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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

October/November 2007

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.

Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.

At least one question must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay/empathic question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **32** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Either *1 What does Hansberry make you feel as you read this passage?

Support your answer by close reference to the text.

- Lindner:* Well, I don't know how much you folks know about our organization. [*He is a gentle man; thoughtful and somewhat laboured in his manner.*] It is one of these community organizations set up to look after – oh, you know, things like block upkeep and special projects and we also have what we call our New Neighbours Orientation Committee ... 5
- Beneatha:* [*drily*] Yes – and what do they do?
- Lindner:* [*turning a little to her and then returning the main force to Walter*] Well – it's what you might call a sort of welcoming committee, I guess. I mean they, we, I'm the chairman of the committee – go around and see the new people who move into the neighbourhood and sort of give them the lowdown on the way we do things out in Clybourne Park. 10
- Beneatha:* [*with appreciation of the two meanings, which escape Ruth and Walter*] Un-huh. 15
- Lindner:* And we also have the category of what the association calls – [*he looks elsewhere*] – uh – special community problems ...
- Beneatha:* Yes – and what are some of those?
- Walter:* Girl, let the man talk.
- Lindner:* [*with understated relief*] Thank you. I would sort of like to explain this thing in my own way. I mean I want to explain to you in a certain way. 20
- Walter:* Go ahead.
- Lindner:* Yes. Well. I'm going to try to get right to the point. I'm sure we'll all appreciate that in the long run. 25
- Beneatha:* Yes.
- Walter:* Be still now!
- Lindner:* Well –
- Ruth:* [*still innocently*] Would you like another chair – you don't look comfortable. 30
- Lindner:* [*more frustrated than annoyed*] No, thank you very much. Please. Well – to get right to the point I – [*a great breath, and he is off at last*] I am sure you people must be aware of some of the incidents which have happened in various parts of the city when coloured people have moved into certain areas – [*Beneatha exhales heavily and starts tossing a piece of fruit up and down in the air.*] Well – because we have what I think is going to be a unique type of organization in American community life – not only do we deplore that kind of thing – but we are trying to do something about it. [*Beneatha stops tossing and turns with a new quizzical interest to the man.*] 35
- We feel – [*gaining confidence in this mission because of the interest in the faces of the people he is talking to*] – we feel that most of the trouble in this world, when you come right down to it – [*he hits his knee for emphasis*] – most of the trouble exists because people just don't sit down and talk to each other. 40
- Ruth:* [*nodding as she might in church, pleased with the remark*] 45

- You can say that again, mister.
- Lindner:* [more encouraged by such affirmation] That we don't try hard enough in this world to understand the other fellow's problem. The other guy's point of view. 50
- Ruth:* Now that's right.
- Beneatha and Walter merely watch and listen with genuine interest.*
- Lindner:* Yes – that's the way we feel out in Clybourne Park. And that's why I was elected to come here this afternoon and talk to you people. Friendly like, you know, the way people should talk to each other and see if we couldn't find some way to work this thing out. As I say, the whole business is a matter of *caring* about the other fellow. Anybody can see that you are a nice family of folks, hard working and honest I'm sure. [*Beneatha frowns slightly, quizzically, her head tilted regarding him.*] Today everybody knows what it means to be on the outside of *something*. And of course, there is always somebody who is out to take the advantage of people who don't always understand. 55
60
65
- Walter:* What do you mean?
- Lindner:* Well – you see our community is made up of people who've worked hard as the dickens for years to build up that little community. They're not rich and fancy people; just hard-working, honest people who don't really have much but those little homes and a dream of the kind of community they want to raise their children in. Now, I don't say we are perfect and there is a lot wrong in some of the things they want. But you've got to admit that a man, right or wrong, has the right to want to have the neighbourhood he lives in a certain kind of way. And at the moment the overwhelming majority of our people out there feel that people get along better, take more of a common interest in the life of the community, when they share a common background. I want you to believe me when I tell you that race prejudice simply doesn't enter into it. It is a matter of the people of Clybourne Park believing, rightly or wrongly, as I say, that for the happiness of all concerned that our Negro families are happier when they live in their *own* communities. 70
75
80
85
- Beneatha:* [*with a grand and bitter gesture*] This, friends, is the Welcoming Committee!

- Or** **2** Explore the ways in which the play conveys the importance of having dreams and ambitions.
- Or** **3** You are Ruth. You have just heard that Walter has been tricked by Willy and all the money for the business is gone.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

Either *7 In what ways does this passage give you a striking introduction to Duke Senior and the life that he and his courtiers live in the Forest of Arden?

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

<i>Duke Senior:</i>	Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,	5
	The seasons' difference; as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 'This is no flattery; these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am.'	10
	Sweet are the uses of adversity; Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything. I would not change it.	15
<i>Amiens:</i>	Happy is your Grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style.	20
<i>Duke Senior:</i>	Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads Have their round haunches gor'd.	25
<i>First Lord:</i>	Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him as he lay along Under an oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls along this wood! To the which place a poor sequest'ring stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting; and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.	30 35 40
<i>Duke Senior:</i>	But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle?	45

Or 8 Explore the importance to the play of Jaques, the banished Duke's companion.
Support your answer by close reference to the play.

