Jack: Ah. (*Pause.*) I – er … now, where did I put it? – (*He slaps his pockets.*) … I may have got it slightly wrong, the sum … You know, I've had a head full of figures all day … It could have been nearer six thousand, now I come to think of it … where did I – ? I wrote it down somewhere …

Jack opens the attaché case so that Benedict gets a clear view of the contents, then closes it again.

No. It's not in there. No, I'm almost certain now I think about it, that it was six. Six, seven, something like that.

Benedict (*quietly*): Mr McCracken, what is the maximum sum you have been authorized to offer me?

Jack: Ten.

Benedict: Ten?

Jack: Yes. Thousand. (*with sudden courage*) That's it. Take it or leave it.

Benedict: I'm afraid you're left with it, Mr McCracken.

Jack: Well, that's that. (*making to shake hands*) It's certainly refreshing in this world, Mr Hough, to meet an incorruptible man. I'm sorry I –

Benedict: Oh no, Mr McCracken, I'm eminently corruptible, don't worry on that score. It's just that I do have a very good assessment of my own worth.

Jack: Yes. I see. And that …? Roughly? Would you care to put a value on that, Mr Hough? On your worth?

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Benedict: Shall we say fifty thousand?

Jack (*blinking*): Yes. Well, I have to tell you, Mr Hough, you can take it from me, right now – that you are whistling up a gum tree, old chum.

Benedict: Believe me, Mr McCracken, if this is not resolved to my satisfaction, I shall be whistling on every street corner until you cannot see across this room for blue uniforms. I have some idea of the sums involved over the years – maybe you don't. Just thank your lucky stars I'm not demanding a 10 per cent finder's fee or I could be into you to the tune of a quarter of a million pounds. You tell that to your – associates.

Jack (*rather shaken*): Yes. I will. Right. Now, you mean? Right. I shall need to – telephone, you understand. Will you excuse me a moment?

Benedict: Of course. (*glancing at his watch*) I don't have a lot of –

Jack: Neither do I. Excuse me.

He goes to the door, remembers the briefcase, returns and walks out with it, maintaining as much dignity as he can muster.

Excuse me.

Benedict remains calmly seated and relaxed, sipping his drink.

What do you think makes this conversation so amusing and yet so shocking? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

2 Does Ayckbourn make you sympathise with Jack or despise him? Support your ideas with details from the play.

3 You are Anita after the party at the end of the play. 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.

Walter enters. We feel the edge of unreality is still with him.

Walter: New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't. Just a bunch of hustling people all squeezed up together – being 'Eastern'. (*He turns his face into a screw of displeasure.*)

George: Oh – you've been?

Walter: *Plenty* of times.

Ruth (*shocked at the lie*): Walter Lee Younger!

Walter (*staring her down*): Plenty! (*Pause.*) What we got to drink in this house? Why don't you offer this man some refreshment. (*To George.*) They don't know how to entertain people in this house, man.

George: Thank you – I don't really care for anything.

Walter (*feeling his head, sobriety coming*): Where's Mama?

Ruth: She ain't come back yet.

Walter (*Looking George over from head to toe, scrutinising his carefully casual tweed sports jacket over cashmere V-neck sweater over soft eyelet shirt and tie, and soft slacks, finished off with white buckskin shoes*): Why all you college boys wear them faggoty-looking white shoes?

Ruth: Walter Lee!

George ignores this remark.

Walter (*to Ruth*): Well, they look crazy as hell – white shoes, cold as it is.

Ruth (*crushed*): You have to excuse him –

Walter: No, he don't! Excuse me for what? What you always excusing me for! I'll excuse myself when I needs to be excused! (*Pause.*) They look as funny as them black knee socks Beneatha wears out of here all the time.

Ruth: It's the college *style*, Walter.

Walter: Style, hell. She looks like she got burnt legs or something!

Ruth: Oh, Walter –

Walter (*an irritable mimic*): Oh, Walter! Oh, Walter! (*to George.*) How's your old man making out? I understand you all going to buy that big hotel on the Drive? (*He finds a beer in the refrigerator, wanders over to George, sipping and wiping his lips with the back of his hand and straddling a chair backwards to talk to the other man.*) Shrewd move. Your old man is all right, man. (*Tapping his head and half winking for emphasis.*) I mean he knows how to operate. I mean he thinks *big*, you know what I mean, I mean for a *home*, you know? But I think he's kind of running out of ideas now. I'd like to talk to him. Listen, man, I got some plans that could turn this city upside down. I mean I think like he does. *Big*. Invest big, gamble big, hell, lose *big* if you have to, you know what I mean. It's hard to find a man on this whole Southside who understands my kind of thinking – you dig? (*He scrutinises George again, drinks his beer, squints his eyes and leans in close, confidential, man to man.*) Me and you ought to sit down and talk sometimes, man. Man, I got me some ideas …

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George (*with boredom*): Yeah – sometimes we'll have to do that, Walter.

