

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

May/June 2005

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

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

Either *1

from *Frost at Midnight*

The Frost performs its secret ministry,
 Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
 Came loud – and hark, again! loud as before.
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
 Have left me to that solitude, which suits 5
 Abstruser musings: save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood, 10
 This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
 With all the numberless goings-on of life,
 Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate, 15
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20
 By its own moods interprets, every where
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
 And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,

How oft, at school, with most believing mind, 25
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
 To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
 Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang 30
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

What kind of atmosphere does Coleridge create here, and how does his writing make it so convincing?

- Or 2 How does Coleridge create an atmosphere of mystery and suspense in *Christabel*? Refer in detail to the ways in which he uses language.
- Or 3 Explore **two** moments in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* which you find frightening. Show how Coleridge's writing makes them frightening.

Turn to page 4 for question 4

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

Either * 4

Mountain Lion

Climbing through the January snow, into the Lobo canyon
Dark grow the spruce-trees, blue is the balsam, water sounds
still unfrozen, and the trail is still evident.

Men!
Two men! 5
Men! The only animal in the world to fear!

They hesitate.
We hesitate.
They have a gun.
We have no gun. 10

Then we all advance, to meet.

Two Mexicans, strangers, emerging out of the dark and snow
and inwardness of the Lobo valley.
What are they doing here on this vanishing trail?

What is he carrying? 15
Something yellow.
A deer?

Qué tiene, amigo?
Léon –

He smiles, foolishly, as if he were caught doing wrong. 20
And we smile, foolishly, as if we didn't know.
He is quite gentle and dark-faced.

It is a mountain lion.
A long, long slim cat, yellow like a lioness.
Dead. 25

He trapped her this morning, he says, smiling foolishly.

Lift up her face,
Her round, bright face, bright as frost.
Her round, fine-fashioned head, with two dead ears;
And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine dark rays, 30
Dark, keen, fine rays in the brilliant frost of her face.
Beautiful dead eyes.

Hermoso es!

They go out towards the open;
We go on into the gloom of Lobo. 35
And above the trees I found her lair,
A hole in the blood-orange brilliant rocks that stick up, a little cave.

And bones, and twigs, and a perilous ascent.
 So, she will never leap up that way again, with the yellow flash
 of a mountain lion's long shoot! 40
 And her bright striped frost-face will never watch any more, out
 of the shadow of the cave in the blood-orange rock,
 Above the trees of the Lobo dark valley-mouth!

Instead, I look out.
 And out to the dim of the desert, like a dream, never real; 45
 To the snow of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the ice
 of the mountains of Picoris,
 And near across at the opposite steep of snow, green trees
 motionless standing in snow, like a Christmas toy.

And I think in this empty world there was room for me 50
 and a mountain lion.
 And I think in the world beyond, how easily we might spare a
 million or two of humans
 And never miss them.
 Yet what a gap in the world, the missing white frost-face of that 55
 slim yellow mountain lion!

D. H. Lawrence

What do you find most impressive about the way that D.H. Lawrence uses language to create a picture of this encounter with the mountain lion?

- Or 5 Explore the ways in which the poets strikingly convey a deeply felt experience in any **two** of the following poems:

Bogyman (by Fleur Adcock)
The Film of God (by R. S. Thomas)
The Trees are Down (by Charlotte Mew).

- Or 6 Explore how **either** *A Holiday* (by Margaret Atwood) **or** *Snapshotland* (by Sylvia Kantaris) uses the subject of holidays to make a comment on life in general.

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

Either *7

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning in the college sick bay
 Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
 At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying –
 He had always taken funerals in his stride – 5
 And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
 When I came in, and I was embarrassed
 By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble', 10
 Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
 Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
 At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
 With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the nurses. 15

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
 And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
 For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
 He lay in a four foot box as in his cot. 20
 No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney

Explore the ways in which Heaney makes this such a moving poem.

- Or 8** Some poems paint a rather dark view of the world. Choose **one** of the following poems and show how it vividly conveys this view to you. Remember to support your ideas with detail from the poetry.

Prayer before Birth (by Louis MacNeice)
One Flesh (by Elizabeth Jennings)

- Or 9** Explore what you find most striking about some of the imagery of **two** of the following poems:

Season (by Wole Soyinka)
Dover Beach (by Matthew Arnold)
Snake (by D.H. Lawrence)
Herzog (by Edwin Muir)

