

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/04**

Paper 4

May/June 2004

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours 40 minutes**

**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 on both sides of the paper. 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 question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

**POETRY**

**SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist***

**Either \*1**

*The Diviner*

Cut from the green hedge a forked hazel stick  
That he held tight by the arms of the V:  
Circling the terrain, hunting the pluck  
Of water, nervous, but professionally

Unfussed. The pluck came sharp as a sting.      5  
The rod jerked with precise convulsions,  
Spring water suddenly broadcasting  
Through a green hazel its secret stations.

The bystanders would ask to have a try.      10  
He handed them the rod without a word.  
It lay dead in their grasp till, nonchalantly,  
He gripped expectant wrists. The hazel stirred.

Explore Heaney's words, showing how they make vivid for you the water diviner and the way the stick is used.

**Or 2** Show how **one** of the following poems reveals for you Heaney's ability to use words in a memorable way:

*Poor Women in a City Church;*  
*Poem for Marie* ('Love, I shall perfect you for the child');  
*Turkeys Observed.*

**Or 3** What impression do Heaney's words in *Digging* and *Follower* give you of the poet's feelings about his father and his skills in farming?

from *POEMS DEEP AND DANGEROUS*, ed. Jo Phillips

Either \*4

*Essential Beauty*

In frames as large as rooms that face all ways  
 And block the ends of streets with giant loaves,  
 Screen graves with custard, cover slums with praise  
 Of motor-oil and cuts of salmon, shine  
 Perpetually these sharply-pictured groves 5  
 Of how life should be. High above the gutter  
 A silver knife sinks into golden butter,  
 A glass of milk stands in a meadow, and  
 Well-balanced families, in fine  
 Midsummer weather, owe their smiles, their cars, 10  
 Even their youth, to that small cube each hand  
 Stretches towards. These, and the deep armchairs  
 Aligned to cups at bedtime, radiant bars  
 (Gas or electric), quarter-profile cats  
 By slippers on warm mats, 15  
 Reflect none of the rained-on streets and squares.

They dominate outdoors. Rather, they rise  
 Serenely to proclaim pure crust, pure foam,  
 Pure coldness to our live imperfect eyes  
 That stare beyond this world, where nothing's made 20  
 As new or washed quite clean, seeking the home  
 All such inhabit. There, dark-raftered pubs  
 Are filled with white-clothed ones from tennis-clubs,  
 And the boy puking his heart out in the Gents  
 Just missed them, as the pensioner paid 25  
 A halfpenny more for Granny Graveclothes' Tea  
 To taste old age, and dying smokers sense  
 Walking towards them through some dappled park  
 As if on water that unfocused she  
 No match lit up, nor drag even brought near, 30  
 Who now stands newly clear,  
 Smiling, and recognising, and going dark.

*Philip Larkin*

In what ways do Larkin's words reveal his feelings about the power of advertising?

Or 5 Explore how the poet communicates respect for nature in any **one** of the following poems:

*Mountain Lion* (by D. H. Lawrence);  
*The Trees are Down* (by Charlotte Mew);  
*Kankaria Lake* (by Sujata Bhatt).

Or 6 How do the poets' words make us see everyday objects or activities in a new and interesting way in **two** of the following poems?

*Balloons* (by Sylvia Plath);  
*Writing a Letter* (by Norman MacCaig);  
*A Holiday* (by Margaret Atwood)

**TOUCHED WITH FIRE**, ed. Jack Hydes: from **Section E**

Either \*7

*Composed upon Westminster Bridge*

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This City now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

*William Wordsworth*

How do Wordsworth's words create the wonder of this scene?

**Or 8** The sound of words often contributes considerably to a poem's effect. Explore examples of this which have captured your attention in any **two** of the following poems:

*Snake* (by D. H. Lawrence);  
*Poem in October* (by Dylan Thomas);  
*To Autumn* (by John Keats);  
*Horses* (by Edwin Muir).

**OR 9** How does the poet convey the sadness of death in any **one** of the following poems?

*Mid-term Break* (by Seamus Heaney);  
*On My First Sonne* (by Ben Jonson);  
*Refugee Mother and Child* (by Chinua Achebe).

Turn to page 6 for Question 10.

## PROSE

## TWENTIETH CENTURY SHORT STORIES, ed. Douglas R. Barnes &amp; R. G. Egford

Either \*10

For a moment Vashti felt lonely.

Then she generated the light, and the sight of her room, flooded with radiance and studded with electric buttons, revived her. There were buttons and switches everywhere – buttons to call for food, for music, for clothing. There was the hot-bath button, by pressure of which a basin of (imitation) marble rose out of the floor, filled to the brim with a warm deodorized liquid. There was the cold-bath button. There was the button that produced literature. And there were of course the buttons by which she communicated with her friends. The room, though it contained nothing, was in touch with all that she cared for in the world.

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Vashti's next move was to turn off the isolation-switch, and all the accumulations of the last three minutes burst upon her. The room was filled with the noise of bells, and speaking-tubes. What was the new food like? Could she recommend it? Had she had any ideas lately? Might one tell her one's own ideas? Would she make an engagement to visit the public nurseries at an early date? – say this day month.

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To most of these questions she replied with irritation – a growing quality in that accelerated age. She said that the new food was horrible. That she could not visit the public nurseries through press of engagements. That she had no ideas of her own but had just been told one – that four stars and three in the middle were like a man: she doubted there was much in it. Then she switched off her correspondents, for it was time to deliver her lecture on Australian music.

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The clumsy system of public gatherings had been long since abandoned; neither Vashti nor her audience stirred from their rooms. Seated in her arm-chair she spoke, while they in their arm-chairs heard her, fairly well, and saw her, fairly well. She opened with a humorous account of music in the pre-Mongolian epoch, and went on to describe the great outburst of song that followed the Chinese conquest. Remote and primaeval as were the methods of I-San-So and the Brisbane school, she yet felt (she said) that study of them might repay the musician of to-day: they had freshness; they had, above all, ideas.