Or 9 You are Orlando at the end of the play.
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Either *10 In what ways do you think Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic moment in the play?

Macbeth: If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly. If th' assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here – 5
 But here upon this bank and shoal of time –
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgement here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return
 To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice 10
 Commends th' ingredience of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject –
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on th' other.

Or 11 It has been argued that Banquo deserves his fate. What do you think?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or 12 You are Lady Macbeth at the start of the play. Your husband is away fighting those who have rebelled against King Duncan.

Write your thoughts.

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Turn to page 12 for Question 13.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

Either *13 By what means does Shaw create a dramatic climax here at the end of the Act?

<i>Richard:</i>	By your leave, Minister: I do not interfere with your sermons: do not you interrupt mine. [<i>To Essie</i>] Do you know what they call me, Essie?	
<i>Essie:</i>	Dick.	
<i>Richard:</i>	[<i>amused: patting her on the shoulder</i>] Yes, Dick; but something else too. They call me the Devil's Disciple.	5
<i>Essie:</i>	Why do you let them?	
<i>Richard:</i>	[<i>seriously</i>] Because it's true. I was brought up in the other service; but I knew from the first that the Devil was my natural master and captain and friend. I saw that he was in the right, and that the world cringed to his conqueror only through fear. I prayed secretly to him; and he comforted me, and saved me from having my spirit broken in this house of children's tears. I promised him my soul, and swore on oath that I would stand up for him in this world and stand by him in the next. [<i>Solemnly</i>] That promise and that oath made a man of me. From this day this house is his home; and no child shall cry in it: this hearth is his altar; and no soul shall ever cower over it in the dark evenings and be afraid. Now [<i>turning forcibly on the rest</i>] which of you good men will take this child and rescue her from the house of the devil?	10 15 20
<i>Judith:</i>	[<i>coming to Essie and throwing a protecting arm about her</i>] I will. You should be burnt alive.	25
<i>Essie:</i>	But I don't want to. [<i>She shrinks back, leaving Richard and Judith face to face</i>].	
<i>Richard:</i>	[<i>to Judith</i>] Actually doesn't want to, most virtuous lady!	
<i>Uncle Titus:</i>	Have a care, Richard Dudgeon. The law –	
<i>Richard:</i>	[<i>turning threateningly on him</i>] Have a care, you. In an hour from this there will be no law here but martial law. I passed the soldiers within six miles on my way here: before noon Major Swindon's gallows for rebels will be up in the market place.	30
<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>calmly</i>] What have we to fear from that, sir?	35
<i>Richard:</i>	More than you think. He hanged the wrong man at Springtown: he thought Uncle Peter was respectable, because the Dudgeons had a good name. But his next example will be the best man in the town to whom he can bring home a rebellious word. Well, we're all rebels; and you know it.	40
<i>All the men:</i>	[<i>except Anderson</i>] No, no, no!	
<i>Richard:</i>	Yes, you are. You haven't damned King George up hill and down dale as I have; but you've prayed for his defeat; and you, Anthony Anderson, have conducted the service, and sold your family bible to buy a pair of pistols. They mayn't hang me, perhaps; because the moral effect of the Devil's Disciple dancing on nothing wouldn't help them. But a minister! [<i>Judith, dismayed, clings to Anderson</i>] or a lawyer! [<i>Hawkins smiles like a man able to take care of himself</i>] or an upright horsedealer! [<i>Uncle Titus snarls at him in rage and</i>	45 50

	<i>terror</i>] or a reformed drunkard! [<i>Uncle William, utterly unnerved, moans and wobbles with fear</i>] eh? Would that shew that King George meant business – ha?	55
Anderson:	[<i>perfectly self-possessed</i>] Come, my dear: he is only trying to frighten you. There is no danger. [<i>He takes her out of the house. The rest crowd to the door to follow him, except Essie, who remains near Richard</i>].	
Richard:	[<i>boisterously derisive</i>] Now then: how many of you will stay with me; run up the American flag on the devil's house; and make a fight for freedom? [<i>They scramble out, Christy among them, hustling one another in their haste</i>] Ha ha! Long live the devil! [<i>To Mrs Dudgeon, who is following them</i>] What, mother! Are you off too?	60
Mrs Dudgeon:	[<i>deadly pale, with her hand on her heart as if she had received a deathblow</i>] My curse on you! My dying curse! [<i>She goes out</i>].	65
Richard:	[<i>calling after her</i>] It will bring me luck. Ha ha ha!	
Essie:	[<i>anxiously</i>] Maynt I stay?	70
Richard:	[<i>turning to her</i>] What! Have they forgotten to save your soul in their anxiety about their own bodies? Oh yes: you may stay. [<i>He turns excitedly away again and shakes his fist after them. His left fist, also clenched, hangs down. Essie seizes it and kisses it, her tears falling on it. He starts and looks at it</i>]. Tears! The devil's baptism! [<i>She falls on her knees, sobbing. He stoops goodnaturedly to raise her, saying</i>] Oh yes, you may cry that way, Essie, if you like.	75

Or 14 Explore how in this play Shaw ridicules the principles by which many people live their lives.

