



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/42

Paper 4

May/June 2013

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 †).

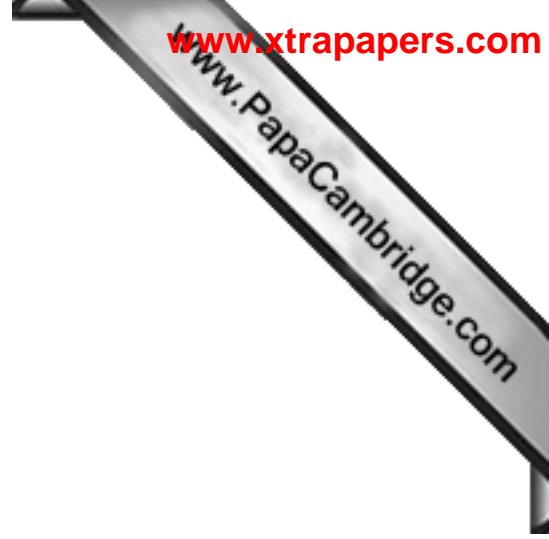
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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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:

- Willy:* I could build two guest houses, so they'd both come. Did he decide how much he's going to ask Oliver for?
- Linda:* [*getting him into the jacket*] He didn't mention it, but I imagine ten or fifteen thousand. You going to talk to Howard today?
- Willy:* Yeah. I'll put it to him straight and simple. He'll just have to take me off the road. 5
- Linda:* And Willy, don't forget to ask for a little advance, because we've got the insurance premium. It's the grace period now.
- Willy:* That's a hundred...?
- Linda:* A hundred and eight, sixty-eight. Because we're a little short again. 10
- Willy:* Why are we short?
- Linda:* Well, you had the motor job on the car...
- Willy:* That goddam Studebaker!
- Linda:* And you got one more payment on the refrigerator... 15
- Willy:* But it just broke again!
- Linda:* Well, it's old, dear.
- Willy:* I told you we should've bought a well-advertised machine. Charley bought a General Electric and it's twenty years old and it's still good, that son-of-a-bitch. 20
- Linda:* But, Willy –
- Willy:* Whoever heard of a Hastings refrigerator? Once in my life I would like to own something outright before it's broken! I'm always in a race with the junkyard! I just finished paying for the car and it's on its last legs. The refrigerator consumes belts like a goddam maniac. They time those things. They time them so when you finally paid for them, they're used up. 25
- Linda:* [*buttoning up his jacket as he unbuttons it*] All told, about two hundred dollars would carry us, dear. But that includes the last payment on the mortgage. After this payment, Willy, the house belongs to us. 30
- Willy:* It's twenty-five years!
- Linda:* Biff was nine years old when we bought it.
- Willy:* Well, that's a great thing. To weather a twenty-five-year mortgage is – 35
- Linda:* It's an accomplishment.
- Willy:* All the cement, the lumber, the reconstruction I put in this house! There ain't a crack to be found in it any more.
- Linda:* Well, it served its purpose.
- Willy:* What purpose? Some stranger'll come along, move in, and that's that. If only Biff would take this house, and raise a family... 40
[*He starts to go.*] Goodbye. I'm late.

5

Linda: [suddenly remembering] Oh, I forgot! You're supposed to meet them for dinner.

Willy: Me?

Linda: At Frank's Chop House on Forty-eighth near Sixth Avenue.

Willy: Is that so? How about you?

Linda: No, just the three of you. They're gonna blow you to a big meal!

Willy: Don't say! Who thought of that?

Linda: Biff came to me this morning, Willy, and he said, 'Tell Dad, we want to blow him to a big meal.' Be there six o'clock. You and your two boys are going to have dinner. 50

Willy: Gee whiz! That's really somethin'. I'm gonna knock Howard for a loop, kid. I'll get an advance, and I'll come home with a New York job. Goddammit, now I'm gonna do it! 55

What does Miller make you think about Willy's optimism at this moment in the play?

Or †2 How do you think Miller makes Bernard such a dramatically effective contrast to the Loman brothers? Support your ideas with details from Miller's writing.

