



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

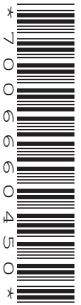
**0486/43**

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.

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 the following extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Bernard:* Biff, where are you? You're supposed to study with me today.
- Willy:* Hey, looka Bernard. What're you lookin' so anaemic about, Bernard?
- Bernard:* He's gotta study, Uncle Willy. He's got Regents next week.
- Happy:* [*tauntingly, spinning Bernard around*] Let's box, Bernard! 5
- Bernard:* Biff! [*He gets away from Happy.*] Listen, Biff, I heard Mr Birnbaum say that if you don't start studyin' math he's gonna flunk you, and you won't graduate. I heard him!
- Willy:* You better study with him, Biff. Go ahead now.
- Bernard:* I heard him! 10
- Biff:* Oh, Pop, you didn't see my sneakers! [*He holds up a foot for Willy to look at.*]
- Willy:* Hey, that's a beautiful job of printing!
- Bernard:* [*wiping his glasses*] Just because he printed University of Virginia on his sneakers doesn't mean they've got to graduate him, Uncle Willy! 15
- Willy:* [*angrily*] What're you talking about? With scholarships to three universities they're gonna flunk him?
- Bernard:* But I heard Mr Birnbaum say –
- Willy:* Don't be a pest, Bernard! [*To his boys*] What an anaemic! 20
- Bernard:* Okay, I'm waiting for you in my house, Biff.  
[*Bernard goes off. The Lomans laugh.*]
- Willy:* Bernard is not well liked, is he?
- Biff:* He's liked, but he's not well liked.
- Happy:* That's right, Pop. 25
- Willy:* That's just what I mean, Bernard can get the best marks in school, y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world, y'understand, you are going to be five times ahead of him. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises. Because the man who makes an appearance in the business world, the man who creates personal interest, is the man who gets ahead. Be liked and you will never want. You take me, for instance. I never have to wait in line to see a buyer. 'Willy Loman is here!' That's all they have to know, and I go right through. 30
- Biff:* Did you knock them dead, Pop? 35
- Willy:* Knocked 'em cold in Providence, slaughtered 'em in Boston.
- Happy:* [*on his back, pedalling again*] I'm losing weight, you notice, Pop?  
[*Linda enters, as of old, a ribbon in her hair, carrying a basket of washing.*] 40

5

How does Miller dramatically reveal the gap between Willy's illusions and reality in this moment in the play?

**Or** †2 Explore the ways in which Charley makes such a dramatic contribution to the play. Support your ideas with details from Miller's writing.

**Or** 3 You are Howard Wagner after Willy has left your office.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Brutus:</i>	But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.	
<i>Antony:</i>	O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank. If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die. No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.	5  10  15
<i>Brutus:</i>	O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As by our hands and this our present act You see we do; yet see you but our hands, And this the bleeding business they have done. Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome, As fire drives out fire, so pity pity, Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony; Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts Of brothers' temper, do receive you in With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.	20  25  30
<i>Cassius:</i>	Your voice shall be as strong as any man's In the disposing of new dignities.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Only be patient till we have appeas'd The multitude, beside themselves with fear, And then we will deliver you the cause Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him, Have thus proceeded.	35
<i>Antony:</i>	I doubt not of your wisdom. Let each man render me his bloody hand. First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus; Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours. Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. Gentlemen all – alas, what shall I say? My credit now stands on such slippery ground That one of two bad ways you must conceit me, Either a coward or a flatterer. That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true! If then thy spirit look upon us now, Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,	40  45  50

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. 60  
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee!  
How like a deer stricken by many princes  
Dost thou here lie! 65

*Cassius:* Mark Antony –  
*Antony:* Pardon me, Caius Cassius.  
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

How does Shakespeare make this such a powerful moment in the play?

