



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/42**

Paper 4

**October/November 2012**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper



**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **24** printed pages and **4** blank pages.





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## SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

|                   |  |    |
|-------------------|--|----|
| <i>Willy:</i>     | [ <i>without hesitation</i> ] Hurry downstairs and –   |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>      | Somebody in there?   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | No, that was next door.<br>[ <i>The Woman laughs offstage.</i> ]   |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>      | Somebody got in your bathroom!   | 5  |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | No, it's the next room, there's a party –  |    |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | [ <i>enters, laughing. She lisps this</i> ] Can I come in? There's something in the bathtub, Willy, and it's moving!<br>[ <i>Willy looks at Biff, who is staring open-mouthed and horrified at the Woman.</i> ]  | 10 |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | Ah – you better go back to your room. They must be finished painting by now. They're painting her room so I let her take a shower here. Go back, go back . . . [ <i>He pushes her.</i> ]   |    |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | [ <i>resisting</i> ] But I've got to get dressed, Willy, I can't –   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | Get out of here! Go back, go back . . . [ <i>Suddenly striving for the ordinary</i> ] This is Miss Francis, Biff, she's a buyer. They're painting her room. Go back, Miss Francis, go back . . .   | 15 |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | But my clothes, I can't go out naked in the hall!  |    |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | [ <i>pushing her offstage</i> ] Get outa here! Go back, go back!<br>[ <i>Biff slowly sits down on his suitcase as the argument continues offstage.</i> ]   | 20 |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | Where's my stockings? You promised me stockings, Willy!  |    |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | I have no stockings here!  |    |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | You had two boxes of size nine sheers for me, and I want them!   | 25 |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | Here, for God's sake, will you get outa here!  |    |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | [ <i>enters holding a box of stockings</i> ] I just hope there's nobody in the hall. That's all I hope. [ <i>To Biff</i> ] Are you football or baseball?   | 30 |
| <i>Biff:</i>      | Football.  |    |
| <i>The Woman:</i> | [ <i>angry, humiliated</i> ] That's me too. G'night.<br>[ <i>She snatches her clothes from Willy, and walks out.</i> ]   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i>     | [ <i>after a pause</i> ] Well, better get going. I want to get to the school first thing in the morning. Get my suits out of the closet. I'll get my valise. [ <i>Biff doesn't move.</i> ] What's the matter? [ <i>Biff remains motionless, tears falling.</i> ] She's a buyer. Buys for J. H. Simmons. She lives down the hall – they're painting. You don't imagine – [ <i>He breaks off. After a pause</i> ] Now listen, pal, she's just a buyer. She sees merchandise in her room and they have to keep it looking | 35 |
|                   | just so . . . [ <i>Biff: Assuming command</i> ] All right, get my  | 40 |

suits. [*Biff doesn't move.*] Now stop crying and do as I say. I gave you an order. Biff, I gave you an order! Is that what you do when I give you an order? How dare you cry? [*Putting his arm around Biff*] Now look, Biff, when you grow up you'll understand about these things. You mustn't – you mustn't over-emphasize a thing like this. I'll see Birnbaum first thing in the morning.

|               |   |    |
|---------------|---|----|
| <i>Biff:</i>  | Never mind.   | 50 |
| <i>Willy:</i> | [ <i>getting down beside Biff</i> ] Never mind! He's going to give you those points. I'll see to it.  |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | He wouldn't listen to you.  |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | He certainly will listen to me. You need those points for the U. of Virginia.   | 55 |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | I'm not going there.  |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | Heh? If I can't get him to change that mark you'll make it up in summer school. You've got all summer to –  |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | [ <i>his weeping breaking from him</i> ] Dad . . .  |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | [ <i>infected by it</i> ] Oh, my boy . . .  | 60 |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | Dad . . .   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | She's nothing to me, Biff. I was lonely, I was terribly lonely.   |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | You – you gave her Mama's stockings! [ <i>His tears break through and he rises to go.</i> ]   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | [ <i>grabbing for Biff</i> ] I gave you an order!   | 65 |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | Don't touch me, you – liar!   |    |
| <i>Willy:</i> | Apologize for that!   |    |
| <i>Biff:</i>  | You fake! You phony little fake! You fake! [ <i>Overcome, he turns quickly and weeping fully goes out with his suitcase. Willy is left on the floor on his knees.</i> ] | 70 |
| <i>Willy:</i> | I gave you an order! Biff, come back here or I'll beat you! Come back here! I'll whip you!  |    |

How does Miller make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or †2** 'Miller makes Linda almost as responsible for Willy's failure as Willy himself.'

