UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/11**

Paper 1 **October/November 2010**

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

8846785261

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 **four** questions.
Your questions must be from either three or four different set books.
This question paper is divided into three sections:
Drama, Poetry, Prose. **Your questions must be taken from at least two of these sections.**

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **30** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Jack goes out of the front door, slamming it behind him. Cliff stands a little bemused in the hall, Anita comes out of the far bedroom. She now has her nightdress on.

Anita: What's going on?

Cliff: I'm afraid I had to tell him. About Des –

Anita: Yes, I thought you might. Where's he gone?

Cliff: You know how Jack can … I think he's on his way round to Des's …

Anita: You'd better phone Des. Warn him Jack's coming.

Cliff: Right.

Anita: And then phone round everyone else. We'll have to have a meeting.

Cliff: Tonight?

Anita: As soon as we can. I'll get dressed.

Cliff goes to the sitting room phone and starts to dial. Anita enters the near bedroom and goes to the cupboard to select herself something to wear. Giorgio's startled face appears as she ruffles through her dresses.

Anita (*startled*): Oh, hallo, lover, I'd forgotten all about you. (*selecting a dress*) Later. I'll be back soon. *Presto. Presto.*

Giorgio (*kissing her hand, eagerly*): Presto! Presto!

Anita (*more interested in deciding what to wear with the dress*): Yes …

She absent-mindedly closes the cupboard door on him and moves off to the far bedroom. A telephone bell rings as Cliff is connected and the lights come up on the kitchen. Desmond comes in through the back door. He has been to empty the rubbish-bin. He is in his shirt-sleeves and is wearing his cook's apron. He answers the kitchen phone.

Desmond: Hallo. Desmond Ayres speaking.

Cliff: Des? It's Cliff. I'm just phoning to warn you. He's on his way.

Desmond: What? Who's on his way?

Cliff: Who the hell do you think?

Before he can speak further, a massive hammering is heard on the front door, together with Jack's angry voice. From the dining room, the yapping of a small dog.

Jack (*from outside the front door*): Desmond! Open this door! Desmond!

Desmond: What on earth's that?

Cliff (*fearing he is disconnected*): Hallo … hallo …

Harriet's head appears through the hatchway.

Harriet (*alarmed*): Desmond, there's someone at the front door. (*to the dog behind her*) Quietly, Peggy, quietly.

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Desmond (*petulantly*): Well, you'll have to let them in, Harriet. Let them in. I'm on the telephone.

Harriet: I don't know who it is. Oh. (*Disappears back through the hatch*.) Peggy, stop that.

Jack continues to hammer on the door, shouting occasionally. The dog continues to yap. Desmond returns to the phone.

Desmond: Hallo. Sorry, Cliff, someone was at the door. What were you saying?

Harriet comes out of the dining room, gently pushing the dog back with her foot and closing the door. She prepares to open the front door.

Cliff: It's Jack. He knows everything. He knows about you.

Desmond: Jack does?

Cliff: It's probably him at your door …

Desmond: Oh my God. (*dropping the phone*) Harriet! Don't open the –

Harriet has opened the hall door. Jack stands in the doorway like an avenging angel.

Jack (*with a terrible roar*): Desmond!

Harriet cringes, Desmond steels himself, Cliff listens alarmed and the dog yaps on as: Blackout.

What do you think makes this such a dramatic and amusing end to the Act? Support your views with details from Ayckbourn's writing.

2 What aspects of human behaviour do you think Ayckbourn most powerfully ridicules in this play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

3 You are Benedict Hough. You are approaching Jack's house with your information about the corruption in his firm. Write your thoughts.

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CHARLOTTE KEATLEY: *My Mother Said I Never Should*

4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Jackie: This is Rosie, Mummy.

Margaret: I – came up the stairs. (*Pause*.) Lift is out of order. (*Pause*.) Lot of stairs.

Jackie: … Please.

Margaret (*long pause*): Three months.

Jackie: Say hello.

Margaret (*goes to the Moses basket. Pause*): Pretty.

Jackie (*goes also*): You think so?

Margaret: You had curly eyelashes like that.

Jackie (*pleased*): Did I?

Margaret: Hello Rosie … (*Kisses her*.)

Jackie: Don't wake her!

Margaret: Of course not!

Jackie: I'm sorry, it's just –

Margaret: You think I don't know?

Rosie coos quietly.

Margaret (*very tenderly*): Ssh, there now.

Rosie murmurs.

Jackie (*turns away*): I've packed her things … here. (*Gives Margaret the holdall.*) And her bottles are in this carrier. There's a bit of powdered milk left –

Margaret: Oh you really don't need –

Jackie: Well what would I do with it?