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or 15 You are General Burgoyne on your way to the court martial of Richard Dudgeon.

Write your thoughts.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Either *16 What makes this such a dramatic moment in the play?

Doctor: [motioning to the Matron] Nurse, bring her out.

[The Matron advances on one side, Stanley on the other. Divested of all the softer properties of womanhood, the Matron is a peculiarly sinister figure in her severe dress. Her voice is bold and toneless as a fire-bell.]

5

Matron: Hello, Blanche.

[The greeting is echoed and re-echoed by other mysterious voices behind the walls, as if reverberated through a canyon of rock.]

Stanley: She says that she forgot something.

10

[The echo sounds in threatening whispers.]

Matron: That's all right.

Stanley: What did you forget, Blanche?

Blanche: I – I –

Matron: It don't matter. We can pick it up later.

15

Stanley: Sure. We can send it along with the trunk.

Blanche: [retreating in panic] I don't know you – I don't know you. I want to be – left alone – please!

Matron: Now, Blanche!

Echoes: [rising and falling] Now, Blanche – now, Blanche – now, Blanche!

20

Stanley: You left nothing here but spilt talcum and old empty perfume bottles – unless it's the paper lantern you want to take with you. You want the lantern?

[He crosses to dressing-table and seizes the paper lantern, tearing it off the light bulb, and extends it towards her. She cries out as if the lantern was herself. The Matron steps boldly towards her. She screams and tries to break past the Matron. All the men spring to their feet. Stella runs out to the porch, with Eunice following to comfort her, simultaneously with the confused voices of the men in the kitchen. Stella rushes into Eunice's embrace on the porch.]

25

30

Stella: Oh, my God, Eunice, help me! Don't let them do that to her, don't let them hurt her! Oh, God, oh, please God, don't hurt her! What are they doing to her? What are they doing? [She tries to break from Eunice's arms.]

35

Eunice: No, honey, no, no, honey. Stay here. Don't go back in there. Stay with me and don't look.

Stella: What have I done to my sister? Oh, God, what have I done to my sister?

40

Eunice: You done the right thing, the only thing you could do. She couldn't stay here; there wasn't no other place for her to go.

[While Stella and Eunice are speaking on the porch the voices of the men in the kitchen overlap them.]

Stanley: *[running in from the bedroom]* Hey! Hey! Doctor! Doctor, you better go in! 45

Doctor: Too bad, too bad. I always like to avoid it.

Pablo: This is a very bad thing.

Steve: This is no way to do it. She should've been told.

Pablo: *Madre de Dios! Cosa mala, muy, muy mala!* 50

[Mitch has started towards the bedroom. Stanley crosses to block him.]

Mitch: *[wildly]* You! You done this, all o' your God damn interfering with things you –

Stanley: Quit the blubber! *[He pushes him aside.]* 55

Mitch: I'll kill you! *[He lunges and strikes at Stanley.]*

Stanley: Hold this bone-headed cry-baby!

Steve: *[grasping Mitch]* Stop it, Mitch.

Pablo: Yeah, yeah, take it easy!

Or 17 What do you think makes Stanley such a powerfully dramatic character in this play?

Refer to details in the play in your answer.

Or 18 You are Blanche before the play begins, on your way to visit your sister.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

Either *19 Explore the ways in which Coleridge's words here create contrasting pictures of Christabel and Geraldine.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room, 5
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air, 10
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain, 15
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim. 20
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine, 25
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn? 30
Christabel answered – Woe is me!
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell 35
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
O mother dear! that thou wert here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!

But soon with altered voice, said she –
'Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine! 40
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?

And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off! this hour is mine –
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me.'

45

(from *Christabel*, Part 1)

- Or** **20** In what ways does Coleridge make *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* so exciting for you?

Justify your answer with detailed reference to Coleridge's writing.

- Or** **21** Explore the ways in which Coleridge makes *Frost at Midnight* so powerful for you.

Refer in detail to the poem as you answer.

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: The University of Cambridge International Examinations Anthology
of Poetry in English – from Part 3**

Either *22 In what ways do you think Mungoshi vividly conveys the atmosphere of the early morning in this poem?

Before the Sun

Intense blue morning
promising early heat
and later in the afternoon,
heavy rain.

The bright chips 5
fly from the sharp axe
for some distance through the air
arc,
and eternities later,
settle down in showers 10
on the dewy grass.

It is a big log:
but when you are fourteen
big logs
are what you want. 15

The wood gives off
a sweet nose-cleansing odour
which (unlike sawdust)
doesn't make one sneeze.

It sends up a thin spiral 20
of smoke which later straightens
and flutes out
to the distant sky: a signal
of some sort,
or a sacrificial prayer. 25

The wood hisses,
The sparks fly.

