



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0476/01

Paper 1

May/June 2012

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into the examination.

* 4 7 9 8 3 2 4 5 1 1 *

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **21** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

- Don Pedro* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.
Enter Benedick.
- Claudio:* Now, signior, what news?
- Benedick:* Good day, my lord.
- Don Pedro:* Welcome, signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray. 5
- Claudio:* We had lik'd to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.
- Don Pedro:* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.
- Benedick:* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both. 10
- Claudio:* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?
- Benedick:* It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it? 15
- Don Pedro:* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?
- Claudio:* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels – draw to pleasure us.
- Don Pedro:* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick or angry? 20
- Claudio:* What, courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
- Benedick:* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.
- Claudio:* Nay, then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross. 25
- Don Pedro:* By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.
- Claudio:* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.
- Benedick:* Shall I speak a word in your ear?
- Claudio:* God bless me from a challenge! 30
- Benedick:* [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not; I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 35
- Claudio:* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.
- Don Pedro:* What, a feast? a feast?
- Claudio:* I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too? 40

- Don Pedro:* I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said thou hadst a fine wit. 'True,' said she 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded, with a sigh, thou wast the proper'st man in Italy. 50
- Claudio:* For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.
- Don Pedro:* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all. 55
- Claudio:* All, all; and, moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden'.
- Don Pedro:* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head? 60
- Claudio:* Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?
- Benedick:* Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. 70
- [Exit Benedick.]*

How does Shakespeare make you admire Benedick at this moment in the play?

- Or** †2 To what extent does Shakespeare make the ending of the play satisfying for you? Support your answer by close reference.
- Or** 3 You are Don John. You have just arranged to meet Claudio the night before his wedding to show him that Hero is disloyal.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Don John at this moment in the play.

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brutus: I will do so.

In what ways does Shakespeare make Cassius so persuasive at this moment in the play?

Or †5 'The noblest Roman of them all.' How far do you agree with this description of Shakespeare's portrayal of Brutus? Support your ideas by close reference to the play.

Or 6 You are Calphurnia. Caesar has just left for the Senate House on the morning of the Ides of March.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Calphurnia at this moment in the play.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Either *7 Read these extracts from *In Memoriam*, and then answer the question that follows them:

VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more – 5
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away 10
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick, 15
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame. 20

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away, 25
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

How does Tennyson movingly reveal his emotions to you on the death of his friend, Hallam? Support your ideas with details from the extracts.

Or †8 Explore Tennyson's use of description to create mood in the poem *Mariana*.

Or †9 What does Tennyson make you feel about Lancelot in *The Lady of Shalott*? Refer to details in the poem in your answer.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: *from Part 3*

Either *10 Read these poems and then answer the question that follows them:

So, We'll Go No More A-Roving

So, we'll go no more a-roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

5

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a-roving
 By the light of the moon.

10

(by George Gordon, Lord Byron)

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! –
 I love thee to the depth & breadth & height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun & candlelight –
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, –
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
 I love thee with the passion, put to use
 In my old griefs,.. and with my childhood's faith:
 I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
 With my lost Saints, – I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

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(by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

How do the poets vividly convey their feelings about love in these poems?

- Or †11** Explore how **either** *Lament* (by Gillian Clarke) **or** *First Love* (by John Clare) conveys the powerful feelings of the speaker.
- Or †12** Explore how Vachel Lindsay's poem 'The Flower-Fed Buffaloes' powerfully laments the loss of the original world of the prairies.

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night.

‘Nay, Cathy,’ the old man would say, ‘I cannot love thee; thou’rt worse than thy brother. Go, say thy prayers, child, and ask God’s pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!’

5

That made her cry, at first; and then, being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr Earnshaw’s troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fire-side.

10

A high wind blustered round the house, and roared in the chimney: it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together – I, a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then, after their work was done.) Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father’s knee, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head in her lap.

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I remember the master, before he fell into a doze, stroking her bonny hair – it pleased him rarely to see her gentle – and saying –

‘Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?’

20

And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered, ‘Why cannot you always be a good man, father?’

But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head sank on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him. We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said that he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward, and called him by name, and touched his shoulder, but he would not move – so he took the candle and looked at him.

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I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light; and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to ‘frame upstairs, and make little din – they might pray alone that evening – he had summut to do.’

