



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/13**

Paper 1

**October/November 2013**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts should be taken into the examination.

**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.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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 **25** printed pages and **3** 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:

- Willy: What're you doin' up?
- Charley: [*sitting down at the kitchen table opposite Willy*] Couldn't sleep good. I had a heartburn.
- Willy: Well, you don't know how to eat.
- Charley: I eat with my mouth. 5
- Willy: No, you're ignorant. You gotta know about vitamins and things like that.
- Charley: Come on, let's shoot. Tire you out a little.
- Willy: [*hesitantly*] All right. You got cards?
- Charley: [*taking a deck from his pocket*] Yeah, I got them. Someplace. 10  
What is it with those vitamins?
- Willy: [*dealing*] They build up your bones. Chemistry.
- Charley: Yeah, but there's no bones in a heartburn.
- Willy: What are you talkin' about? Do you know the first thing about it? 15
- Charley: Don't get insulted.
- Willy: Don't talk about something you don't know anything about.  
[*They are playing. Pause.*]
- Charley: What're you doin' home?
- Willy: A little trouble with the car. 20
- Charley: Oh. [*Pause.*] I'd like to take a trip to California.
- Willy: Don't say.
- Charley: You want a job?
- Willy: I got a job, I told you that. [*After a slight pause.*] What the hell are you offering me a job for? 25
- Charley: Don't get insulted.
- Willy: Don't insult me.
- Charley: I don't see no sense in it. You don't have to go on this way.
- Willy: I got a good job. [*Slight pause.*] What do you keep comin' in here for? 30
- Charley: You want me to go?
- Willy: [*after a pause, withering*] I can't understand it. He's going back to Texas again. What the hell is that?
- Charley: Let him go.
- Willy: I got nothin' to give him, Charley, I'm clean, I'm clean. 35
- Charley: He won't starve. None of them starve. Forget about him.
- Willy: Then what have I got to remember?
- Charley: You take it too hard. To hell with it. When a deposit bottle is broken you don't get your nickel back.

*Willy:* That's easy enough for you to say.  
*Charley:* That ain't easy for me to say.  
*Willy:* Did you see the ceiling I put up in the living-room?  
*Charley:* Yeah, that's a piece of work. To put up a ceiling is a mystery to me. How do you do it?  
*Willy:* What's the difference? 45  
*Charley:* Well, talk about it.  
*Willy:* You gonna put up a ceiling?  
*Charley:* How could I put up a ceiling?  
*Willy:* Then what the hell are you bothering me for?  
*Charley:* You're insulted again. 50  
*Willy:* A man who can't handle tools is not a man. You're disgusting.  
*Charley:* Don't call me disgusting, Willy.

How does Miller convey what a good man Charley is at this moment in the play?

**Or** †2 To what extent does Miller make it possible to feel sympathy for Willy's sons Biff and Happy? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or** 3 You are Willy on your last drive.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Antony:</i>	If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle. I remember The first time ever Caesar put it on; 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent, That day he overcame the Nervii.	5
	Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through; See what a rent the envious Casca made; Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd, And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it, As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel. Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all;	10
	For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart; And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statua, Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint of pity. These are gracious drops. Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, Here is himself, marr'd as you see with traitors.	15
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	O piteous spectacle!	20
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	O noble Caesar!	
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	O woeful day!	
<i>4 Plebeian:</i>	O traitors, villains!	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	O most bloody sight!	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	We will be reveng'd.	25
<i>All:</i>	Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!	
<i>Antony:</i>	Stay, countrymen.	
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.	30
<i>Antony:</i>	Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honourable. What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, That made them do it; they are wise and honourable, And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts; I am no orator, as Brutus is.	35
		40
		45

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know; 55  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths.  
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar, that should move 60  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All:* We'll mutiny.

*1 Plebeian:* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

How does Shakespeare make Antony such a persuasive and impressive figure at this moment in the play?