Awkward pause. Margaret looks through the clothes in the holdall.

Margaret : I've been to Mothercare. Got some of those new disposable nappies, like you said. Quite different from when you were a baby. (*Sees another carrier, goes to pick it up*.) What about this bag – what a sweet – won't she want this dress with the rabbit on?

Jackie: Leave those! – Things she's grown out of.

Margaret: Why did you have to try! All by yourself? Didn't you believe me?

Jackie: I wanted to see if our theories worked … (*Pause*.) But when I came back from hospital everyone had cleared out. You'd think I had VD, not a new baby.

Margaret: He should be here with you, your – (*Stuck for word*.) – Rosie's father. – You in these flats …

Jackie (*calm*): Mummy, I told you. He visits; and sends money. It was my decision.

Margaret: Yes but you had no idea! I told you, I told you! Nothing, for nearly three months, nothing, since the day she was born, then a phone call, out of the blue, the potatoes boiled dry!

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Jackie : You knew I'd phone, one day. (*Slight pause*.)

Margaret: Look at you now, a year ago you had everything, you were so excited about the art school, new friends, doing so well –

Jackie (*angry*): I'll go back! Yes I will, finish the degree, I won't fail both things! Only think about her at night, her cheek against mine, soft and furry, like an apricot …

Rosie makes a snuffling noise in her sleep.

Jackie: … She'll be happy, won't she? . . .

Margaret: After you phoned … after you asked us … Daddy went upstairs and got your old high chair down from the attic. (*Pause*.) Like sisters, he said. A new little sister … (*Bends down to Rosie*.) Aren't you, precious?

Jackie (*panics*): Mummy – she's got to know – I can't come and visit, with her not knowing, I can't!

Margaret: Jackie, darling, we can't go over this again – you know as well as I do it would be impossible –

Jackie: I don't believe you!

Margaret: When she's grown up, you can tell her; when she's sixteen.

Jackie: It'll be too late!

Silence.

How does Keatley vividly portray the differing feelings of Jackie and Margaret here?

5 Explore the ways in which Keatley makes dramatic some of the changes in society over the years in which the play is set. Support your ideas with details from the play.

6 You are Doris shortly after the death of your husband, Jack. Write your thoughts.

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

7 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Cheever: I have a warrant for your wife.

Proctor (*to Hale*): You said she were not charged!

Hale: I know nothin' of it. (*To Cheever*.) When were she charged?

Cheever: I am given sixteen warrant tonight, sir, and she is one.

Proctor: Who charged her?

Cheever: Why, Abigail Williams charge her.

Proctor: On what proof, what proof?

Cheever (*looking about the room*): Mr Proctor, I have little time. The court bid me search your house, but I like not to search a house. So will you hand me any poppets that your wife may keep here?

Proctor: Poppets?

Elizabeth: I never kept no poppets, not since I were a girl.

Cheever (*embarrassed, glancing toward the mantel where sits Mary Warren's poppet*): I spy a poppet, Goody Proctor.

Elizabeth: Oh! (*Going for it*.) Why, this is Mary's.

Cheever (*shyly*): Would you please to give it to me?

Elizabeth (*handing it to him, asks Hale*): Has the court discovered a text in poppets now?

Cheever (*carefully holding the poppet*): Do you keep any others in this house?

Proctor: No, nor this one either till tonight. What signifies a poppet?

Cheever: Why a poppet – (*he gingerly turns the poppet over*) – a poppet may signify – Now, woman, will you please to come with me?

Proctor: She will not! (*To Elizabeth*.) Fetch Mary here.

Cheever (*ineptly reaching toward Elizabeth*): No, no, I am forbid to leave her from my sight.

Proctor (*pushing his arm away*): You'll leave her out of sight and out of mind, Mister. Fetch Mary, Elizabeth. (*Elizabeth goes upstairs.*)

Hale: What signifies a poppet, Mr Cheever?

Cheever (*turning the poppet over in his hands*): Why, they say it may signify that she – (*He has lifted the poppet's skirt, and his eyes widen in astonished fear.*) Why, this, this –

Proctor (*reaching for the poppet*): What's there?

Cheever: Why – (*He draws out a long needle from the poppet*.) – it is a needle! Herrick, Herrick, it is a needle!

Herrick comes toward him.

Proctor (*angrily, bewildered*): And what signifies a needle!

Cheever (*his hands shaking*): Why, this go hard with her, Proctor, this – I had my doubts, Proctor, I had my doubts, but here's calamity. (*To Hale, showing the needle.*) You see it, sir, it is a needle!

