



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/42

Paper 4

October/November 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 this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Happy:</i>	Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.	
<i>Girl:</i>	I suppose.	
<i>Happy:</i>	You don't happen to sell, do you?	
<i>Girl:</i>	No, I don't sell.	
<i>Happy:</i>	Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? You ought to be on a magazine cover.	5
<i>Girl:</i>	[<i>looking at him a little archly</i>] I have been.	
	[<i>Stanley comes in with a glass of champagne.</i>]	
<i>Happy:</i>	What'd I say before, Stanley? You see? She's a cover girl.	
<i>Stanley:</i>	Oh, I could see, I could see.	10
<i>Happy:</i>	[<i>to the girl</i>] What magazine?	
<i>Girl:</i>	Oh, a lot of them. [<i>She takes the drink.</i>] Thank you.	
<i>Happy:</i>	You know what they say in France, don't you? 'Champagne is the drink of the complexion' – Hya, Biff!	
	[<i>Biff has entered and sits with Happy.</i>]	15
<i>Biff:</i>	Hello, kid. Sorry I'm late.	
<i>Happy:</i>	I just got here. Uh, Miss – ?	
<i>Girl:</i>	Forsythe.	
<i>Happy:</i>	Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.	
<i>Biff:</i>	Is Dad here?	20
<i>Happy:</i>	His name is Biff. You might've heard of him. Great football player.	
<i>Girl:</i>	Really? What team?	
<i>Happy:</i>	Are you familiar with football?	
<i>Girl:</i>	No, I'm afraid I'm not.	25
<i>Happy:</i>	Biff is quarterback with the New York Giants.	
<i>Girl:</i>	Well, that is nice, isn't it? [<i>She drinks.</i>]	
<i>Happy:</i>	Good health.	
<i>Girl:</i>	I'm happy to meet you.	
<i>Happy:</i>	That's my name. Hap. It's really Harold, but at West Point they called me Happy.	30
<i>Girl:</i>	[<i>now really impressed</i>] Oh, I see. How do you do? [<i>She turns her profile.</i>]	
<i>Biff:</i>	Isn't Dad coming?	
<i>Happy:</i>	You want her?	35
<i>Biff:</i>	Oh, I could never make that.	
<i>Happy:</i>	I remember the time that idea would never come into your head. Where's the old confidence, Biff?	
<i>Biff:</i>	I just saw Oliver –	

5

- Happy:* Wait a minute. I've got to see that old confidence again. Do you want her? She's on call.
- Biff:* Oh, no. [*He turns to look at the girl.*]
- Happy:* I'm telling you. Watch this. [*Turning to the girl*] Honey? [*She turns to him.*] Are you busy?
- Girl:* Well, I am ... but I could make a phone call. 45
- Happy:* Do that, will you, honey? And see if you can get a friend. We'll be here for a while. Biff is one of the greatest football players in the country.
- Girl:* [*standing up*] Well, I'm certainly happy to meet you.
- Happy:* Come back soon. 50
- Girl:* I'll try.
- Happy:* Don't try, honey, try hard.
- [*The girl exits. Stanley follows, shaking his head in bewildered admiration.*]
- Happy:* Isn't that a shame now? A beautiful girl like that? That's why I can't get married. There's not a good woman in a thousand. 55
New York is loaded with them, kid!

What does Miller make you feel about Happy and his behaviour at this moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †2 In this play the action often shifts between the present and the past. Explore the dramatic effect of **two** moments in the play where this happens.

Or 3 You are Biff, lying in bed on the night before you go to see Bill Oliver.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Citizens:</i>	We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.	5
<i>1 Plebeian:</i>	I will hear Brutus speak.	
<i>2 Plebeian:</i>	I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them rendered.	10
<i>[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]</i>		
<i>3 Plebeian:</i>	The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but – as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.	15 20 25 30
<i>All:</i>	None, Brutus, none.	35
<i>Brutus:</i>	Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.	40
<i>[Enter Antony and Others with Caesar's body.]</i>		
	Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.	45

7

All: Live, Brutus! live, live!
1 Plebeian: Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Plebeian: Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Plebeian: Let him be Caesar.
4 Plebeian: Caesar's better parts
 Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
1 Plebeian: We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours. 55
Brutus: My countrymen –
2 Plebeian: Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Plebeian: Peace, ho!
Brutus: Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
 And for my sake stay here with Antony. 60
 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
 Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,
 By our permission, is allow'd to make.
 I do entreat you, not a man depart
 Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit. 65

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play.