**Or** †5 'The conspiracy never had a chance of succeeding.' How far does Shakespeare make you agree with this statement? Support your ideas by close reference to the play.

**Or** 6 You are Cassius. You (along with the other conspirators) have just bathed your hands in Caesar's blood.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

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

- Stephano:* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?
- Trinculo:* I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou are not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd! 5
- Stephano:* Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. 10
- Caliban:* [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.
- Stephano:* How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither – I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard – by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore. 15
- Caliban:* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. 20
- Stephano:* Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.
- Trinculo:* Swum ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.
- Stephano:* [*Passing the bottle*] Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 25
- Trinculo:* O Stephano, hast any more of this?
- Stephano:* The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! How does thine ague?
- Caliban:* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven? 30
- Stephano:* Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee; I was the Man i' th' Moon, when time was.
- Caliban:* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.
- Stephano:* Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear. 35
- [*Caliban drinks.*]
- Trinculo:* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The Man i' th' Moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 40
- Caliban:* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee be my god.
- Trinculo:* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When's god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.
- Caliban:* I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject. 45



*Stephano:* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trinculo:* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him –

*Stephano:* Come, kiss.

*Trinculo:* But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster! 50

*Caliban:* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man. 55

*Trinculo:* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Caliban:* I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? 60

Explore how Shakespeare makes this moment in the play both amusing and moving.

**Or** †8 Explore how music contributes to the dramatic impact of **two** episodes in the play.

**Or** 9 You are Prospero. You have just witnessed Ferdinand and Miranda declaring their love for each other.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

- Jack:* [After a pause.] Lady Bracknell, I hate to seem inquisitive, but would you kindly inform me who I am?
- Lady Bracknell:* I am afraid that the news I have to give you will not altogether please you. You are the son of my poor sister, Mrs. Moncrieff, and consequently Algernon's elder brother. 5
- Jack:* Algy's elder brother! Then I have a brother after all. I knew I had a brother! I always said I had a brother! Cecily—how could you have ever doubted that I had a brother? [Seizes hold of Algernon.] Dr. Chasuble, my unfortunate brother. Miss Prism, my unfortunate brother. Gwendolen, my unfortunate brother. Algy, you young scoundrel, you will have to treat me with more respect in the future. You have never behaved to me like a brother in all your life. 10
- Algernon:* Well, not till to-day, old boy, I admit. I did my best, however, though I was out of practice. [Shakes hands.] 15
- Gwendolen:* [To Jack.] My own! But what own are you? What is your Christian name, now that you have become some one else?
- Jack:* Good heavens! ... I had quite forgotten that point. Your decision on the subject of my name is irrevocable, I suppose? 20
- Gwendolen:* I never change, except in my affections.
- Cecily:* What a noble nature you have, Gwendolen!
- Jack:* Then the question had better be cleared up at once. Aunt Augusta, a moment. At the time when Miss Prism left me in the hand-bag, had I been christened already? 25
- Lady Bracknell:* Every luxury that money could buy, including christening, had been lavished on you by your fond and doting parents.
- Jack:* Then I was christened! That is settled. Now, what name was I given? Let me know the worst. 30
- Lady Bracknell:* Being the eldest son you were naturally christened after your father.
- Jack:* [Irritably.] Yes, but what was my father's Christian name?
- Lady Bracknell:* [Meditatively.] I cannot at the present moment recall what the General's Christian name was. But I have no doubt he had one. He was eccentric, I admit. But only in later years. And that was the result of the Indian climate, and marriage, and indigestion, and other things of that kind. 35
- Jack:* Algy! Can't you recollect what our father's Christian name was? 40
- Algernon:* My dear boy, we were never even on speaking terms. He died before I was a year old.
- Jack:* His name would appear in the Army Lists of the period, I suppose, Aunt Augusta? 45
- Lady Bracknell:* The General was essentially a man of peace, except in