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Hale: Why? What meanin' has it?

Cheever (*wide-eyed, trembling*): The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Reverend Parris's house tonight, and without word nor warnin' she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would weep to hear. And he goes to save her, and, stuck two inches in the flesh of her belly, he draw a needle out. And demandin' of her how she come to be so stabbed, she – (*to Proctor now*) – testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in.

Proctor: Why, she done it herself! (*To Hale*.) I hope you're not takin' this for proof, Mister!

Hale, struck by the proof, is silent.

Cheever: 'Tis hard proof! (*To Hale*.) I find here a poppet Goody Proctor keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle's stuck. I tell you true. Proctor, I never warranted to see such proof of Hell, and I bid you obstruct me not, for I –

Enter Elizabeth with Mary Warren.

How do you think Miller makes this moment in the play both shocking and absurd? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

8 Do you think Miller makes it possible to sympathise with Hale? Support your ideas with details from the play.

9 You are John Proctor. You are taking Mary Warren to the Salem Courtroom. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Leonato: Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar: You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claudio: No.

Leonato: To be married to her, friar! You come to marry her.

Friar: Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero: I do.

Friar: If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claudio: Know you any, Hero?

Hero: None, my lord.

Friar: Know you any, Count?

Leonato: I dare make his answer, None.

Claudio: O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Benedick: How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claudio: Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leonato: As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claudio: And what have I to give you back whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Don Pedro: Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claudio: Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here.
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leonato: What do you mean, my lord?

Claudio: Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leonato: Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity –

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Claudio:	I know what you would say. If I have known her, You will say she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large But, as a brother to his sister, show'd Bashful sincerity and comely love.	*45* *50*
Hero:	And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?	
Claudio:	Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it. You seem to me as Dian in her orb, As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamp'red animals That rage in savage sensuality.	 *55*
Hero:	Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?	
Leonato:	Sweet Prince, why speak not you?	*60*
Don Pedro:	What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale.	
Leonato:	Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?	
Don John:	Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.	*65*
Benedick:	This looks not like a nuptial.	

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

11 How does Shakespeare make the relationship between Beatrice and Hero so memorable a part of the play? Support your answer with details from the play.

12 You are Don Pedro. You have just discovered that your half-brother, Don John, is responsible for Hero's disgrace. Write your thoughts.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

13 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Gloucester: I cannot blame her; by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Queen Elizabeth: I never did her any to my knowledge.

Gloucester: Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Rivers: A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us!

Gloucester: So do I ever – [*Aside*] being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby: Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my gracious lords.

Queen Elizabeth: Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?

Rivers: We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Gloucester: I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey;
But then I sigh and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Murderer: We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloucester: Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[*Gives the warrant.*]
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

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1 Murderer: Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers. Be assur'd
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Gloucester: Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears.
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go go, dispatch.

1 Murderer: We will, my noble lord.

How do you think Shakespeare makes Richard such an entertaining and dramatic figure here? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

14 How do you think Shakespeare makes Richard's climb to the throne so dramatically compelling? Support your ideas with details from the play.

15 You are Lord Hastings. You are on your way with Buckingham to the Tower for the meeting of the Council. Write your thoughts.

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

16 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Trotter: You keen on gardening?

Osborne: Yes. A bit. I made a rockery when I was home on leave. I used to cycle out to the woods and get primroses and things like that, and try and get 'em to grow in my garden.

Trotter: I don't suppose they would!

Osborne: They would if you pressed a bit of moss round them –

Trotter: – to make 'em feel at 'ome, eh? (*He laughs*.)

Osborne: They'll be coming out again soon if they've got this sun at home.

Trotter: I reckon they will. I remember one morning last spring – we was coming out of the salient. Just when it was getting light in the morning – it was at the time when the Boche was sending over a lot of that gas that smells like pear-drops, you know?

Osborne: I know. Phosgene.

Trotter: That's it. We were scared to hell of it. All of a sudden we smelt that funny sweet smell, and a fellow shouted 'Gas!' – and we put on our masks; and then I spotted what it was.

Osborne: What was it?

Trotter: Why, a blinkin' may-tree! All out in bloom, growing beside the path! We did feel a lot of silly poops – putting on gas masks because of a damn may-tree! (*He stretches himself and tries to button his tunic*.) Lord! I *must* get my fat down. (*He gets up*.) Well, I better go and relieve Stanhope. He'll curse like hell if I don't. I bet he's got a red-hot liver this morning.

Osborne: I relieve you at eleven.