Walter (*understanding the indifference, and offended*): Yeah – well, when you get the time, man. I know you a busy little boy.

Ruth: Walter, please –

Walter (*bitterly, hurt*): I know ain't nothing in this world as busy as you coloured college boys with your fraternity pins and white shoes …

Ruth (*covering her face with humiliation*): Oh, Walter Lee –

Walter: I see you all all the time – with the books tucked under your arms – going to your – (*He mimics the British 'a'.*) 'clahsses'. And for what? What the hell you learning over there? Filling up your heads – (*Counting off on his fingers.*) – with the sociology and the psychology. But they teaching you how to be a man? How to take over and run the world? They teaching you how to run a rubber plantation or a steel mill? Naw – just to talk proper and read books and wear them faggoty-looking white shoes …

George (*looking at him with distaste, a little above it all*): You're all whacked up with bitterness, man.

Walter (*intently, almost quietly, between the teeth, glaring at the boy*): And you – ain't you bitter, man? Ain't you just about had it yet? Don't you see no stars gleaming that you can't reach out and grab? You happy? – you contented son-of-a-bitch – you happy? You got it made? Bitter? Man, I'm a volcano. Bitter? Here I am a giant – surrounded by ants! Ants who can't even understand what it is the giant is talking about.

Ruth (*passionately and suddenly*): Oh, Walter – ain't you with nobody?

Walter (*violently*): No! 'Cause ain't nobody with me! Not even my own mother!

How does Hansberry powerfully convey Walter's feelings to you in this extract?

5 Which character in the play does Hansberry make you particularly admire, and for what reasons? Support your answer by close reference to the play.

6 You are Lindner at the end of the play. Write your thoughts.

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CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

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

Rosie: If you were really my Mum you wouldn't have been able to give me away!

Jackie: How dare you! (*Goes to hit Rosie but cannot.*) You're at the centre of everything I do! (*Slight pause.*) Mummy treated me as though I'd simply fallen over and cut my knee, – picked me up and said you'll be all right now, it won't show much. She wanted to make it all better. (*Quiet.*) … She was the one who wanted it kept secret … I WANTED you, Rosie, (*Angry.*) For the first time in my life I took care of myself – refused joints, did exercises, went to the clinic. (*Pause.*) 'It's a girl'. (*Smiles irresistibly.*) – After you'd gone I tried to lose that memory. (*Pause. Effort.*) Graham … your Father. (*Silence.*) He couldn't be there the day you were born, he had to be in Liverpool. He was married. (*Emphatic.*) He loved me, he loved you, you must believe that! (*Pause.*) He said he'd leave his wife, but I knew he wouldn't; there were two children, the youngest was only four … we'd agreed, separate lives, I wanted to bring you up. He sent money. (*Pause.*) I took you to Lyme Park one day, I saw them together, across the lake, he was buying them ice creams, his wife was taking a photo. I think they live in Leeds now, I saw his name in the Guardian last year, an article about his photographs … (*Pause.*) It was a very cold winter after you were born. There were power cuts. I couldn't keep the room warm; there were no lights in the tower blocks; I knew he had an open fire, it was trendy; so we took a bus to Didsbury, big gardens, pine kitchens, made a change from concrete. I rang the bell. (*Stops.*) A Punjabi man answered, said he was sorry … they'd moved. By the time we got back to Mosside it was dark, the lift wasn't working – (*Stops.*) That was the night I phoned Mummy. (*Difficult.*) Asked her. (*Pause.*) I tried! I couldn't do it, Rosie. (*Pause.*) It doesn't matter how much you succeed afterwards, if you've failed once. (*Pause.*) After you'd gone … I kept waking in the night to feed you … A week … in the flat … Then I went back to art school. Sandra and Hugh thought I was inhuman. I remember the books that came out that winter – how to succeed as a single working mother – fairy tales! (*Pause.*) Sandra and Hugh have a family now. Quite a few of my friends do. (*Pause.*) I could give you everything now. Rosie? …

Explore the ways in which Keatley vividly conveys Jackie's feelings in this extract.

8 Explore Keatley's portrayal of Margaret as a mother. Refer to details in the play as you answer.

9 You are Doris, aged 87, living in Oldham, thinking about your great-granddaughter Rosie. Write your thoughts.

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Turn to page 10 for Question 10.

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

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

Hale: Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

Tituba (*kisses Hale's hand*): Aye, sir, oh, I do.

Hale: You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to Heaven's side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

Tituba (*deeply relieved*): Oh, God bless you, Mr Hale!

Hale (*with rising exaltation*): You are God's instrument put in our hands to discover the Devil's agents among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God – face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

Tituba (*joining with him*): Oh, God, protect Tituba!

Hale (*kindly*): Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four? How many?

Tituba pants, and begins rocking back and forth again, staring ahead.

Tituba: There was four. There was four.