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Her lecture, which lasted ten minutes, was well received, and at its conclusion she and many of her audience listened to a lecture on the sea; there were ideas to be got from the sea; the speaker had donned a respirator and visited it lately. Then she fed, talked to many friends, had a bath, talked again, and summoned her bed.

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The bed was not to her liking. It was too large, and she had a feeling for a small bed. Complaint was useless, for beds were of the same dimension all over the world, and to have had an alternative size would have involved vast alterations in the Machine. Vashti isolated herself – it was necessary, for neither day nor night existed under the ground – and reviewed all that had happened since she had summoned the bed last. Ideas? Scarcely any. Events – was Kuno's invitation an event?

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from E. M. Forster, *The Machine Stops*

In this passage what does Forster make you feel about Vashti's style of life? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

- Or 11 *A victimised wife*  
*A domineering woman*

To what extent do you think it possible to hold both these views of Elizabeth Bartram in *Odour of Chrysanthemums* (by D. H. Lawrence)?

- Or 12 You are the mate with the terrific whiskers in *The Secret Sharer*. You have just completed the voyage and are telling some fellow seafarers about your experiences with the new captain.

Write what you say to them.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- Either \*13** There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery for an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further outdoor exercise was now out of the question. 5
- I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed. 10
- The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, "She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner, – something lighter, franker, more natural as it were – she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children." 15
- "What does Bessie say I have done?" I asked. 20
- "Jane, I don't like cavillers or questioners: besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent."
- A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room. I slipped in there. It contained a book-case: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement. 25
- Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near, a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast. 30
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In what ways do you think this is an effective opening to the novel?

- Or 14** Explore how Brontë makes Helen Burns's life and death so moving.
- Or 15** Which **one** character in this novel does Brontë make you particularly dislike?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.



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**Turn to page 10 for Question 16.**

ANITA DESAI: *The Village by the Sea*

Either \*16

That night a great storm broke over the Indian Ocean and lashed the city. It began with daggers of lightning striking through the black clouds banked in the sky, and peals of thunder that echoed from one building to another. Early in the morning before daylight, it began to pour with rain. Once again the streets were flooded. The wind blew up from the sea and hurled the rain at the walls and windows of the city. One of the great trees in the park came down with a crash and lay across one of the lanes, blocking the traffic which piled up, madly hooting and honking. There was chaos on the streets. Of course buses and cars broke down and stalled everywhere. Hari watched from the eating house door, shivering in his damp clothes.

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They had few customers that day – even pedestrians were keeping off the streets. One lorry driver who came in for tea had to stay all day, his lorry stranded in hub-deep water. He had a transistor radio with him which he put on the table beside his tea tumbler and listened to while he ate and drank. The boys hung around, listening. They listened to the songs from the Bombay cinema, they listened to advertisement jingles about toothpaste, cleaning powder, cooking oil and face cream. They listened to a play about kings, queens and battles lost and won. Then, at the end of the play when the king had died and the queen had sung her last song, the voice of the announcer broke in with the news.

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The news was all about the storm: how it had rained ten inches in twelve hours, how the whole city was “paralysed”. Then the announcer went on to say: “Ten fishing boats are reported lost at sea. Many fisherman are feared dead.”

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Hari gave a cry and put his ear to the radio. “Where?” he shouted, as if demanding an answer from the announcer. “Where?”

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The boys began to laugh at him and the lorry driver grinned, but Hari got his answer.

“Search parties are to be sent out from Alibagh as soon as the storm subsides.”

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“Alibagh!” cried Hari, staring at the three watching faces. “That’s my home! That’s my land!”

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“All right, boy, all right,” said the lorry driver, a Sikh with big moustaches and a red turban. “You’re not a fisherman, are you? You’re not on a boat. You’re safe and sound in a restaurant with plenty of good food and hot tea. Don’t get so upset.”

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Jagu was more understanding. He had hardly spoken to Hari since the dismal failure of his visit to their house, but now he grunted, “What’s the matter? Is your father a fisherman? Does he own one of those boats?”

“No,” said Hari, shaking his head, “no,” and went into the kitchen to worry by himself. It was true that his father was not in one of those boats, and that his family owned none. But it was the men from his village who went out fishing, and it could be men he knew, friends or neighbours, who were lost. He suddenly remembered Biju’s boat and thought that by now it must be launched and on the high seas.

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He thought of the sails one saw along the horizon, and the lights of the boats by night which were visible from the beach. He thought of the catch coming in in the evenings, the voices of the women quarrelling over the baskets of shining fish on the sand. He thought of his net and how he walked through the shallows with it. He thought of the crows picking up the crabs he caught, and the gulls swooping low over the waves in search of fish. He thought of the heron standing stockstill on a stone by the pond near their hut, and the blue flash of the kingfisher as it darted from the trees. He thought of Lila coming down the path with a basket of flowers to sprinkle on the rock in the

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sea, and of Bela and Kamal sitting on the rocks and chipping at the limpets. He thought he heard Pinto bark. How he longed for them all. Sitting down on his heels by the fire, he put his head on his knees, shut his eyes and tried hard to see them again – beautiful and bright, his own.

Explore how Desai's words reveal the ferocity of the storm and the effect that it has on Hari.

**Or**     **17** How does Desai's writing make you feel about the lives led by women in India at this time?

Refer to appropriate details in the novel to support your ideas.

**Or**     **18** You are Lila and you have just discovered that Hari has left the family to go to Bombay.

Write your thoughts.