Or 3 You are Willy, sitting outside Howard Wagner's office waiting to see him.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Cassius:</i>	I think we are too bold upon your rest. Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?	
<i>Brutus:</i>	I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you?	
<i>Cassius:</i>	Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.	5
<i>Brutus:</i>	He is welcome hither.	10
<i>Cassius:</i>	This, Decius Brutus.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	He is welcome too.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	This, Casca; this, Cinna; And this, Metellus Cimber.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?	15
<i>Cassius:</i>	Shall I entreat a word?	
	<i>[They whisper.]</i>	
<i>Decius:</i>	Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?	20
<i>Casca:</i>	No.	
<i>Cinna:</i>	O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.	
<i>Casca:</i>	You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd. Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward the north He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here.	25 30
<i>Brutus:</i>	Give me your hands all over, one by one.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	And let us swear our resolution.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	No, not an oath. If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed. So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress? What other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the word And will not palter? And what other oath Than honesty to honesty engag'd That this shall be or we will fall for it?	35 40 45

	Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous, Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath; when every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.	55
<i>Cassius:</i>	But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.	60
<i>Casca:</i>	Let us not leave him out.	
<i>Cinna:</i>	No, by no means.	
<i>Metellus:</i>	O, let us have him; for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds. It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands; Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.	65
<i>Brutus:</i>	O, name him not! Let us not break with him; For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.	70

What striking impressions does Shakespeare create of Brutus and the other conspirators at this moment in the play?

Or †5 To what extent does Shakespeare suggest that the triumvirate (Antony, Octavius and Lepidus) is suited to govern Rome? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 6 You are Calphurnia. You have just heard of Caesar's assassination.

Write your thoughts.

- Alonso:* Why, how now? – Ho, awake! –
Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
- Gonzalo:* What's the matter?
- Sebastian:* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
- Alonso:* I heard nothing. 55
- Antonio:* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
- Alonso:* Heard you this, Gonzalo?
- Gonzalo:* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, 60
And that a strange one too, which did awake me;
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn – there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons. 65
- Alonso:* Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
- Gonzalo:* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
- Alonso:* Lead away. 70
- Ariel:* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this a powerfully dramatic moment in the play.

Or †8 *A wise counsellor.*
Naive and gullible.

Which of these is nearer to your view of Shakespeare's portrayal of Gonzalo? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 9 You are Caliban at the end of the play. Prospero has just sent you to his cell.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

<i>Jack:</i>	I have lost both my parents.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?	5
<i>Jack:</i>	I'm afraid I really don't know. The fact is, Lady Bracknell, I said I had lost my parents. It would be nearer the truth to say that my parents seem to have lost me. ... I don't actually know who I am by birth. I was ... well, I was found.	10
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	Found!	
<i>Jack:</i>	The late Mr. Thomas Cardew, an old gentleman of a very charitable and kindly disposition, found me, and gave me the name of Worthing, because he happened to have a first-class ticket for Worthing in his pocket at the time. Worthing is a place in Sussex. It is a seaside resort.	15
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you?	20
<i>Jack:</i>	[Gravely.] In a hand-bag.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	A hand-bag?	
<i>Jack:</i>	[Very seriously.] Yes, Lady Bracknell. I was in a hand-bag—a somewhat large, black leather hand-bag, with handles to it—an ordinary hand-bag in fact.	25
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	In what locality did this Mr. James, or Thomas, Cardew come across this ordinary hand-bag?	
<i>Jack:</i>	In the cloak-room at Victoria Station. It was given to him in mistake for his own.	30
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	The cloak-room at Victoria Station?	
<i>Jack:</i>	Yes. The Brighton line.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	The line is immaterial. Mr. Worthing, I confess I feel somewhat bewildered by what you have just told me. To be born, or at any rate bred, in a hand-bag, whether it had handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life that reminds one of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. And I presume you know what that unfortunate movement led to? As for the particular locality in which the hand-bag was found, a cloak-room at a railway station might serve to conceal a social indiscretion—has probably, indeed, been used for that purpose before now—but it could hardly be regarded as an assured basis for a recognised position in good society.	35
		40
		45

Jack: May I ask you then what you would advise me to do? I need hardly say I would do anything in the world to ensure Gwendolen's happiness.