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‘I shall bid father good-night first,’ said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck, before we could hinder her.

The poor thing discovered her loss directly – she screamed out –

‘Oh, he’s dead, Heathcliff! he’s dead!’

And they both set up a heart-breaking cry.

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I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in Heaven.

He told me to put on my cloak and run to Gimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of, then. However, I went, through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning.

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Leaving Joseph to explain matters, I ran to the children’s room; their

but they were calmer, and did not need me to console them. The little souls were comforting each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on; no parson in the world ever pictured Heaven so beautifully as they did, in their innocent talk; and, while I sobbed, and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.

How does Brontë make this such a moving and significant moment in the novel?

Or †14

Victim
Monster

Which of these views do you think more accurately describes Brontë's portrayal of Heathcliff? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 15 You are Edgar Linton. Isabella is dying and you are travelling to see her.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Edgar Linton at this moment in the novel.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

Ammaji was stationed down below with a pile of stones and a slingshot made of a branched twig and a piece of black elastic. As she sent the pebbles flying, keeping the irate monkeys at bay, the photo shoot was completed according to the specifications of Mr Chawla. Sampath had wished to pose properly with a nice smile and perhaps an arm thrown casually around a branch. But his father had not allowed him to do any such thing. 'Keep your hands folded in your lap. Keep a gentle smile upon your face,' he instructed. 'No showing of your teeth.'

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'No charge,' said the rattled photographer, happy just to get out without having been bitten or hit with stones. 'The Baba's blessings are enough for me. It is for the honour of my family name to do this. And please, sir, do not tell anybody about those letters ...'

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The photographs of Sampath were printed in hundreds of sheets by the Kwick Photo Shop at no cost and were cut into little squares by their tea boy.

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'How handsome my grandson is,' said Ammaji when she saw the photograph of Sampath sitting cross-legged amidst lotus blossoms, his umbrella askew, his cot at a slant, looking distracted because of all the commotion with the monkeys and pebbles and the photographer dangling before him with peculiar, militaristic and medical-looking gadgets.

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'It is a terrible picture,' said Pinky. 'He has not even combed his hair. You can see the birthmark on his cheek. And he is wearing nothing but his undershorts. How can you say it is a good picture?' A good picture was one where a man posed with perfectly oiled and coiffed hair, with a nice tight shirt and nice tight trousers, sitting on a moped.

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But anyway, despite Pinky's disapproval, these pictures were sold from Mr Chawla's cart and proved to be very popular. Soon they made their appearance everywhere, permeating the shops and houses of Shahkot and travelling much farther afield.

In February, this picture was even printed in the *Times of India*, together with the headline 'The Baba of Shahkot in his Tree Abode'. *This peaceful orchard outside Shahkot, it read, has been transformed by a glut of visitors rushing to see the hermit of Shahkot, whose rare simplicity and profound wisdom are bringing solace and hope to many who are disheartened by these complicated and corrupt times. 'There is a spiritual atmosphere here that I have not seen anywhere else in India,' Miss Jyotsna, a postal worker, told this reporter. She professes herself a frequent visitor to this hermit, whom disciples affectionately call 'Monkey Baba' or 'Tree Baba' in reference to his fondness for animals and the simplicity of his dwelling place. While admitting all who come to see him, he limits the hours when he is available to protect his secluded lifestyle ...*

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After the appearance of this article, letters by the thousand began to arrive for Sampath from all over the country. Mostly they bore no address, just the photograph of Sampath in his tree pasted trustfully upon the envelope. Inside were pleas for help and questions from ardent wisdom-seekers galore.

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Delighted by this excuse to visit the orchard even during work hours, Miss Jyotsna from the post office took to making regular trips in a scooter rickshaw to deliver these enormous quantities of mail, while Mr Gupta sulked back in Shahkot, for he had decided he did not like it when he was

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How does Desai make this such an amusing episode in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †17 How does Desai make Pinky such an amusing character? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 18 You are Mr Chawla. Sampath and the monkeys have gone for ever.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Mr Chawla at this moment in the novel.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left – the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

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I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

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On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

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Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

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And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

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Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter – to-morrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... And one fine morning –

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So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

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Explore the ways in which Fitzgerald strikingly draws his novel to a close.