Do you agree? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or 3** You are Willy going home after having been sacked by Howard.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Either \*4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                   |  |    |
|-------------------|--|----|
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?  |    |
| <i>Don John:</i>  | Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.   |    |
| <i>Benedick:</i>  | This looks not like a nuptial.   |    |
| <i>Hero:</i>      | True! O God!   |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Leonato, stand I here?<br>Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?<br>Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?  | 5  |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | All this is so; but what of this, my lord?   |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Let me but move one question to your daughter;<br>And, by that fatherly and kindly power<br>That you have in her, bid her answer truly.  | 10 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>   | I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.   |    |
| <i>Hero:</i>      | O, God defend me! how am I beset!<br>What kind of catechising call you this?   |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | To make you answer truly to your name.   | 15 |
| <i>Hero:</i>      | Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name<br>With any just reproach?  |    |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | Marry, that can Hero;<br>Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.<br>What man was he talk'd with you yester-night<br>Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?<br>Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.   | 20 |
| <i>Hero:</i>      | I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.  |    |
| <i>Don Pedro:</i> | Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,<br>I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,<br>Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count,<br>Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,<br>Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;<br>Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,<br>Confess'd the vile encounters they have had<br>A thousand times in secret.   | 25 |
| <i>Don John:</i>  | Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,<br>Not to be spoke of;<br>There is not chastity enough in language<br>Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,<br>I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.   | 35 |
| <i>Claudio:</i>   | O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,<br>If half thy outward graces had been placed<br>About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!<br>But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell,<br>Thou pure impiety and impious purity!<br>For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,<br>And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,<br>To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,<br>And never shall it more be gracious. | 40 |
|                   |  | 45 |

*Leonato:* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?  
[*Hero swoons.*]

*Beatrice:* Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?

*Don John:* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.  
[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

*Benedick:* How doth the lady?

*Beatrice:* Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Or †5** How far do you think Shakespeare makes Beatrice an admirable heroine? Refer closely to the play in support of your answer.
- Or 6** You are Leonato. You have just been told by the Watch that Borachio has been arrested and you are on your way to talk to Margaret.

Write your thoughts.





*Decius:* Great Caesar!

*Caesar:* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca:* Speak, hands, for me!

*[They stab Caesar. Casca strikes the first, Brutus the last blow.]*

*Caesar:* Et tu, Brute? – Then fall, Caesar!

*[Dies.]*

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatically powerful moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or †8** Which of the two women in the play do you feel more sympathy for: Calphurnia or Portia? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or 9** You are Cassius after Brutus has agreed that Antony will speak at Caesar's funeral. Write your thoughts.

R.C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

Either \*10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Stanhope:* (as he takes off his pack, gas satchel, and belt) Has Hardy gone?
- Osborne:* Yes. He cleared off a few minutes ago.
- Stanhope:* Lucky for him he did. I had a few words to say to Master Hardy. You never saw the blasted mess those fellows left the trenches in. Dug-outs smell like cesspits; rusty bombs; damp rifle grenades; it's perfectly foul. Where are the servants? 5
- Osborne:* In there.
- Stanhope:* (calling into Mason's dug-out) Hi! Mason!
- Mason:* (outside) Coming, sir! Just bringing the soup, sir.
- Stanhope:* (taking a cigarette from his case and lighting it) Damn the soup! Bring some whisky! 10
- Osborne:* Here's a new officer, Stanhope — just arrived.
- Stanhope:* Oh, sorry. (He turns and peers into the dim corner where Raleigh stands smiling awkwardly.) I didn't see you in this miserable light. (He stops short at the sight of Raleigh. There is silence.) 15
- Raleigh:* Hullo, Stanhope!
- Stanhope:* (in a low voice) How did you — get here?
- Raleigh:* I was told to report to your company, Stanhope. 20
- Stanhope:* Oh. I see. Rather a coincidence.
- Raleigh:* (with a nervous laugh) Yes.
- Stanhope:* (There is a silence for a moment; broken by Osborne in a matter-of-fact voice.)
- Osborne:* I say, Stanhope, it's a terrible business. We thought we'd got a tin of pineapple chunks; it turns out to be apricots. 25
- Trotter:* Ha! Give me apricots every time! I 'ate pineapple chunks; too bloomin' sickly for me!
- Raleigh:* I'm awfully glad I got to your company, Stanhope.
- Stanhope:* When did you get here? 30
- Raleigh:* Well, I've only just come.
- Osborne:* He came up with the transport while you were taking over.
- Stanhope:* I see.
- Stanhope:* (Mason brings in a bottle of whisky, a mug, and two plates of soup — so precariously that Osborne has to help with the soup plates on to the table.) 35
- Stanhope:* (with a sudden forced gaiety) Come along, Uncle! Come and sit here. (He waves towards the box on the right of the table.) You better sit there, Raleigh.
- Raleigh:* Right! 40
- Trotter:* (taking a pair of pince-nez from his tunic pocket, putting them on, and looking curiously at Raleigh)
- Trotter:* You Raleigh?
- Raleigh:* Yes