- Or** †5 'Vain and unreasonable.' How far do you think that this is a fair description of Brutus? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.
- Or** 6 You are Casca. Cassius has just asked you to join the conspiracy. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

Either \*7 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">Alas, now; pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile. Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.</p>	5
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.</p>	10
<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.</p>	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">No, precious creature; I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.</p>	15
<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">It would become me As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.</p>	20
<i>Prospero:</i>	<p>[<i>Aside</i>] Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.</p>	
<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">You look wearily.</p>	
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	<p>No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night. I do beseech you, Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, What is your name?</p>	25
<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">Miranda – O my father, I have broke your hest to say so!</p>	30
<i>Ferdinand:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">Admir'd Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues Have I lik'd several women, never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil; but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!</p>	35          40
<i>Miranda:</i>	<p style="text-align: right;">I do not know One of my sex; no woman's face remember, Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen More that I may call men than you, good friend, And my dear father. How features are abroad,</p>	45



I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

- Ferdinand:* I am, in my condition, 55  
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king –  
I would not so! – and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:  
The very instant that I saw you, did 60  
My heart fly to your service; there resides  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.
- Miranda:* Do you love me?
- Ferdinand:* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, 65  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true! If hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,  
Do love, prize, honour you. 70
- Miranda:* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.
- Prospero:* [Aside] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em! 75

How does Shakespeare make this such a moving and dramatic moment in the play?

**Or** †8 To what extent do you think Shakespeare portrays Alonso as a misguided and weak ruler? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 9 You are Antonio at the end of the play, after Prospero has forgiven you.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

- Gwendolen:* The fact that they did not follow us at once into the house, as any one else would have done, seems to me to show that they have some sense of shame left.
- Cecily:* They have been eating muffins. That looks like repentance.
- Gwendolen:* [*After a pause.*] They don't seem to notice us at all. Couldn't you cough? 5
- Cecily:* But I haven't got a cough.
- Gwendolen:* They're looking at us. What effrontery!
- Cecily:* They're approaching. That's very forward of them.
- Gwendolen:* Let us preserve a dignified silence. 10
- Cecily:* Certainly. It's the only thing to do now.
- Enter Jack followed by Algernon. They whistle some dreadful popular air from a British Opera.*
- Gwendolen:* This dignified silence seems to produce an unpleasant effect.
- Cecily:* A most distasteful one. 15
- Gwendolen:* But we will not be the first to speak.
- Cecily:* Certainly not.
- Gwendolen:* Mr. Worthing, I have something very particular to ask you. Much depends on your reply.
- Cecily:* Gwendolen, your common sense is invaluable. Mr. Moncrieff, kindly answer me the following question. Why did you pretend to be my guardian's brother? 20
- Algernon:* In order that I might have an opportunity of meeting you.
- Cecily:* [*To Gwendolen.*] That certainly seems a satisfactory explanation, does it not? 25
- Gwendolen:* Yes, dear, if you can believe him.
- Cecily:* I don't. But that does not affect the wonderful beauty of his answer.
- Gwendolen:* True. In matters of grave importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital thing. Mr. Worthing, what explanation can you offer to me for pretending to have a brother? Was it in order that you might have an opportunity of coming up to town to see me as often as possible? 30
- Jack:* Can you doubt it, Miss Fairfax?
- Gwendolen:* I have the gravest doubts upon the subject. But I intend to crush them. This is not the moment for German scepticism. [*Moving to Cecily.*] Their explanations appear to be quite satisfactory, especially Mr. Worthing's. That seems to me to have the stamp of truth upon it. 35
- Cecily:* I am more than content with what Mr. Moncrieff said. His voice alone inspires one with absolute credulity. 40
- Gwendolen:* Then you think we should forgive them?
- Cecily:* Yes. I mean no.