- his domestic life. But I have no doubt his name would appear in any military directory.
- Jack:* The Army Lists of the last forty years are here. These delightful records should have been my constant study. [*Rushes to bookcase and tears the books out.*] M. Generals ... Mallam, Maxbohm, Magley, what ghastly names they have—Marksby, Migsby, Mobbs, Moncrieff! Lieutenant 1840, Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, General 1869, Christian names, Ernest John. [*Puts book very quietly down and speaks quite calmly.*] I always told you, Gwendolen, my name was Ernest, didn't I? Well, it is Ernest after all. I mean it naturally is Ernest. 55
- Lady Bracknell:* Yes, I remember now that the General was called Ernest. I knew I had some particular reason for disliking the name. 60
- Gwendolen:* Ernest! My own Ernest! I felt from the first that you could have no other name!
- Jack:* Gwendolen, it is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth. Can you forgive me? 65
- Gwendolen:* I can. For I feel that you are sure to change.
- Jack:* My own one!
- Chasuble:* [*To Miss Prism.*] Lætitia! [*Embraces her.*]
- Miss Prism:* [*Enthusiastically.*] Frederick! At last! 70
- Algernon:* Cecily! [*Embraces her.*] At last!
- Jack:* Gwendolen! [*Embraces her.*] At last!
- Lady Bracknell:* My nephew, you seem to be displaying signs of triviality.
- Jack:* On the contrary, Aunt Augusta, I've now realized for the first time in my life the vital Importance of Being Earnest. 75

What do you think makes the end of the play so hilarious? Support your views with details from Wilde's writing.

- Or** †11 Explore the ways in which Wilde ridicules aspects of upper-class society in *The Importance of Being Earnest*.
- Or** 12 You are Jack Worthing at the beginning of the play. You are just about to ring Algernon's doorbell.

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:

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks complaining, Heavily the low sky raining Over tower'd Camelot;	5
Down she came and found a boat Beneath a willow left afloat, And round about the prow she wrote <i>The Lady of Shalott.</i>	
And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance – With a glassy countenance Did she look to Camelot.	10
And at the closing of the day She loosed the chain, and down she lay; The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.	15
Lying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right – The leaves upon her falling light – Thro' the noises of the night She floated down to Camelot:	20
And as the boat-head wound along The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song, The Lady of Shalott.	25
Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly, Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.	30
For ere she reach'd upon the tide The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott.	35
Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high, Silent into Camelot.	40
Out upon the wharfs they came, Knight and burgher, lord and dame, And round the prow they read her name, <i>The Lady of Shalott.</i>	45

13

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, 'She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott.'

How does Tennyson make this ending to the poem so sad?

- Or** †14 Explore the ways in which Tennyson makes **either** the poem *Maud* (from 'Dead, long dead,' to 'Is enough to drive one mad') **or** the poem *Mariana* so disturbing.
- Or** †15 How does Tennyson make Part CVI from *In Memoriam* ('Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky') so memorable? Support your answer with details from Part CVI.

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4**

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

*Horses*

Those lumbering horses in the steady plough,

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Were bright and fearful presences to me.

(by Edwin Muir)

Explore the ways in which Muir conveys the power of the horses in this poem.

**Or †17** Explore the ways in which joy and delight are conveyed in **either** *Pied Beauty* (by Gerard Manley Hopkins) **or** *A Birthday* (by Christina Rossetti).

**Or †18** Explore how the poet vividly captures a moment in time in **one** of the following poems:

*Hunting Snake* (by Judith Wright)

*The Woodspurge* (by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

*Continuum* (by Allen Curnow).

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SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but, it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple, a circumstance observed by me, when awake, but forgotten. 5

‘I must stop it, nevertheless!’ I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand! 10

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but, the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, ‘Let me in – let me in!’  
‘Who are you?’ I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself. 15

‘Catherine Linton,’ it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton*? I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton). ‘I’m come home, I’d lost my way on the moor!’