PROSE

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

- Either *10** In fear and shame she looked at his naked body, that she had known falsely. And he was the father of her children. Her soul was torn from her body and stood apart. She looked at his naked body and was ashamed, as if she had denied it. After all, it was itself. It seemed awful to her. She looked at his face, and she turned her own face to the wall. For his look was other than hers, his way was not her way. She had denied him what he was – she saw it now. She had refused him as himself. And this had been her life, and his life. She was grateful to death, which restored the truth. And she knew she was not dead. 5
- And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him. What had he suffered? What stretch of horror for this helpless man! She was rigid with agony. She had not been able to help him. He had been cruelly injured, this naked man, this other being, and she could make no reparation. There were the children – but the children belonged to life. This dead man had nothing to do with them. He and she were only channels through which life had flowed to issue in the children. She was a mother – but how awful she knew it now to have been a wife. And he, dead now, how awful he must have felt it to be a husband. She felt that in the next world he would be a stranger to her. If they met there, in the beyond, they would only be ashamed of what had been before. The children had come, for some mysterious reason, out of both of them. But the children did not unite them. Now he was dead, she knew how eternally he was apart from her, how eternally he had nothing more to do with her. She saw this episode of her life closed. They had denied each other in life. Now he had withdrawn. An anguish came over her. It was finished then: it had become hopeless between them long before he died. Yet he had been her husband. But how little! 10
- ‘Have you got his shirt, ‘Lizabeth?’ 15
- Elizabeth turned without answering, though she strove to weep and behave as her mother-in-law expected. But she could not, she was silenced. She went into the kitchen and returned with the garment. 20
- ‘It is aired,’ she said, grasping the cotton shirt here and there to try. She was almost ashamed to handle him; what right had she or any one to lay hands on him; but her touch was humble on his body. It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy and inert. A terrible dread gripped her all the while: that he could be so heavy and utterly inert, unresponsive, apart. The horror of the distance between them was almost too much for her – it was so infinite a gap she must look across. 25

from *Odour of Chrysanthemums*

Explore the significance of this passage in the story, bringing out how Lawrence’s words make it such a sad and moving moment.

- Or 11** Changes in the way people live can mean that some literature loses part of its power to interest readers from a later generation. Choosing **either** *The Lumber-Room* **or** *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, say whether this is your experience when you read the story. Support your ideas with detail from the story you have chosen.
- Or 12** You are Mr Thomas at the end of *The Destroyers*, looking at the ruins of your house

ANITA DESAI: *The Village by the Sea*

Either *13

On Coconut Day it drizzled in the morning but that was when people were still indoors, doing *puja* with sticks of incense and garlands of marigolds and dishes of sweets that were placed before Ganesha, the elephant-headed god who was the patron god of Bombay. When the crowds came pouring out onto the streets in the afternoon, carrying coconuts to throw into the sea, the sun had come out and gilded the battered, untidy city with a sheen of gold.

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Hari and Mr Panwallah were among the thousands and thousands of people who streamed down to Chowpatty, the beach Hari had taken for a fairground when he saw it on his first day in Bombay. Today it really was a fairground. The police were out, directing the traffic, making way for the processions to cross Marine Drive onto the beach – again reminding Hari of that first day in Bombay. Every inch of sand was covered: there were more hawkers and stall-keepers than ever, selling hot salted snacks, ice-creams, coloured drinks, balloons, tin whistles and paper horns to excited children. And, of course, green coconuts. Everyone bought a green coconut to carry into the sea as an offering to it at the end of the season of storms, in thanksgiving for its safe end.

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Mr Panwallah, still rather white and bent from his long illness but very cheerful and almost energetic again, bought Hari a coconut. 'You keep your money for presents for the family,' he said when Hari tried to pay for it – and they pushed their way through the crowds to the edge of the sea. There were men pounding on drums that hung by straps from their necks, and others who danced behind and before them, sticking out their elbows and bending their knees and shouting as they frolicked along. Women were dressed in their brightest and newest saris – pink and yellow, violet and orange – and all had flowers in their hair. Some of them threw red powder into the air and it settled on their heads and shoulders and glistened in the afternoon sun.

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Then they were out on the flat, wet sand for the tide was out, far out. The wet sand glistened and reflected the great pink clouds that sailed along in the golden sky. Children were running barefoot over it to the sea where fishermen waited in boats for those who wanted to row out to sea and immerse their coconuts in the deep. Others were just tossing their coconuts in or wading in to set them afloat. Thousands of coconuts bobbed and floated and sank. Hundreds of urchins splashed through the waves and dived for them.

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Suddenly Hari pushed aside the two boys on either side of him, dashed past a tall man in front of him, and to Mr Panwallah's astonishment, shouted, 'It's mine! It's mine!' and dived into the spray to grab a coconut thrown by someone else and fiercely fought over by three or four other boys. Hari was waist-deep in water, the spray was being churned up all around him, and there he stood, clutching the coconut to him and beaming triumphantly at Mr Panwallah.

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Mr Panwallah laughed with amazement. As Hari came out dripping with his prize, he chuckled. 'So, you've become a real city boy at last, have you? You've learnt to push and fight your way with the city boys, have you? Hari, Hari – I never thought I would see you do such a thing.'