DORIS LESSING: *The Grass is Singing*

Either \*19

She saw more of Dick during the few weeks of the turkey-obsession than she had since she married him, or ever would again. He was hardly down the farm at all; but spent the whole day supervising the building of the brick houses and the great wire runs. The fine-meshed wire cost over fifty pounds. Then the turkeys were bought, and expensive incubators, and weighing machines, and all the rest of the paraphernalia Dick thought essential; but before even the first lot of eggs were hatched, he remarked one day that he thought of using the runs and the houses, not for turkeys, but for rabbits. Rabbits could be fed on a handful of grass, and they breed like – well, like rabbits. It was true that people did not have much taste for rabbit-flesh (this is a South African prejudice), but tastes could be acquired, and if they sold the rabbits at five shillings each, he reckoned they could make a comfortable fifty or sixty pounds a month. Then, when the rabbits were established, they could buy a special breed of Angora rabbits, because he had heard the wool fetched six shillings a pound.

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At this point, unable to control herself and hating herself for it, Mary lost her temper – lost it finally and destructively. Even as she raged against him, her feeling was of cold self-condemnation because she was giving him the satisfaction of seeing her thus. But it was a feeling he would not have understood. Her anger was terrible to him, though he told himself continually that she was in the wrong and had no right to thwart his well-meant but unfortunate efforts. She raged and wept and swore, till at last she was too weak to stand, and remained lolling in the corner of the sofa, sobbing, trying to get her breath. And Dick did not hitch up his pants, start to whistle, or look like a harried little boy. He looked at her for a long time as she sat there, sobbing; and then said sardonically, 'O.K. boss.' Mary did not like that; she did not like it at all; for his sarcastic remark said more about their marriage than she had ever allowed herself to think, and it was unseemly that her contempt of him should be put so plainly into words: it was a condition of the existence of their marriage that she should pity him generously, not despise him.

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But there was no more talk about rabbits or turkeys. She sold the turkeys, and filled the wire runs with chickens. To make some money to buy herself some clothes, she said. Did he expect her to go about in rags like a kaffir? He did not expect anything, apparently, for he did not even reply to her challenge. He was again preoccupied. There was no hint of apology or defensiveness in his manner when he informed her that he intended to start a kaffir store on his farm. He simply stated the fact, not looking at her, in a matter-of-fact take-it-or-leave-it voice. Everyone knew that kaffir stores made a pile of money, he said. Charlie Slatter had a store on his farm; a lot of farmers did. They were goldmines of profit. Mary shrank from the word 'goldmines' because she had found a series of crumbling weed-covered trenches behind the house one day, which he had told her he had dug years before in an effort to discover the Eldorado he had been convinced was hidden beneath the soil of his farm. She said quietly, 'If there is a store on Slatter's place, only five miles off, there is no point in having another here.'

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'I have a hundred natives here always.'

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'If they earn fifteen bob a month you are not going to become a Rockefeller on what they spend.'

'There are always natives passing through,' he said stubbornly.

He applied for a trading licence and got it without difficulty. Then he built a store. It seemed to Mary a terrible thing, an omen and a warning, that the store, the ugly menacing store of her childhood, should follow her here, even to her home.

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What does this passage tell you about the personalities of Dick and Mary, and about the state of their marriage?

Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

**Or**     **20** In your opinion, how does Lessing portray the lives and personalities of the black people in the novel?

Support your argument with detail from the writing.

**Or**     **21** Lessing grew up in the world she describes in this novel. Explore **two** instances where you think the hatred she feels for this world is most memorably conveyed in the writing.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

Either	*22	The road gradually got whiter. Later on the dust was like dry, white lime; the wind blew the dust against the bushes and it lay like ash over everything. Three times nine is twenty-seven.	
		On the next bend it seemed as if the horses' feet were treading the air, so near to the precipice did they tread as they went round with the cart.	5
		'Please, master, I want to get down! I want to go home!' They did not take notice of him, they just laughed. 'Please, master!'	
		The tall one turned round sharply. 'Stop it now!' he said. 'We don't want trouble with you all the way, we've had enough difficulty in fetching you. If the constable had come to fetch you, you would have had a few good slaps by now. Keep quiet now and stop shifting about in your seat!'	10
		'I want to go home, master. Please, master.'	
		'Stop your whining!'	
		He should have run away as Dawid had said.	
		Down at the foot of the mountain they came to a narrow, wooded ravine where the horses rested again. The short one got down to see whether the harness was still secure. When he lowered the hood, the world was lying open around them and the road along which they had come down the mountain was held up by stone walls all along the side of the mountain. Giant stone walls which only God could have built up there like that.	15
		The road along the ravine was level and not so bad. But after about an hour, they were heading straight for another mountain – perhaps there would be a big hole through the mountain for the road and the cart. Three times nine is eighteen. No. The nearer they came to the mountain, the barer and rougher it looked.	20
		'Is the road coming to an end out front there, master?'	
		'No. Sit still!' The tall one was still cross.	
		The road started to turn. Gradually. The more it turned, the wider the mountain split apart. The nearer they came to the split, the more it seemed as if it were two mountains, standing so close together that there would hardly be room for the horse-cart between them.	25
		When the road turned in between the mountains it tumbled down a slope with the most frightening, soaring cliffs on either side. He knew they could never get down there without brakes, they would definitely be killed.	
		'Master, I want to get down!'	30
		They did not look round or laugh. As the horses were taking the first bend, the short one threw himself to the middle and lay like that until they had rounded the bend.	
		'Master, I want to get down!'	35
		Round the next bend the tall one threw <i>his</i> body to the middle of the seat. It was not two mountains; it was one mountain that had been rent in two, and the deeper they went down into the chasm, the higher the cliffs became on each side. A stream of water rushed along beside the road over boulders and waterfalls; at times they were high above the stream, then down below it and then alongside it again. Enormous stone walls held the road to the sides of the mountain. Every so often, the road crossed the water on a narrow wooden bridge over which the horses' hooves and the cart's wheels made a different, rumbling sound. Deeper and deeper they drove into the mountain's belly. The road was a red-brown snake twisting and searching for a way out.	40
		'Master, if a cart comes the other way we're dead!'	45
		On some of the bends the road was so narrow that he was sure the cart had gone round with one wheel in the air. White, foamy sweat broke out on the horses' backs. Everything around them became the same red-brown colour: the road, the rocks, the stone walls, the dust. Upright and upside down became	50

the same feeling – only the streak of sky above the gash was blue.