Or †5 To what extent does Shakespeare make you sympathise with Cassius? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 6 You are Brutus. You are just about to reveal to Portia what has happened in your meeting with Cassius and the other conspirators.

Write your thoughts.

<i>Stephano:</i>	If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness; if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.	55
<i>Trinculo:</i>	O, forgive me my sins!	
<i>Stephano:</i>	He that dies pays all debts. I defy thee. Mercy upon us!	
<i>Caliban:</i>	Art thou afeard?	
<i>Stephano:</i>	No, monster, not I.	50
<i>Caliban:</i>	Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming, The clouds methought would open and show riches Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd I cried to dream again.	55
<i>Stephano:</i>	This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.	60
<i>Caliban:</i>	When Prospero is destroy'd.	
<i>Stephano:</i>	That shall be by and by; I remember the story.	
<i>Trinculo:</i>	The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.	65
<i>Stephano:</i>	Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.	
<i>Trinculo:</i>	Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.	

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

Or †8 How does Shakespeare vividly convey to you Caliban's feelings about being under Prospero's control?

Or 9 You are Miranda at the end of the play. You are thinking about your recent experiences.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

- Algernon:* Did you hear what I was playing, Lane?
- Lane:* I didn't think it polite to listen, sir.
- Algernon:* I'm sorry for that, for your sake. I don't play accurately—any one can play accurately—but I play with wonderful expression. As far as the piano is concerned, sentiment is my *forte*. I keep science for Life. 5
- Lane:* Yes, sir.
- Algernon:* And, speaking of the science of Life, have you got the cucumber sandwiches cut for Lady Bracknell?
- Lane:* Yes, sir [Hands them on a salver.] 10
- Algernon:* [Inspects them, takes two, and sits down on the sofa.]
Oh! ... By the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreman and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed. 15
- Lane:* Yes, sir; eight bottles and a pint.
- Algernon:* Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information.
- Lane:* I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand. 20
- Algernon:* Good heavens! Is marriage so demoralizing as that?
- Lane:* I believe it *is* a very pleasant state, sir. I have had very little experience of it myself up to the present. I have only been married once. That was in consequence of a misunderstanding between myself and a young person. 25
- Algernon:* [Languidly.] I don't know that I am much interested in your family life, Lane.
- Lane:* No, sir; it is not a very interesting subject. I never think of it myself.
- Algernon:* Very natural, I am sure. That will do, Lane, thank you. 30
- Lane:* Thank you, sir. [Lane goes out.]
- Algernon:* Lane's views on marriage seem somewhat lax. Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility. 35
- [Enter Lane.]
- Lane:* Mr. Ernest Worthing.
- [Enter Jack.]
- [Lane goes out.]
- Algernon:* How are you, my dear Ernest? What brings you up to town? 40
- Jack:* Oh, pleasure, pleasure! What else should bring one anywhere? Eating as usual, I see, Algy!

- Algernon:* [*Stiffly.*] I believe it is customary in good society to take some slight refreshment at five o'clock. Where have you been since last Thursday?
- Jack:* [*Sitting down on the sofa.*] In the country.
- Algernon:* What on earth do you do there?
- Jack:* [*Pulling off his gloves.*] When one is in town one amuses one's self. When one is in the country one amuses other people. It is excessively boring. 50
- Algernon:* And who are the people you amuse?
- Jack:* [*Airily.*] Oh, neighbours, neighbours.
- Algernon:* Got nice neighbours in your part of Shropshire?
- Jack:* Perfectly horrid! Never speak to one of them.
- Algernon:* How immensely you must amuse them! [*Goes over and takes sandwich.*] By the way, Shropshire is your county, is it not? 55
- Jack:* Eh? Shropshire? Yes, of course. Hallo! Why all these cups? Why cucumber sandwiches? Why such reckless extravagance in one so young? Who is coming to tea?
- Algernon:* Oh! merely Aunt Augusta and Gwendolen. 60
- Jack:* How perfectly delightful!
- Algernon:* Yes, that is all very well; but I am afraid Aunt Augusta won't quite approve of your being here.
- Jack:* May I ask why?
- Algernon:* My dear fellow, the way you flirt with Gwendolen is perfectly disgraceful. It is almost as bad as the way Gwendolen flirts with you. 65
- Jack:* I am in love with Gwendolen. I have come up to town expressly to propose to her.
- Algernon:* I thought you had come up for pleasure? ... I call that business. 70
- Jack:* How utterly unromantic you are!