Lady Bracknell: I would strongly advise you, Mr. Worthing, to try and acquire some relations as soon as possible, and to make a definite effort to produce at any rate one parent, of either sex, before the season is quite over.

Jack: Well, I don't see how I could possibly manage to do that.

What do you think makes this such a memorably comic moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from Wilde's writing.

Or †11 Explore **two** moments in the play in which Wilde surprises the audience. (Do **not** use the passage printed in Question 10.)

Or 12 You are Lady Bracknell travelling to the Manor House in Hertfordshire.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

Either *13 Read this extract from *The Lady of Shalott*, and then answer the question that follows it:

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves, He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, And flamed upon the brazen greaves Of bold Sir Lancelot.	5
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott.	
The gemmy bridle glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily As he rode down to Camelot: And from his blazon'd baldric slung A mighty silver bugle hung, And as he rode his armour rung, Beside remote Shalott.	10 15
All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather, The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together, As he rode down to Camelot. As often thro' the purple night, Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott.	20 25
His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode, As he rode down to Camelot. From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror, 'Tirra lirra,' by the river Sang Sir Lancelot.	30 35
She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces thro' the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume, She look'd down to Camelot. Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott.	40 45

How does Tennyson convey the attractiveness of Sir Lancelot so vividly here?

- Or †14 How does Tennyson movingly convey his changing feelings about the death of Harold to you in any **two** of the extracts that you have studied from *In Memoriam*? Support your ideas by close reference to Tennyson's writing.
- Or †15 How does Tennyson's use of rhythm and sound add to your enjoyment of *Mariana and Maud* (from 'Dead, long dead,' to 'Is enough to drive one mad')? Support your ideas by close reference to Tennyson's writing.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

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

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded, filled with permutations of possibilities. The buildings are in alignment with the roads which meet at desired points linked by bridges all hang in the grace of mathematics. They build and will not stop. Even the sea draws back and the skies surrender.	5
They erase the flaws, the blemishes of the past, knock off useless blocks with dental dexterity. All gaps are plugged with gleaming gold. The country wears perfect rows of shining teeth. Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis. They have the means. They have it all so it will not hurt, so history is new again. The piling will not stop. The drilling goes right through the fossils of last century.	10 15 20
But my heart would not bleed poetry. Not a single drop to stain the blueprint of our past's tomorrow.	25

How does Boey Kim Cheng powerfully convey his attitude to the Planners in this poem?

- Or †17 Explore the ways in which Norman MacCaig memorably depicts the relationship between man and nature in *Summer Farm*.
- Or †18 How does the poet effectively make use of the sonnet form in **either** *The Cockroach* (by Kevin Halligan) **or** *Sonnet Composed Upon Westminster Bridge* (by William Wordsworth)?

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SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Heathcliff was hard to discover, at first – If he were careless, and uncared for, before Catherine’s absence, he had been ten times more so, since.

Nobody but I even did him the kindness to call him a dirty boy, and bid him wash himself, once a week; and children of his age seldom have a natural pleasure in soap and water. Therefore, not to mention his clothes, which had seen three month’s service in mire and dust, and his thick uncombed hair, the surface of his face and hands was dismally beclouded. He might well skulk behind the settle, on beholding such a bright, graceful damsel enter the house, instead of a rough-headed counterpart to himself, as he expected.

5

‘Is Heathcliff not here?’ she demanded, pulling off her gloves, and displaying fingers wonderfully whitened with doing nothing, and staying in doors.

10

‘Heathcliff, you may come forward,’ cried Mr Hindley, enjoying his discomfiture and gratified to see what a forbidding young blackguard he would be compelled to present himself. ‘You may come and wish Miss Catherine welcome, like the other servants.’

15

Cathy, catching a glimpse of her friend in his concealment, flew to embrace him; she bestowed seven or eight kisses on his cheek within the second, and, then, stopped, and drawing back, burst into a laugh, exclaiming.

20

‘Why, how very black and cross you look! and how – how funny and grim! But that’s because I’m used to Edgar and Isabella Linton. Well; Heathcliff, have you forgotten me?’

She had some reason to put the question, for shame and pride threw double gloom over his countenance, and kept him immovable.