Trotter: That's right. I don't like this time of day in the line. The old Boche 'as just 'ad 'is breakfast, and sends over a few whizz-bangs and rifle grenades to show 'e ain't forgotten us. Still, I'd rather 'ave a bang or two than this damn quiet. (*He puts on his helmet and gas mask satchel and goes up the steps*.) Cheero!

Osborne: Cheero!

Raleigh: Cheero!

Osborne (*to Raleigh*): I expect Stanhope'll let you go on duty alone now.

Raleigh: Will he? About what time?

Osborne: Well, after me, I expect. From about two till four.

Raleigh: I see.

(There is a pause. Then Osborne looks at Raleigh and laughs.)

Osborne: What do you think about it all?

Raleigh: Oh, all right, thanks. (*He laughs*.) I feel I've been here ages.

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Osborne (*filling his pipe*): I expect you do. The time passes, though.

Raleigh: Are we here for six days?

Osborne: Yes. Seems a long time, doesn't it?

Raleigh (*laughing shortly*): It does rather. I can't imagine – the end of six days here –

Osborne: Anyhow, we've done twelve hours already. It's fine when you are relieved and go down the line to billets, and have a good hot bath, and sit and read under trees.

Raleigh: Good Lord, I feel I haven't seen a tree for ages – not a real tree, with leaves and branches – and yet I've only been here twelve hours.

Osborne: How did you feel – in the front line?

Raleigh: Oh, all right. It seemed so frightfully quiet and uncanny – everybody creeping about and talking in low voices. I suppose you've *got* to talk quietly when you're so near the German front line – only about seventy yards, isn't it?

Osborne: Yes. About the breadth of a Rugger field.

Raleigh: It's funny to think of it like that.

Osborne: I always measure distances like that out here. Keeps them in proportion.

Explore how Sherriff vividly conveys in this very ordinary conversation the pressures under which the three men are living.

17 What do you think makes Osborne such a dramatic character in the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

18 You are Raleigh. You are on your way to the front line to join Stanhope's Company. Write your thoughts.

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SECTION B: POETRY

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

19 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it.

Sonnet 29

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field to thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon,
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.
This have I known always: Love is no more
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
When the swift mind beholds at every turn.

(by Edna St Vincent Millay)

What do you think makes this sonnet so sad? Support your ideas with details from the poet's words.

20 In **either** *Marrysong* (by Dennis Scott) **or** *First Love* (by John Clare) explore how the poet's words vividly portray being in love.

21 Sounds of words can contribute powerfully to a poem's effect and meaning. Explore some examples of this from at least **two** poems that you have studied from this section of *Songs of Ourselves*. (Do not use Sonnet 29 by Edna St Vincent Millay in answering this question.)

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JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

22 Read these last six stanzas from *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, and then answer the question that follows them.

She found me roots of relish sweet
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
I love thee true –

She took me to her elfin grot
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep
And there I dream'd Ah Woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

I saw pale kings and Princes too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all;
They cried 'La belle dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall.'

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is wither'd from the Lake
And no birds sing.

Explore the ways in which Keats emphasises the knight's feelings of hopelessness here.

23 What do you find memorable about the ways in which Keats portrays the figures on the Grecian Urn? Support your ideas with details from *Ode on a Grecian Urn*.

24 Explore how Keats vividly conveys his thoughts and feelings in *Ode on Indolence.* Refer closely to the poem to support your ideas.

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SECTION C: PROSE

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

It was generally evident whenever they met, that he *did* admire her; and to *her* it was equally evident that Jane was yielding to the preference which she had begun to entertain for him from the first, and was in a way to be very much in love; but she considered with pleasure that it was not likely to be discovered by the world in general, since Jane united with great strength of feeling, a composure of temper and a uniform cheerfulness of manner, which would guard her from the suspicions of the impertinent. She mentioned this to her friend Miss Lucas.

'It may perhaps be pleasant,' replied Charlotte, 'to be able to impose on the public in such a case; but it is sometimes a disadvantage to be so very guarded. If a woman conceals her affection with the same skill from the object of it, she may lose the opportunity of fixing him; and it will then be but poor consolation to believe the world equally in the dark. There is so much of gratitude or vanity in almost every attachment, that it is not safe to leave any to itself. We can all *begin* freely – a slight preference is natural enough; but there are very few of us who have heart enough to be really in love without encouragement. In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better shew *more* affection than she feels. Bingley likes your sister undoubtedly; but he may never do more than like her, if she does not help him on.'

'But she does help him on, as much as her nature will allow. If I can perceive her regard for him, he must be a simpleton indeed not to discover it too.'

