



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9276/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and the other pre-20th Century Texts

For Examination from 2013

SPECIMEN PAPER

2 hours

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 the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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

All questions on this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **12** printed pages.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Iago has many convincing reasons for wanting to destroy Othello.' Discuss Shakespeare's handling of the characterisation of Iago in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language and tone of the following dialogue, discuss what impression you gain of the relationship between Othello and Desdemona at this point in the play.

Enter OTHELLO.

Emilia: Look where he comes.

Desdemona: I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him. How is't with you, my lord?

Othello: Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble! – 5
How do you, Desdemona?

Desdemona: Well, my good lord.

Othello: Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona: It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello: This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart: 10
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, 15
A frank one.

Desdemona: You may indeed say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello: A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands; 20
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Desdemona: I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello: What promise, chuck?

Desdemona: I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello: I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; 25
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona: Here, my lord.

Othello: That which I gave you.

Desdemona: I have it not about me.

Othello: Not?

Desdemona: No, faith, my lord. 30

Othello: That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

She was a charmer, and could almost read
 The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,
 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
 Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
 Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathely, and his spirits should hunt
 After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
 To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye;
 To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
 As nothing else could match.

40

Desdemona: Is't possible? 45

Othello: 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it.
 A sibyl that had numb'ed in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
 And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

50

Desdemona: I' faith! Is 't true?

Othello: Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Desdemona: Then would to God that I had never seen 't! 55

Othello: Ha! Wherefore?

Desdemona: Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello: Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak. Is 't out o' th' way?

Desdemona: Heaven bless us!

Act 3, Scene 4

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either (a)** Sicinius asks: 'What is the city but the people?'

Discuss the effects of Shakespeare's presentation of different attitudes to Rome
Coriolanus.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to the language and tone of the following passage, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Coriolanus and Volumnia.

Enter CORIOLANUS with Nobles.

Coriolanus: Let them pull all about my ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet I will still
Be thus to them 5

1 Patrician: You do the nobler.

Coriolanus: I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created 10
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. 15

Enter VOLUMNIA

I talk of you:

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am. 20

Volumnia: O, sir, sir, sir
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.

Coriolanus: Let go.

Volumnia: You might have been enough the man you are 25
With striving less to be so; lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd the power to cross you.

Coriolanus: Let them hang. 30

Volumnia: Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS with the Senators.

Menenius: Come, come you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

1 Senator: There's no remedy, 35
Unless, by not doing so, our good city
Cleave in the midst and perish.

- Volumnia:* Pray be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.
- Menenius:* Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th'herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as phisic
For the whole state, I would put my armour on 45
Which I can scarcely bear.
- Coriolanus:* What must I do?
- Menenius:* Return to th' tribunes.
- Coriolanus:* Well, what then, what then?
- Menenius:* Repent what you have spoke. 50
- Coriolanus:* For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
- Volumnia:* You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say 55
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by th' other lose
That they combine not here.
- Coriolanus:* Tush, tush! 60
- Menenius:* A good demand.
- Volumnia:* If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace 65
With honour as in war; since that to both
It stands on request?
- Coriolanus:* Why force you this?
- Volumnia:* Because that now it lies you on to speak
To th' people, not by your own instruction, 70
Nor by th' matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, although but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all 75
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd 80
I should do so in honour. I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard 85
Of what that want might ruin.

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 3 **Either** (a) '... a lively and humorous heroine, setting the tone for the whole novel.'

In the light of this comment, examine Austen's construction of the character of Elizabeth Bennet and her role in the novel.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Austen's treatment in the novel as a whole of false impressions.

It was some time, however, before a smile could be extorted from Jane.

'I do not know when I have been more shocked,' said she. 'Wickham so very bad! It is almost past belief. And poor Mr. Darcy! Dear Lizzy, only consider what he must have suffered. Such a disappointment! and with the knowledge of your ill opinion too! and having to relate such a thing of his sister! It is really too distressing. I am sure you must feel it so.'

5

'Oh! no, my regret and compassion are all done away by seeing you so full of both. I know you will do him such ample justice, that I am growing every moment more unconcerned and indifferent. Your profusion makes me saving; and if you lament over him much longer, my heart will be as light as a feather.'

10

'Poor Wickham! there is such an expression of goodness in his countenance! such an openness and gentleness in his manner!'

'There certainly was some great mismanagement in the education of those two young men. One has got all the goodness, and the other all the appearance of it.'

'I never thought Mr. Darcy so deficient in the *appearance* of it as you used to do.'

15

'And yet I meant to be uncommonly clever in taking so decided a dislike to him, without any reason. It is such a spur to one's genius, such an opening for wit, to have a dislike of that kind. One may be continually abusive without saying anything just; but one cannot be always laughing at a man without now and then stumbling on something witty.'

'Lizzy, when you first read that letter, I am sure you could not treat the matter as you do now.'

20

'Indeed, I could not. I was uncomfortable enough. I was very uncomfortable, I may say unhappy. And with no one to speak to of what I felt, no Jane to comfort me and say that I had not been so very weak and vain and nonsensical as I knew I had! Oh! how I wanted you!'

25

'How unfortunate that you should have used such very strong expressions in speaking of Wickham to Mr. Darcy, for now they *do* appear wholly undeserved.'