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Hari began to feel ashamed and looked around for a beggar to whom he could give the coconut, but Mr Panwallah was not shocked: he was laughing.

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'Yes, you can manage now,' he said, in a pleased way. 'You will manage all right – I can see I don't have to worry about you any more.'

How does the writing here reveal the bustle and excitement of Coconut Day on Hari?

Or 14 How far do you find the children's father to be an unpleasant character? Be sure to support your views with evidence from the novel.

Or 15 You are Hari returning to Thul after your stay in Bombay. Write your thoughts.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- Either *16** Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all – it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe. 5
- I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, never undo what I had done. 10
- In every rage of wind and rush of rain, I heard pursuers. Twice, I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer door. With these fears upon me, I began either to imagine or recall that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That, for weeks gone by, I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That, these likenesses had grown more numerous, as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That, his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me. 15
- Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire, a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden. 20
- He had rolled a handkerchief round his head, and his face was set and lowering in his sleep. But he was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying on the pillow. Assured of this, I softly removed the key to the outside of his door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire. Gradually I slipped from the chair and lay on the floor. When I awoke, without having parted in my sleep with the perception of my wretchedness, the clocks of the Eastward churches were striking five, the candles were wasted out, the fire was dead, and the wind and rain intensified the thick black darkness. 25
- THIS IS THE END OF THE SECOND STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS. 30
- 35
- 40

What feelings towards Pip do you have as you read Dickens's portrayal of the end to his expectations? Be sure to support your views with detail from the writing.

- Or 17** What do you find the most memorable features of Dickens's creation of Miss Havisham? Be sure to justify your choice by detailed support from the writing.
- Or 18** You are Joe travelling to London with Mr. Wopsle. Write your thoughts as you contemplate your first visit to see Pip.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels with My Aunt*

- Either *19** I stooped down and picked the object up. It was Wordsworth's knife. The tool for taking stones out of horse's hoofs was open – perhaps he had meant to open the blade and in his hurry he had made an error. I struck a match and before the flame went out I saw the body on the ground and the black face starred with white orange petals, which had been blown from the trees in the small breeze of early morning. 5
- I knelt down and felt for the pulse in the heart. There was no life in the black body and my hand was wet from the wound I couldn't see. 'Poor Wordsworth,' I said aloud with some idea of showing to his murderer if he were anywhere nearby that Wordsworth had a friend. I thought how his bizarre love for an old woman had taken him from the doors of the Grenada cinema, where he used to stand so proudly in his uniform, to die on the wet grass near the Paraguay river, but I knew that if this was the price he had to pay, he would have paid it gladly. He was a romantic, and in the only form of poetry he knew, the poetry which he had learnt at St George's Cathedral, Freetown, he would have found the right words to express his love and his death. I could imagine him at the last, refusing to admit that she had dismissed him forever, reciting a hymn to keep his courage up as he walked towards the house through the hollow in the little wood: 10
- 'If I ask Her to receive me,
Will she say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heav'n
Pass away.'
- 15
- The sentiment had always been sincere even if the changes in the words were unliturgical. 20
- There was no sound except my own breathing. I closed the knife and put it in my pocket. Had he drawn it when he first entered the grounds with the intention of attacking Visconti? I preferred to think otherwise – that he had come with the simple purpose of appealing to his love once more before abandoning hope and that when he heard someone move among the trees he had drawn the knife hurriedly in self-defence, pointing at his unseen enemy the useless tool for horses' hooves. 25
- 30
- Explore the ways in which Greene's writing here makes Wordsworth's death seem tragic but also comic.
- Or 20** Henry Pulling is never actually described by Greene; instead his character emerges from what he says and does. What kind of man do you think he is? Support your ideas with detail from Greene's writing.
- Or 21** You are Tooley just after leaving Henry Pulling in Istanbul. Write your thoughts about your journey with him.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