How does Wilde make this such a humorously effective opening to the play?

Or †11 How does Wilde make Miss Prism's attempts to 'improve' Cecily so funny? Support your ideas with details from Wilde's writing.

Or 12 You are Algernon at the end of Act 1. You have just re-read what you have written on your shirt cuff.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Selected Poems*

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

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle –
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good. 5
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods, 10
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me –
 That ever with a frolic welcome took 15
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done, 20
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world. 25
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down; 30
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are: 35
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

How does Tennyson make you admire Ulysses in these lines?

Or †14 'A profound portrayal of hopeless love.'

How far do you agree with this description of the poem *The Lady of Shalott*? Support your answer by close reference to Tennyson's writing.

Or †15 What makes CXV from *In Memoriam* (beginning 'Now fades the last long streak of snow') so moving? Support your answer with details from Tennyson's writing.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

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

Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep 10
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

(by William Wordsworth)

Explore how Wordsworth creates a sense of calm and wonder in this poem.

Or †17 How does the poet convey the power of nature in **either** *Hunting Snake* (by Judith Wright) **or** *Pike* (by Ted Hughes)?

Or †18 Explore how the poets use images to create vivid effects in *Pied Beauty* (by Gerard Manley Hopkins) **and** *A Birthday* (by Christina Rossetti).

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Catherine and he were constant companions still, at his seasons of respite from labour; but, he had ceased to express his fondness for her in words, and recoiled with angry suspicion from her girlish caresses, as if conscious there could be no gratification in lavishing such marks of affection on him. On the before-named occasion he came into the house to announce his intention of doing nothing, while I was assisting Miss Cathy to arrange her dress – she had not reckoned on his taking it into his head to be idle, and imagining she would have the whole place to herself, she managed, by some means, to inform Mr Edgar of her brother's absence, and was then preparing to receive him.

5

'Cathy, are you busy, this afternoon?' asked Heathcliff. 'Are you going anywhere?'

'No, it is raining,' she answered.

'Why have you that silk frock on, then?' he said. 'Nobody coming here, I hope?'

10

'Not that I know of,' stammered Miss, 'but you should be in the field now, Heathcliff. It is an hour past dinner time; I thought you were gone.'

15

'Hindley does not often free us from his accursed presence,' observed the boy. 'I'll not work any more to-day, I'll stay with you.'

'O, but Joseph will tell,' she suggested, 'you'd better go!'

20

'Joseph is loading lime on the farther side of Pennistow Crag; it will take him till dark, and he'll never know.'

So saying, he lounged to the fire, and sat down. Catherine reflected an instant, with knitted brows – she found it needful to smooth the way for an intrusion.

25

'Isabella and Edgar Linton talked of calling this afternoon,' she said, at the conclusion of a minute's silence. 'As it rains, I hardly expect them; but, they may come, and if they do, you run the risk of being scolded for no good.'

'Order Ellen to say you are engaged, Cathy,' he persisted. 'Don't turn me out for those pitiful, silly friends of yours! I'm on the point, sometimes, of complaining that they – but I'll not.'

30

'That they what?' cried Catherine, gazing at him with a troubled countenance. 'Oh, Nelly!' she added petulantly, jerking her head away from my hands, 'you've combed my hair quite out of curl! That's enough, let me alone. What are you on the point of complaining about, Heathcliff?'

35

'Nothing – only look at the almanack, on that wall.' He pointed to a framed sheet hanging near the window, and continued;

'The crosses are for the evenings you have spent with the Lintons, the dots for those spent with me – Do you see, I've marked every day?'

40

'Yes – very foolish; as if I took notice!' replied Catherine in a peevish tone. 'And where is the sense of that?'

'To show that I *do* take notice,' said Heathcliff.

'And should I always be sitting with you,' she demanded, growing more irritated. 'What good do I get – What do you talk about? You might be dumb or a baby for anything you say to amuse me, or for anything you do, either!'

45

'You never told me, before, that I talked too little, or that you disliked my company, Cathy!' exclaimed Heathcliff in much agitation.

'It is no company at all, when people know nothing and say nothing,' she muttered.

Her companion rose up, but he hadn't time to express his feelings further, for a horse's feet were heard on the flags, and, having knocked gently, young Linton entered, his face brilliant with delight at the unexpected summons he had received.

How does Brontë convey the changed relationship between Heathcliff and Catherine at this moment in the novel?

Or †20 Explore the ways in which Brontë makes Heathcliff so compelling in the novel.