- Gwendolen:* True! I had forgotten. There are principles at stake that one cannot surrender. Which of us should tell them? The task is not a pleasant one.
- Cecily:* Could we not both speak at the same time?
- Gwendolen:* An excellent idea! I nearly always speak at the same time as other people. Will you take the time from me?
- Cecily:* Certainly. [*Gwendolen beats time with uplifted finger.* 50
- Gwendolen and Cecily:* [*Speaking together.*] Your Christian names are still an insuperable barrier. That is all!
- Jack and Algernon:* [*Speaking together.*] Our Christian names! Is that all? But we are going to be christened this afternoon.
- Gwendolen:* [*To Jack.*] For my sake you are prepared to do this terrible thing? 55
- Jack:* I am.
- Cecily:* [*To Algernon.*] To please me you are ready to face this fearful ordeal?
- Algernon:* I am! 60
- Gwendolen:* How absurd to talk of the equality of the sexes! Where questions of self-sacrifice are concerned, men are infinitely beyond us.
- Jack:* We are. [*Clasps hands with Algernon.*
- Cecily:* They have moments of physical courage of which we women know absolutely nothing. 65
- Gwendolen:* [*To Jack.*] Darling!
- Algernon:* [*To Cecily.*] Darling! [*They fall into each other's arms. Enter Merriman. When he enters he coughs loudly, seeing the situation.* 70
- Merriman:* Ahem! Ahem! Lady Bracknell!
- Jack:* Good heavens!

What do you think makes this moment in the play so delightfully absurd? Support your ideas with details from Wilde's writing.

Or †11 In what ways do you think Wilde makes Algernon such an amusing character?

Or 12 You are Miss Prism at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

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

## CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

5

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea;

10

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky  
 To build and brood; that live their lives

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From land to land; and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too; and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

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How does Tennyson make these lines particularly moving for you?

Or †14 How does Tennyson vividly create a sense of the character's mental disturbance in *Mariana* or *Maud* (from 'Dead, long dead,' to 'Is enough to drive one mad')? Support your ideas with details from the poem you have chosen.

Or †15 In what ways does Tennyson make *Crossing the Bar* such a powerful poem? Support your ideas with details from the poem.



## SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Heathcliff, who had raised his eyes at the former speech, gave a sneering laugh at the latter, on purpose, it seemed, to draw Mr Linton's attention to him.

He succeeded; but Edgar did not mean to entertain him with any high flights of passion.

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'I have been so far forbearing with you, sir,' he said, quietly; 'not that I was ignorant of your miserable, degraded character, but, I felt you were only partly responsible for that; and Catherine, wishing to keep up your acquaintance, I acquiesced – foolishly. Your presence is a moral poison that would contaminate the most virtuous – for that cause, and to prevent worse consequences, I shall deny you, hereafter, admission into this house, and give notice, now, that I require your instant departure. Three minutes' delay will render it involuntary and ignominious.'

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Heathcliff measured the height and breadth of the speaker with an eye full of derision.

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'Cathy, this lamb of yours threatens like a bull!' he said. 'It is in danger of splitting its skull against my knuckles. By God, Mr Linton, I'm mortally sorry that you are not worth knocking down!'

My master glanced towards the passage, and signed me to fetch the men – he had no intention of hazarding a personal encounter.

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I obeyed the hint; but Mrs Linton, suspecting something, followed, and when I attempted to call them, she pulled me back, slammed the door to, and locked it.

'Fair means!' she said, in answer to her husband's look of angry surprise. 'If you have not the courage to attack him, make an apology, or allow yourself to be beaten. It will correct you of feigning more valour than you possess. No, I'll swallow the key before you shall get it! I'm delightfully rewarded for my kindness to each! After constant indulgence of one's weak nature, and the other's bad one, I earn, for thanks, two samples of blind ingratitude, stupid to absurdity! Edgar, I was defending you, and yours; and I wish Heathcliff may flog you sick, for daring to think an evil thought of me!'

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It did not need the medium of a flogging to produce that effect on the master. He tried to wrest the key from Catherine's grasp; and for safety she flung it into the hottest part of the fire; whereupon Mr Edgar was taken with a nervous trembling, and his countenance grew deadly pale. For his life he could not avert that access of emotion – mingled anguish and humiliation overcame him completely. He leant on the back of a chair, and covered his face.

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'Oh! Heavens! In old days this would win you knighthood!' exclaimed Mrs Linton. 'We are vanquished! we are vanquished! Heathcliff would as soon lift a finger at you as the king would march his army against a colony of mice. Cheer up, you sha'n't be hurt! Your type is not a lamb, it's a sucking leveret.'

40

'I wish you joy of the milk-blooded coward, Cathy!' said her friend. 'I compliment you on your taste: and that is the slaving, shivering thing you preferred to me! I would not strike him with my fist, but I'd kick him with my foot, and experience considerable satisfaction. Is he weeping, or is he going to faint for fear?'