25

‘Shake hands, Heathcliff,’ said Mr Earnshaw, condescendingly; ‘once in a way, that is permitted.’

‘I shall not!’ replied the boy, finding his tongue at last, ‘I shall not stand to be laughed at, I shall not bear it!’

30

And he would have broken from the circle, but Miss Cathy seized him again.

‘I did not mean to laugh at you,’ she said, ‘I could not hinder myself. Heathcliff, shake hands, at least! What are you sulky for? It was only that you looked odd – If you wash your face, and brush your hair, it will be all right. But you are so dirty!’

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She gazed concernedly at the dusky fingers she held in her own, and also at her dress, which she feared had gained no embellishment from its contact with his.

‘You needn’t have touched me!’ he answered, following her eye and snatching away his hand. ‘I shall be as dirty as I please, and I like to be dirty, and I will be dirty.’

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With that he dashed head foremost out of the room, amid the merriment of the master and mistress, and to the serious disturbance of Catherine, who could not comprehend how her remarks should have produced such an exhibition of bad temper.

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At this moment in the novel, how does Brontë powerfully convey Heathcliff and the gap that now lies between him and Catherine?

Or †20 What do you think Nelly Dean contributes to the impact of the novel? Support your ideas with details from Brontë's writing.

Or 21 You are Edgar Linton on your death bed. You have just heard that Catherine, your daughter, has married Linton Heathcliff.

Write your thoughts.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Smiling brightly I held two cobs out while my stomach rolled itself into tight, nervous knots. I did not like the way they looked, with their skin hanging in papery folds from their bones, malignant-looking brown spots on their hands, a musty, dusty, sweetish odour clinging around the woman like a haze. Making sure not to wrinkle my nose, because these were the people who had the money that I needed to go back to school, I smiled more broadly, showing all my teeth, and said, 'Nice maize, good maize. Nice, good,' I repeated, because I had no more English adjectives with which to describe my produce.	5
The old woman looked at me shaking her head, 'Ts-ts-ts-ts!' she clicked. 'Come, Doris,' the man said, anxiously grasping her elbow. 'We don't need any mealies.'	10
'Shocking, simply shocking,' protested Doris. 'I'd be shocking myself if I walked by and didn't say anything, George! Oi, young man, yes you!' she said, raising her voice to address Mr Matimba. 'Is she your little girl?' Without waiting for an answer she gave him a piece of her mind. 'Child labour. Slavery! That's what it is. And I'm sure you don't need to make the poor mite work. You are natty enough, but look at the mite, all rags and tears.'	15
Doris' husband turned down the corners of his mouth at Mr Matimba, apologetically, embarrassed, annoyed.	20
'Come now, Doris, it's none of our business.'	
This appeared to be the opinion of the other Whites in the street. They crossed over before they reached us. Some did walk by, but I think they did not speak English; in fact no one spoke at all except for one beefy youth.	25
'What's the matter, lady? The munt being cheeky?'	
A crowd of black people gathered. 'What's the matter with the old ones?' asked a young man in sunglasses and a tweed cap irrepressibly set over one eye. He spiked the beefy youth with a vigilant eye. I was obliged to tell him that I did not know because I did not speak English. But, I assured him, I was going to learn English when I went back to school.	30
Doris would not keep quiet. 'The child ought to be in school, learning her tables and keeping out of mischief,' she railed. 'Now, don't tell me there aren't any schools, young man, because I know the Governor is doing a lot for the natives in the way of education.'	35
'They're kaffirs,' interjected the youth. 'They don't want to learn anything. Too much like hard work.'	
'Speak up for yourself, now,' Doris commanded Mr Matimba.	
Mr Matimba did speak for himself. He spoke most sorrowfully and most beseechingly. Doris darkened like a chameleon. Money changed hands, paper money from Doris' hands to Mr Matimba's. The beefy youth was disgusted. 'That's more than two crates of <i>shumba</i> . Wasted on a kaffir!' Doris allowed her husband to lead her away. I offered my basket, repeating my slogan, for her to choose the biggest cobs. She patted my head and called me a plucky piccannin.	40 45

Explore the ways in which Dangarembga makes this such a vivid and significant incident in the novel.