When the road found its way out of the mountain, his head was giddy. They came to a ford where the horses pulled and tugged them through and on the other side they unharnessed.

They were in a ravine once more. In front of them was yet another mountain. A higher one.

‘Whichever way I look, it’s just mountains, master!’ he said to the short one.

‘This is De Vlugt and the mountain you see ahead of us, is De Vlugt Mountain. It’s a tough one.’

The two men ate. He was not hungry. He wanted to cry and he wanted to go home. Before they had come to pick him up, Emma had said he must lie down on the floor and pretend to be dead, but he was afraid they would tickle him and see he was lying. He should have done what Dawid had said. But it was too late.

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Explore how Matthee’s writing here conveys the drama of the journey.

**Or 23** How important an issue do you think racial prejudice is in *Fiela’s Child*?

Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

**Or 24** You are Selling on your way home after you have been pardoned.

Write your thoughts.



GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

Either *25	<p>However, Benjamin and Clover could only be with Boxer after working hours, and it was in the middle of the day when the van came to take him away. The animals were all at work weeding turnips under the supervision of a pig, when they were astonished to see Benjamin come galloping from the direction of the farm buildings, braying at the top of his voice. It was the first time that they had ever seen Benjamin excited – indeed, it was the first time that anyone had ever seen him gallop. ‘Quick, quick!’ he shouted. ‘Come at once! They’re taking Boxer away!’ Without waiting for orders from the pig, the animals broke off work and raced back to the farm buildings. Sure enough, there in the yard was a large closed van, drawn by two horses, with lettering on its side and a sly-looking man in a low-crowned bowler hat sitting on the driver’s seat. And Boxer’s stall was empty.</p>	5
	<p>The animals crowded round the van. ‘Good-bye, Boxer!’ they chorused, ‘good-bye!’</p>	
	<p>‘Fools! Fools!’ shouted Benjamin, prancing round them and stamping the earth with his small hoofs. ‘Fools! Do you not see what is written on the side of that van?’</p>	10
	<p>That gave the animals pause, and there was a hush. Muriel began to spell out the words. But Benjamin pushed her aside and in the midst of a deadly silence he read:</p>	
	<p>‘“Alfred Simmonds, Horse Slaughterer and Glue-Boiler, Willingdon. Dealer in Hides and Bone-Meal. Kennels Supplied.” Do you not understand what that means? They are taking Boxer to the knacker’s!’</p>	15
	<p>A cry of horror burst from all the animals. At this moment the man on the box whipped up his horses and the van moved out of the yard at a smart trot. All the animals followed, crying out at the tops of their voices. Clover forced her way to the front. The van began to gather speed. Clover tried to stir her stout limbs to a gallop, and achieved a canter. ‘Boxer!’ she cried. ‘Boxer! Boxer! Boxer!’ And just at this moment, as though he had heard the uproar outside, Boxer’s face, with the white stripe down his nose, appeared at the small window at the back of the van.</p>	20
	<p>‘Boxer!’ cried Clover in a terrible voice. ‘Boxer! Get out! Get out quickly! They are taking you to your death!’</p>	25
	<p>All the animals took up the cry of ‘Get out Boxer, get out!’ But the van was already gathering speed and drawing away from them. It was uncertain whether Boxer had understood what Clover had said. But a moment later his face disappeared from the window and there was the sound of a tremendous drumming of hoofs inside the van. He was trying to kick his way out. The time had been when a few kicks from Boxer’s hoofs would have smashed the van to matchwood. But alas! his strength had left him; and in a few moments the sound of drumming hoofs grew fainter and died away. In desperation the animals began appealing to the horses which drew the van to stop. ‘Comrades, comrades!’ they shouted. ‘Don’t take your own brother to his death!’ But the stupid brutes, too ignorant to realize what was happening, merely set back their ears and quickened their pace. Boxer’s face did not reappear at the window. Too late, someone thought of racing ahead and shutting the five-barred gate; but in another moment the van was through it and rapidly disappearing down the road. Boxer was never seen again.</p>	30
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How does Orwell make this one of the most moving moments in the book?



**Or 26** To what extent do you think Orwell suggests that the animals deserve to be led by Napoleon as their leader?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