And when the sun
finally shows up
in the East like some 30
latecomer to a feast
I have got two cobs of maize
ready for it.

I tell the sun to come share
with me the roasted maize 35
and the sun just winks
like a grown-up.

So I go ahead, taking big
 alternate bites:
 one for the sun, 40
 one for me.
 This one for the sun,
 this one for me:
 till the cobs
 are just two little skeletons 45
 in the sun.

(by Charles Mungoshi)

- Or** **23** Explore the ways in which the words memorably portray those people who make a living through physical labour in **either** *Farmhand* (by James Baxter) **or** *Muliebrity* (by Sujata Bhatt).
- Or** **24** Explore the ways in which the words of **either** *Caged Bird* (by Maya Angelou) **or** *Song to the Men of England* (by Percy Bysshe Shelley) strikingly convey the injustices of the world.

SECTION C: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Either *25 Explore the ways in which Achebe vividly conveys the excitement and drama of this occasion.

The drummers took up their sticks again and the air shivered and grew tense like a tightened bow.

The two teams were ranged facing each other across the clear space. A young man from one team danced across the centre to the other side and pointed at whomever he wanted to fight. They danced back to the centre together and then closed in.

5

There were twelve men on each side and the challenge went from one side to the other. Two judges walked around the wrestlers and when they thought they were equally matched, stopped them. Five matches ended in this way. But the really exciting moments were when a man was thrown. The huge voice of the crowd then rose to the sky and in every direction. It was even heard in the surrounding villages.

10

The last match was between the leaders of the teams. They were among the best wrestlers in all the nine villages. The crowd wondered who would throw the other this year. Some said Okafo was the better man; others said he was not the equal of Ikezue. Last year neither of them had thrown the other even though the judges had allowed the contest to go on longer than was the custom. They had the same style and one saw the other's plans beforehand. It might happen again this year.

15

20

Dusk was already approaching when their contest began. The drums went mad and the crowds also. They surged forward as the two young men danced into the circle. The palm fronds were helpless in keeping them back.

Ikezue held out his right hand. Okafo seized it, and they closed in. It was a fierce contest. Ikezue strove to dig in his right heel behind Okafo so as to pitch him backwards in the clever *ege* style. But the one knew what the other was thinking. The crowd had surrounded and swallowed up the drummers, whose frantic rhythm was no longer a mere disembodied sound but the very heartbeat of the people.

25

30

The wrestlers were now almost still in each other's grip. The muscles on their arms and their thighs and on their backs stood out and twitched. It looked like an equal match. The two judges were already moving forward to separate them when Ikezue, now desperate, went down quickly on one knee in an attempt to fling his man backwards over his head. It was a sad miscalculation. Quick as the lightning of Amadiora, Okafo raised his right leg and swung it over his rival's head. The crowd burst into a thunderous roar. Okafo was swept off his feet by his supporters and carried home shoulder-high. They sang his praise and the young women clapped their hands:

35

40

Who will wrestle for our village?

Okafo will wrestle for our village.

Has he thrown a hundred men?

He has thrown four hundred men.

Has he thrown a hundred Cats?

He has thrown four hundred Cats.

Then send him word to fight for us.

45

Or **26** To what extent does Achebe encourage you to sympathise with Okonkwo?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

Or **27** At the end of the novel, the District Commissioner thinks that the murder of the messenger and Okonkwo's suicide might feature in his book.

Write what the District Commissioner puts in his book about these incidents.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Either *28 How do you think Dickens makes this such an amusing picture of family life?

They were brought in by Flopson and Millers, much as though those two non-commissioned officers had been recruiting somewhere for children and had enlisted these: while Mrs Pocket looked at the young Nobles that ought to have been, as if she rather thought she had had the pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn't quite know what to make of them. 5

'Here! Give me your fork, Mum, and take the baby,' said Flopson. 'Don't take it that way, or you'll get its head under the table.'

Thus advised, Mrs Pocket took it the other way, and got its head upon the table; which was announced to all present by a prodigious concussion. 10

'Dear, dear! Give it me back, Mum,' said Flopson; 'and Miss Jane, come and dance to baby, do!'

One of the little girls, a mere mite who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others, stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then, all the children laughed, and Mr Pocket (who in the meantime had twice endeavoured to lift himself up by the hair) laughed, and we all laughed and were glad. 15

Flopson, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs Pocket's lap, and gave it the nutcrackers to play with: at the same time recommending Mrs Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging Miss Jane to look after the same. Then, the two nurses left the room, and had a lively scuffle on the staircase with a dissipated page who had waited at dinner, and who had clearly lost half his buttons at the gaming-table. 20

I was made very uneasy in my mind by Mrs Pocket's falling into a discussion with Drummle respecting two baronetcies, while she ate a sliced orange steeped in sugar and wine, and forgetting all about the baby on her lap: who did most appalling things with the nutcrackers. At length, little Jane perceiving its young brains to be imperilled, softly left her place, and with many small artifices coaxed the dangerous weapon away. Mrs Pocket finishing her orange at about the same time, and not approving of this, said to Jane: 30

'You naughty child, how dare you? Go and sit down this instant!' 35

'Mamma dear,' lisped the little girl, 'baby ood have put hith eyeth out.'