'Remember, Eliza, that he does not know Jane's disposition as you do.'

'But if a woman is partial to a man, and does not endeavour to conceal it, he must find it out.'

'Perhaps he must, if he sees enough of her. But though Bingley and Jane meet tolerably often, it is never for many hours together; and as they always see each other in large mixed parties, it is impossible that every moment should be employed in conversing together. Jane should therefore make the most of every half hour in which she can command his attention. When she is secure of him, there will be leisure for falling in love as much as she chuses.'

'Your plan is a good one,' replied Elizabeth, 'where nothing is in question but the desire of being well married; and if I were determined to get a rich husband, or any husband, I dare say I should adopt it. But these are not Jane's feelings; she is not acting by design. As yet, she cannot even be certain of the degree of her own regard, nor of its reasonableness. She has known him only a fortnight. She danced four dances with him at Meryton; she saw him one morning at his own house, and has since dined in company with him four times. This is not quite enough to make her understand his character.'

'Not as you represent it. Had she merely *dined* with him, she might only have discovered whether he had a good appetite; but you must remember that four evenings have been also spent together – and four evenings may do a great deal.'

'Yes; these four evenings have enabled them to ascertain that they both like Vingt-un better than Commerce; but with respect to any other

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leading characteristic, I do not imagine that much has been unfolded.'

'Well,' said Charlotte, 'I wish Jane success with all my heart; and if she were married to him tomorrow, I should think she had as good a chance of happiness, as if she were to be studying his character for a twelve-month. Happiness in marriage is entirely a matter of chance.' *55*

How does Austen in this conversation reveal Elizabeth's and Charlotte's very different personalities?

26 Explore some of the ways in which Austen memorably ridicules prejudice about social class. Support your ideas with details from the writing.

27 You are Wickham. You have just heard that Elizabeth is to marry Darcy. Write your thoughts.

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IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

28 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

She came back down the stairs puffing, and we set off to Raggleton.

'Have you ever been in a circus?' I asked.

'No,' she said in that high voice.

'You ought to think of it,' I said. 'You have the build, and think of all the wonderful people in a circus and travelling around from town to town. And the lions and the tigers and the elephants.'

'Have you ever had a whipping?' she said, squeaking so much that, honestly, she was like a queer kind of whistle blowing.

'No,' I said. 'I've had the strap a few times, though.'

'You only get whippings when you say nasty things to people,' she whistled. 'So be careful what you say.'

It wasn't very hot, yet she was starting to sweat as she walked, and the hand with which she held her suitcase looked as though it was swelling.

'Do you carry towels around in your case because you sweat easy?' I asked.

'I carry lots of things in this case, little brat,' she said. 'And when I meet nasty little boys I'm glad I do. I'm glad.'

'You don't have to worry about me being a nasty little boy,' I said. 'I'm pretty good. You are not too old for a circus are you?'

She didn't say a word, and the way she was puffing I guessed she was running out of wind.

'I suppose you would be hard on your clothes,' I said. 'Mum always says I'm hard on my clothes, and I suppose you would be, too. Even harder. All that weight pushing out all the time. And your shoes, too. I bet you are hard on your shoes, like I am.'

Still she didn't talk, so I breezed away, and asked her how she managed swimming – I was interested in whether she could float, for instance. When we reached the intersection, she stopped, and really, she looked hot and bothered. There were great patches of sweat down each side of her dress, the rip in the side of which looked bigger than ever, her big fat face was red, and she had black hairs on her cheeks and under her nose, and I could see little wet drops clinging to them.

'You're a very nasty little boy,' she squeaked. She took another big breath and said, 'Go away, will you? Go away. You go back to school and play, you little brute. You naughty nasty little brute.'

'What about my sixpence?' I said, and you know, I felt like crying because I knew she wasn't going to come across.

'Nothing for nasty little boys,' she said, and turned her huge big back on me and heaved off.

I messed around there for a while, quite down in the mouth, as I had been all set to have a good time with the woman. Then I thought of the bad impression I had made on her, and what she might tell my mother even though I hadn't put a foot wrong, really, so I ran back home.

When I raced in the back door my mother called from upstairs, 'Who's that?' You would think I was a burglar, she sounded that frightened. 'It's me, Jimmy,' I called. 'Don't you come upstairs, don't you come upstairs,' she shouted, as though I was worse than a burglar. 'You go back to school. You go back to school or play. Don't you come upstairs.' Then a door banged, and the house was so quiet I could hear my breathing.

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How do you think Cross makes Jimmy's response to the adult world both amusing and sad in this episode?