Or †20 Daisy has been described as 'selfish and shallow'. How far would you agree with this? Refer to details in the novel as you answer.

Or 21 You are Jordan Baker. Nick has just left you, towards the end of the novel.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Jordan Baker at this moment in the novel.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

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

Early the next morning, at the home of Mma-Millipede, bedlam reigned. The women of the village were there, and two goats, slaughtered and skinned, hung up by the feet from a tree to drain off the excess blood. Until the blood flowed down to a trickle, there was nothing much for the women to do except stand as close to each other as possible and create the most ear-splitting din. This whole process is sometimes known as talking, but it has been said that it is only Basotho women who outmatch Batswana women at this art; that is, you stand about a foot away from your companion, heave up your chest, puff up the side veins of the neck and then let all you have inside you come out, full blast. Somehow you laugh at the same time, and unusual this sound is too, as though all the glass in the world were being hurled into a deep pit and shrieking in agony. This noise attracted all the goats in the village to the home of Mma-Millipede, for they knew from long experience that it was the signal for a thousand potato peels to fall on the ground. They added to the din by fighting, pushing and bleating for the best positions. And, of course, Botswana is one of the greatest tea-drinking countries in the world, so that the clatter of over a hundred teacups added the final touch to the shattering symphony. 5

Everyone had brought along a little something to put into the pot. Mostly it was potatoes, and these little gifts were tied up in gay blue, red and yellow checkered cloths and hung from the waists of the women, and these checkered splashes of colour swayed about as they talked. At a sign from Paulina, an abrupt and deathly silence fell on the gathering. A few women moved forward and sliced out the hard fat that had surrounded the intestines of the animals and which, when heated, melted down into oil. This fat was divided into equal portions and placed in two large iron pots which stood near the fire. On top of this fat they poured small packets of curry powder. Another group of women advanced on the slaughtered goats and, within a short space of time, sliced away all the meat, leaving behind the bony skeleton. The meat, fat, and curry powder then boiled away in big pots. Everyone moved over to small wooden tables, on the top of each of which was placed a basin containing water; and then, with strained, absorbed faces, the women peeled the potatoes, tossing them one by one into the basins. Even the goats quieted down, absorbed in munching the peels with their small dainty mouths. 10

A shrill high-pitched voice, the owner of which was carefully submerged in the group, broke the silence. 'I am wondering about the foreigner who has recently come to the farm,' it said. 15

Since everyone had been wondering too, everyone kept quiet. 'Who knows if he is married?' the shrill voice persisted. 20

'Why don't you direct your questions to Paulina Sebeso?' a voice at the farthest end of the crowd shouted, and then, with a hint of sarcasm, added, 'After all, she's the big brains around here.' 25

Everyone turned and stared at Paulina, and she had caught the slight edge of sarcasm and was angry yet remained calm. 30

'I know nothing,' she said, in a deliberately flat voice. 35

'But you have eyes, Paulina Sebeso,' the sarcastic one continued, 'You must have noticed that the foreigner is very handsome.' 40

Paulina turned and stared at her tormentor. The owner of the sarcastic voice was Grace Sebina, a rough, wild, promiscuous woman. They had been at her place for some time. 45

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'If your eyes chase all the men, Grace Sebina,' she said crisply, 'please don't put them on me.'

All the women stared at each other in shock. It wasn't polite to call a prostitute a prostitute in black and white terms.

'You don't have to be so rude, Paulina Sebeso,' one of the older women said, reprovingly. 'Grace Sebina is portraying our own thoughts. We all think the foreigner is handsome. We only want to know if you think the same.'

How does Head make the village community come to life for you at this moment in the novel?

Or †23 How does Head make Makhaya such a compelling central character in the novel? Support your answer by close reference.

Or 24 You are Mma-Millipede. You have just been discussing the tobacco-growing project with Gilbert.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Mma-Millipede at this moment in the novel.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

Ethan was ashamed of the storm of jealousy in his breast. It seemed unworthy of the girl that his thoughts of her should be so violent.