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child’s face looking through the window – Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bed-clothes: still it wailed, ‘Let me in!’ and maintained its tenacious grip, almost maddening me with fear. 20

‘How can I?’ I said at length. ‘Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!’  
The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer. 25

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on!

‘Begone!’ I shouted, ‘I’ll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years!’  
‘It’s twenty years,’ mourned the voice, ‘twenty years, I’ve been a waif for twenty years!’ 30

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up; but, could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright. 35

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my chamber door: somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate and muttered to himself. 40

At last, he said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer, ‘Is any one here?’

I considered it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff’s accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet. 45

With this intention, I turned and opened the panels – I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers; with a



candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak of the oak startled him like an electric shock: the light leaped from his hold to a distance of some feet, and his agitation was so extreme, that he could hardly pick it up.

How does Brontë make this such a compelling moment in the novel?

**Or** †20 In your opinion, what do Brontë's descriptions of Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange contribute to the power of the novel?

**Or** 21 You are Heathcliff. You have placed a lock of your hair in Catherine's coffin. You are now on your way home.

Write your thoughts.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

‘Is it true, Maiguru?’ I asked later that afternoon when I went to the verandah to read and found my aunt marking her books there. ‘Do you really have a Master’s Degree?’

Maiguru was flattered. ‘Didn’t you know?’ she smiled at me over the top of her glasses. How could I have known? No one had ever mentioned it to me.

5

‘But Maiguru,’ I answered immediately, emboldened by the thought of my aunt obtaining a Master’s Degree, ‘did you ever say?’

‘Did you ever ask?’ she countered, and continued, ‘Yes, we both studied, your uncle and I, in South Africa for our Bachelor’s Degrees and in England for our Master’s.’

10

‘I thought you went to look after Babamukuru,’ I said. ‘That’s all people ever say.’

Maiguru snorted. ‘And what do you expect? Why should a woman go all that way and put up with all those problems if not to look after her husband?’

15

Maiguru was more serious than she had ever been before. Her seriousness changed her from a sweet, soft dove to something more like a wasp. ‘That’s what they like to think I did,’ she continued sourly. The lower half of her face, and only the lower half, because it did not quite reach the eyes, set itself into sullen lines of discontent. She bent over her books to hide them, and to prove that she was not unhappy at all she made a chuckling sound, I think she thought gaily, but sounding pained. ‘Whatever they thought,’ she said, ‘much good did it do them! I still studied for that degree and got it in spite of all of them – your uncle, your grandparents and the rest of your family. Can you tell me now that they aren’t pleased that I did, even if they don’t admit it? No! Your uncle wouldn’t be able to do half the things he does if I didn’t work as well!’

20

25

‘You must earn a lot of money,’ I breathed in awe. My aunt laughed and said she never received her salary. I was aghast.

30

‘What happens to your money?’ I asked. ‘The money that you earn. Does the Government take it?’ For I was beginning to understand that our Government was not a good one.

‘You could say that,’ my aunt laughed, forcing herself to be merry again but not succeeding. She gave up, took off her glasses and leaned back in her seat, staring wistfully through the verandah’s arches to the mountains and beyond. ‘What it is,’ she sighed, ‘to have to choose between self and security. When I was in England I glimpsed for a little while the things I could have been, the things I could have done if – if – if things were – different – But there was Babawa Chido and the children and the family. And does anyone realise, does anyone appreciate, what sacrifices were made? As for me, no one even thinks about the things I gave up.’ She collected herself. ‘But that’s how it goes, Sisi Tambu! And when you have a good man and lovely children, it makes it all worth while.’

35

40

Explore the ways in which Dangarembga presents Maiguru at this moment in the novel.

- Or** †23 In what ways does Dangarembga portray the changing relationship between Nhamo and Lucia? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** 24 You are Nhamo, on your way to start at Babamukuru's school.  
Write your thoughts.

**ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting***

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

Mama worked hard at trying to dispose of Uma, sent her photograph

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relinquished all her foolishly unrealistic hopes.

In what ways does Desai make this moment in the novel sad and comic at the same time?

**Or †26** Does Desai make you feel sorry for Arun – or impatient with him – or both? Support your ideas by close reference to the novel.

**Or 27** You are Mr Patton. You have just cooked the first barbecue since Arun's arrival.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

The Brigadier too had come up with a plan.

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'Do not pick the flowers.'

Thus the Superintendent of Police did not join the others when they visited Sampath in order to seek his blessing for their plans.

Explore the ways in which Desai makes fun of these three officials at this moment in the novel.

**Or †29** Explore the ways in which Desai brings the town of Shahkot to life in the novel.

**Or 30** You are the District Collector at the end of the novel. Your superiors have demanded that you justify your actions in what has become known as 'the Sampath disaster'.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

By six o'clock Michaelis was worn out, and grateful for the sound of a car stopping outside. It was one of the watchers of the night before who had promised to come back, so he cooked breakfast for three, which he and the other man ate together. Wilson was quieter now, and Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage, Wilson was gone.

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His movements – he was on foot all the time – were afterward traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill, where he bought a sandwich that he didn't eat, and a cup of coffee. He must have been tired and walking slowly, for he didn't reach Gad's Hill until noon. Thus far there was no difficulty in accounting for his time – there were boys who had seen a man 'acting sort of crazy', and motorists at whom he stared oddly from the side of the road. Then for three hours he disappeared from view. The police, on the strength of what he said to Michaelis, that he 'had a way of finding out', supposed that he spent that time going from garage to garage thereabout, inquiring for a yellow car. On the other hand, no garage man who had seen him ever came forward, and perhaps he had an easier, surer way of finding out what he wanted to know. By half-past two he was in West Egg, where he asked someone the way to Gatsby's house. So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

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At two o'clock Gatsby put on his bathing-suit and left word with the butler that if anyone phoned word was to be brought to him at the pool. He stopped at the garage for a pneumatic mattress that had amused his guests during the summer, and the chauffeur helped him pump it up. Then he gave instructions that the open car wasn't to be taken out under any circumstances – and this was strange, because the front right fender needed repair.

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Gatsby shouldered the mattress and started for the pool. Once he stopped and shifted it a little, and the chauffeur asked him if he needed help, but he shook his head and in a moment disappeared among the yellowing trees.

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No telephone message arrived, but the butler went without his sleep and waited for it until four o'clock – until long after there was anyone to give it to if it came. I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come, and perhaps he no longer cared. If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves and shivered as he found what a grotesque thing a rose is and how raw the sunlight was upon the scarcely created grass. A new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about ... like that ashen, fantastic figure gliding toward him through the amorphous trees.

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The chauffeur – he was one of Wolfsheim's protégés – heard the shots – afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed anyone. But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener, and I, hurried down to the pool.

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There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. With little

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ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental course with its accidental burden. The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of transit, a thin red circle in the water.

It was after we started with Gatsby toward the house that the gardener saw Wilson's body a little way off in the grass, and the holocaust was complete.

How does Fitzgerald make this such a dramatic climax to the novel?

**Or** †32 'They were careless people, Tom and Daisy.'

Why is this such a memorable judgement of Tom and Daisy? Support your answer by close reference to Fitzgerald's writing.

**Or** 33 You are Nick. You are on your way home after Tom has broken Myrtle's nose.

Write your thoughts.

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES**

**Either \*34** Read this extract from *A Horse and Two Goats* (by R. K. Narayan), and then answer the question that follows it:

The American watched his hands intently and said, 'I know what you mean. Chop something? Maybe I am holding you up and you want to chop wood? Where is your axe? Hand it to me and show me what to chop. I do enjoy it, you know, just a hobby. We get a lot of driftwood along the backwater near my house, and on Sundays I do nothing but chop wood for the fireplace. I really feel different when I watch the fire in the fireplace, although it may take all the sections of the Sunday *New York Times* to get a fire started,' and he smiled at this reference.