Parris (*pressing in on her*): Who? Who? Their names, their names!

Tituba (*suddenly bursting out*): Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr Parris!

Parris: Kill me!

Tituba (*in a fury*): He say Mr Parris must be kill! Mr Parris no goodly man, Mr Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! (*They gasp.*) But I tell him 'No! I don't hate that man. I don't want kill that man.' But he say, 'You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air, and you gone fly back to Barbados!' And I say, 'You lie, Devil, you lie!' And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, 'Look! I have *white* people belong to me.' And I look – and there was Goody Good.

Parris: Sarah Good.

Tituba (*rocking and weeping*): Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn.

Mrs Putnam: I knew it! Goody Osburn were midwife to me three times. I begged you, Thomas, did I not? I begged him not to call Osburn because I feared her. My babies always shrivelled in her hands!

Hale: Take courage, you must give us all their names. How can you bear to see this child suffering? Look at her, Tituba. (*He is indicating Betty on the bed.*) Look at her God-given innocence; her soul is so tender; we must protect her, Tituba; the Devil is out and preying on her like a beast upon the flesh of the pure lamb. God will bless you for your help.

Abigail rises, staring as though inspired, and cries out.

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Abigail: I want to open myself! (*They turn to her, startled. She is enraptured, as though in a pearly light.*) I want the light of God, I want the sweet love of Jesus! I danced for the Devil; I saw him; I wrote in his book; I go back to Jesus; I kiss His hand. I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I saw Goody Osburn with the Devil! I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

As she is speaking, Betty is rising from the bed, a fever in her eyes, and picks up the chant.

Betty (*staring too*): I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

Parris: She speaks! (*He rushes to embrace Betty.*) She speaks!

Hale: Glory to God! It is broken, they are free!

Betty (*calling out hysterically and with great relief*): I saw Martha Bellows with the Devil!

Abigail: I saw Goody Sibber with the Devil! (*It is rising to a great glee.*)

Putnam: The marshal, I'll call the marshal!

PARRIS *is shouting a prayer of thanksgiving.*

Betty: I saw Alice Barrow with the Devil!

The curtain begins to fall.

Hale (*as Putnam goes out*): Let the marshal bring irons!

Abigail: I saw Goody Hawkins with the Devil!

Betty: I saw Goody Bibber with the Devil!

Abigail: I saw Goody Booth with the Devil!

On their ecstatic cries

THE CURTAIN FALLS

How does Miller make this extract so powerful and horrifying?

11 How do you think Miller manages to make Danforth such a cold and terrifying character? Support your ideas with details from Danforth's words and actions.

12 You are Elizabeth Proctor at home at the start of Act 2. You hear John Proctor enter downstairs. 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.

Touchstone: Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey: Your features! Lord warrant us! What features?

Touchstone: I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques (*Aside*): O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touchstone: When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey: I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone: No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey: Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone: I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey: Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone: No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques (*Aside*): A material fool!

Audrey: Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touchstone: Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey: I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone: Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaques (*Aside*): I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey: Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone: Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said: 'Many a man knows no end of his goods'. Right! Many a man has good horns and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed?

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No; as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

50

How does Shakespeare make this extract so entertaining and amusing?

14 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes the relationship between Orlando and Oliver dramatically significant.

15 You are Duke Senior. You have just met Orlando and Adam for the first time in the Forest. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

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

Gloucester: Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and his father –
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit at all
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman –
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royal –
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halts and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body,
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*

What do you think makes this soliloquy so vivid and dramatic? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.

17 Explore Shakespeare's portrayal of the way the desire for power corrupts the people who are around Richard. Support your ideas with details from the play.

18 You are Lord Stanley, just before you go to tell Richard that, in addition to Buckingham and Dorset's revolt, he faces Richmond coming to claim the throne. 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.

Song to the Men of England

I
Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II
Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat – nay, drink your blood?

III
Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV
Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V
The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI
Sow seed, – but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth, – let no impostor heap;
Weave robes, – let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, – in your defence to bear.

VII
Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII
With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

(by Percy Bysshe Shelley)

Explore how Shelley conveys his feelings about the way most of the Men of England are forced to live.

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20 Explore how the words of **one** of the following poems vividly convey the character of the speaker in the poem.

Monologue (by Hone Tuwhare)
Little Boy Crying (by Mervyn Morris)
The Old Familiar Faces (by Charles Lamb)

21 Choose moments in **two** of the following poems where the language the poet uses has particularly excited you, and explain in detail why you have found it so exciting.

Caged Bird (by Maya Angelou)
Before the Sun (by Charles Mungoshi)
Carpet-weavers, Morocco (by Carol Rumens)

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JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

22 Read the following extract from *The Eve of St Agnes*, and then answer the question that follows it.

1

St Agnes' Eve – Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

2

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

3

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no – already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

Explore Keats's writing here, showing how he creates a striking atmosphere.