45

The fellow approached and gave the chair on which Linton rested a push. He'd better have kept his distance: my master quickly sprang erect, and struck him full on the throat a blow that would have levelled a slighter man.

It took his breath for a minute; and, while he choked, Mr Linton walked out by the back door into the yard, and from thence, to the front entrance.

How do you think Brontë makes this moment in the novel so dramatic?

- Or**    **†20** Does Brontë make you pity or despise Isabella? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or**    **21** You are the young Heathcliff. You have just heard Catherine apparently reject you, and you are running away from Wuthering Heights through the thunderstorm.

Write your thoughts



TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

How can I describe the sensations that swamped me when Babamukuru started his car, with me in the front seat beside him, on the day I left my home? It was relief, but more than that. It was more than excitement and anticipation. What I experienced that day was a short cut, a rerouting of everything I had ever defined as me into fast lanes that would speedily lead me to my destination. My horizons were saturated with me, my leaving, my going. There was no room for what I left behind. My father, as affably, shallowly agreeable as ever, was insignificant. My mother, my anxious mother, was no more than another piece of surplus scenery to be maintained, of course to be maintained, but all the same superfluous, an obstacle in the path of my departure. As for my sisters, well, they were there. They were watching me climb into Babamukuru's car to be whisked away to limitless horizons. It was up to them to learn the important lesson that circumstances were not immutable, no burden so binding that it could not be dropped. The honour for teaching them this emancipating lesson was mine. I claimed it all, for here I was, living proof of the moral. There was no doubt in my mind that this was the case. 5

When I stepped into Babamukuru's car I was a peasant. You could see that at a glance in my tight, faded frock that immodestly defined my budding breasts, and in my broad-toed feet that had grown thick-skinned through daily contact with the ground in all weathers. You could see it from the way the keratin had reacted by thickening and, having thickened, had hardened and cracked so that the dirt ground its way in but could not be washed out. It was evident from the corrugated black callouses on my knees, the scales on my skin that were due to lack of oil, the short, dull tufts of malnourished hair. This was the person I was leaving behind. At Babamukuru's I expected to find another self, a clean, well-groomed, genteel self who could not have been bred, could not have survived, on the homestead. At Babamukuru's I would have the leisure, be encouraged to consider questions that had to do with survival of the spirit, the creation of consciousness, rather than mere sustenance of the body. This new me would not be enervated by smoky kitchens that left eyes smarting and chests permanently bronchitic. This new me would not be frustrated by wood fires that either flamed so furiously that the *sadza* burned, or so indifferently that it became *mbodza*. Nor would there be trips to Nyamarira, Nyamarira which I loved to bathe in and watch cascade through the narrow outlet of the fall where we drew our water. Leaving this Nyamarira, my flowing, tumbling, musical playground, was difficult. But I could not pretend to be sorry to be leaving the water-drums whose weight compressed your neck into your spine, were heavy on the head even after you had grown used to them and were constantly in need of refilling. I was not sorry to be leaving the tedious task of coaxing Nyamarira's little tributary in and out of the vegetable beds. Of course, my emancipation from these aspects of my existence was, for the foreseeable future, temporary and not continuous, but that was not the point. The point was this: I was going to be developed in the way that Babamukuru saw fit, which in the language I understood at the time meant well. Having developed well I did not foresee that there would be reason to regress on the occasions that I returned to the homestead. 10

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How does Dangarembga make this moment so memorable and significant?

- Or** †23 Do you think Takesure is just a figure of fun, or should we take him seriously? Support your ideas with details from Dangarembga's writing.
- Or** 24 You are Maiguru. You have just had your conversation with Tambudzai in which you have confirmed that you have a Master's degree.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

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

No one was at all surprised but everyone was gratified when Aruna brought off the marriage that Uma had dismally failed to make. As was to be expected, she took her time, showed a reluctance to decide, played choosy, but soon enough made the wisest, most expedient choice – the handsomest, the richest, the most exciting of the suitors who presented themselves. So exciting were his dark, saturnine looks, the curl of his lips and the way his sideburns grew right down to the line of his jaw, and so lavish the future predicted for him, that Mama Papa were actually a little perturbed. Prudently, they wished for someone a little less handsome, a little less showy (*they* were neither, after all), and bade caution, suggested waiting to see who else might turn up. But when Aruna had made up her mind, then no one could stop her, and she had her way.