- Pause.*
- Trotter:** I'm Trotter.
- Raleigh:** Oh, yes?
- Pause.*
- Trotter:** How are you?
- Raleigh:** Oh, all right, thanks. 50
- Trotter:** Been out 'ere before?
- Raleigh:** No.
- Trotter:** Feel a bit odd, I s'pose?
- Raleigh:** Yes. A bit.
- Trotter:** (*getting a box to sit on*) Oh, well, you'll soon get used to it; you'll feel you've been 'ere a year in about an hour's time. (*He puts the box on its side and sits on it. It is too low for the table, and he puts it on its end. It is then too high. He tries the other side, which is too low; he finally contrives to make himself comfortable by sitting on his pack, placed on the side of the box.*) 55  
60
- Mason arrives with two more plates of soup.*
- Osborne:** What kind of soup is this, Mason?
- Mason:** It's yellow soup, sir.
- Osborne:** It's got a very deep yellow flavour.
- Trotter:** (*taking a melodious sip*) It wants some pepper; bring some pepper, Mason. 65
- Mason:** (*anxiously*) I'm very sorry, sir. When the mess box was packed the pepper was omitted, sir.
- Trotter:** (*throwing his spoon with a clatter into the plate*) Oh, I say, but damn it!
- Osborne:** We must have pepper. It's a disinfectant. 70
- Trotter:** You must have pepper in soup!
- Stanhope:** (*quietly*) Why wasn't it packed, Mason?
- Mason:** It — it was missed, sir.
- Stanhope:** Why?
- Mason:** (*miserably*) Well, sir, I left it to — 75
- Stanhope:** Then I advise you never to leave it to anyone else again — unless you want to rejoin your platoon out there. (*He points into the moonlit trench.*)

Explore how Sherriff makes the various reactions to Raleigh's arrival so dramatic at this point in the play.

Or †11

*Cruel bully*  
*Inspiring leader*

Which do you think is the more accurate description of Sherriff's portrayal of Stanhope? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 12

You are Trotter near the end of the play. You have just been made second-in-command of the company.

## SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

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

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

5

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

10

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

15

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out thy mournful rhymes  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

25

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

30

In what ways does Tennyson vividly convey his feelings in these lines?

Or †14 How does Tennyson's writing make the story so intriguing for you in **either** *The Lady of Shalott* **or** *Mariana*? Support your ideas with details from your chosen poem.

Or †15 What are your feelings about the ways in which Tennyson portrays Ulysses in *Ulysses*?

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3**

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

*Amends*

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(by Adrienne Rich)

Explore how Rich's words vividly convey the power of moonlight to penetrate every part of the night world.

- Or †17** How do you think the poet's words create a vivid feeling of sorrow in **either** *Dover Beach* (by Matthew Arnold) **or** *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy)?
- Or †18** Explore the openings of any **two** poems from the selection which you find particularly memorable, bringing out why the poets' words catch your attention. (Do not use the poem printed in Question 16 in answering this question.)

## SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fire-place, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Mrs Linton's glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment.