23 In what ways does Keats appeal to your senses in **either** *Ode to a Nightingale* **or** *Ode on a Grecian Urn*? Refer in detail to the words in your chosen poem.

24 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

How do you think Keats explores this idea in the extract from *Endymion*?

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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.

And so the six men went to see the District Commissioner armed with their matchets. They did not carry guns, for that would be unseemly. They were led into the courthouse where the District Commissioner sat. He received them politely. They unslung their goatskin bags and their sheathed matchets, put them on the floor, and sat down.

'I have asked you to come,' began the Commissioner, 'because of what happened during my absence. I have been told a few things but I cannot believe them until I have heard your own side. Let us talk about it like friends and find a way of ensuring that it does not happen again.'

Ogbuefi Ekwueme rose to his feet and began to tell the story.

'Wait a minute,' said the Commissioner. 'I want to bring in my men so that they too can hear your grievances and take warning. Many of them come from distant places and although they speak your tongue they are ignorant of your customs. James! Go and bring in the men.' His interpreter left the courtroom and soon returned with twelve men. They sat together with the men of Umuofia, and Ogbuefi Ekwueme began to tell the story of how Enoch murdered an *egwugwu*.

It happened so quickly that the six men did not see it coming. There was only a brief scuffle, too brief even to allow the drawing of a sheathed matchet. The six men were handcuffed and led into the guardroom.

'We shall not do you any harm,' said the District Commissioner to them later, 'if only you agree to co-operate with us. We have brought a peaceful administration to you and your people so that you may be happy. If any man ill-treats you we shall come to your rescue. But we will not allow you to ill-treat others. We have a court of law where we judge cases and administer justice just as it is done in my own country under a great queen. I have brought you here because you joined together to molest others, to burn people's houses and their place of worship. That must not happen in the dominion of our queen, the most powerful ruler in the world. I have decided that you will pay a fine of two hundred bags of cowries. You will be released as soon as you agree to this and undertake to collect that fine from your people. What do you say to that?'

The six men remained sullen and silent and the Commissioner left them for a while. He told the court messengers, when he left the guardroom, to treat the men with respect because they were the leaders of Umuofia. They said, 'Yes, sir,' and saluted.

As soon as the District Commissioner left, the head messenger, who was also the prisoners' barber, took down his razor and shaved off all the hair on the men's heads. They were still handcuffed, and they just sat and moped.

'Who is the chief among you?' the court messengers asked in jest. 'We see that every pauper wears the anklet of title in Umuofia. Does it cost as much as ten cowries?'

The six men ate nothing throughout that day and the next. They were not even given any water to drink, and they could not go out to urinate or go into the bush when they were pressed. At night the messengers came in to taunt them and to knock their shaven heads together.

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Even when the men were left alone they found no words to speak to one another. It was only on the third day, when they could no longer bear the hunger and the insults, that they began to talk about giving in.

'We should have killed the white man if you had listened to me,' Okonkwo snarled.

'We could have been in Umuru now waiting to be hanged,' someone said to him.

'Who wants to kill the white man?' asked a messenger who had just rushed in. Nobody spoke.

'You are not satisfied with your crime, but you must kill the white man on top of it.' He carried a strong stick, and he hit each man a few blows on the head and back. Okonkwo was choked with hate.

In this episode, how far do you think Achebe suggests Okonkwo is right to be full of hate? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

26 What do you find most memorable about Achebe's portrayal of the traditional life of the tribe? Justify your ideas by close reference to the writing.

27 You are Okonkwo on the day your father Unoka is carried off into the forest to die. Write your thoughts.

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

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

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out as she entered the library,

'Oh! Mr Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr Collins, for she vows she will not have him, and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*.'

Mr Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by her communication.

'I have not the pleasure of understanding you,' said he, when she had finished her speech. 'Of what are you talking?'

'Of Mr Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr Collins, and Mr Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy.'

'And what am I to do on the occasion? – It seems an hopeless business.'

'Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him.'

'Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion.'

Mrs Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

'Come here, child,' cried her father as she appeared. 'I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?' Elizabeth replied that it was. 'Very well – and this offer of marriage you have refused?'

'I have, Sir.'

'Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is not it so, Mrs Bennet?'

'Yes, or I will never see her again.'

'An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. – Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*.'

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

'What do you mean, Mr Bennet, by talking in this way. You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him.'

'My dear,' replied her husband. 'I have two small favours to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be.'

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavoured to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane with all possible mildness declined interfering; – and Elizabeth sometimes with real earnestness and sometimes with playful gaiety replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied however, her determination never did.

Explore the amusing picture which Austen creates here of the relationship and personalities of Mr and Mrs Bennet.

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29 What do you think it is about Darcy's character which makes credible Elizabeth's attraction and eventual love for him? Support your ideas with details from Austen's writing.

30 You are Lady Catherine. You have just received the letter from Darcy telling you of his intention to marry Elizabeth Bennet. 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.