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The wedding was a splendid one – not like Uma's drab, cut-rate affair. At Aruna's insistence, the reception was held in the lobby of the Carlton Hotel. Instead of a brass band from the bazaar, she had Tiny Lopez's band play dance music. What was more, she persuaded Papa to throw what she called a cocktail party to welcome Arvind and his family the day before the wedding. This was to be an event so chic – and untraditional – as had never been witnessed before in the town, at least by their relatives. Unfortunately, Uma spoilt it considerably by her appalling tendency, developed – they were all certain – during her stay at the ashram with Mira-masi, of throwing 'fits'. The guests were milling around in the most elegant chiffon saris and sherwanis, the air was thick with the fumes of tuberose and whisky, when Uma, who had been sent to fetch a fresh trayload of party snacks, instead stood rigid with the empty tray in her hands, staring ahead of her. When Mama gave her a little nudge to rouse her and hurry her, she simply keeled over as if she had been cut down with an axe. She fell heavily at the guests' feet, managing to strike her head against the tin tray so that it was cut open dramatically, and when they ran to help her up, she began to roll on the ground, just as she had done at the ashram, her eyes fixed, her teeth clenched, jerking her shoulders and drumming her heels uncontrollably. That is what they told her she did – till Dr Dutt was fetched from the other end of the marquee and came at once, thrust a handkerchief into Uma's mouth to prevent her from biting her tongue, washed her face with a glass of cold water, and then had her carried to her bedroom, all so quickly and efficiently that not everyone in the marquee even became aware of the incident.

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Uma, sitting up in bed that night, tried to picture the appalling scene that she could not at all remember. She listened to Aruna's voice lashing at her, flailing her with accusations. She had spoilt the party, the cocktail party. What would Arvind's family think of them, of Aruna who had a sister who was an idiot, an hysteric? She should be put away, locked up, Aruna sobbed. 'I should be locked up,' Uma moaned, along with her. 'Lock me up, Mama, lock me up!' They howled together till Mama came marching in. 'What is going on here? Go to sleep, Aruna. Be quiet, Uma. I don't want to hear another word. Tomorrow is the wedding day and I've had enough trouble already. Now be quiet and go to sleep, you two.' Uma lay down obediently but could not hold back another moan: 'Oh, Mama, please!' while Aruna hissed one last threat, 'Don't you *dare* do that at the wedding, don't you *dare*!'

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Uma did not, and the wedding was as chic as Aruna had planned it; the ceremony itself brief, its chief features being Aruna's elaborate sari and jewellery and the groom's maharaja-style turban. Bakul Uncle and Lila Aunty approved, although Lila Aunty sighed, 'If only Anamika could be here, but that family just want her with them all the time,' and sighed again. No one mentioned Ramu; he was not considered fit for society any more and had not been sent an invitation.

The Carlton Hotel provided the dinner, and even if some relatives refused to touch food cooked by who knew what low-caste cooks in what polluted kitchens, most of the guests were profoundly impressed and grateful and said so in heartfelt tones as they left, compensating Papa somewhat for the shocking expense. Only Dr Dutt had nothing to say to the parents except, 'And how is dear Uma? I'm glad to see she is looking a little better today but I think she needs a tonic,' but then Dr Dutt was known for her abrupt ways and was excused because she was a doctor.

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What makes Desai's depiction of Aruna's wedding and its preparations both humorous and serious?

**Or** †26 How far do you think Desai suggests that family life in India and family life in the USA might not be very different? Support your ideas by close reference to the novel.