'How dare you tell me so?' retorted Mrs Pocket. 'Go and sit down in your chair this moment!'

Mrs Pocket's dignity was so crushing, that I felt quite abashed: as if I myself had done something to rouse it. 40

'Belinda,' remonstrated Mr Pocket, from the other end of the table, 'how can you be so unreasonable? Jane only interfered for the protection of baby.'

'I will not allow anybody to interfere,' said Mrs Pocket. 'I am surprised, Matthew, that you should expose me to the affront of interference.' 45

'Good God!' cried Mr Pocket, in an outbreak of desolate desperation. 'Are infants to be nutcrackered into their tombs, and is nobody to save them?'

'I will not be interfered with by Jane,' said Mrs Pocket, with a majestic glance at that innocent little offender. 'I hope I know my poor grandpapa's position. Jane, indeed!' 50

Mr Pocket got his hands in his hair again, and this time really did lift himself some inches out of his chair. 'Hear this!' he helplessly exclaimed to the elements. 'Babies are to be nutcrackered dead, for people's poor grandpapa's positions!' Then he let himself down again, and became silent. 55

- Or** **29** What do you think makes **either** Orlick **or** Pumblechook **or** Wemmick such a memorable character in the novel?

Support your ideas about your chosen character with detail from the writing.

- Or** **30** You are Biddy. You have just thrown the old shoe after Pip as he departs to London to begin his life as a gentleman.

Write your thoughts.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

- Either *31** Explore the ways in which Dunmore in this extract memorably conveys both Marina's powerful personality and Anna's mistrust of her.

Marina's eyes shone as if she had just blinked away tears. She was still much too beautiful, even now with the lines driving deep into her skin as she smiled, and her hair showing coarse and grey under the electric light. She was an actress, wasn't she? That's why she could throw out so much emotion that she took up the entire room. Imagine living with that force. You'd feel crowded. It would crowd you out. Everything you felt would be less important than anything she felt. Perhaps that was why she went on battering Vera with offers of friendship, when the friendship was gone. 5

'You want to stay here,' said Anna. 10

'Yes. Only for a day or two. I've had to leave the dacha. A friend has offered me a room, but I'll have to wait until her children are evacuated. It should be on Wednesday. And with the Germans breaking through, I wanted to be sure to get into the city as soon as possible, before I was cut off.' 15

The matter-of-fact way she said it unnerved Anna.

'They'll never get as far as your dacha. They can't get that close to Leningrad.'

Marina smiled in much the way Anna smiled when Kolya made one of his wild, childishly confident assertions. *Fine, if you don't want to join the grown-ups, I shan't spoil things for you.* 20

'My old nurse has gone up to Mga. She's got family there. But this is where I belong. This is where I should be, here in Leningrad. So if you could let me stay, just for a couple of nights – I can sleep anywhere. And I shan't go out, so there won't be any risk to you. And look –' she dived into her bundle. 'Food. I brought everything I could. Here, have these jars of honey.' 25

Two jars of dark honey. Two sealed jars of lard. A greasy packet of smoked trout. Dried mushrooms, dried cherries –

'This is pork fat. And the bilberry jam is last year's. It's full of vitamins.' 30

Marina Petrovna laid the jars and packets out on Anna's table. Her face sparkled with triumph.

'I brought as much as I could carry.'

Anna's mouth prickled. Here it was, everything she'd searched for in the empty shops. She could smell the musk of the cherries. Already, in her mind, she was storing the food and portioning it out. But she said what she had to say. 35

'Marina Petrovna, we can't take this –'

'Don't you know that food is the only thing that matters in a war? The only thing. You must put all this away, Anna. You're going to need it. You're too young to remember what it was like last time. Such terrible sufferings ... but you were only a baby then.' 40

'I can't let you give us so much,' said Anna, but she knew she would, and she thought that Marina Petrovna knew it too. And perhaps Marina Petrovna wasn't going to be so bad after all. At least she wasn't so completely lost in how things used to be that she never bothered to find out how they were now. 45

'Don't worry,' said Marina Petrovna. 'There's still some food left in the bundle. I shan't go to my friend's house empty-handed. But I'm not making any conditions, Anna. Whether I stay here or not, this food is for 50

you and Kolya, for your mother's sake.'

If only she hadn't tacked on that last bit, about my mother. But then she is an actress. That's why her sentences always end properly. It's important not to forget that. And then Marina Petrovna smiled, a sudden, naked, timid smile, unlike any expression Anna had seen on her face before. 55

'Of course you can stay here,' Anna said, before she knew that she was going to say it.

Or 32 Explore the ways in which Dunmore in this novel makes vivid what it was like to live in Russia when Stalin was in power.