She sat down and bent her face down and rubbed it hard with her hands. She rubbed her eyes with her fingers, and then both her cheeks, as though she was scrubbing off dirt. She was so white and spidery-looking sitting down there, all arms and legs.

'Let's go for a swim,' I said. 'You'll feel a lot better in the water.'

I am willing to admit now that I felt glad she was crying. Yet once I felt glad I wanted her to stop. But at first, even though she looked like a white golliwog with half the stuffing taken out of it, flopped on the sand and no sign of anybody to pick it up, I didn't mind.

I walked around her, and when she was quiet I took a handful of warm sand and poured it over her shoulders.

'Take me in for a swim. That's what you brought me down her for,' I said.

She got up as if nothing had happened and took me by the hand and together we walked into the water. The water was really warm, yet it was cold when it first hit your skin, and I jumped up and down. Molly tightened her grip on my hand and kept on walking out as though she wasn't even feeling the water. In a matter of seconds it was up to my waist and I threw myself forward and went under, head and all.

'You float and I'll push you out past the breakers,' said Molly, sliding into the water beside me.

The sea was very calm, and the swells were hardly breaking, just frothing slightly as they curled. It was easy going, as I floated on my back kicking my feet, and Molly pushed me along, up and over the rollers, till the water was up to her neck, and then swinging her up out of her depth. She was a good swimmer and I wasn't frightened; water never frightened me. I lay there, seeing the dark blue sky and feeling the sun, like a ship at sea, a small ship at sea, and Molly was steering me. My feet splashed and her arms dipped and pushed as she swam sidearm alongside me. I turned my head slightly and I could see her face beside my shoulders, and she and I were the friendliest we had ever been.

Her hair was wet and clinging to her head, and her big eyes were looking at me in a very nice way. It couldn't have been very long we were like that, yet I've always remembered those moments. And really, when I think of Molly, that is one of the times that come back to me.

'Do you love me, Jimmy?' she asked in a funny voice.

I laughed and got some water in my mouth and was about to give her some cheek when I thought of how mean I had been about not being sorry she had cried.

'Yes,' I said. 'Of course.'

She closed her eyes, and opened them again, and it was as though she had changed inside as she blinked, there was so much difference in her look.

'Let's go on and on and not go back,' she said. 'That'll show them.'

'You can't swim for ever, you're not that good,' I said.

'It doesn't make any difference.'

'Silly thing,' I said.

I stopped kicking and just waggled my hands around. She dug her fingers into my chest with the hand she was steering me with, and let herself sink until her hair was floating underneath my shoulder like

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seaweed. She came up again and wriggled her mouth up to my ear, as though she was whispering to me in the dark, and said, 'Please come with me, Jimmy. I'd be frightened by myself.'

I splashed back from her with a couple of kicks and turned over on my stomach. She was looking so red and puffy and silly-looking that I thought it best not to talk any more; besides, I wasn't good enough to talk and swim at the same time. I took a deep breath and started paddling back to the beach. *55*

What do you think makes this passage so sad? Support your ideas with details from Cross's writing.

32 What kind of picture do you think Cross creates of Raggleton and the people who live in it? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

33 You are Sister Angela as you watch Jimmy being taken away from home. Write your thoughts.

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ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight*

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

He smiles at her curiosity. 'Nothing,' he says. 'Not real flowers – just anything at all.'

'Really!' she exclaims, shaking her enamelled ear-rings. 'How wonderful to be able to imagine such forms, such colours. Look, Ram, aren't they pretty?' The two men become infected by her exaggerated attitude of relaxation. They begin to prowl about the room, now showing amusement at the litter which is, after all, only to be expected in an artist's studio, then crinkling their noses for, one has to admit, it *does* smell, and then showing surprised interest in the pictures of which they have come to select one for their home which is newly built and now to be furnished. What with the enthusiasm and thoroughness they bring to their task, the rags and grime of the studio are soon almost obliterated by the fanfare of colour that spills forth, a crazy whorl of them, unknown colours that cannot be named, spilling out of forms that cannot be identified. One cannot pinpoint any school, any technique, any style – one can only admit oneself in the presence of a continuous and inspired act of creation: so they tell themselves. The woman gives cry upon cry of excitement and turns again and again to the artist who stands watching them thoughtfully. 'But how did you get this colour? You must tell me because I paint – and I could never get anything like this. What is it?'

'Ahh, Naples Yellow,' he says, as if making a guess.

'No, but there is some orange in it too.'

'Ah yes, a little orange also.'

'And green?'

'Yes, a little perhaps.'

'No, but that special tinge – how did you get it? A little bit of white – or flesh pink? What is it? Ram, Ram, just look, isn't it pretty – this weird bird? I don't suppose it has a name?'

'No, no, it is not real. I am a city man, I know nothing about birds.'

'But you know everything about birds! And flowers. I suppose they *are* birds and flowers, all these marvellous things. And your paintings are full of them. How can it possibly be that you have never seen them?'