Or 21 You are Edgar Linton. You are riding home after your first visit to Catherine Earnshaw at Wuthering Heights.

Write your thoughts.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

It was no use telling Lucia not to go into the house, so we did not even try. We just watched her as she strode in there, her right eye glittering as it caught the yellow paraffin flame, glittering dangerously at Takesure, who wisely shrank back into his corner of the sofa. 'Fool!' snorted Lucia, looming over him, arms akimbo. 'Fool!' And she whirled to face Babamukuru, so that now her left eye glittered. 'Look at him, Babamukuru! Look at him trying to hide because now I am here.' Takesure looked braver when he had only Lucia's back to contend with, but his reprieve was brief. 'If you have an issue with me,' Lucia advised him, 'stand up and let us sort it out plainly.' In two strides she was beside him and, securing an ear between each finger and thumb, she dragged him to his feet. 5

'Let me go, let me go,' he moaned. I always maintain that I saw smiles slide over the patriarchy's faces, but it might have been my imagination because I was laughing myself. We were all laughing outside. The next thing that I remember clearly was my father starting out of his chair and Lucia warning him to stay in it if he preferred Takesure with ears. Then Babamukuru, who was wise, told my father to sit down and let Lucia speak. 10

And Lucia spoke. 'Tell me, Babamukuru,' she asked companionably, her hands at waist height so that Takesure was bent double. 'Tell me, Babamukuru, would you say this is a man? Can it be a man that talks such nonsense? A man should talk sense, isn't it? So what can this be?' and she tweaked its ears to find out what it would say. 'Let me tell you, Babamukuru,' she continued earnestly. 'Maiguru asleep in her bedroom there is the only one with a sensible head on her shoulders. She knows better than to poke into what does not concern her.' 15

'Er, Lucia,' commanded Babamukuru, deploying his peremptory tone which had worked so well at the beginning of the vacation. 'Er, Lucia, contain yourself. Do not do anything of which you will be ashamed.' 20

'And of what should I be ashamed?' she retorted. 'I just want this Takesure,' and she shook his head to make the point, 'I just want this Takesure to stop talking nonsense about me. Takesure, have you ever seen me riding a hyena's back? Have you ever seen me, hey? Answer me.' Viciously she tweaked, enjoying herself. 25

'No,' moaned Takesure. 'I have never.' 30

'Then what is this nonsense you are saying? Ha! You make me sick, the lot of you.' She flung Takesure back on to the sofa, where he sat rubbing his ears. 'I shall leave this home of yours, Babamukuru, and I shall take my sister with me,' she told my uncle. 'But before that, Babamukuru, I want to tell you why I refused to go. It was because this man, this Jeremiah, yes, you Jeremiah, who married my sister, he has a roving eye and a lazy hand. Whatever he sees, he must have; but he doesn't want to work for it, isn't it, Jeremiah? And why do I bother to tell you? You know it, all of you; you know it. So could I go and leave my sister alone with this man who has given her nothing but misery since the age of fifteen? Of course not. It was not possible. As for Takesure, I don't know what he thinks he can give me. Whatever he can do for me, I can do better for myself. So, Babamukuru, don't worry. I'm going. Right now. There's nothing to keep me. But I'm taking my sister with me.' 35 40 45

They wanted to talk to her. They wanted her to sit down and be calm and discuss the matter rationally, but Lucia had had enough and came back out to join us. The patriarchy put its heads together and conferred in low voices because now they knew we were listening. I imagined all sorts of dire consequences.

How does Dangarembga make this an important and significant moment in the novel?

Or †23 Explore the ways in which Dangarembga strikingly presents the relationship between Babamukuru and Maiguru.

Or 24 You are Mr Matimba. You are driving the narrator home after attempting to sell the maize cobs.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

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

Arun stumbles to a halt at the top of the road, and sinks down on a dusty bank.

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Arun gets out of the way, quickly: one can't tell what is more dangerous in this country, the pursuit of health or of sickness.

How does Desai vividly convey Arun's discomfort at this moment in the novel?

Or †26 Explore the ways in which Desai makes Melanie Patton such a disturbing character. (Do not use the passage in Question 25 in your answer.)

Or 27 You are Dr Dutt. You are on your bicycle, returning home after visiting Uma and suggesting that she might become a nurse.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

In the courtyard down below, Mr Chawla began his morning exercises.

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With each new photograph he is fatter than before.'