Or 33 You are Andrei as you walk back through Leningrad after your first night out with Anna. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either *34 How does Golding make this incident so shocking?

Support your answer by close reference to the passage.

The hunters were looking uneasily at the sky, flinching from the stroke of the drops. A wave of restlessness set the boys swaying and moving aimlessly. The flickering light became brighter and the blows of the thunder were only just bearable. The littluns began to run about, screaming.

Jack leapt on to the sand.

5

'Do our dance! Come on! Dance!'

He ran stumbling through the thick sand to the open space of rock beyond the fire. Between the flashes of lightning the air was dark and terrible; and the boys followed him, clamorously. Roger became the pig, grunting and charging at Jack, who side-stepped. The hunters took their spears, the cooks took spits, and the rest clubs of fire-wood. A circling movement developed and a chant. While Roger mimed the terror of the pig, the littluns ran and jumped on the outside of the circle. Piggy and Ralph, under the threat of the sky, found themselves eager to take a place in this demented but partly secure society. They were glad to touch the brown backs of the fence that hemmed in the terror and made it governable.

10

15

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. Roger ceased to be a pig and became a hunter, so that the centre of the ring yawned emptily. Some of the littluns started a ring on their own; and the complementary circles went round and round as though repetition would achieve safety of itself. There was the throb and stamp of a single organism.

20

The dark sky was shattered by a blue-white scar. An instant later the noise was on them like the blow of a gigantic whip. The chant rose a tone in agony.

25

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

Now out of the terror rose another desire, thick, urgent, blind.

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

30

Again the blue-white scar jagged above them and the sulphurous explosion beat down. The littluns screamed and blundered about, fleeing from the edge of the forest, and one of them broke the ring of biguns in his terror.

'Him! Him!'

35

The circle became a horseshoe. A thing was crawling out of the forest. It came darkly, uncertainly. The shrill screaming that rose before the beast was like a pain. The beast stumbled into the horseshoe.

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!'

The blue-white scar was constant, the noise unendurable. Simon was crying out something about a dead man on a hill.

40

'Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood! Do him in!'

The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. The beast was on its knees in the centre, its arms folded over its face. It was crying out against the abominable noise something about a body on the hill. The beast struggled forward, broke the ring, and fell over the steep edge of the rock to the sand by the water. At once the crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt on to the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. There were no words, and no movements but the tearing of teeth and claws.

45

50

Then the clouds opened and let down the rain like a waterfall. The water bounded from the mountain-top, tore leaves and branches from the trees, poured like a cold shower over the struggling heap on the sand. Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand. 55

Now a great wind blew the rain sideways, cascading the water from the forest trees. On the mountain-top the parachute filled and moved; the figure slid, rose to its feet, spun, swayed down through a vastness of wet air and trod with ungainly feet the tops of the high trees; falling, still falling, it sank towards the beach and the boys rushed screaming into the darkness. The parachute took the figure forward, furrowing the lagoon, and bumped it over the reef and out to sea. 60

- Or** **35** 'We feel irritated by Piggy but cannot avoid feeling intense sympathy for him.' How far do you agree with this statement?

Support your answer by close reference to the novel.

- Or** **36** You are Jack, just after the murder of Simon on the beach.

Write your thoughts.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels with My Aunt*

- Either *37** What does this passage reveal about Henry's state of mind at this time, and why is it such an important moment in the novel?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing in the passage.

We drove several miles along the sea of Marmara and came to a stop outside a plain uninteresting building marked 'West Berlin Hotel'. Nothing could have belonged less to the Istanbul of my imagination. It was three square stories high and might well have been built among the ruins of Berlin by a local contractor at low cost. The driver led the way into a hall which occupied the whole ground space of the hotel. A young woman stood by a small piano and sang what I supposed were sentimental songs to an audience of middle-aged men in their shirt-sleeves sitting at big tables drinking beer. Most of them, like my own driver, had big grey moustaches, and they applauded heavily and dutifully when the song was over. Glasses of beer were placed in front of us, and the driver and I drank to each other. It was good beer, I noticed, and when I poured it on top of all the raki and the wine I had already drunk, my spirits rose. In the young girl I saw a resemblance to Tooley, and in the heavy men around me I imagined – 'Do you know General Abdul?' I asked the driver. He hushed me quickly. I looked around again and realized that there was not a single woman in the big hall except the young singer, and at this moment the piano stopped and with a glance at the clock, which marked midnight, the girl seized her handbag and went out through a door at the back. Then, after the glasses had been refilled, the pianist struck up a more virile tune, and all the middle-aged men rose and put their arms around each other's shoulders and began to dance, forming circles which they enlarged, broke and formed again. They charged, they retreated, they stamped the ground in unison. No one spoke to his neighbour, there was no drunken jollity. I was like an outsider at some religious ceremony of which he couldn't interpret the symbols. Even my driver left me to put his arm round another man's shoulder, and I drank more beer to drown my sense of being excluded. I was drunk, I knew that, for drunken tears stood in my eyes, and I wanted to throw my beer glass on the floor and join the dancing. But I was excluded, as I had always been excluded. Tooley had joined her young friends and Miss Keene had departed to cousins in Koffiefontein, leaving her tatting on a chair under the Van de Velde. I would always be protected, as I had been when a cashier, by a hygienic plastic screen. Even the breath of the dancers didn't reach me as they circled my table. My aunt was probably talking about things which mattered to her with General Abdul. She had greeted her adopted son in Milan more freely than she had ever greeted me. She had said goodbye to Wordsworth in Paris with blown kisses and tears in her eyes. She had a world of her own to which I would never be admitted, and I would have done better, I told myself, if I had stayed with my dahlias and the ashes of my mother who was not – if my aunt were to be believed – my real one. So I sat in the West Berlin Hotel shedding beery tears of self-pity and envying the men who danced with their arms round strangers' shoulders. 'Take me away,' I said to the driver when he returned, 'finish your beer but take me away.'