- Either *22 She walked till it was dark and until she could walk no more. Not for a moment, ever, had she feared the forest woman. Not for a moment had she thought she would lose Benjamin that way, that her hands would be empty when she went home. Never. 5
- She did not look for shelter. She put the sack with her things under her head, folded her overcoat round her body and lay down in the soft driftsand along the forest road. 5
- Deep within the thickets a branch cracked. And another. Elephants? Her mind was too weary to find room for fear as well. Somewhere in that vast forest Benjamin would also be lying down to sleep. Where? What was going through his mind? How was he to understand? You tied an umbilical cord, you did not rip it off! Benjamin had always been the one standing at the roadside if she had stayed away a little too long visiting Miss Baby or Auntie Maria. He had never joined the other children when they talked and dreamed about where they wanted to go and work or live one day. He was the one that had always said, 'I just want to stay with ma.' 10
- Sheer hatred came up in her against the woman without a face that had taken him after nine years. Woodcutter's woman, forest woman, white woman. Had *she* watched over him when the fever of the measles would not subside? Had she comforted him when his boat drifted away or when the mongoose stole his broody hen's eggs? Had she seen him laugh, seen him cry, seen him grow out of his clothes? 15
- God, how could this happen? 20
- She fell asleep from exhaustion. When she woke up at dawn, she felt death stirring in her; she knew she would have difficulty reaching home and that she would have to take every short cut to get there. 25
- She came through the hills above the house shortly before midday on the next day, limping for the last part of the way. They were expecting her from the other direction. Selling was sitting beside the house with the whip thongs slack in his hands and his eyes on the road in the Kloof. Kittie was standing behind him. Emma was doing the mending. Tollie was standing guard with the thorn branch in the ostrich enclosure while Dawid gathered the dung in the tin bucket. There was not a sign of redness on Kicker's beak or shins. Pollie was pecking along the ground behind him. 30
- Selling was the first to look round. Then they were all there with her. Selling's hands kept fidgeting and the words seemed to stick in his throat. 35
- 'Ma, what's happened?' Dawid asked, aghast. Someone took the sack from her, someone brought her something to sit on, someone put the beaker of water in her hands, someone took off her headcloth. 40
- And Selling asked: 'Where's Benjamin, Fiela?'
- She did not look at them, she looked away to the ground. 'He's the forest woman's child.' When she looked up, tears were running over Selling's face and the children were just standing there, defeated. Behind them, at the hedge, Kicker stood there, looking straight at her.

Explore the ways in which in this passage Matthee conveys the terrible sense of loss which Fiela is feeling.

- Or** **23** The mystery of Benjamin/Lukas's birth is central to the novel. By exploring _____ from the first part of the novel **and** one episode from towards the end of the novel, discuss how Matthee's writing makes the mystery so compelling.
- Or** **24** You are Fiela on the evening after Benjamin has returned to the Forest to confront Barta van Rooyen (following your advice). Write your thoughts.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- Either *25** All of a sudden, from out the spacious halls of which they had caught a glimpse on arriving, brisk steps began to come towards them over the oilcloth – at first as a mere tapping in the distance, then rapidly gaining in weight and decision. Laura’s palpitations reached their extreme limit – another second and they might have burst her chest. Cousin Grace ceased to giggle; the door opened with a peculiar flourish; and all three rose to their feet. 5
- The person who entered was a very stately lady; she wore a cap with black ribbons. With the door-handle still in her hand she made a slight obeisance, in which her whole body joined, afterwards to become more erect than before. Having introduced herself to Godmother as Mrs. Gurley, the Lady Superintendent of the institution, she drew up a chair, let herself down upon it, and began to converse with an air of ineffable condescension. 10
- While she talked Laura examined her, with a child’s thirst for detail. Mrs. Gurley was large and generous of form, and she carried her head in such a haughty fashion that it made her look taller than she really was. She had a high colour, her black hair was touched with grey, her upper teeth were prominent. She wore gold eyeglasses, many rings, a long gold chain, which hung from an immense cameo brooch at her throat, and a black apron with white flowers on it, one point of which was pinned to her ample bosom. The fact that Laura had just such an apron in her box went only a very little way towards reviving her spirits; for altogether Mrs. Gurley was the most impressive person she had ever set eyes on. Beside her, Godmother was nothing but a plump, shortsighted fidgety lady. 15
- Particularly awe-inspiring was Mrs. Gurley when she listened to another speaking. She held her head a little to one side, her teeth met her underlip and her be-ringed hands toyed incessantly with the long gold chain, in a manner which seemed to denote that she set little value on what was being said. Awful, too, was the habit she had of suddenly lowering her head and looking at you over the tops of her glasses: when she did this, and when her teeth came down on her lip, you would have liked to shrink to the size of a mouse. Godmother, it was true, was not afraid of her; but Cousin Grace was hushed at last; and as for Laura herself, she consciously wore a fixed little simper, which was meant to put it beyond doubt that butter would not melt in her mouth. 20
- Godmother now asked if she might say a few words in private, and the two ladies left the room. As the door closed behind them Cousin Grace began to be audible again. 25
- ‘Oh, snakes!’ she giggled, and her double chin spread itself. ‘There’s a Tartar for you! Don’t I thank my stars it’s not me that’s being shunted off here! She’ll give you what-for.’ 30
- 35

What picture of Mrs Gurley emerges here? Be sure to refer in some detail to the writing in the extract as you answer.

- Or 26** Explore **two** moments in this novel which you find amusing, showing how the writing creates the humour for you.
- Or 27** You are Mother just after Laura has left home for the first time to go to Melbourne Ladies’ College

Turn to page 16 for question 28

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

Either

*28

'Epilogue'

It is the twelfth of August and Ruth is in the Cubbyhole, silent. Foghorns blow in the night, welcoming ships into the bay.