'Certainly. But the misfortune of speaking with bitterness is a most natural consequence of the prejudices I had been encouraging. There is one point on which I want your advice. I want to be told whether I ought, or ought not, to make our acquaintance in general understand Wickham's character.'

30

Miss Bennet paused a little, and then replied, 'Surely there can be no occasion for exposing him so dreadfully. What is your own opinion?'

'That it ought not to be attempted. Mr. Darcy has not authorized me to make his communication public. On the contrary, every particular relative to his sister was meant to be kept as much as possible to myself; and if I endeavour to undeceive people as to the rest of his conduct, who will believe me? The general prejudice against Mr. Darcy is so violent, that it would be the death of half the good people in Meryton to attempt to place him in an amiable light. I am not equal to it. Wickham will soon be gone; and therefore it will not signify to anybody here what he really is. Some time hence it will be all found out,

35

40

and then we may laugh at their stupidity in not knowing it before. At present I know nothing about it.'

'You are quite right. To have his errors made public might ruin him forever. He is now, perhaps, sorry for what he has done, and anxious to re-establish a character. We must not make him desperate.'

Chapter 40

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the uses and effects of Hawthorne's presentation of the different settings in the novel.
- Or** (b) Playing close attention to the language and narrative structure, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Hester, Pearl and Dimmesdale.

'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister. 'What sent you hither?'

'I have been watching at a death-bed,' answered Hester Prynne; –'at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.'

'Come up hither, Hester, thou and Little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. 5

'Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together!'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain. 10

'Minister!' whispered little Pearl.

'What wouldst thou say, child?' asked Mr. Dimmesdale. 15

'Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide?' inquired Pearl.

'Nay; not so, my little Pearl!' answered the minister; for, with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure, that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him; and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which – with a strange joy, nevertheless – he now found himself. 'Not so, my child. I shall, indeed, stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow!' 20

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

'A moment longer, my child!' said he.

'But wilt thou promise,' asked Pearl, 'to take my hand, and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?' 25

'Not then, Pearl,' said the minister, 'but another time!'

'And what other time?' persisted the child.

'At the great judgment day!' whispered the minister, – and, strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. 'Then, and there, before the judgment-seat, thy mother, and thou, and I, must stand together! But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!' 30

Pearl laughed again.

But, before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors, which the night-watcher may so often observe burning out to waste, in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance, that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street, with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable-peaks; the door-steps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden-plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel-track, little worn, and, even in the marketplace, margined with green on either side; – all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; 45

and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, with her mother's sin on her forehead, and herself a symbol, and the connecting link between those two.

Chapter 12

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents slavery in the novel.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, discussing in particular the effects of Twain's presentation of Huck's pap. You should pay close attention to language, tone and dialogue in your answer.

I had to shut the door to. Then I turned around, and there he was. I used to be scared of him all the time, he tanned me so much. I reckoned I was scared now, too; but in a minute I see I mistaken. That is, after the first jolt, as you may say, when my breath sort of hitched—he being so unexpected; but right away after, I see I warn't scared of him worth bothering about. 5

He was almost fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no colour in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl—a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes—just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor; an old black slouch with the top caved in, like a lid. 10

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his chair tilted back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window was up; so he had clumb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all over. By and by he says: "Starchy clothes—very. You think you're a good deal of a big-bug, *don't* you?" 15

"Maybe I am, maybe I ain't," I says.

"Don't you give me none o' your lip," says he. "You've put on considerable many frills since I been away. I'll take you down a peg before I get done with you. You're educated, too, they say; can read and write. You think you're better'n your father, now, don't you, because he can't? *I'll* take it out of you. Who told you you might meddle with such hifalut'n foolishness, hey?—who told you you could?" 20

"The widow. She told me."

"The widow, hey?—and who told the widow she could put in her shovel about a thing that ain't none of her business?" 25

"Nobody never told her."

"Well, I'll learn her how to meddle. And looky here—you drop that school, you hear? I'll learn people to bring up a boy to put on airs over his own father and let on to be better'n what *he* is. You lemme catch you fooling around that school again, you hear? Your mother couldn't read, and she couldn't write, nuther, before she died. None of the family couldn't before *they* died. *I* can't; and here you're a-swelling yourself up like this. I ain't the man to stand it—you hear? Say—lemme hear you read." 30

I took up a book and begun something about General Washington and the wars. When I'd read about a half a minute, he fetched the book a whack with his hand and knocked it across the house. He says: 35

"It's so. You can do it."

EMILY DICKINSON: *Selected Poems*

- 6 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways do you agree with the view that 'Dickinson's poetry is characterised by an emotional morbidity'? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Dickinson's methods and concerns in other poems you have studied.

As imperceptibly as Grief
 The Summer lapsed away —
 Too imperceptible at last
 To seem like Perfidy —
 A Quietness distilled 5
 As Twilight long begun,
 Or Nature spending with herself
 Sequestered Afternoon —
 The Dusk drew earlier in —
 The Morning foreign shone— 10
 A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
 As Guest, that would be gone —
 And thus, without a Wing
 Or service of a Keel
 Our Summer made her light escape 15
 Into the Beautiful.

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets* ed. Gardner)

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Argument and arguing is central to Donne's poetry.'
How far is Donne's poetic method characterised by argument?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it where appropriate to other poems in your selection.

Aire and Angels

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
But since my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too, 10
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love aske, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought; 20
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves spheare; 25
Just such disparitie
As is twixt Aire and Angels puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.