Or †23 In what ways does Dangarembga make you feel that Lucia is an admirable character? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 24 You are Nyasha. You have just met your cousins for the first time since your return from England with your family.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

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

Aruna scolded him, 'Don't you ever get the house painted, Papa? Look how the walls are peeling. It's just falling *down*,' and, 'What happened to the driver's uniform? He used to wear one, where is it?' If MamaPapa had once had qualms about her marrying into a family she could not keep up with they need not have worried – every trace of her provincial roots was obliterated and overlaid by the bright sheen of the metropolis. It was they who could not keep up.

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The only thing that made them tolerate her behaviour was the evidence that she directed it not only towards them but even at her husband Arvind, who came to deposit his family there and would collect them later. Mama was astonished at the way Aruna scolded him continuously. 'Oh, you have again spilt tea in your saucer. Now it will drip all over you,' she would cry, or pull at his shirt and say, 'But this shirt does not go with those trousers. Why didn't you ask me first?' Clearly Aruna had a vision of a perfect world in which all of them – her own family as well as Arvind's – were flaws she was constantly uncovering and correcting in her quest for perfection. It made for a very uncomfortable household but it was, in a way, touching. Seeing Aruna vexed to the point of tears because the cook's pudding had sunk and spread instead of remaining upright and solid, or because Arvind had come to dinner in his bedroom slippers, or Papa was wearing a t-shirt with a hole under one arm, Uma felt pity for her: was this the realm of ease and comfort for which Aruna had always pined and that some might say she had attained? Certainly it brought her no pleasure: there was always a crease of discontent between her eyebrows and an agitation that made her eyelids flutter, disturbing Uma who noticed it.

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Once even Mama asked if she had something in her eye to make her blink so, and when Aruna angrily denied this, Mama told her about the optician's suggestion that Uma have her eyes examined by a specialist in Bombay. 'A specialist – in Bombay!' Aruna gave a shriek. 'Do you know what that would *cost*?' She seemed so horrified by the idea that Uma felt bound to reassure her and say she was sure Dr Tandon was really quite good enough. 'Of course he is!' Aruna exclaimed.

30

All that Uma enjoyed of that visit was the trip on the river in the big flat-bottomed boat they hired to hold all the guests who had come to take the ritual bath. Uma was excited – Mama had never permitted her family this dangerous rite; she saw no reason why one should place one's life in danger to prove one's religious belief which could surely be taken for granted.

35

The boatman poled the boat slowly to where two rivers met, throwing up a sandbar where the water ran shallow in the very centre of the great green depths. He steadied the boat by plunging the pole deep into the rippled sand and advised them to bathe at this point, cautioning them against stepping off the bar and against currents.

40

Everyone was in a state of high excitement, all the women in light cotton saris worn specially for the occasion, now clambering over the side, screaming when the boat rocked and clutching each other in a pleasurable panic. Uma, thrilled by this license, simply sprang off the prow and plunged in without hesitation, as if this were what she had been preparing to do all her life. Immediately she disappeared into the water, having leapt not onto the sandbar where the others stood splashing but into the deep dark river

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itself. She went down like a stone while the women screamed, 'Uma, Uma! Where is she?' Someone caught at the end of her sari as it floated by, a scrap of white muslin, then the arm that it enfolded, and the shoulder, and hauled her out onto the sandbar. She knelt there, in the shallows, water pouring from her mouth and hair. She rose, gasping for breath, struggling, flailing her arms and choking like a big, wounded water bird. Aruna's voice called out in warning, 'Uma, don't! Don't you dare, Uma –' and Uma shook herself and wrapped her arms about her and blinked the water out of her eyes and stared back at her. No, she was not going to have a fit, she assured Aruna with a pleading, pacifying look; this was not a fit, she promised.

60

What it was was that when she had plunged into the dark water and let it close quickly and tightly over her, the flow of the river, the current, drew her along, clasping her and dragging her with it. It was not fear she felt, or danger. Or, rather, these were only what edged something much darker, wilder, more thrilling, a kind of exultation – it was exactly what she had always wanted, she realised. Then they had saved her. The saving was what made her shudder and cry, there on the sandbar, soaking wet, while the morning sun leapt up in the hazy, sand-coloured sky and struck the boat, the brass pots that the women held, and their white drifting garments in the water.