Ruth still has her voice. Her ability to speak is not governed by curses or shooting stars or illness. She knows that for certain now. But she does not need to talk. She can write. Before, she never had a reason to write for herself, only for others. Now she has that reason.

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The picture of her grandmother is in front of her. Ruth looks at it daily. Through it, she can see from the past clear into the present. Could her grandmother ever have imagined she would have a granddaughter like her – a woman who has a husband who loves her, two girls who adore her, a house she co-owns, dear friends, a life with only the usual worries about leaks and calories?

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Ruth remembers how her mother used to talk of dying, by curse or her own hand. She never stopped feeling the urge, not until she began to lose her mind, the memory web that held her woes in place. And though her mother still remembers the past, she has begun to change it. She doesn't recount the sad parts. She only recalls being loved very, very much. She remembers that to Bao Bomu she was the reason for life itself.

15

The other day Ruth's mother called her. She sounded like her old self, scared and fretful. 'Luyi,' she said, and she spoke quickly in Chinese, 'I'm worried that I did terrible things to you when you were a child, that I hurt you very much. But I can't remember what I did ...'

20

'There's nothing –' Ruth began.

'I just wanted to say that I hope you can forget just as I've forgotten. I hope you can forgive me, because if I hurt you, I'm sorry.'

25

After they hung up, Ruth cried for an hour she was so happy. It was not too late for them to forgive each other and themselves.

As Ruth now stares at the photo, she thinks about her mother as a little girl, about her grandmother as a young woman. These are the women who shaped her life, who are in her bones. They caused her to question whether the order and disorder of her life were due to fate or luck, self-determination or the actions of others. They taught her to worry. But she has also learned that these warnings were passed down, not simply to scare her, but to force her to avoid their footsteps, to hope for something better. They wanted her to get rid of the curses.

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In the Cubbyhole, Ruth returns to the past. The laptop becomes a sand tray. Ruth is six years old again, the same child, her broken arm healed, her other hand holding a chopstick, ready to divine the words. Bao Bomu comes, as always, and sits next to her. Her face is smooth, as beautiful as it is in the photo. She grinds an inkstick into an inkstone of *duan*.

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'Think about your intentions,' Bao Bomu says. 'What is in your heart, what you want to put in others'. And side by side, Ruth and her grandmother begin. Words flow. They have become the same person, six years old, sixteen, forty-six, eighty-two. They write about what happened, why it happened, how they can make other things happen. They write stories of things that are but should not have been. They write about what could have been, what still might be. They write of a past that can be changed. After all, Bao Bomu says, what is the past but what we choose to remember? They can choose not to hide it, to take what's broken, to feel the pain and know that it will heal. They know where happiness lies, not in

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a cave or a country, but in love and the freedom to give and take what has been there all along.

Ruth remembers this as she writes a story. It is for her grandmother, for herself, for the little girl who became her mother.

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What makes this passage a satisfying ending to the novel?

- Or** **29** What have you found particularly interesting about the way in which a picture of Immortal Heart village is created in the novel?
Support your answer by close reference to relevant details.
- Or** **30** You are Precious Auntie. LuLing has just told you that she is going to join the Chang family despite having read your papers.
Write your thoughts.

DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

Either	*31	Colin:	Yes. [Pause.] [Looking at his watch.] Good heavens, yes. Look at the ... It's a long drive. I'd better make a start. [Pause.] Good-bye, all ...	
		Marge:	[Coming out of her reverie]. Oh, Colin, are you off?	5
		Colin:	Yes, I think I'd ...	
		Marge:	Yes. Don't forget your photographs ...	
		Colin:	Oh, no. I wouldn't do that. Not likely to do that.	
		Marge:	I hope you – manage all right, Colin.	
		Colin:	Me? Oh, I'm fine. I've always fallen on my feet, you know ... I've still got a good job – health and strength – and lately, I think I've found a few good friends over there as well. Carol's parents, to name but two. I'm always round with them these days. You know, talking over old times and things. And if I really get a bit depressed, out come the old albums. It's a pity you didn't meet her, Marge. You'd have got on like a house on fire.	10
		Marge:	Yes, I'm sure.	
		Colin:	Well. Good-bye, Evelyn. Been a great pleasure meeting you.	
		Evelyn:	Bye.	
		John:	Cheerio, old Col. See you.	20
		Colin:	You bet. Come over and see me.	
		John:	Might just do that. When I get the new car. Have a few – [drinking gesture.] ... together.	
		Colin:	Any time, Paul.	
		Paul:	Bye, Colin. Take care.	25
		Colin:	And you. Say good-bye to Di, will you?	
		Paul:	Oh, sure. She'll be sorry she missed you.	
		Colin:	Bye-bye, Marge. No, it's all right, I'll see myself out. [Hesitating.] Er – I really appreciated you all inviting me over here this afternoon, you know and, well ... thanks a lot. You've really been great. All of you.	30
		Marge:	Good-bye, Colin. And I hope perhaps, you know – later on – you'll ... once you've got over ... I mean, I know it will be difficult for a time for you to forget about Carol ...	
		Colin:	Forget her? Oh come on, Marge. You know me better than that, don't you? [Smiling round.] Bye-bye, all. [Colin goes out. A pause.]	35
		Marge:	He's a nice boy, isn't he?	
		John:	Good old Col. Just the same.	
		Marge:	Paul, I'll have to go home to Gordon in a minute.	40
		Paul:	Yes. Fine, Marge. Fine. You do that ...	
		Marge:	But if by any chance you need help – with her – you know my number. As soon as I've cleaned Gordon up, I can easily look back.	
		Paul:	No, we'll manage, Marge, honestly.	45
		Marge:	She should sleep now. [Evelyn starts singing, still rocking the pram.] [Paul sits and starts to doze.]	
		John:	[who has sat down for once] I'll cut that carpet up for the car tomorrow.	50