'Oh, you see, Nelly! he would not relent a moment, to keep me out of the grave! *That* is how I'm loved! Well, never mind! That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me – he's in my soul. And,' added she, musingly, 'the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength – you are sorry for me – very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for *you*. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I *wonder* he won't be near me!' She went on to herself. 'I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.'

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly –

'You teach me now how cruel you've been – cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort – you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you – they'll damn you. You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart – *you* have broken it – and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?'

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dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but *yours*! How can I?'

They were silent – their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch.

'Service is over,' I announced. 'My master will be here in half-an-hour.'

Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained Catherine closer – she never moved.

55

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65

How does Brontë communicate the extraordinary bond between Catherine and Heathcliff at this point in the novel?

Or †20 *A loyal and loving servant*  
*An interfering gossip*

To what extent do you think both these descriptions apply to Nelly Dean? Support your ideas with details from Brontë's writing.

Or 21 You are Hindley Earnshaw on your way home to Wuthering Heights to attend your father's funeral.

Write your thoughts.

**KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard***

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

One day, on a trip to the bazaar, Mr Chawla spotted a large striped garden umbrella that had been discarded by the Club for Previous Members of the Court.

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Then, enjoying his leisure, Sampath would sit wrapped in a blanket and dry his hair in the strengthening sun while his breakfast was being seen to.

What do you find so amusing and ironic about Desai's description of the Chawla family at this point in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.



Or †23      *A fraud*  
                  *A holy man*

Which of these descriptions is closer to your view of Sampath? Support your ideas with details from Desai's writing.

Or      24    You are Hungry Hop towards the end of the novel, helpless in the nets as Pinky looks down on you.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.   |    |
| 'Daisy, that's all over now,' he said earnestly. 'It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth – that you never loved him – and it's all wiped out forever.'  |    |
| She looked at him blindly. 'Why – how could I love him – possibly?'  | 5  |
| 'You never loved him.'   |    |
| She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing – and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.                   | 10 |
| 'I never loved him,' she said, with perceptible reluctance.  |    |
| 'Not at Kapiolani?' demanded Tom suddenly.   |    |
| 'No.'  |    |
| From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.  | 15 |
| 'Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?' There was a husky tenderness in his tone . . . 'Daisy?'  |    |
| 'Please don't.' Her voice was cold, but the rancour was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. 'There, Jay,' she said – but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly she threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet. | 20 |
| 'Oh, you want too much!' she cried to Gatsby. 'I love you now – isn't that enough? I can't help what's past.' She began to sob helplessly. 'I did love him once – but I loved you too.'  |    |
| Gatsby's eyes opened and closed.   | 25 |
| 'You loved me <i>too</i> ?' he repeated.   |    |
| 'Even that's a lie,' said Tom savagely. 'She didn't know you were alive. Why – there's things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.'   |    |
| The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.   | 30 |
| 'I want to speak to Daisy alone,' he insisted. 'She's all excited now –'   |    |
| 'Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom,' she admitted in a pitiful voice. 'It wouldn't be true.'  |    |
| 'Of course it wouldn't,' agreed Tom.   |    |
| She turned to her husband.   | 35 |
| 'As if it mattered to you,' she said.  |    |
| 'Of course it matters. I'm going to take better care of you from now on.'  |    |
| 'You don't understand,' said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. 'You're not going to take care of her any more.'   |    |
| 'I'm not?' Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. 'Why's that?'   | 40 |
| 'Daisy's leaving you.'   |    |
| 'Nonsense.'  |    |
| 'I am, though,' she said with a visible effort.  |    |
| 'She's not leaving me!' Tom's words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby.  | 45 |
| 'Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger.'   |    |
| 'I won't stand this!' cried Daisy. 'Oh, please let's get out.'   |    |

How does Fitzgerald strikingly convey the powerful feelings of the character at this moment in the novel?

- Or †26 How far do you think Fitzgerald intends us to dislike Jordan Baker? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or 27 You are Gatsby. You are waiting at night outside the house of Tom and Daisy following the death of Myrtle Wilson.

Write your thoughts.

**BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather***

**Either \*28** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

One day, a strange, massively built, blue-eyed young man walked into the paramount chief's office. He introduced himself as Gilbert Balfour and explained that he was but recently from England and had visited the country three years previously on a student's travel grant, and that to this visit he owed his choice of career – to assist in agricultural development and improved techniques of food production. The country presented overwhelming challenges, he said, not only because the rainfall was poor but because the majority of the people engaged in subsistence farming were using primitive techniques that ruined the land. All this had excited his interest. He had returned to England, taken a diploma in agriculture, and now had returned to Botswana to place his knowledge at the service of the country.