**Or** 27 You are Uma. You are in your room the evening after the bazaar.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

The spy made notes in a school notebook and scratched his head dubiously. This was his first important mission since he had joined the society that boasted of such distinguished members as the man who had revealed the mechanism that gave rise to the electric-shock guru, the woman who had uncovered the exploding-toilet scam, the clerk who had hidden himself in a vat of sweetened curd to overhear a conversation that led to the indictment of the BMW guru for everything from money-laundering and tax fraud to murder by poison. In fact, it had been a lucky thing the clerk had not eaten any of that curd.

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The spy was determined that he too would thus distinguish himself. He was lonely in Shahkot; his village was far away and he was as yet unmarried. He hated his job as a teacher at the public school, hated the boys who drew unflattering portraits of him in their notebooks and pulled faces behind his back. Often he gave them exercises to do and escaped to the staff room, where he sat staring out of the window and smoking cigarettes. One day he would show the world; he would rise above his poverty-stricken childhood, the hovel he had grown up in with eleven brothers and sisters, his drunken and drugged father, his worn-out mother. One day the world would turn its attention to him at last. Applause. Prizes. Newspaper reporters. He would hold his face out to the light and, in the midst of adulation, discover his poise, discussing fluently and with the seriousness of an intellectual on television his opinion of things. 'Well, you know, liberation, as I comprehend it, comes from freeing yourself from the tawdry grasp of superstition. This is not a simple matter, you understand, for it is embroiled in historical issues, in issues of poverty and illiteracy.' Yes, his life had been hard. But he would overcome.

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'What should I do, sir?' he ventured once more. 'I do not know what path I should take. I do not now what questions to ask. In fact, I do not even know what I want.'

'A child cries for its mother's milk, doesn't it?'

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'I do not understand.'

'A baby bird cries for an insect.'

'But, sir ... milk and insects?'

'A mother knows what its child wants and recognizes her child from the noises it makes. Consequently, you will be quite all right if you stop asking questions and wait for your mother to come to you. Be patient.'

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'But –' he persisted. 'But, sir –'

Sampath's head began to buzz. What on earth was this man being so annoying for? He looked out into the leafy avenues about him and gazed moodily into the distance

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The spy from the Atheist Society looked happier. Clearly Sampath was at a loss for a reply to his clever questioning and was trying hard to avoid him. He went behind a tree and made more top-secret notes in his school notebook.

How does Desai make this moment in the novel so amusingly absurd?

- Or †29 Explore the ways in which Desai makes fun of the inefficiency and corruption at the Shahkot Post Office.
- Or 30 You are Kulfi. Sampath's disappearance from home has just been discovered. Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

The bottle of whisky – a second one – was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Catherine, who ‘felt just as good on nothing at all.’ Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I saw him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life. 5

Myrtle pulled her chair close to mine, and suddenly her warm breath poured over me the story of her first meeting with Tom.

‘It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt-front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I’d have to call a policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn’t hardly know I wasn’t getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was “You can’t live forever; you can’t live forever.”’ 10

She turned to Mrs McKee and the room rang full of her artificial laughter.

‘My dear,’ she cried, ‘I’m going to give you this dress as soon as I’m through with it. I’ve got to get another one to-morrow. I’m going to make a list of all the things I’ve got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother’s grave that’ll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won’t forget all the things I got to do.’ 25

It was nine o’clock – almost immediately afterward I looked at my watch and found it was ten. Mr McKee was asleep on a chair with his fists clenched in his lap, like a photograph of a man of action. Taking out my handkerchief I wiped from his cheek the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon. 30

The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke, and from time to time groaning faintly. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs Wilson stood face to face discussing, in impassioned voices, whether Mrs Wilson had any right to mention Daisy’s name. 40

‘Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!’ shouted Mrs Wilson. ‘I’ll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai –’

Making a short deft movement, Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand. 45

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom floor, and women’s voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wail of pain. Mr McKee awoke from his doze and started in a daze toward the door. When he had gone half way he turned around and stared at the scene – his wife and Catherine scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and 50

there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch, bleeding fluently, and trying to spread a copy of Town Tattle over the tapestry scenes of Versailles.

How does Fitzgerald make this such a disturbing occasion in the novel?

**Or** †32 Why do you think Gatsby appreciates Nick as a friend? Support your ideas with details from Fitzgerald's writing.