Marge: [*Sitting down herself for a moment.*] I don't think I'd better leave Gordon on his own again when he's ill, you know. He doesn't like it. He prefers it if I'm there. [*Slight pause.*] Oh, it's terrible. I haven't got the energy to move now. Once I've sat down ... I think those shoes will go with that coat. I hope so ... oh, look at us. Honestly. All drooping about like wet weekends ... still, why shouldn't we, I say. There are worse ways of spending the time. Than sitting peacefully with your friends. Nice to sit with your friends now and again. Nice ...

[*Evelyn continues her singing.*] 55

[*Marge daydreams.*] 60

[*Paul starts to snore loudly.*]

[*John jiggles.*]

CURTAIN

What kind of impression of the 'friends' do you think Ayckbourn wants to leave with us as the play finishes?
Support your ideas with detail from the passage.

Or 32 *Horrifyingly self-centred*
Honest and amusingly direct

Explore these two descriptions of Evelyn, bringing out by close reference to the play which you think is the more truthful.

Or 33 You are Diana at the end of the play, lying on your bed. You hear the front door close as the last of the guests leave.
Write your thoughts.

LIZ LOCHHEAD/GINA MOXLEY: *Cuba and Dog House*

Either *34

SCENE SEVEN

Ger, Debs, Jimmy and Marian are standing by the wall of the hall at a disco. The lights are flashing and the music's thumping but nobody is dancing yet.

- Debs:* Don't know what we keep coming to this for, there's never any talent here. 5
- Ger:* There is some here, OK, it's just that you've shifted all of them.
Barry comes in and Marian becomes very interested in the floor.
- Barry:* How's the gang?
They all salute him, glad to be associated with an older, cooler person. 10
- No sign of Mossie, no? It's not all off, I hope. Only slagging, Ger, only slagging.
- Ger:* Naw, he's off with Connie somewhere. They're like two parrots on a perch since the baby was born. They'll get a right gonk when Dee comes home. 15
- Jimmy:* Isn't he coming tonight?
- Ger:* He said he'd see me inside.
- Debs:* What's the point in jaggging someone if they don't pay in for you? That's what I think, anyway.
Barry isn't really interested. He's scanning the room. 20
- Marian:* Were you working earlier?
Barry doesn't hear.
- Barry:* Very few here. A lot must be away on hols, I suppose. Well for some.
- Jimmy:* Ah, it's early yet. 25
- Barry:* Fair do's, Jimmy, ever hopeful. Might as well have a look at the menu anyway. There's a few Spanish or is it French students over there?
- Debs:* Jimmy's holding out for one of the Flying Saucers, aren't you, Jim? 30
- Jimmy:* Wha?
- Debs:* Wha? I saw you.
- Barry:* They're only razzing you, boy. Catch you later, gang. (*He moves off.*)
- Marian:* Did you see the hairs on his chest, poking out of his shirt? 35
- Debs:* No chiffon scarf test for Barry, that's for sure.
- Ger:* No test of any kind for Barry, I'm afraid.
- Marian:* Oh, you're very pass-remarkable, aren't you?
Black-out.
- Lights up and Ger, Debs, Barry, Marian and Jimmy are dancing. Marian tries to edge closer to Barry, who dances away every time. Jimmy is as good at dancing as he is at football. Connie staggers in, followed by Mossie, who's drunk as well, but not as bad. They're both holding sparklers aloft. They dance over to the others, Connie gives a sparkler to Jimmy. He obviously feels foolish with it. Everybody shouts to be heard over the music.* 45
- Ger:* Oh, Jesus. Cop on, will ye? If your man on the door sees ye we'll all be out on our ear.
Connie and Mossie are beyond caring and continue dancing around the floor. Jimmy drops his sparkler and leaves the dance 50

Barry: The lads are in flying form, aren't they?

Debs: So would you be if you had as much to drink as they've had.
Connie's palatic.