29 Do you think Cross makes it possible to sympathise with Mr Sullivan in any way or is he simply vile and hateful? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

30 You are Mrs Sullivan on the morning after you have murdered your husband. You have just said goodbye to Jimmy and you are walking into town. Write your thoughts.

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ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

31 Read this extract from *A Devoted Son*, and then answer the question that follows it.

He developed so many complaints and fell ill so frequently and with such mysterious diseases that even his son could no longer make out when it was something of significance and when it was merely a peevish whim. He sat huddled on his string bed most of the day and developed an exasperating habit of stretching out suddenly and lying absolutely still, allowing the whole family to fly around him in a flap, wailing and weeping, and then suddenly sitting up, stiff and gaunt, and spitting out a big gob of betel juice as if to mock their behaviour.

He did this once too often: there had been a big party in the house, a birthday party for the youngest son, and the celebrations had to be suddenly hushed, covered up and hustled out of the way when the daughter-in-law discovered, or thought she discovered, that the old man, stretched out from end to end of his string bed, had lost his pulse; the party broke up, dissolved, even turned into a band of mourners, when the old man sat up and the distraught daughter-in-law received a gob of red spittle right on the hem of her new organza sari. After that no one much cared if he sat up cross-legged on his bed, hawking and spitting, or lay down flat and turned grey as a corpse. Except, of course, for that pearl amongst pearls, his son Rakesh.

It was Rakesh who brought him his morning tea, not in one of the china cups from which the rest of the family drank, but in the old man's favourite brass tumbler, and sat at the edge of his bed, comfortable and relaxed with the string of his pyjamas dangling out from under his fine lawn night-shirt, and discussed or, rather, read out the morning news to his father. It made no difference to him that his father made no response apart from spitting. It was Rakesh, too, who, on returning from the clinic in the evening, persuaded the old man to come out of his room, as bare and desolate as a cell, and take the evening air out in the garden, beautifully arranging the pillows and bolsters on the divan in the corner of the open veranda. On summer nights he saw to it that the servants carried out the old man's bed onto the lawn and himself helped his father down the steps and onto the bed, soothing him and settling him down for a night under the stars.

All this was very gratifying for the old man. What was not so gratifying was that he even undertook to supervise his father's diet. One day when the father was really sick, having ordered his daughter-in-law to make him a dish of *soojie halwa* and eaten it with a saucerful of cream, Rakesh marched into the room, not with his usual respectful step but with the confident and rather contemptuous stride of the famous doctor, and declared, 'No more *halwa* for you, Papa. We must be sensible, at your age. If you must have something sweet, Veena will cook you a little *kheer*, that's light, just a little rice and milk. But nothing fried, nothing rich. We can't have this happening again.'

The old man who had been lying stretched out on his bed, weak and feeble after a day's illness, gave a start at the very sound, the tone of these words. He opened his eyes – rather, they fell open with shock – and he stared at his son with disbelief that darkened quickly to reproach. A son who actually refused his father the food he craved? No, it was unheard of, it was incredible. But Rakesh had turned his back to him and was cleaning up the litter of bottles and packets on the medicine shelf and did not notice while Veena slipped silently out of the room with a little smirk that only the old man saw, and hated.

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To what extent does Desai make you sympathise with the old man here? Support your views with details from the writing.

32 What for you are the features of life in India which Desai brings most vividly and memorably to life in these short stories? Support your views with details from Desai's writing in at least **two** stories.

33 You are Sheila in *Surface Textures*. You are on your way home to your parents. Write your thoughts.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

34 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

'O no!' the girl replied. She seemed to prefer a less tragic probability; to have saved a man from death involved talk that should harmonize with the dignity of such a deed – and she shunned it.

'I believe you saved my life, Miss – I don't know your name. I know your aunt's, but not yours.'

'I would just as soon not tell it – rather not. There is no reason either why I should, as you probably will never have much to do with me.'

'Still I should like to know.'

'You can inquire at my aunt's – she will tell you.'

'My name is Gabriel Oak.'

'And mine isn't. You seem fond of yours in speaking it so decisively, Gabriel Oak.'

'You see, it is the only one I shall ever have, and I must make the most of it.'

'I always think mine sounds odd and disagreeable.'

'I should think you might soon get a new one.'

'Mercy! – how many opinions you keep about you concerning other people, Gabriel Oak.'

'Well, Miss – excuse the words – I thought you would like them. But I can't match you, I know, in mapping out my mind upon my tongue. I never was very clever in my inside. But I thank you. Come, give me your hand!'