He has to laugh then – she is so artless, so completely without any vestige of imagination, and so completely unlike his wife. 'Look,' he says, suddenly buoyant, and points to the window. She has to stand on her toes to look out of the small aperture, through the bars, and then she gazes out with all the intentness she feels he expects of her, at the deep, smoke-ridden twilight wound around the ill-lit slum, the smoking heaps of dung-fires and the dark figures that sit and stand in it hopelessly. Like fog-horns, conch shells begin to blow as tired housewives summon up their flagging spirits for the always lovely, always comforting ritual of evening prayers. She tries to pierce the scene with her sharp eyes, trying to see what he sees in it, till she hears him laughing behind her with a cracked kind of hilarity. 'There you see – my birds and my flowers,' he tells her, clapping his hands as though enjoying a practical joke he has played on her. 'I see a tram – and that is my mountain. I see a letter-box – and that is my tree. Listen! Do you hear my birds?' He raises his hand and, with its gesture, ushers in the evening voices of children uttering those cries and calls peculiar

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to the time of parting, the time of relinquishing their games, before they enter their homes and disappear into sleep – voices filled with an ecstasy of knowledge, of sensation drawn to an apex, brought on by the realization of imminent departure and farewell: voices panicky with love, with lament, with fear and sacrifice.

The artist watches the three visitors and finds them attentive, puzzled. 'There,' he says, dropping his hand. 'There are my birds. I don't see them – but I hear them and imagine how they look. It is easy, no, when you can hear them so clearly?'

'You are a magician,' says the quiet man, shaking his head and turning to a crayon drawing of pale birds delicately stalking the shallows of a brooding sea. 'Look at these – I can't believe you haven't actually painted them on the spot.'

'No, I have not, but I do know the sea. You know, I am a fisherman! I should have been – my people are. How do you like this one of fishing boats? I used to see them coming in like this, in the evening, with the catch. And then my mother would cook one large one for dinner – oh, it was good, good!'

They all stand around him, smiling at this unexpected burst of childish exuberance. 'You paint from memory then?' enquires one, but the woman cries 'You like fish? You must come and eat at our house one day – I cook fish very well.'

Explore how in this passage Desai vividly portrays the lack of understanding between the artist and his possible buyers.

35 In these stories men are often shown to be weak-willed and unhappy. Explore in detail **one** story which you think portrays this particularly well.

36 You are David, at the end of *Scholar and Gypsy*, travelling to Delhi from Manali. 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.

Again the stars spilled about the sky. Eric shook his head, earnestly.
'Listen, Ralph. Never mind what's sense. That's gone –'
'Never mind about the chief ——'
'— you got to go for your own good.'
'The chief and Roger ——'
'— yes, Roger ——'
'They hate you, Ralph. They're going to do you.'
'They're going to hunt you to-morrow.'
'But why?'
'I dunno. And Ralph, Jack, the Chief, says it'll be dangerous ——'
'— and we've got to be careful and throw our spears like at a pig.'
'We're going to spread out in a line across the island ——'
'— we're going forward from this end ——'
'— until we find you.'
'We've got to give signals like this.'
Eric raised his head and achieved a faint ululation by beating on his open mouth. Then he glanced behind him nervously.
'Like that ——'
'— only louder, of course.'
'But I've done nothing,' whispered Ralph, urgently. 'I only wanted to keep up a fire!'
He paused for a moment, thinking miserably of the morrow. A matter of overwhelming importance occurred to him.
'What are you ——?'
He could not bring himself to be specific at first; but then fear and loneliness goaded him.
'When they find me, what are they going to do?'
The twins were silent. Beneath him, the death rock flowered again.
'What are they – oh God! I'm hungry ——'
The towering rock seemed to sway under him.
'Well – what —?'
The twins answered his question indirectly.
'You got to go now, Ralph.'
'For your own good.'
'Keep away. As far as you can.'
'Won't you come with me? Three of us – we'd stand a chance.'
After a moment's silence, Sam spoke in a strangled voice.
'You don't know Roger. He's a terror.'
'— And the Chief – they're both ——'
'— terrors ——'
'— only Roger ——'
Both boys froze. Someone was climbing towards them from the tribe.
'He's coming to see if we're keeping watch. Quick, Ralph!'
As he prepared to let himself down the cliff, Ralph snatched at the last possible advantage to be wrung out of this meeting.
'I'll lie up close; in that thicket down there,' he whispered, 'so keep them away from it. They'll never think to look so close ——'
The footsteps were still some distance away.
'Sam – I'm going to be all right, aren't I?'
The twins were silent again.

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'Here!' said Sam suddenly. 'Take this ——'

Ralph felt a chunk of meat pushed against him and grabbed it.

'But what are you going to do when you catch me?'

Silence above. He sounded silly to himself. He lowered himself down the rock.

'What are you going to do ——?'

From the top of the towering rock came the incomprehensible reply.