**Or 27** You are Benjamin at the end of the book just after you have read to Clover the sole remaining commandment.

Write your thoughts.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- Either \*28 Just as expected, the Changs asked our family if I could join theirs as a daughter-in-law. If I went there right away, Old Widow Lau added, my family would receive a money gift and I would immediately be known as a daughter-in-law during all the family and town ceremonies, including the special one that would happen during the Moon Festival, honoring Mr Chang for his scientific achievements. 5
- 'She should go now,' Big Aunt and Little Aunt advised Mother. 'Otherwise, they might later change their minds. What if they discover something wrong with her background and want to end the marriage contract?' I thought they were talking about my poor sewing skills or some naughtiness I had forgotten but they had not. But of course, they were talking about my birth. They knew whose daughter I really was. The Changs and I did not. 10
- Mother decided I would join the Chang family in a few weeks, before the town ceremony at the Moon Festival. She assured me that would give her and my aunts enough time to sew together quilts and clothes suitable for my new life. After Mother announced the news, she cried for joy. 'I've done well by you,' she said proudly. 'No one can complain.' GaoLing cried as well. And though I shed some tears, not all of them were for joy. I would leave my family, my familiar house. I would change from a girl to a wife, a daughter to a daughter-in-law. And no matter how happy I was sure to be, I would still be sad to say good-bye to my old self. 15
- Precious Auntie and I continued to share the same room, the same bed. But she no longer drew my bath or brought me sweet water from the well. She did not help me with my hair or worry over my daily health and the cleanliness of my fingernails. She gave no warnings, no advice. She did not talk to me with her hands. 20
- We slept at the farthest ends of the *k'ang* away from each other. And if I found myself huddled next to her familiar form, I quietly moved away before she awoke. Every morning she had red eyes, so I knew she had been crying. Sometimes my eyes were red, too. 25
- When Precious Auntie was not working in the ink-making studio, she was writing, sheet after sheet after sheet. She sat at her table, grinding the inkstick into the inkstone, thinking what, I could not guess. She dipped her brush and wrote, paused and dipped again. The words flowed without blots or cross-outs or backward steps. 30
- A few days before I was supposed to leave to join the Changs, I awoke to find Precious Auntie sitting up, staring at me. She raised her hands and began to talk. *Now I will show you the truth.* She went to the small wooden cupboard and removed a package wrapped in blue cloth. She put this in my lap. Inside was a thick wad of pages, threaded together with string. She stared at me with an odd expression, then left the room. 35
- I looked at the first page. 'I was born the daughter of the Famous Bonesetter from the Mouth of the Mountain,' it began. I glanced through the next few pages. They concerned the tradition of her family, the loss of her mother, the grief of her father, all the things she had already told me. And then I saw where it said: 'Now I will tell how bad this man Chang really is.' Right away, I threw those pages down. I did not want Precious Auntie poisoning my mind anymore. So I did not read to the end where she said she was my mother. 40
- During one evening meal, Precious Auntie acted as if I were once again helpless. She pinched pieces of food with her chopsticks and added these to my bowl. *Eat more, she ordered. Why aren't you eating? Are you ill? You seem warm. Your forehead is hot. Why are you so pale?* 45
- After dinner, we all drifted to the courtyard as usual. Mother and my aunts were embroidering my bridal clothes. Precious Auntie was repairing a hole in 50

my old trousers. She put down the needle and tugged my sleeve. *Did you already read what I wrote?*

I nodded, not wishing to argue in front of the others. My cousins, GaoLing, and I were playing weaving games with strings looped around our fingers. I was making lots of mistakes, which caused GaoLing to howl with glee that the Changs were getting a clumsy daughter-in-law. Upon hearing this, Precious Auntie threw me stern looks. 60

The evening wore on. The sun went down, the sounds of darkness came, the chirp, creak, and flap of unseen creatures. All too soon it was time for bed. I waited for Precious Auntie to go first. After a long while, when I thought she might already be asleep, I went into the dark room. 65

Immediately Precious Auntie sat up and was talking to me with her hands.

'I can't see what you're saying,' I said. And when she went to light the kerosene lamp, I protested, 'Don't bother, I'm sleepy. I don't want to talk right now.' She lit the lamp anyway. I went to the *k'ang* and lay down. She followed me and set the lamp on the ledge, crouched, and stared at me with a glowing face. *Now that you have read my story, what do you feel toward me? Be honest.* 70

I grunted. And that little grunt was enough for her to clasp her hands, then bow and praise the Goddess of Mercy for saving me from the Changs. Before she could give too many thanks, I added: 'I'm still going.' 75

For a long time, she did not move. Then she began to cry and beat her chest. Her hands moved fast: *Don't you have feelings for who I am?*

And I remember exactly what I said to her: 'Even if the whole Chang family were murderers and thieves, I would join them just to get away from you.'

She slapped her palms against the wall. And then she finally blew out the lamp and left the room. 80

What does Tan make you feel for Lu Ling at this point in the novel?

Support your answer by close reference to the passage.

Or 29 How does Tan convey to you the difficulties that Ruth has experienced in having a Chinese immigrant mother?

Or 30 You are Art, having just agreed to a trial separation from Ruth.

Write your thoughts.

PAUL THEROUX: *The Mosquito Coast*

- Either \*31 It was clear that Father had not planned to camp out. We had eaten most of the food. We had no tents or mosquito nets, no lanterns or blankets, and only one mess kit. The water-bag was almost empty. But there were several things in our favour – it was the dry season, so we would not get rained on, and there were fewer insects up here, and all day we had seen pacas and birds on the mountainside – we could eat those. Father had travelled light in the hope of rushing the mountain, but we had failed, and now it was evening. 5
- ‘Don’t just stand there,’ Father shouted to the Zambus. ‘Improvise!’
- The Zambus built a fire, while Jerry and I made a lean-to out of sticks we had found nearby. Then we gathered dry grass and made a bed inside and tried not to disturb Father, who was cursing, hacking at a sapling with his knife. 10
- He was no good at making temporary camps, and he was surprised at how quickly and well Jerry and I put up our lean-to. It did not need to be waterproof – it was only to protect us from the wind, which was strengthening up here as darkness fell. When Father saw our bed-nest of grass he said, ‘You planning to lay an egg?’ 15
- He cut five saplings, saying, ‘I’m going to make a proper shelter!’ He started to lash them together, but before his first frame was complete it was pitch dark, which was a shame, because his shelter would have been much better than ours if he had finished it. At last, he kicked it apart and said, ‘What’s the use!’ Seeing me with some yautia plants, he said, ‘Picking flowers, Charlie?’ That’s the idea – you can put them into your scrapbook. Won’t Mother be pleased?’ 20
- I told them they were yautias and that their roots were as tasty as carrots.
- ‘Eddoes,’ Bucky said. Eddo was his name for yautia. He had speared a paca rat with a sharpened stick and was roasting it over the fire with the same spear. 25
- ‘I’m not hungry,’ Father said. ‘Anyway, I don’t eat rats and weeds.’
- He watched us eat and he told us how, travelling in Eastern Europe, he had been disgusted to find that everywhere he ate the silverware was dirty. He had smeary knives, and stains on his spoon, and the tines of the fork always had bits of yesterday’s food between them. At another place, he had found a hair in his milk. He went on describing the filthy silverware, and he made the Zambus laugh, but I kept thinking how strange it was that we were squatting here on this mountainside in Honduras, eating a burned paca and burned yautia with our fingers, while Father complained about the dirty forks in Bulgaria. Normally, he did not talk about food at all, and he said it was indecent to praise it while you were eating it. But that night on the mountain, all he talked about were the tormenting meals he had eaten and the cutlery that had not been washed properly. 30
- Finally, he said, ‘You’re melting my ice,’ and ordered us to put the fire out.
- The Zambus obeyed. They had made their beds beside low windbreaks of boughs. They were not the men I was used to in Jeronimo. Here, on the mountainside, they had become silent and simpler and a little wild-seeming. 35
- ‘I’m not tired,’ Father said, as Jerry and I crawled into our lean-to. ‘I’ll just sit here and cool my heels until you’re ready to move out.’ 40
- He sat crosslegged near the ice. He had combined the two blocks to concentrate their cold. I could tell from the hot glow of his cigar that he was sulking – maybe thinking about dirty cutlery. But I also suspected that he was guarding the ice. He had warned us not to touch it. The Zambus muttered for a while, and then they sighed and lay like logs on the ground. ‘I wish Ma was here,’ Jerry said, but he was soon asleep. 50
- The wind hummed in the bushes and dragged against the rocks and the dry grass. That was the only sound, the wind, but later I heard another noise in