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How does Desai make this visit by Aruna such a memorable and significant part of the novel?

- Or** †26 How does Desai strikingly portray differences between family life in India and family life in the USA? Support your ideas by close reference to the novel.
- Or** 27 You are Mrs Patton at the end of the novel. Arun has just left the house after giving you the gifts from his parents.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

Now he traced the outline of his face and drew in the fantastic costume. He smiled and bowed at his reflection as if he were his own honoured guest. The lizards on the wall watched him with severe eyes. He stuck out his tongue at them, felt suddenly and ridiculously happy. Perhaps he was made for a life hung with brocades, worked out in fine patterns of jewels. Perhaps he was made to wear silk slippers and, with a wave, demand the world's attention. Striking a pose, nose in the magical air, hand raised for a touch of drama, he sang, making up his own words to a popular tune: 'My suit is Japanese, tra-la-la, my lunch was Chinese, tra-la-la, but though I may roam, tra-la-la, don't worry, Mama and Papa, my heart belongs to home. Oh, my heart belongs to home.' He gyrated his hips in perfect circles.

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Venturing out of the room to where the party had just begun, he was made brave by the smell of the biryani and kebabs; encouraged by the sparkle of elegant clothes and jewellery, by the clinking of plates and finger bowls, by the laughter of the arriving guests in the tent and the jostling sweets frying in clarified butter just outside. A red carpet stretched from the entrance of the marriage tent all the way to a fountain at the centre. Sampath cavorted up and down its length, tossing his nose ring, kicking his legs. Mr D. P. S. and his wife, plying their future son-in-law's family with drinks and snacks, greeted his advance upon them with stunned silence. Sampath felt as if his feet were far above the floor, as if, floating in some groundless state, he were missing the weight of his head, his stomach and all of his insides. 'Tomorrow it will be too late,' he sang, chandelier-style drops in his nose all aquiver. He waded into the fountain and jumped in the spray, splashing the grand ladies with water so they ran squealing in consternation. 'Meet me under the plantain tree,' he warbled, 'and there will be no more talk of heartache.'

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And slowly, deliciously, feeling it was the right thing to do, Sampath began to disrobe. Horrified shrieks rose from his audience. However, in this flushed moment, he mistook them for cries of admiration. With a style particular to himself, one by one he let the saris and dupattas draped about him fall. He unwrapped the last glittering length of fabric, but still he felt he had not yet reached the dazzling pinnacle of his performance, the pinnacle he strove towards, that his whole being was in anticipation of. He could not let himself down and he began to unbutton his shirt. He tossed the garment into the air like a hero throwing away the rag with which he has cleaned the weapon that will kill his enemy. As the shrieks grew in volume and intensity, he lowered his hand to his pants. 'Stop him,' shouted Mr D. P. S., and several people rushed forwards. But Sampath climbed deftly on to the highest tier of the fountain and, in one swift movement, lowered both his trousers and his underpants. His back to the crowd, he stuck his brown behind up into the air and wiggled it wildly in an ecstatic appreciation of the evening's entertainment he himself had just provided.

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Explore the ways in which Desai makes this incident in the novel so amusing.

- Or** †29 To what extent do you think Desai makes fun of the way people behave to and holy men? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** 30 You are Pinky. You have just seen Hungry Hop caught in the army's net.
Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

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Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven – a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savours of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy – even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach – but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

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Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it – I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

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And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sundials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of french windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

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He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body – he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage – a cruel body.

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His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked – and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

'Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final,' he seemed to say, 'just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are.' We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

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We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

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'I've got a nice place here,' he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

'It belonged to Demaine, the oil man.' He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. 'We'll go inside.'

How does Fitzgerald make this such a striking introduction to Tom Buchanan?

Or †32 Nick says of himself that he is 'one of the few honest people' that he has ever known. Does Fitzgerald convince you of Nick's honesty? Support your ideas by close reference to the novel.

Or 33 You are Daisy. You are in the car with Gatsby just after the accident with Myrtle.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *34 Read this extract from *The Destructors*, and then answer the question that follows.