'You are not pleased?' he asked as we drove uphill towards the Pera Palace.

'I'm tired, that's all. I want to go to bed.'

- Or** **38** How do you think policemen are portrayed in this novel?
Support your ideas with details from various parts of the novel.
- Or** **39** You are Aunt Augusta at the end of the novel, just after you have learned that your son Henry has decided to marry the daughter of the Chief of Customs.
Write your thoughts.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Either *40 What impression are you given of the people and the atmosphere in the church here?

Refer in detail to Lee's writing.

Calpurnia motioned Jem and me to the end of the row and placed herself between us. She fished in her purse, drew out her handkerchief, and untied the hard wad of change in its corner. She gave a dime to me and a dime to Jem. 'We've got ours,' he whispered. 'You keep it,' Calpurnia said, 'you're my company.' Jem's face showed brief indecision on the ethics of withholding his own dime, but his innate courtesy won and he shifted his dime to his pocket. I did likewise with no qualms. 5

'Cal,' I whispered, 'where are the hymn-books?'

'We don't have any,' she said.

'Well how –?' 10

'Sh-h,' she said. Reverend Sykes was standing behind the pulpit staring the congregation to silence. He was a short, stocky man in a black suit, black tie, white shirt, and a gold watch-chain that glinted in the light from the frosted windows.

He said, 'Brethren and sisters, we are particularly glad to have company with us this morning. Mister and Miss Finch. You all know their father. Before I begin I will read some announcements.' 15

Reverend Sykes shuffled some papers, chose one and held it at arm's length. 'The Missionary Society meets in the home of Sister Annette Reeves next Tuesday. Bring your sewing.' 20

He read from another paper. 'You all know of Brother Tom Robinson's trouble. He has been a faithful member of First Purchase since he was a boy. The collection taken up today and for the next three Sundays will go to Helen – his wife, to help her out at home.'

I punched Jem. 'That's the Tom Atticus's de –' 25

'Sh-h!'

I turned to Calpurnia but was hushed before I opened my mouth. Subdued, I fixed my attention upon Reverend Sykes, who seemed to be waiting for me to settle down. 'Will the music superintendent lead us in the first hymn,' he said. 30

Zeebo rose from his pew and walked down the centre aisle, stopping in front of us and facing the congregation. He was carrying a battered hymn-book. He opened it and said, 'We'll sing number two seventy-three.'

This was too much for me. 'How're we gonna sing it if there ain't any hymn-books?' 35

Calpurnia smiled. 'Hush baby,' she whispered, 'you'll see in a minute.'

Or 41 What does Lee make you feel about the way in which Atticus raises his children?

Refer to detail in the novel as you answer.

Or 42 You are Jem, recovering after Bob Ewell's attack, thinking about your relationship with your sister, Jean Louise.

Write your thoughts.

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Turn to page 32 for Question 43.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

Either *43 What impression does Richardson give you of the attitudes and feelings of Laura and her 'friends' in this extract?

'Yes, there is,' flung out Laura, at once put on the defensive, and as she spoke she coloured.

'Look at her! Look how red she's got!'

'And after she promised – the sneak!'

'I'm not a sneak. I *am* going to tell. But you're all in such a blooming hurry.'

'Oh, fire away, slow-coach!'

'Well, girls,' began Laura gamely, breathing a little hard. – 'But, mind, you must never utter a word of what I'm going to tell you. It's a dead secret, and *if* you let on –'

'S' help me God!'

'Ananias and Sapphira!'

'Oh, *do* hurry up.'

'Well ... well, he's just the most – oh, I don't know how to say it, girls – the *most* –'

'Just scrumptious, I suppose, eh?'

'Just positively scrumptious, and ...'

'And what'd he do?'

'And what about his old sketch of a wife?'

'Her? Oh' – and Laura squeezed herself desperately for the details that *would* not come – 'oh, why she's just a perfect old ... old cat. And twenty years older than him.'

'What on earth did he marry her for?'

'Guess he's pretty sick of being tied to an old gin like that?'

'I should say! Perfectly *miserable*. He can't think now why he let himself be induced to marry her. He just despises her.'