this humming of wind. It was a *plink-plink-plink*, as if someone was striking the highest key on an old piano. It was the ice melting, water drops hitting the tin pan of the mess kit. I was painfully hungry and still thirsty, and the sound of water made me thirstier.

I poked my head out of the lean-to and saw Father beyond the dead fire, sitting in front of the ice-block. The block with its clumsy cover was about a quarter of its morning size, but silhouetted in the starry sky it still looked like a tombstone, and Father like a white corpse that had crawled out of the grave. The starlight made his face like a skull's and gave him bony arms.

60

'I want to sleep in my own bed!' he screamed.

I tried to think of something to say. I decided, after all, not to ask him for any water.

65

'What are you looking at?' he said fiercely. 'This is the first time since creation that ice has ever melted here. Think of it! And you're saying that's nothing?'

How do you think Theroux intends you to react to Allie Fox in this episode? Be sure to support your ideas with detail from the passage.

**Or 32** How far do you think Theroux wants you to sympathise with Allie's desire to turn his back on 'civilisation'?

Support your argument with detail from Theroux's writing.

**Or 33** You are Mother, alone just after Allie has told you about his plans for taking the family to Honduras.

Write your thoughts.

## DRAMA

### ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

Either	*34	<p><i>Diana:</i> That's nice. Was that her house?</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> No. That's the back of the Natural History Museum, I think.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> I was going to say ...</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> Went there at Easter.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> [at photo]: Oh.</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> [at photo]: Ah.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> [at album]: Oh.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Oh look, John, with her little dog, see?</p> <p><i>John:</i> Oh yes.</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> That was her mother's.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Oh. Sweet little dog.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> I like that handbag.</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> That's her again. Bit of a saucy one. It's not very good though, the sun's the wrong way.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> I wish I had a figure like that. It's so nice you brought them, Colin.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Oh yes.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> It's nice, too, that you can look at them without – you know ...</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> Oh no, it doesn't upset me. Not now.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> That's wonderful.</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> I was upset at the time, you know.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Naturally.</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> But – after that – well, it's a funny thing about somebody dying – you never know, till it actually happens, how it's going to affect you, I mean, we all think about death at some time, I suppose, all of us. Either our death, somebody else's death. After all, it's one of the few things we have all got in common ...</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">[JOHN has risen and is jiggling about.]</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Sit down, John.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">[JOHN sits reluctantly.]</p> <p><i>Colin:</i> And I suppose when I first met Carol, it must have passed through my mind what would I feel like if I did lose her. And I just couldn't think. I couldn't imagine it. I couldn't imagine my life going on without her. And then it happened. All of a sudden. One afternoon. All over. She was caught in this under-current, there was nothing anybody could do. I wasn't even around. They came and told me. And for about three weeks after that, I couldn't do anything at all. Nothing. I just lay about thinking, remembering and then, all of a sudden, it came to me that if my life ended there and then, by God, I'd have a lot to be grateful for. I mean, first of all, I'd been lucky enough to have known her. I don't know if you've ever met a perfect person. But that's what she was. The only way to describe her. And I, me, I'd had the love of a perfect person. And that's something I can always be grateful for. Even if for nothing else. And then I thought, what the hell am I talking about, my whole life's been like that. All through my childhood, the time I was growing up, all the time I lived here, I've had what a lot of people would probably give their right arm for – friends. Real friends, like John and Paul and Gordon and Di. So, one of the things I just wanted to say, Di – Paul – Marge – John – Evelyn and to Gordon if he was here, is that I'm not bitter about what happened. Because I've been denied my own happiness, I don't envy or begrudge you yours. I just want you to know that, despite</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> <p>50</p>
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everything that happened, in a funny sort of way, I too am v  
happy.

*[He smiles round at them serenely. A silence. A strange whooping noise. It is DIANA starting to weep hysterically. Unable to contain herself, she rushes out. After a moment, MARGE fumbles for her handkerchief and blows her nose loudly. JOHN, looking sickly, gives COLIN a ghastly smile. PAUL opens his mouth as if to say something, gives up. COLIN stands looking slightly bemused. He looks at EVELYN. She looks back at him, expressionless, chewing.]*

60

*Colin:* Did I say the wrong thing?  
*[EVELYN shrugs and resumes her reading.]*

CURTAIN

In the light of what has gone before in this passage, what makes Colin's final puzzled question so amusing?

**Or 35** What picture of English middle class life do you think this play presents?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

**Or 36** You are Marge arriving home.

Write what you say to Gordon.