He walked on to the church corner and entered the shade of the Varnum spruces, where he had stood with her the night before. As he passed into their gloom he saw an indistinct outline just ahead of him. At his approach it melted for an instant into two separate shapes and then conjoined again, and he heard a kiss, and a half-laughing 'Oh!' provoked by the discovery of his presence. Again the outline hastily disunited and the Varnum gate slammed on one half while the other hurried on ahead of him. Ethan smiled at the discomfiture he had caused. What did it matter to Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum if they were caught kissing each other? Everybody in Starkfield knew they were engaged. It pleased Ethan to have surprised a pair of lovers on the spot where he and Mattie had stood with such a thirst for each other in their hearts; but he felt a pang at the thought that these two need not hide their happiness.

He fetched the greys from Hale's stable and started on his long climb back to the farm. The cold was less sharp than earlier in the day and a thick fleecy sky threatened snow for the morrow. Here and there a star pricked through, showing behind it a deep well of blue. In an hour or two the moon would push over the ridge behind the farm, burn a gold-edged rent in the clouds, and then be swallowed by them. A mournful peace hung on the fields, as though they felt the relaxing grasp of the cold and stretched themselves in their long winter sleep.

Ethan's ears were alert for the jingle of sleigh-bells, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely road. As he drew near the farm he saw, through the thin screen of larches at the gate, a light twinkling in the house above him. "She's up in her room," he said to himself, "fixing herself up for supper"; and he remembered Zeena's sarcastic stare when Mattie, on the evening of her arrival, had come down to supper with smoothed hair and a ribbon at her neck.

He passed by the graves on the knoll and turned his head to glance at one of the older headstones, which had interested him deeply as a boy because it bore his name.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ETHAN FROME AND ENDURANCE HIS WIFE,
WHO DWELLED TOGETHER IN PEACE
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

He used to think that fifty years sounded like a long time to live together, but now it seemed to him that they might pass in a flash. Then, with a sudden dart of irony, he wondered if, when their turn came, the same epitaph would be written over him and Zeena.

He opened the barn-door and craned his head into the obscurity, half-fearing to discover Denis Eady's roan colt in the stall beside the sorrel. But the old horse was there alone, mumbling his crib with toothless jaws, and Ethan whistled cheerfully while he bedded down the greys and shook an extra measure of oats into their mangers. His was not a tuneful throat, but harsh melodies burst from it as he locked the barn and sprang up the hill to the house. He reached the kitchen-porch and turned the door-handle; but the door did not yield to his touch.

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Startled at finding it locked he rattled the handle violently; then he reflected that Mattie was alone and that it was natural she should barricade herself at nightfall. He stood in the darkness expecting to hear her step. It did not come, and after vainly straining his ears he called out in a voice that shook with joy: "Hello, Matt!"

Silence answered; but in a minute or two he caught a sound on the stairs and saw a line of light about the door-frame, as he had seen it the night before. So strange was the precision with which the incidents of the previous evening were repeating themselves that he half expected, when he heard the key turn, to see his wife before him on the threshold; but the door opened, and Mattie faced him.

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How does Wharton convey Ethan's tense state of mind at this moment in the novel?

Or †26 How does Wharton make Mattie such a sad and moving character? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 27 You are Ethan, thinking about asking Zeena to marry you.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Ethan at this moment in the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *28 Read this extract from *The Yellow Wall Paper*, and then answer the question that follows.

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity – but that would be asking too much of fate!

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Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

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John is a physician, and *perhaps* – (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind) – *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

15

You see, he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression – a slight hysterical tendency – what is one to do?

20

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites – whichever it is – and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to 'work' until I am well again.

25

Personally I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal – having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

30

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus – but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges, and walls, and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

35

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden – large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbours and seats under them.

40

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid; but I don't care – there is something strange about the house – I can feel it.

45

I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a *draught*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to

50

But John says if I feel so I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself – before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty, old-fashioned chintz hangings! But John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more. 60

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. 'Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear,' said he, 'and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time.' So we took the nursery, at the top of the house. 65

(by Charlotte Perkins Gilman)

How does Gilman convey the personality of the narrator and her relationship with her husband so strikingly here?

Or †29 How do the writers make the endings disturbing for you in **two** of the following stories?

Meteor (by John Wyndham)

The Signalman (by Charles Dickens)

Secrets (by Bernard MacLaverty)

Support your ideas with details from your chosen stories.

Or 30 You are the narrator at the end of *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal). You are lying in bed thinking of your conversation with Mr Wills earlier that day.

Write your thoughts, assuming a voice which is suitable for the narrator at this moment in the story.

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