How does Desai vividly convey Mr Chawla's personality to you at this moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Or** †29 Explore the ways in which Desai suggests that Sampath has the characteristics of a guru for the life of a guru.
- Or** 30 You are Miss Jyotsna. Sampath has gone from his tree forever.
Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

5

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular cafés with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her – but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

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'We're getting off,' he insisted. 'I want you to meet my girl.'

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

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I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage – *Repairs*. GEORGE B. WILSON. *Cars bought and sold*. – and I followed Tom inside.

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The interior was unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a blind, and that sumptuous and romantic apartments were concealed overhead, when the proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blond, spiritless man, anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes.

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'Hello, Wilson, old man,' said Tom, slapping him jovially on the shoulder. 'How's business?'

'I can't complain,' answered Wilson unconvincingly. 'When are you going to sell me that car?'

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'Next week; I've got my man working on it now.'

'Works pretty slow, don't he?'

'No, he doesn't,' said Tom coldly. 'And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.'

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'I don't mean that,' explained Wilson quickly. 'I just meant –'

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crêpe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he

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were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye. Then she wet her lips, and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

‘Get some chairs, why don’t you, so somebody can sit down.’

‘Oh, sure,’ agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement colour of the walls. A white ashen dust veiled his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity – except his wife, who moved close to Tom.

‘I want to see you,’ said Tom intently. ‘Get on the next train.’

‘All right.’

How does Fitzgerald create such an unpleasant impression of the Wilsons and their environment at this moment in the novel?

- Or** †32 In what ways does Fitzgerald vividly portray the shallow, materialistic world that Gatsby lives in? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** 33 You are Gatsby just after the argument with Tom about who Daisy loves. You are about to leave with Daisy.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *34 Read this extract from *Her First Ball*, and then answer the question that follows it.

'Floor's not bad,' said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, 'Were you at the Neaves' on Tuesday?' And again Leila explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often – oh yes – but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again – it had opened dazzling bright.

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'Care for an ice?' said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper-room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk.

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'Come along, little lady,' said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing. But he said not a word about the floor. 'Your first dance, isn't it?' he murmured.

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'How *did* you know?'

'Ah,' said the fat man, 'that's what it is to be old!' He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. 'You see, I've been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years.'

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'Thirty years?' cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

'It hardly bears thinking about, does it?' said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him.

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'I think it's marvellous to be still going on,' she said kindly.

'Kind little lady,' said the fat man, and he pressed her a little closer and hummed a bar of the waltz. 'Of course,' he said, 'you can't hope to last anything like as long as that. No-o,' said the fat man, 'long before that you'll be sitting up there on the stage, looking on, in your nice black velvet. And these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, and you'll beat time with such a different kind of fan – a black ebony one.' The fat man seemed to shudder. 'And you'll smile away like the poor old dears up there, and point to your daughter, and tell the elderly lady next to you how some dreadful man tried to kiss her at the club ball. And your heart will ache, ache' – the fat man squeezed her closer still, as if he really was sorry for that poor heart – 'because no one wants to kiss you now. And you'll say how unpleasant these polished floors are to walk on, how dangerous they are. Eh, Mademoiselle Twinkletoes?' said the fat man softly.

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Leila gave a light little laugh, but she did not feel like laughing. Was it – could it all be true? It sounded terribly true. Was this first ball only the beginning of her last ball, after all? At that the music seemed to change; it sounded sad, sad; it rose upon a great sigh. Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last for ever? For ever wasn't a bit too long.

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'I want to stop,' she said in a breathless voice. The fat man led her to the door.

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'No,' she said, 'I won't go outside. I won't sit down. I'll just stand here, thank you.' She leaned against the wall, tapping with her foot, pulling up her gloves and trying to smile. But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why had he spoiled it all?

'I say, you know,' said the fat man, 'you mustn't take me seriously, little lady.'

'As if I should!' said Leila, tossing her small dark head and sucking her underlip ...

Again the couples paraded. The swing doors opened and shut. Now new music was given out by the bandmaster. But Leila didn't want to dance any more. She wanted to be home, or sitting on the veranda listening to those baby owls. When she looked through the dark windows at the stars they had long beams like wings ...

But presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she should find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, '*Pardon*,' she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognise him again.

How does Mansfield make this such a memorable ending to the story?

- Or †35 Explore the ways in which the writer makes **either** *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P. G. Wodehouse) **or** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie) so entertaining.
- Or 36 You are the American in *A Horse and Two Goats*. You have just arrived back home in America with the statue.

Write your thoughts.

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