## ATHOL FUGARD: 'Master Harold' ...and the Boys

Either	*37	Hally:	[Cheerfully.] How's it chaps?	
		Sam:	Okay, Hally.	
		Willie:	[Springing to attention like a soldier and saluting.] At your service, Master Harold!	
		Hally:	Not long to the big event, hey!	5
		Sam:	Two weeks.	
		Hally:	You nervous?	
		Sam:	No.	
		Hally:	Think you stand a chance?	
		Sam:	Let's just say I'm ready to go out there and dance.	10
		Hally:	It looked like it. What about you, Willie?	
			[WILLIE groans.]	
			What's the matter?	
		Sam:	He's got leg trouble.	
		Hally:	[Innocently.] Oh, sorry to hear that, Willie.	15
		Willie:	Boet Sam! You promised. [WILLIE returns to his work.]	
			[HALLY deposits his school case and takes off his raincoat. His clothes are a little neglected and untidy: black blazer with school badge, grey flannel trousers in need of an ironing, khaki shirt and tie, black shoes. SAM has fetched a towel for HALLY to dry his hair.]	20
		Hally:	God, what a lousy bloody day. It's coming down cats and dogs out there. Bad for business, chaps ... [Conspiratorial whisper.] ... but it also means we're in for a nice quiet afternoon.	
		Sam:	You can speak loud. Your Mom's not here.	
		Hally:	Out shopping?	25
		Sam:	No. The hospital.	
		Hally:	But it's Thursday. There's no visiting on Thursday afternoons. Is my Dad okay?	
		Sam:	Sounds like it. In fact, I think he's going home.	
		Hally:	[Stopped short by SAM's remark.] What do you mean?	30
		Sam:	The hospital phoned.	
		Hally:	To say what?	
		Sam:	I don't know. I just heard your Mom talking.	
		Hally:	So what makes you say he's going home?	
		Sam:	It sounded as if they were telling her to come and fetch him.	35
			[HALLY thinks about what SAM has said for a few seconds.]	
		Hally:	When did she leave?	
		Sam:	About an hour ago. She said she would phone you. Want to eat?	
			[HALLY doesn't respond.]	
			Hally, want your lunch?	40
		Hally:	I suppose so. [His mood has changed.] What's on the menu? ... as if I don't know.	
		Sam:	Soup, followed by meat pie and gravy.	
		Hally:	Today's?	
		Sam:	No.	45
		Hally:	And the soup?	
		Sam:	Nourishing pea soup.	
		Hally:	Just the soup. [The pile of comic books on the table.] And these?	
		Sam:	For your Dad. Mr. Kempston brought them.	
		Hally:	You haven't been reading them, have you?	50
		Sam:	Just looking.	
		Hally:	[Examining the comics.] Jungle Jim ... Batman and Robin ... Tarzan ... God, what rubbish! Mental pollution. Take them away.	



- [SAM exits waltzing into the kitchen. HALLY turns to WILLIE.]
- Hally: Did you hear Mom talking on the telephone, Willie?
- Willie: No, Master Hally. I was at the back.
- Hally: And she didn't say anything to you before she left?
- Willie: She said I must clean the floors.
- Hally: I mean about my Dad.
- Willie: She didn't say nothing to me about him, Master Hally. 60
- Hally: [With conviction.] No! It can't be. They said he needed at least another three weeks of treatment. Sam's definitely made a mistake. [Rummages through his school case, finds a book and settles down at the table to read.] So, Willie!
- Willie: Yes, Master Hally! Schooling okay today? 65
- Hally: Yes, okay ... [He thinks about it.] ... No, not really. Ag, what's the difference? I don't care. And Sam says you've got problems.
- Willie: Big problems.
- Hally: Which leg is sore? 70
- [WILLIE groans.]

What impressions does this passage give you of Hally's concerns for himself and for other people?

Or 38 What picture of life in South Africa in the 1950s does this play give you?

Support your answer with detail from the writing.

Or 39 You are Sam at the end of the play, reflecting on your impressions of Hally.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

Either	*40	KELLER <i>breaks off</i> as ANN's voice comes out loud from the house where she is still talking on the phone.	
Ann:		Simply because when you get excited you don't control yourself ... [MOTHER <i>comes out of house.</i> ] Well, what did he tell you for God's sake? [Pause.] All right, come then. [Pause.] Yes, they'll all be here. Nobody's running away from you. And try to get hold of yourself, will you? [Pause.] All right, all right. Good-bye. [There is a brief pause as ANN hangs up receiver, then comes out of kitchen.]	5
Chris:		Something happen?	
Keller:		He's coming here?	10
Ann:		On the seven o'clock. He's in Columbus. [To MOTHER.] I told him it would be all right.	
Keller:		Sure, fine! Your father took sick?	
Ann:		[mystified] No, George didn't say he was sick. I – [shaking it off] I don't know, I suppose it's something stupid, you know my brother – [She comes to CHRIS.] Let's go for a drive, or something ...	15
Chris:		Sure. Give me the keys, Dad.	
Mother:		Drive through the park. It's beautiful now.	
Chris:		Come on, Ann. [To them] Be back right away.	
Ann:		[as she and CHRIS exit up the driveway] See you. [MOTHER comes down towards KELLER, her eyes fixed on him.]	20
Keller:		Take your time. [To MOTHER] What does George want?	
Mother:		He's been in Columbus since this morning with Steve. He's gotta see Annie right away, he says.	
Keller:		What for?	25
Mother:		I don't know [She speaks with warning.] He's a lawyer now, Joe. George is a lawyer. All these years he never even sent a postcard to Steve. Since he got back from the war, not a postcard.	
Keller:		So what?	
Mother:		[her tension breaking out] Suddenly he takes an airplane from New York to see him. An airplane!	30
Keller:		Well? So?	
Mother:		[trembling] Why?	
Keller:		I don't read minds. Do you?	
Mother:		Why, Joe? What has Steve suddenly got to tell him that he takes an airplane to see him?	35
Keller:		What do I care what Steve's got to tell him?	
Mother:		You're sure, Joe?	
Keller:		[frightened, but angry] Yes, I'm sure.	
Mother:		[sits stiffly in a chair] Be smart now, Joe. The boy is coming. Be smart.	40
Keller:		[desperately] Once and for all, did you hear what I said? I said I'm sure!	
Mother:		[nods weakly] All right, Joe. [He straightens up.] Just ... be smart. [KELLER, in hopeless fury, looks at her, turns around, goes up to porch and into house, slamming screen door violently behind him. MOTHER sits in chair downstage, stiffly, staring, seeing.]	45

CURTAIN

Explore the significance of Ann's telephone call and its effect on Mother and Joe.