Ger: So's Mossie. And he told me he had no money. Bloody chancer.

55

Marian: Who'd give him drink? He doesn't even look his age, much less
act it.

There is much tension in this scene. Explore the ways in which Moxley's writing brings this out.

- Or** **35** In both plays there are moments which convey the pain of ceasing to be a child and becoming an adult. Explore in detail one moment from *Cuba* **and** one moment from *Dog House* which you think vividly convey that change.
- Or** **36** You are Bernadette on the evening of the day on which you have been expelled from the grammar school.
Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- Either *37 *Chris:* Mother, Mother! [*She looks into his face.*] The wind blew it down. What significance has that got? What are you talking about? Mother, please ... don't go through it all again, will you? It's no good, it doesn't accomplish anything. I've been thinking, y'know? – maybe we ought to put our minds to forgetting him? 5
- Mother:* That's the third time you've said that this week.
- Chris:* Because it's not right; we never took up our lives again. We're like at a railroad station waiting for a train that never comes in.
- Mother:* [*pressing top of her head*] Get me an aspirin, heh?
- Chris:* Sure, and let's break out of this, heh, Mom? I thought the four of us might go out to dinner a couple of nights, maybe go dancing out at the shore. 10
- Mother:* Fine. [*to Keller*] We can do it tonight.
- Keller:* Swell with me!
- Chris:* Sure, let's have some fun. [*To Mother*] You'll start with this aspirin. [*he goes up and into house with new spirit. Her smile vanishes.*] 15
- Mother:* [*with an accusing undertone*] Why did he invite her here?
- Keller:* Why does that bother you?
- Mother:* She's been in New York three and a half years, why all of a sudden – ? 20
- Keller:* Well, maybe – maybe he just wanted to see her.
- Mother:* Nobody comes seven hundred miles 'just to see'.
- Keller:* What do you mean? He lived next door to the girl all his life, why shouldn't he want to see her again? [*Mother looks at him critically.*] Don't look at me like that, he didn't tell me any more than he told you. 25
- Mother:* [*– a warning and a question*] He's not going to marry her.
- Keller:* How do you know he's even thinking of it?
- Mother:* It's got that about it. 30
- Keller:* [*sharply watching her reaction*] Well? So what?
- Mother:* [*alarmed*] What's going on here, Joe?
- Keller:* Now listen, kid –
- Mother:* [*avoiding contact with him*] She's not his girl, Joe; she knows she's not. 35
- Keller:* You can't read her mind.
- Mother:* Then why is she still single? New York is full of men, why isn't she married? [*Pause.*] Probably a hundred people told her she's foolish, but she's waited.
- Keller:* How do you know why she waited? 40
- Mother:* She knows what I know, that's why. She's faithful as a rock. In my worst moments, I think of her waiting, and I know again that I'm right.
- Keller:* Look, it's a nice day. What are we arguing for?
- Mother:* [*warningly*] Nobody in this house dast take her faith away, Joe. Strangers might. But not his father, not his brother. 45
- Keller:* [*exasperated*] What do you want me to do? What do you want?
- Mother:* I want you to act like he's coming back. Both of you. Don't think I haven't noticed you since Chris invited her. I won't stand for any nonsense. 50
- Keller:* But, Kate –
- Mother:* Because if he's not coming back, then I'll kill myself! Laugh. Laugh at me. [*She points to tree.*] But why did that happen the very night she come back? Laugh, but there are meanings in

such things. She goes to sleep in his room and his memorial breaks in pieces. Look at it; look. [*She sits on bench.*] Joe –

Keller: Calm yourself.

Mother: Believe with me, Joe. I can't stand all alone.

Keller: Calm yourself.

Mother: Only last week a man turned up in Detroit, missing longer than Larry. You read it yourself. 60

What do you think the writing here reveals of Kate Keller's state of mind, particularly with regard to her two sons?

- Or** **38** How far does Miller encourage you to feel sympathy for Joe Keller during the play? Be sure to refer to the writing as you answer.
- Or** **39** You are George on your way to the Kellers' house to meet Ann. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Either *40

<i>Sir Toby:</i>	What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.	
<i>Maria:</i>	By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Why, let her except before excepted.	5
<i>Maria:</i>	Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.	10
<i>Maria:</i>	That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?	
<i>Maria:</i>	Ay, he.	15
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.	
<i>Maria:</i>	What's that to the purpose?	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.	
<i>Maria:</i>	Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.	20
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.	
<i>Maria:</i>	He hath indeed, almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.	25
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?	
<i>Maria:</i>	They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.	30
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystil that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! <i>Castiliano vulgo!</i> for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.	35
	<i>Enter</i> SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	
<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Sweet Sir Andrew!	
<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	Bless you, fair shrew.	
<i>Maria:</i>	And you too, sir.	40
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.	
<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	What's that?	
<i>Sir Toby:</i>	My niece's chambermaid.	
<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.	
<i>Maria:</i>	My name is Mary, sir.	45
<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	Good Mistress Mary Accost, –	

The audience is here introduced to Sir Toby, Maria, and Sir Andrew. What do you think Shakespeare in this passage suggests about their characters and the roles they are to play in the drama?