'Roger sharpened a stick at both ends.'

How does Golding make this such a terrifying moment in the novel?

38 How does Golding persuade you of Piggy's importance to Ralph? Support your answer by close reference to the novel.

39 You are Jack. Ralph has just blown the conch to summon an assembly after you have explored the island. 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.

Bathsheba went home, her mind occupied with a new trouble, which being rather harassing than deadly was calculated to do good by diverting her from the chronic gloom of her life. She was set thinking a great deal about Oak and of his wish to shun her; and there occurred to Bathsheba several incidents of her latter intercourse with him, which, trivial when singly viewed, amounted together to a perceptible disinclination for her society. It broke upon her at length as a great pain that her last old disciple was about to forsake her and flee. He who had believed in her and argued on her side when all the rest of the world was against her, had at last like the others become weary and neglectful of the old cause, and was leaving her to fight her battles alone.

Three weeks went on, and more evidence of his want of interest in her was forthcoming. She noticed that instead of entering the small parlour or office where the farm accounts were kept, and waiting, or leaving a memorandum as he had hitherto done during her seclusion, Oak never came at all when she was likely to be there, only entering at unseasonable hours when her presence in that part of the house was least to be expected. Whenever he wanted directions he sent a message, or note with neither heading nor signature, to which she was obliged to reply in the same off-hand style. Poor Bathsheba began to suffer now from the most torturing sting of all – a sensation that she was despised.

The autumn wore away gloomily enough amid these melancholy conjectures, and Christmas-day came, completing a year of her legal widowhood, and two years and a quarter of her life alone. On examining her heart it appeared beyond measure strange that the subject of which the season might have been supposed suggestive – the event in the hall at Boldwood's – was not agitating her at all; but instead, an agonizing conviction that everybody abjured her – for what she could not tell – and that Oak was the ringleader of the recusants. Coming out of church that day she looked round in hope that Oak, whose bass voice she had heard rolling out from the gallery overhead in a most unconcerned manner, might chance to linger in her path in the old way. There he was, as usual, coming down the path behind her. But on seeing Bathsheba turn, he looked aside, and as soon as he got beyond the gate, and there was the barest excuse for a divergence, he made one, and vanished.

The next morning brought the culminating stroke; she had been expecting it long. It was a formal notice by letter from him that he should not renew his engagement with her for the following Lady-day.

Bathsheba actually sat and cried over this letter most bitterly. She was aggrieved and wounded that the possession of hopeless love from Gabriel, which she had grown to regard as her inalienable right for life, should have been withdrawn just at his own pleasure in this way. She was bewildered too by the prospect of having to rely on her resources again: it seemed to herself that she never could again acquire energy sufficient to go to market, barter, and sell. Since Troy's death Oak had attended all sales and fairs for her, transacting her business at the same time with his own. What should she do now? Her life was becoming a desolation.

Explore how in this passage Hardy vividly portrays Bathsheba's state of mind.

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41 How does Hardy make you feel so sympathetic towards Fanny Robin in this novel? Refer to details in the novel as you answer.

42 You are Bathsheba. You have just been informed that you are to have sole control of your uncle's farm. 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.

'All right, Mr Finch, get 'em outa here,' someone growled. 'You got fifteen seconds to get 'em outa here.'

In the midst of this strange assembly, Atticus stood trying to make Jem mind him. 'I ain't going,' was his steady answer to Atticus's threats, requests, and finally, 'Please Jem, take them home.'

I was getting a bit tired of that, but felt Jem had his own reasons for doing as he did, in view of his prospects once Atticus did get home. I looked around the crowd. It was a summer's night, but the men were dressed, most of them, in overalls and denim shirts buttoned up to the collars. I thought they must be cold-natured, as their sleeves were unrolled and buttoned at the cuffs. Some wore hats pulled firmly down over their ears. They were sullen-looking, sleepy-eyed men who seemed unused to late hours. I sought once more for a familiar face, and at the centre of the semi-circle I found one.

'Hey, Mr Cunningham.'

The man did not hear me, it seemed.

'Hey, Mr Cunningham. How's your entailment gettin' along?'

Mr Walter Cunningham's legal affairs were well known to me; Atticus had once described them at length. The big man blinked and hooked his thumbs in his overall straps. He seemed uncomfortable; he cleared his throat and looked away. My friendly overture had fallen flat.

Mr Cunningham wore no hat, and the top half of his forehead was white in contrast to his sun-scorched face, which led me to believe that he wore one most days. He shifted his feet, clad in heavy work shoes.

'Don't you remember me, Mr Cunningham? I'm Jean Louise Finch. You brought us some hickory nuts one time, remember?' I began to sense the futility one feels when unacknowledged by a chance acquaintance.

'I go to school with Walter,' I began again. 'He's your boy, ain't he? Ain't he, sir?'

Mr Cunningham was moved to a faint nod. He did know me, after all.