She hesitated, somewhat disconcerted at Oak's old-fashioned earnest conclusion to a dialogue lightly carried on. 'Very well,' she said, and gave him her hand, compressing her lips to a demure impassivity. He held it but an instant, and in his fear of being too demonstrative, swerved to the opposite extreme, touching her fingers with the lightness of a small-hearted person.

'I am sorry,' he said the instant after.

'What for?'

'Letting your hand go so quick.'

'You may have it again if you like; there it is.' She gave him her hand again.

Oak held it longer this time – indeed, curiously long. 'How soft it is – being winter time, too – not chapped or rough, or anything!' he said.

'There – that's long enough,' said she, though without pulling it away. 'But I suppose you are thinking you would like to kiss it? You may if you want to.'

'I wasn't thinking of any such thing,' said Gabriel simply; 'but I will –'

'That you won't!' She snatched back her hand.

Gabriel felt himself guilty of another want of tact.

'Now find out my name,' she said teasingly; and withdrew.

How does Hardy vividly convey the developing attraction between Gabriel and Bathsheba here?

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35 *Attractive and exciting*

Selfish and cruel

Which of these two descriptions is nearer to your view of Sergeant Troy? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

36 You are Boldwood on receiving the Valentine card from Bathsheba. Write your thoughts.

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BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

37 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

Makhaya sat down opposite her and pulled the Tswana version of the Bible towards him as she poured the tea. He scarcely glanced at the words.

'Are you religious, Mama?' he asked lightly.

Mma-Millipede looked at him with an alert glance. 'If you mean, am I good, I can right away say no, no, no,' she said. 'Goodness is impossible to achieve. I am searching for a faith, without which I cannot live.'

Makhaya kept quiet because he did not immediately grasp the meaning of this.

'What is faith, Mama?' he asked curiously.

'It is an understanding of life,' she said gently.

He looked at her for a moment and then placed one long black arm on the table and pulled up the sweater sleeve which was the same pitch black colouring as the skin on his arm.

'Do you mean this too?' he asked, quietly. 'Do you know who I am? I am Makhaya, the Black Dog, and as such I am tossed about by life. Life is only torture and torment to me and not something I care to understand.'

He might have said it was much more than torture and torment, that it was an abysmal betrayal, a howling inferno where every gesture of love and respect was repaid with the vicious, snapping jaws of the inmates of this inferno until you were forced to build a thick wall of silence between yourself and the snapping jaws. But he would throttle himself to death behind this wall because love was really a warm outflowing stream which could not be dammed up. The familiar pained expression crept over his face as he looked at the old woman. And the old woman knew this.

'What is a Black Dog?' she asked abruptly.

Makhaya laughed his bitter, sarcastic laugh. 'He is a sensation,' he said. 'He awakens only thrills in the rest of mankind. He is a child they scold in a shrill voice because they think he will never grow up. They don't want him to, either, because they've grown too used to his circus and his antics, and they liked the way he sat on the chair and shivered in fear while they lashed out with the whip. If Black Dog becomes human they won't have anyone to entertain them any more. Yet all the while they shrieked with laughter over his head, he slowly became a mad dog. Instead of becoming human, he has only become a mad dog, and this makes them laugh louder then ever.'

Mma-Millipede looked down. The quietly spoken words carried in them a violent torrent of hatred, and she was swept out of her depth, uncertain if there was anything in her own life with which to counter this hatred. The pitch black arm still lay across the table, like a question mark, and she was pitch black too, but she had lived all her life inside this black skin with a quiet and unruffled dignity.

'You are not a Black Dog, my own sweetheart,' she said in despair. 'I have never seen such a handsome man as you in my life before. You must not be fooled by those who think they are laughing. I don't know these people but my search for a faith has taught me that life is a fire in which each burns until it is time to close the shop.'

She looked up at Makhaya and he stared back at her aloofly. With that aloof stare he was trying to force something out of the old woman as he began to feel the real hard depth at the centre of her life. Mma-

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Millipede wavered. She had wanted to chat with him about little things; how he liked his work and whether he wanted a woman. But now all her feelers had to concentrate themselves on this frightening depth of hatred he had revealed in himself. He smiled suddenly, quite clearly observing the uncertainty on her face. *55*

How does Head make this conversation between Makhaya and Mma-Millipede such a powerful and significant moment in the novel?

38 What vivid impressions of women's lives in Golema Mmidi does Head create for you in the novel? Support your answer by close reference.

39 You are George Appleby-Smith. You have just been informed of the suicide of Chief Matenge. Write your thoughts.

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EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

40 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

As he reached the door he met Zeena coming back into the room, her lips twitching with anger, a flush of excitement on her sallow face. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders and was dragging at her down-trodden heels, and in her hands she carried the fragments of the red glass pickle-dish.