'Well, why in the name of all that's holy did he take her?'

Laura cast a mysterious glance round, and lowered her voice. 'Well, you see, she had *lots* of money and he had none. He was ever so poor. And she paid for him to be a clergyman.'

'Go on! As poor as all that?'

'As poor as a church-mouse. – But, oh,' she hastened to add, at the visible cooling-off of the four faces, 'he comes of a *most* distinguished family. His father was a lord or a baronet or something like that, but he married a beautiful girl who hadn't a penny against his father's will and so he cut him out of his will.'

'I say!'

'Oh, never mind the father.'

'Yes. Well, now he feels under an awful obligation to her, and all that sort of thing, you know.'

'And she drives it home, I bet. She looks a nipper.'

'Is always throwing it in his face.'

'What a ghoul!'

'He'd do just *anything* to get rid of her, but – Girls, it's a dead secret; you must swear you won't tell.'

Gestures of assurance were showered on her.

'Well, he's to be a Bishop some day. It's promised him.'

'Holy Moses!'

'And I suppose he can't divorce her, because of that?'

'No, of course not. He'll have to drag her with him like a millstone round his neck.'

‘And he’d twigged right enough you were gone on him?’
 Laura’s coy smile hinted many things. ‘I should say so. Since the
 very first day in church. He said – but I don’t like to tell you what he
 said.’

55

‘You must!’

‘No. You’ll only call me conceited.’

‘No fear, Kiddy. Out with it!’

- Or** **44** What is your view of Richardson’s portrayal of Pin and of her relationship with Laura in this novel?

Refer to Richardson’s writing in detail as you respond.

- Or** **45** You are Mother, as Laura finishes her education at Melbourne Ladies’ College.

Write your thoughts.

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

- Either *46** Explore the ways in which in this passage O'Brian gradually reveals the personalities of Molly and her husband, and their relationship.

They were two, standing up there on the very edge of the cliff: they had left the levelled path and come down to the break itself and the man was crouched, leaning over as far as he dared.

'It *is* a clump of samphire, Molly,' he said; then louder, half turning, 'Molly, it *is* samphire. I *said* it was samphire, didn't I?' He had a high rather unmasculine voice, and he emphasized his words.

5

His wife did not reply, although she had heard him the first time. The round of her chin was trembling like a child's before it cries: there was something in her throat so strong that she could not have spoken it if it had been for her life.

10

She stepped a little closer, feeling cautiously for a firm foothold and she was right on him and she caught the smell of his hairy tweed jacket. He straightened so suddenly that he brushed against her. 'Hey, look out,' he said, 'I almost trod on your foot. Yes, it *was* samphire. I said so as soon as I saw it from down there. Have a look.'

15

She could not answer, so she knelt and crawled to the edge. Heights terrified her, always had. She could not close her eyes; that only made it worse. She stared unseeing, while the brilliant air and the sea and the noise of the sea assaulted her terrified mind and she clung insanely to the thin grass. Three times he pointed it out, and the third time she heard him so as to be able to understand his words '... fleshy leaves. You see the fleshy leaves? They used them for pickles. Samphire pickles!' He laughed, excited by the wind, and put his hand on her shoulder. Even then she writhed away, covering it by getting up and returning to the path.

20

25

He followed her. 'You noted the *fleshy leaves*, didn't you, Molly? They allow the plant to store its nourishment. Like a cactus. Our *native* cactus. I *said* it was samphire at once, didn't I, although I have never actually seen it before. We could almost get it with a stick.'

He was pleased with her for having looked over, and said that she was coming along very well: she remembered – didn't she? – how he had had to persuade her and persuade her to come up even the smallest cliff at first, how he had even to be a little firm. And now there she was going up the highest of them all, as bold as brass; and it was quite a dangerous cliff too, he said, with a keen glance out to sea, jutting his chin; but there she was as bold as brass looking over the top of it. He had been quite right insisting, hadn't he? It was worth it when you were there, wasn't it? Between these questions he waited for a reply, a 'yes' or hum of agreement. If he had not insisted she would always have stayed down there on the beach, wouldn't she? Like a lazy puss. He said, wagging his finger to show that he was not quite in earnest, that she should always listen to her Lacey (this was a pet name that he had coined for himself). Lacey was her lord and master, wasn't he? Love, honour, and obey?

30

35

40

He put his arm round her when they came to a sheltered turn of the path and began to fondle her, whispering in his secret night-voice, Tss-tss-tss, but he dropped her at once when some coastguards appeared.

45

As they passed he said, 'Good day, men,' and wanted to stop to ask them what they were doing but they walked quickly on.

(from *Samphire*)

- Or** **47** Explore the ways in which the author creates suspense as he tells his story in **either** *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma) **or** *The Sniper* (by Liam O’Flaherty).

Refer in detail to the writing of your chosen story.

- Or** **48** You are Alice, the granddaughter, in *Flight*. You are watching your grandfather releasing the pigeon.

Write your thoughts.

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