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Then, for almost an hour he eagerly outlined a number of grand schemes, foremost of which was the role co-operatives could play in improving production and raising the standard of living. The paramount chief listened to it all with concealed alarm, though throughout the interview a smile of pleasant interest was on his face. Of course, he was widely known as a good chief, which is the way people usually refer to paramount chiefs. He attended all the funerals of the poor in the village, even accepted responsibility to bury those who were too poor to bury themselves, and had built a school here and a reservoir there. But because he was a chief he lived off the slave labour of the poor. His lands were ploughed free of charge by the poor, and he was washed, bathed, and fed by the poor, in return for which he handed out old clothes and maize rations. And to a man like this Gilbert Balfour came along and spent an hour outlining plans to uplift the poor! Most alarming of all, the Englishman had behind him the backing of a number of voluntary organizations who were prepared to finance his schemes at no cost to the country.

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At first the young man's ideas caused the chief acute discomfort, especially his habit of referring to the poor as though they were his blood brothers, and the chief was a shrewd enough judge of human nature to see that the young man was in deadly earnest. But halfway through the interview, a beaming smile lit up the chief's face. He would put this disturbing young man in Golema Mmidi, and if he could survive a year or more in the bedlam his brother Matenge would raise, that would be more than proof of his sincerity. One thing he was sure of – either the young man would be completely destroyed, or he could completely destroy his brother, and he wanted his brother destroyed for all the family feuds and intrigues he had instigated. Towards the end of the interview, he allocated a 250-acre plot for an experimental farm and a 7,000-acre plot for a cattle ranch.

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It was about all this that the old man talked to Makhaya on their hour and a half walk to the village of Golema Mmidi.

Explore the ways in which Head makes this such a striking introduction to Gilbert Balfour.

- Or †29 Explore **two** moments in the novel where Head makes vivid the hardships that the people of Botswana face. (Do not use the passage in Question 28 in answering this question.)
- Or 30 You are Makhaya. You have just learnt that Gilbert has proposed to Maria. Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Either \*31 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

In the black shade of the Varnum spruces he caught up with her and she turned with a quick "Oh!"

"Think I'd forgotten you, Matt?" he asked with sheepish glee.

She answered seriously: "I thought maybe you couldn't come back for me."

"Couldn't? What on earth could stop me?"

"I knew Zeena wasn't feeling any too good today."

"Oh, she's in bed long ago ." He paused, a question struggling in him.

"Then you meant to walk home all alone?"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" she laughed.

They stood together in the gloom of the spruces, an empty world glimmering about them wide and grey under the stars. He brought his question out.

"If you thought I hadn't come, why didn't you ride back with Denis Eady?"

"Why, where *were* you? How did you know? I never saw you!"

Her wonder and his laughter ran together like spring rills in a thaw. Ethan had the sense of having done something arch and ingenious. To prolong the effect he groped for a dazzling phrase, and brought out, in a growl of rapture: "Come along."

He slipped an arm through hers, as Eady had done, and fancied it was faintly pressed against her side; but neither of them moved. It was so dark under the spruces that he could barely see the shape of her head beside his shoulder. He longed to stoop his cheek and rub it against her scarf . He would have liked to stand there with her all night in the blackness. She moved forward a step or two and then paused again above the dip of the Corbury road. Its icy slope, scored by innumerable runners, looked like a mirror scratched by travellers at an inn.

"There was a whole lot of them coasting before the moon set," she said.

"Would you like to come in and coast with them some night?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you, Ethan? It would be lovely!"

"We'll come tomorrow if there's a moon."

She lingered, pressing closer to his side. "Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum came just as *near* running into the big elm at the bottom. We were all sure they were killed." Her shiver ran down his arm. "Wouldn't it have been too awful? They're so happy!"

"Oh, Ned ain't much at steering. I guess I can take you down all right!" he said disdainfully.

He was aware that he was "talking big," like Denis Eady; but his reaction of joy had unsteadied him, and the inflection with which she had said of the engaged couple "They're so happy!" made the words sound as if she had been thinking of herself and him.