'I'd like to know who done this,' she said, looking sternly from Ethan to Mattie.

There was no answer, and she continued in a trembling voice: 'I went to get those powders I'd put away in father's old spectacle-case, top of the china-closet, where I keep the things I set store by, so's folks shan't meddle with them –' Her voice broke, and two small tears hung on her lashless lids and ran slowly down her cheeks. 'It takes the step-ladder to get at the top shelf, and I put Aunt Philura Maple's pickle-dish up there o' purpose when we was married, and it's never been down since, 'cept for the spring cleaning, and then I always lifted it with my own hands, so's 't shouldn't get broke.' She laid the fragments reverently on the table. 'I want to know who done this,' she quavered.

At the challenge Ethan turned back into the room and faced her. 'I can tell you, then. The cat done it.'

'The *cat*?'

'That's what I said.'

She looked at him hard, and then turned her eyes to Mattie, who was carrying the dish-pan to the table.

'I'd like to know how the cat got into my china-closet,' she said.

'Chasin' mice, I guess,' Ethan rejoined. 'There was a mouse round the kitchen all last evening.'

Zeena continued to look from one to the other; then she emitted her small strange laugh. 'I knew the cat was a smart cat,' she said in a high voice, 'but I didn't know he was smart enough to pick up the pieces of my pickle-dish and lay 'em edge to edge on the very shelf he knocked 'em off of.'

Mattie suddenly drew her arms out of the steaming water. 'It wasn't Ethan's fault, Zeena! The cat *did* break the dish; but I got it down from the china-closet, and I'm the one to blame for its getting broken.'

Zeena stood beside the ruin of her treasure, stiffening into a stony image of resentment, '*You* got down my pickle-dish – what for?'

A bright flush flew to Mattie's cheeks. 'I wanted to make the supper-table pretty,' she said.

'You wanted to make the supper-table pretty; and you waited till my back was turned, and took the thing I set most store by of anything I've got, and wouldn't never use it, not even when the minister come to dinner, or Aunt Martha Pierce come over from Bettsbridge –' Zeena paused with a gasp, as if terrified by her own evocation of the sacrilege. 'You're a bad girl, Mattie Silver, and I always known it. It's the way your father begun, and I was warned of it when I took you, and I tried to keep my things where you couldn't get at 'em – and now you've took from me the one I cared for most of all –' She broke off in a short spasm of sobs that passed and left her more than ever like a shape of stone.

'If I'd 'a' listened to folks, you'd 'a' gone before now, and this wouldn't 'a' happened,' she said; and gathering up the bits of broken glass she went out of the room as if she carried a dead body …

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What does Wharton make you feel about Zeena here? Support your views with details from the writing.

41 How does Wharton make Ethan Frome such a compelling character? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

42 You are Mattie. You are walking home from the dance after you have escaped Denis Eady's attentions and before Ethan catches up with you. Write your thoughts.

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from STORIES OF OURSELVES

43 Read this extract from *The Signalman*, and then answer the question that follows it.

'I have made up my mind, sir,' he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, 'that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for someone else yesterday evening. That troubles me.'

'That mistake?'

'No. That someone else.'

'Who is it?'

'I don't know.'

'Like me?'

'I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved – violently waved. This way.'

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating, with the utmost passion and vehemence, 'For God's sake, clear the way!'

'One moonlight night,' said the man, 'I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry, "Halloa! Below there!" I started up, looked from that door, and saw this someone else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, "Look out! Look out!" And then again, "Halloa! Below there! Look out!" I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, "What's wrong? What has happened? Where?" It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away when it was gone.'

'Into the tunnel?' said I.

'No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped, and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways. "An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?" The answer came back, both ways, "All well." '

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight; and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. 'As to an imaginary cry,' said I, 'do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires.'

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires – he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:

'Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were

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brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood.'

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress his mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

'This,' he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, 'was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at the door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again.' He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

'Did it cry out?'

'No. It was silent.'

'Did it wave its arm?'

'No. It leaned against the shaft of the light with both hands before the face. Like this.'

Once more I followed his actions with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude on stone figures on tombs.

How does Dickens build up a sense of mystery in this extract?

44 How do you think the writers make the endings of **two** of the following stories so effective?

How It Happened (by Arthur Conan Doyle)
Meteor (by John Wyndham)
On Her Knees (by Tim Winton)

45 You are Mala in *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri). You have just arrived in Boston and your husband has taken you to your new home. Write your thoughts.

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