**Or** 33 You are Daisy. Tom has just told you that Gatsby is a bootlegger and that his flirtation with you is over. You are leaving in Gatsby's car.

Write your thoughts.



from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either \*34 Read this extract from *The Son's Veto*, and then answer the question that follows

It was on an evening when they were alone in their plain suburban residence, where life was not blue but brown, that she ultimately broke silence, qualifying her announcement of a probable second marriage by assuring him that it would not take place for a long time to come, when he would be living quite independently of her.

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The boy thought the idea a very reasonable one, and asked if she had chosen anybody. She hesitated; and he seemed to have a misgiving. He hoped his stepfather would be a gentleman, he said.

'Not what you call a gentleman,' she answered timidly. 'He'll be much as I was before I knew your father'; and by degrees she acquainted him with the whole. The youth's face remained fixed for a moment; then he flushed, leant on the table, and burst into passionate tears.

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His mother went up to him, kissed all of his face that she could get at, and patted his back as if he were still the baby he once had been, crying herself the while. When he had somewhat recovered from his paroxysm he went hastily to his own room and fastened the door.

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Parleyings were attempted through the keyhole, outside which she waited and listened. It was long before he would reply, and when he did it was to say sternly at her from within: 'I am ashamed of you! It will ruin me! A miserable boor! a churl! a clown! It will degrade me in the eyes of all the gentlemen of England!'

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'Say no more – perhaps I am wrong! I will struggle against it!' she cried miserably.

Before Randolph left her that summer a letter arrived from Sam to inform her that he had been unexpectedly fortunate in obtaining the shop. He was in possession; it was the largest in the town, combining fruit with vegetables, and he thought it would form a home worthy even of her some day. Might he not run up to town to see her?

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She met him by stealth, and said he must still wait for her final answer. The autumn dragged on, and when Randolph was home at Christmas for the holidays she broached the matter again. But the young gentleman was inexorable.

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It was dropped for months; renewed again; abandoned under his repugnance; again attempted; and thus the gentle creature reasoned and pleaded till four or five long years had passed. Then the faithful Sam revived his suit with some peremptoriness. Sophy's son, now an undergraduate, was down from Oxford one Easter, when she again opened the subject. As soon as he was ordained, she argued, he would have a home of his own, wherein she, with her bad grammar and her ignorance, would be an encumbrance to him. Better obliterate her as much as possible.

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He showed a more manly anger now, but would not agree. She on her side was more persistent, and he had doubts whether she could be trusted in his absence. But by indignation and contempt for her taste he completely maintained his ascendancy; and finally taking her before a little cross and altar that he had erected in his bedroom for his private devotions, there bade her kneel, and swear that she would not wed Samuel Hobson without his consent. 'I owe this to my father!' he said.

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The poor woman swore, thinking he would soften as soon as he was ordained and in full swing of clerical work. But he did not. His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm; though his mother might have led an idyllic life with her faithful fruiterer and

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greengrocer, and nobody have been anything the worse in the world.

Her lameness became more confirmed as time went on, and she seldom or never left the house in the long southern thoroughfare, where she seemed to be pining her heart away. 'Why mayn't I say to Sam that I'll marry him? Why mayn't I?' she would murmur plaintively to herself when nobody was near.

Some four years after this date a middle-aged man was standing at the door of the largest fruiterer's shop in Aldbrickham. He was the proprietor, but to-day, instead of his usual business attire, he wore a neat suit of black; and his window was partly shuttered. From the railway-station a funeral procession was seen approaching: it passed his door and went out of the town towards the village of Gaymead. The man, whose eyes were wet, held his hat in his hand as the vehicles moved by; while from the mourning-coach a young smooth-shaven priest in a high waistcoat looked black as a cloud at the shopkeeper standing there.

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How does Hardy make you feel as you read this ending to the story? Support your ideas with details from Hardy's writing.

**Or** †35 How does the writer memorably depict a significant experience of growing up in **either** *Her First Ball* (by Katherine Mansfield) **or** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie)? Support your ideas with details from the story you have chosen.

**Or** 36 You are Freddie in *The Custody of the Pumpkin*. You have just set sail for the USA with your new bride.

Write your thoughts.





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