'He's in my grade,' I said, 'and he does right well. He's a good boy,' I added, 'a real nice boy. We brought him home for dinner one time. Maybe he told you about me, I beat him up one time but he was real nice about it. Tell him hey for me, won't you?'

Atticus had said it was the polite thing to talk to people about what they were interested in, not about what you were interested in. Mr Cunningham displayed no interest in his son, so I tackled his entailment once more in a last-ditch effort to make him feel at home.

'Entailments are bad,' I was advising him, when I slowly awoke to the fact that I was addressing the entire aggregation. The men were all looking at me, some had their mouths half-open. Atticus had stopped poking at Jem: they were standing together beside Dill. Their attention amounted to fascination. Atticus's mouth, even, was half-open, an attitude he had once described as uncouth. Our eyes met and he shut it.

'Well, Atticus, I was just sayin' to Mr Cunningham that entailments are bad an' all that, but you said not to worry, it takes a long time sometimes … that you all'd ride it out together …' I was slowly drying up, wondering what idiocy I had committed. Entailments seemed all right enough for living-room talk.

I began to feel sweat gathering at the edges of my hair; I could stand anything but a bunch of people looking at me. They were quite still.

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'What's the matter?' I asked.

Atticus said nothing. I looked around and up at Mr Cunningham, whose face was equally impassive. Then he did a peculiar thing. He squatted down and took me by both shoulders.

'I'll tell him you said hey, little lady,' he said.

Then he straightened up and waved a big paw. 'Let's clear out,' he called. 'Let's get going, boys.'

What makes this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the novel?

44 To what extent do you think the relationship between Scout and Jem changes during the course of the novel? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

45 You are Bob Ewell as you make your way to the courthouse at the beginning of the trial of Tom Robinson. 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.

She saw the way he looked at her when she was dancing and knew. Only a stranger would look like that at the *Umu-ogbo* dance, and only a man who had fallen would linger on her movements that way. Yet it embarrassed her when, sitting with the elderly women in the bright hot afternoon, she looked up from her sewing and saw him, asking questions. Though she knew he had seen her, he did not once look in her direction. He looked so transparently silly and pitiable.

She wondered what to do. Should she go to his help there – while her mother and her fiancé's mother were present? He seemed to be holding his own, telling fables, something about having missed his way, having recently crossed the Niger … She would go to his aid. Suddenly she caught the hard look on his unsmiling face, a look full of the agony of desire.

Her legs felt too heavy to stir. Too many eyes. In Onitsha Town there were eyes on the walls. In the compound, eyes. In the streets, eyes. Such a small town, and so small-town-minded. You went down Market Street, new or old, and came back into Market Street, new or old, through a number of parallel feeder streets. Of course, Lilian had lived here since she was born and she knew her way to her lover's house without being seen even by day, and with her mother happily thinking she had gone to market. But once they saw her, once they saw a girl they knew and respected speaking with a glamorous-looking stranger like this one, or in a hotel, or standing in the streets and talking to a *man* in broad daylight, or daring to hold hands or to linger too long with a handshake, the eyes would roll and the tongues would wag and the girl's best course of action would be to leave the town or immediately be branded.

By the time Lilian looked up from her machine, he was gone. Her mother was coming back to the veranda.

'What did he say he wanted?'

'Do I know?' Her mother shrugged and made a face. 'These young men from Lagos, who understands the language they speak?'

Lilian knew he had come for her but his courage had failed him. 'Did he say his name, or where he lives?'

'He called a name. He is not of a family I know.'

Unlike her mother, Lilian cared little for 'families she knew'. She judged young men by what her instincts told her, and this time they told her she had made a conquest, full of strange enchantment. She put the scissors through the wax print and shaped it into a skirt that ended well above her knees. Her mother's eyes followed her with resentment. She called such tight clothes 'mad people's clothes'.

On her way down Market Street, Lilian wiggled in the new dress. Her hair had been newly done, and the loop earrings were large enough to play hula-hoop. Someone stopped just behind her. She looked round. Eyes. From the windows of the hotels, bookshops, sign painters, mechanics' workshops, eyes focused enquiringly on her and the stranger with such intentness that she felt like something projected on a 3-D screen for all Onitsha to view. This was sensation.

He was tall and good-looking and did not show any embarrassment at being made the spectacle of Market Street. Of course, he did not know the town. He would scandalize her, and leave her to it. That was the way of strangers. They left you to the gossips.

(from *A Stranger from Lagos* by Cyprian Ekwensi)

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In this opening to the story, what does Ekwensi make you think about the personality of Lilian and about the people of Onitsha Town? Support your thoughts with details from the passage.

47 Explore in detail how in **either** *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma) **or** *Samphire* (by Patrick O'Brian) the writer creates a vivid picture of the power of hatred.

48 You are Tom in *A Woman on a Roof* at the end of the story. You have finally left the woman and gone down the ladder into the street. Write your thoughts.

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