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Muni felt totally confused but decided the best thing would be to make an attempt to get away from this place. He tried to edge out, saying, 'Must go home,' and turned to go. The other seized his shoulder and said desperately, 'Is there no one, absolutely no one here, to translate for me?' He looked up and down the road, which was deserted in this hot afternoon; a sudden gust of wind churned up the dust and dead leaves on the roadside into a ghostly column and propelled it towards the mountain road. The stranger almost pinioned Muni's back to the statue and asked, 'Isn't this statue yours? Why don't you sell it to me?'

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The old man now understood the reference to the horse, thought for a second, and said in his own language, 'I was an urchin this high when I heard my grandfather explain this horse and warrior, and my grandfather himself was this high when he heard his grandfather, whose grandfather ...'

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The other man interrupted him with, 'I don't want to seem to have stopped here for nothing. I will offer you a good price for this,' he said, indicating the horse. He had concluded without the least doubt that Muni owned this mud horse. Perhaps he guessed by the way he sat at its pedestal, like other souvenir-sellers in this country presiding over their wares.

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Muni followed the man's eyes and pointing fingers and dimly understood the subject matter and, feeling relieved that the theme of the mutilated body had been abandoned at least for the time being, said again, enthusiastically, 'I was this high when my grandfather told me about this horse and the warrior, and my grandfather was this high when he himself ...' and he was getting into a deeper bog of reminiscence each time he tried to indicate the antiquity of the statue.

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The Tamil that Muni spoke was stimulating even as pure sound, and the foreigner listened with fascination. 'I wish I had my tape-recorder here,' he said, assuming the pleasantest expression. 'Your language sounds wonderful. I get a kick out of every word you utter, here' – he indicated his ears – 'but you don't have to waste your breath in sales talk. I appreciate the article. You don't have to explain its points.'

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'I never went to a school, in those days only Brahmin went to schools, but we had to go out and work in the fields morning till night, from sowing to harvest time ... and when Pongal came and we had cut the harvest, my father allowed me to go out and play with others at the tank, and so I don't know the Parangi language you speak, even little fellows in your country probably speak the Parangi language, but here only learned men and officers know it. We had a postman in our village who could speak to you boldly in your language, but his wife ran away with someone and he does not speak to anyone at all nowadays. Who would if a wife did what she did? Women must be watched; otherwise they will sell themselves and the home,' and he laughed at his own quip.

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The foreigner laughed heartily, took out another cigarette, and offered it to Muni, who now smoked with ease, deciding to stay on if the fellow was going to be so good as to keep up his cigarette supply. The American now stood up on the pedestal in the attitude of a demonstrative lecturer and said, running his finger along some of the carved decorations around the horse's neck, speaking slowly and uttering his words syllable by syllable, 'I could give a sales talk for this better than anyone else ... This is a marvellous combination of yellow and indigo, though faded now ... How do you people of this country achieve these flaming colours?'

Muni, now assured that the subject was still the horse and not the dead body, said, 'This is our guardian, it means death to our adversaries. At the end of Kali Yuga, this world and all other worlds will be destroyed, and the Redeemer will come in the shape of a horse called Kalki; this horse will come to life and gallop and trample down all bad men.' As he spoke of bad men the figures of his shopman and his brother-in-law assumed concrete forms in his mind, and he revelled for a moment in the predicament of the fellow under the horse's hoof: served him right for trying to set fire to his home ...

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How does Narayan amusingly convey the lack of understanding between the two characters at this moment in the story?

Or †35 Explore the ways the writer makes **either** *The Destructors* (by Graham Greene) **or** *The Rain Horse* (by Ted Hughes) so disturbing.

Or 36 You are the son at the end of *The Fly in the Ointment*.

Write your thoughts.

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