- Or** **41** Do you think Shakespeare makes Olivia any more of a likeable figure than Orsino?
Support your ideas with detail from the action and words of the play.
- Or** **42** You are Malvolio after appearing before Olivia in cross-gartered stockings.
Write your thoughts.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

Either	*43	<i>Judith:</i>	He took your place: he is dying to save you. That is why he went in your coat. That is why I kissed him.	
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>exploding</i>] Blood an' owns! [<i>His voice is rough and dominant, his gesture full of brute energy.</i>] Here! Essie, Essie!	
		<i>Essie:</i>	[<i>running in</i>] Yes.	5
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>impetuously</i>] Off with you as hard as you can run, to the inn. Tell them to saddle the fastest and strongest horse they have [<i>Judith rises breathless, and stares at him incredulously</i>] – the chestnut mare, if she's fresh – without a moment's delay. Go into the stable yard and tell the black man there that I'll give him a silver dollar if the horse is waiting for me when I come, and that I am close on your heels. Away with you. [<i>His energy sends Essie flying from the room. He pounces on his riding boots; rushes with them to the chair at the fire; and begins pulling them on.</i>]	10
		<i>Judith:</i>	[<i>unable to believe such a thing of him</i>] You are not going to him!	15
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>busy with the boots</i>] Going to him! What good would that do? [<i>Growling to himself as he gets the first boot on with a wrench</i>] I'll go to them, so I will. [<i>To Judith peremptorily</i>] Get me the pistols: I want them. And money, money: I want money – all the money in the house. [<i>He stoops over the other boot, grumbling</i>] A great satisfaction it would be to him to have my company on the gallows. [<i>He pulls on the boot.</i>]	20
		<i>Judith:</i>	You are deserting him, then?	25
		<i>Anderson:</i>	Hold your tongue, woman; and get me the pistols. [<i>She goes to the press and takes from it a leather belt with two pistols, a powder horn, and a bag of bullets attached to it. She throws it on the table. Then she unlocks a drawer in the press and takes out a purse. Anderson grabs the belt and buckles it on, saying</i>] If they took him for me in my coat, perhaps they'll take me for him in his. [<i>Hitching the belt into its place</i>] Do I look like him?	30
		<i>Judith:</i>	[<i>turning with the purse in her hand</i>] Horribly unlike him.	
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>snatching the purse from her and emptying it on the table</i>] Hm! We shall see.	35
		<i>Judith:</i>	[<i>sitting down helplessly</i>] Is it of any use to pray, do you think, Tony?	
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>counting the money</i>] Pray! Can we pray Swindon's rope off Richard's neck?	40
		<i>Judith:</i>	God may soften Major Swindon's heart.	
		<i>Anderson:</i>	[<i>contemptuously – pocketing a handful of money</i>] Let him, then. I am not God; and I must go to work another way. [<i>Judith gasps at the blasphemy. He throws the purse on the table.</i>] Keep that. I've taken 25 dollars.	45
		<i>Judith:</i>	Have you forgotten even that you are a minister?	
		<i>Anderson:</i>	Minister be – faugh! My hat: where's my hat? [<i>He snatches up hat and cloak, and puts both on in hot haste.</i>] Now listen, you. If you can get a word with him by pretending you're his wife, tell him to hold his tongue until morning: that will give me all the start I need.	50
		<i>Judith:</i>	[<i>solemnly</i>] You may depend on him to the death.	

Anderson: You're a fool, a fool, Judith [*for a moment checking the torrent of his haste, and speaking with something of his old quiet and impressive conviction*]. You don't know the man you're married to. [*Essie returns. He swoops at her at once.*] Well: is the horse ready? 55

Essie: [*breathless*] It will be ready when you come.

Anderson: Good. [*He makes for the door.*]

Judith: [*rising and stretching out her arms after him involuntarily*] Wont you say goodbye? 60

Anderson: And waste another half minute! Psha! [*He rushes out like an avalanche.*]

Essie: [*hurrying to Judith*] He has gone to save Richard, hasn't he?

Judith: To save Richard! No: Richard has saved him. He has gone to save himself. Richard must die. 65

Essie screams with terror and falls on her knees, hiding her face. Judith, without heeding her, looks rigidly straight in front of her, at the vision of Richard, dying.

What do you think makes the ending of this act (Act 2) so dramatic?

- Or 44 To what extent does Shaw make you feel sympathy for Mrs. Dudgeon? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.
- Or 45 You are Anderson riding to Dick Dudgeon's rescue. Write your thoughts.

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