Or 41 What for you is the dramatic importance of the neighbours in *All My Sons*?

Or 42 You are Ann on the plane on your way to stay with the Kellers.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either	*43	<i>Mercutio:</i>	Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.	
		<i>Benvolio:</i>	Stop there, stop there.	5
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.	
		<i>Benvolio:</i>	Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	O, thou art deceiv'd: I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.	10
		<i>Romeo:</i>	Here's goodly gear!	
			<i>Enter NURSE and her man, PETER.</i>	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	A sail, a sail!	
		<i>Benvolio:</i>	Two, two; a shirt and a smock.	
		<i>Nurse:</i>	Peter!	15
		<i>Peter:</i>	Anon.	
		<i>Nurse:</i>	My fan, Peter.	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.	
		<i>Nurse:</i>	God ye good morrow, gentlemen.	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.	20
		<i>Nurse:</i>	Is it good den?	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.	
		<i>Nurse:</i>	Out upon you! What a man are you?	
		<i>Romeo:</i>	One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.	25
		<i>Nurse:</i>	By my troth, it is well said. 'For himself to mar' quoth 'a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?	
		<i>Romeo:</i>	I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.	30
		<i>Nurse:</i>	You say well.	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.	
		<i>Nurse:</i>	If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.	
		<i>Benvolio:</i>	She will indite him to some supper.	35
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!	
		<i>Romeo:</i>	What hast thou found?	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.	
			<i>[He walks by them and sings.</i>	40
			An old hare hoar, And an old hare hoar, Is very good meat in Lent; But a hare that is hoar Is too much for a score, When it hoars ere it be spent.	45
		<i>Romeo:</i>	Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither. I will follow you.	
		<i>Mercutio:</i>	Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, <i>[Sings]</i> lady, lady, lady. <i>[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.</i>	50
		<i>Nurse:</i>	I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his	

ropery?  
*Romeo:* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

What is your impression here of the young men and of Mercutio in particular?

Support your opinions with detail from the passage.

**Or**     **44** How does Shakespeare make Verona a place where a love affair such as Romeo and Juliet's must be doomed?

Support your argument with detail from the play.

**Or**     **45** You are Romeo just after you have left the Nurse, having given her the detailed arrangements for your secret marriage to Juliet.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Either	*46	<i>Fabian:</i> Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir?	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> How is't with you, man?	
		<i>Malvolio:</i> Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private; go off.	
		<i>Maria:</i> Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did I not tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.	5
		<i>Malvolio:</i> Ah, ha! does she so?	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.	
		<i>Malvolio:</i> Do you know what you say?	10
		<i>Maria:</i> La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd.	
		<i>Fabian:</i> Carry his water to th' wise woman.	
		<i>Maria:</i> Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.	15
		<i>Malvolio:</i> How now, mistress!	
		<i>Maria:</i> O Lord!	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Prithee hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.	
		<i>Fabian:</i> No way but gentleness – gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.	20
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck?	
		<i>Malvolio:</i> Sir!	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Ay, Biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherrypit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!	25
		<i>Maria:</i> Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.	
		<i>Malvolio:</i> My prayers, minx!	
		<i>Maria:</i> No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.	
		<i>Malvolio:</i> Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.	30
		[Exit.	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Is't possible?	
		<i>Fabian:</i> If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.	35
		<i>Maria:</i> Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.	
		<i>Fabian:</i> Why, we shall make him mad indeed.	
		<i>Maria:</i> The house will be the quieter.	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i> Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen.	40

This scene could be said to be both very amusing and rather cruel. What is your response?

**Or 47** Many have found it difficult to understand why a woman of Viola's qualities would choose to marry Orsino. What do you think?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

**OR 48** You are Sir Andrew at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.





- Mabel Chiltern:* I don't think Lord Goring has arrived yet.  
 [Coming up to LORD CAVERSHAM]  
 Why do you call Lord Goring good-for-nothing?  
 MABEL CHILTERN is a perfect example of the English type of prettiness, the apple-blossom type. She has all the fragrance and freedom of a flower. There is ripple after ripple of sunlight in her hair, and the little mouth, with its parted lips, is expectant, like the mouth of a child. She has the fascinating tyranny of youth, and the astonishing courage of innocence. To sane people she is not reminiscent of any work of art. But she is really like a Tanagra statuette, and would be rather annoyed if she were told so. 60
- Lord Caversham:* Because he leads such an idle life. 65  
*Mabel Chiltern:* [Gravely]  
 I have been obliged for the present to put Lord Goring into a class quite by himself. But he is developing charmingly!
- Lord Caversham:* Into what?  
*Mabel Chiltern:* [With a little curtsy] 70  
 I hope to let you know very soon, Lord Caversham!
- Mason:* [Announcing guests]  
 Lady Markby. Mrs Chevely.

Dramatists need to establish the world of their play quickly through dialogue and action. What kind of world does Wilde establish here?

Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

- Or 50** For all its passages of humour, *An Ideal Husband* is actually one of Wilde's more serious plays. What do you think Wilde is being serious about and how convincing do you find the seriousness?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

- Or 51** You are Sir Robert Chiltern, alone after the servant has put out the lights at the end of Act 1.

Write your thoughts.





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