On Sunday morning all were punctual except Blackie, even Mike. Mike had had a stroke of luck. His mother felt ill, his father was tired after Saturday night, and he was told to go to church alone with many warnings of what would happen if he strayed. Blackie had had difficulty in smuggling out the saw, and then in finding the sledge-hammer at the back of number 15. He approached the house from a lane at the rear of the garden, for fear of the policeman's beat along the main road. The tired evergreens kept off a stormy sun: another wet Bank Holiday was being prepared over the Atlantic, beginning in swirls of dust under the trees. Blackie climbed the wall into Misery's garden.

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There was no sign of anybody anywhere. The loo stood like a tomb in a neglected graveyard. The curtains were drawn. The house slept. Blackie lumbered nearer with the saw and the sledge-hammer. Perhaps after all nobody had turned up: the plan had been a wild invention: they had woken wiser. But when he came close to the back door he could hear a confusion of sound, hardly louder than a hive in swarm: a clickety-clack, a bang bang bang, a scraping, a creaking, a sudden painful crack. He thought, It's true, and whistled.

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They opened the back door to him and he came in. He had at once the impression of organisation, very different from the old happy-go-lucky ways under his leadership. For a while he wandered up and down stairs looking for T. Nobody addressed him: he had a sense of great urgency, and already he could begin to see the plan. The interior of the house was being carefully demolished without touching the outer walls. Summers with hammer and chisel was ripping out the skirting-boards in the ground floor dining-room: he had already smashed the panels of the door. In the same room Joe was heaving up the parquet blocks, exposing the soft wood floorboards over the cellar. Coils of wire came out of the damaged skirting and Mike sat happily on the floor, clipping the wires.

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On the curved stairs two of the gang were working hard with an inadequate child's saw on the banisters – when they saw Blackie's big saw they signalled for it wordlessly. When he next saw them a quarter of the banisters had been dropped into the hall. He found T. at last in the bathroom – he sat moodily in the least cared-for room in the house, listening to the sounds coming up from below.

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'You've really done it,' Blackie said with awe. 'What's going to happen?'

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'We've only just begun,' T. said. He looked at the sledge-hammer and gave his instructions, 'You stay here and break the bath and the wash-basin. Don't bother about the pipes. They come later.'

Mike appeared at the door. 'I've finished the wire, T.,' he said.

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'Good. You've just got to go wandering round now. The kitchen's in the basement. Smash all the china and glass and bottles you can lay hold of. Don't turn on the taps – we don't want a flood – yet. Then go into all the rooms and turn out drawers. If they are locked get one of the others to break them open. Tear up any papers you find and smash all the ornaments. Better take a carving-knife with you from the kitchen. The bedroom's opposite here. Open the pillows and tear up the sheets. That's enough for the moment. And you, Blackie, when you've finished in here crack the plaster in the passage up with your sledge-hammer.'

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'What are you going to do?' Blackie asked.

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'I'm looking for something special,' T. said.

It was nearly lunch-time before Blackie had finished and went in search of T. Chaos had advanced. The kitchen was a shambles of broken glass and china. The dining-room was stripped of parquet, the skirting was up, the door had been taken off its hinges, and the destroyers had moved up a floor. Streaks of light came in through the closed shutters where they worked with the seriousness of creators – and destruction after all is a form of creation. A kind of imagination had seen this house as it had now become.

Mike said, 'I've got to go home for dinner.'

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'Who else?' T. asked, but all the others on one excuse or another had brought provisions with them.

They squatted in the ruins of the room and swapped unwanted sandwiches. Half an hour for lunch and they were at work again. By the time Mike returned, they were on the top floor, and by six the superficial damage was completed. The doors were all off, all the skirtings raised, the furniture pillaged and ripped and smashed – no one could have slept in the house except on a bed of broken plaster. T. gave his orders – eight o'clock next morning – and to escape notice they climbed singly over the garden wall, into the car-park. Only Blackie and T. were left; the light had nearly gone, and when they touched a switch, nothing worked – Mike had done his job thoroughly.

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How does Greene make the boys' actions at this point in the story so disturbing?

Or †35 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes you sympathise with the mother and Sam in *The Son's Veto*.

Or 36 You are Leila (in *Her First Ball*). You are lying in bed and remembering your first ball.

Write your thoughts.

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