"The elm *is* dangerous, though. It ought to be cut down," she insisted.

"Would you be afraid of it, with me?"

"I told you I ain't the kind to be afraid," she tossed back, almost indifferently; and suddenly she began to walk on with a rapid step.

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Explore how Wharton memorably conveys Ethan's feelings for Mattie at this point in the novel.

- Or †32** How does Wharton make Zeena such an unattractive and dislikeable character? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or 33** You are Mattie. You have just been told that you are to go to live in Starkfield with Zeena and Ethan Frome.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

**Either \*34** Read this extract from *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma), and then answer the question that follows it:

The men came down between two long, regular rows of trees. The winter had not passed completely and there was a chill in the air; and the moon was hidden behind long, high parallels of cloud which hung like suspended streamers of dirty cotton wool in the sky. All of the men but one wore thick clothes against the coolness of the night. The night and earth was cold and damp, and the shoes of the men sank into the soil and left exact, ridged foot prints, but they could not be seen in the dark.

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One of the men walked ahead holding a small cycle lantern that worked from a battery, leading the way down the avenue of trees while the others came behind in the dark. The night close around was quiet now that the crickets had stopped their small noises, but far out others that did not feel the presence of the men continued the monotonous creek-creek-creek. Somewhere, even further, a dog started barking in short high yaps, and then stopped abruptly. The men were walking through an orchard of lemons and the sharp, bitter-sweet citrus smell hung gently on the night air.

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'Do not go so fast,' the man who brought up the rear of the party called to the man with the lantern. 'It's as dark as a kaffir's soul here at the back.'

He called softly, as if the darkness demanded silence. He was a big man and wore khaki trousers and laced-up riding boots, and an old shooting jacket with leather patches on the right breast and the elbows.

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The shotgun was loaded. In the dark this man's face was invisible except for a blur of shadowed hollows and lighter crags. Although he walked in the rear he was the leader of the party. The lantern-bearer slowed down for the rest to catch up with him.

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'It's cold, too, Oom,' another man said.

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'Cold?' the man with the shotgun asked, speaking with sarcasm. 'Are you colder than this verdomte hotnot, here?' And he gestured in the dark with the muzzle of the gun at the man who stumbled along in their midst and who was the only one not warmly dressed.

This man wore trousers and a raincoat which they had allowed him to pull on over his pyjamas when they had taken him from his lodgings, and he shivered now with chill, clenching his teeth to prevent them from chattering. He had not been given time to tie his shoes and the metal-covered ends of the laces clicked as he moved.

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'Are you cold, hotnot?' the man with the light jeered.

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The coloured man did not reply. He was afraid, but his fear was mixed with a stubbornness which forbade him to answer them.

'He is not cold,' the fifth man in the party said. 'He is shivering with fear. Is it not so, hotnot?'

The coloured man said nothing, but stared ahead of himself into the half-light made by the small lantern. He could see the silhouette of the man who carried the light, but he did not want to look at the two who flanked him, the one who had complained of the cold, and the one who had spoken of his fear. They each carried a sjambok and every now and then one of them slapped a corduroyed leg with his.

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'He is dumb also,' the one who had spoken last chuckled.

'No, Andries. Wait a minute,' the leader who carried the shotgun said, and they all stopped between the row of trees. The man with the lantern turned and put the light on the rest of the party.

'What is it?' he asked

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'Wag'n oomblikkie. Wait a moment,' the leader said, speaking with forced casualness. 'He is not dumb. He is a slim hotnot; one of those educated bushmen. Listen, hotnot,' he addressed the coloured man, speaking angrily now. 'When a baas speaks to you, you answer him. Do you hear?' The coloured man's wrists were tied behind him with a riem and the leader brought the muzzle of the shotgun down, pressing it hard into the small of the man's back above where the wrists met. 'Do you hear, hotnot? Answer me or I will shoot a hole through your spine.'

How does La Guma make this such a dramatic opening to the story?

Or †35 How do the writers make the narrators so interesting in **two** of the following stories?

*On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton)

*The Signalman* (by Charles Dickens)

*The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal)

Or 36 You are the boy in *Secrets*. You have just read the first of Aunt Mary's letters.

Write your thoughts.

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