

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

October/November 2005

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours 40 minutes

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.

Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.

At least one question must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

Either *1

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure-dome decree: Where Alph, the sacred river, ran Through caverns measureless to man Down to a sunless sea.	5
So twice five miles of fertile ground With walls and towers were girdled round: And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills, Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree; And here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.	10
But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing for her demon-lover!	15
And from the chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain momentarily was forced: Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail: And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever It flung up momentarily the sacred river.	20
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion Through wood and dale the sacred river ran, Then reached the caverns measureless to man, And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean: And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voices prophesying war!	25 30

Explore the writing here, showing what kind of atmosphere Coleridge creates.

Or 2 How important is the presence of Coleridge's child to the overall effect which *Frost at Midnight* has on you?

Be sure to refer in detail to the poem as you answer.

Or 3 Explore **two** passages (each of roughly 12–16 lines) from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* which you find strikingly beautiful, showing how Coleridge's writing makes them so beautiful.

from *POEMS DEEP AND DANGEROUS*, ed. Jo Phillips

Either *4

Manifesto on 'Ars Poetica'

My poetry is exacting a confession
 from me: I will not keep the truth
 from my song and the heartstringed instrument;
 The voice undressed by the bees,
 I will not bar the voice undressed by the bees 5
 from entering the gourd of my bow-harp.
 I will not wash the blood off the image
 I will let it flow from the gullet
 slit by the assassin's dagger through 10
 the run-on line until it rages in the verbs of terror;
 And I will distil life into the horrible adjectives;
 I will not clean the poem to impress the tyrant
 I will not bend my verses into the bow of a praise song.
 I will put the symbols of murder hidden in high offices
 in the center of my crude lines of accusations. 15
 I will undress our raped land and expose her wounds.
 I will pierce the silence around our land with sharp metaphors
 And I will point the light of my poems into the dark
 nooks where our people are pounded to pulp.
 I will not coat my words in lumps of sugar 20
 I will serve them to our people with the bitter quinine:
 I will not keep the truth from my heartstringed guitar;
 I will thread the voice from the broken lips
 through my volatile verbs that burn the lies.
 I will ask only that the poem watch the world closely; 25
 I will ask only that the image put a lamp on the dark
 ceiling in the dark sky of my land and light the dirt.
 Today, my poetry has exacted a confession from me.

Explore the ways in which Frank Chipasula strikingly conveys his feelings about being a poet.

Or 5 What have you found most unusual or original about the way any **two** of the following poems present their subject?

Writing a Letter (by Norman MacCaig)
Fallow Deer at the Lonely House (by Thomas Hardy)
La Belle Dame Sans Merci (by John Keats).

Or 6 Explore how the poet vividly conveys his disapproval of aspects of twentieth-century life in **either** *Essential Beauty* (by Philip Larkin) **or** *Telephone Conversation* (by Wole Soyinka).

TOUCHED WITH FIRE, ed. Jack Hydes: from Section E

Either *7

Horses

Those lumbering horses in the steady plough,
On the bare field – I wonder why, just now,
They seemed terrible, so wild and strange,
Like magic power on the stony grange.

Perhaps some childish hour has come again, 5
When I watched fearful, through the blackening rain,
Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill
Move up and down, yet seem as standing still.

Their conquering hooves which trod the stubble down
Were ritual that turned the field to brown, 10
And their great hulks were seraphim of gold,
Or mute ecstatic monsters on the mould.

And oh the rapture, when, one furrow done,
They marched broad-breasted to the sinking sun!
The light flowed off their bossy sides in flakes; 15
The furrows rolled behind like struggling snakes.

But when at dusk with steaming nostrils home
They came, they seemed gigantic in the gloam,
And warm and glowing with mysterious fire
That lit their smouldering bodies in the mire. 20

Their eyes as brilliant and as wide as night
Gleamed with a cruel apocalyptic light.
Their manes the leaping ire of the wind
Lifted with rage invisible and blind.

Ah, now it fades! it fades! and I must pine 25
Again for that dread country crystalline,
Where the blank field and the still-standing tree
Were bright and fearful presences to me.

How do Edwin Muir's words convey the special quality of the 'childish hour' he describes, and the effect these childhood experiences had on him?

Or 8 Choose **one** of the following poems and explore how the poet conveys the wonder of Nature:

Season (by Wole Soyinka)
Poem in October (by Dylan Thomas)
Snake (by D.H. Lawrence).

Or 9 Some poets achieve a powerful effect by using simple direct language and very little imagery. Explore how the poet creates a memorable poem in this way in **one** of the following:

Mid-term Break (by Seamus Heaney)
One Flesh (by Elizabeth Jennings)
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (by Robert Frost).

PROSE

TWENTIETH CENTURY SHORT STORIES, ed. Douglas R. Barnes & R.F. Egford

- Either *10 'Those mountains to the right – let me show you them.' She pushed back a metal blind. The main chain of the Himalayas was revealed. 'They were once called the Roof of the World, those mountains.'
- 'What a foolish name!'
- 'You must remember that, before the dawn of civilization, they seemed to be an impenetrable wall that touched the stars. It was supposed that no one but the gods could exist above their summits. How we have advanced, thanks to the Machine!' 5
- 'How we have advanced, thanks to the Machine!' said Vashti.
- 'How we have advanced, thanks to the Machine!' echoed the passenger who had dropped his Book the night before, and who was standing in the passage. 10
- 'And that white stuff in the cracks? – what is it?'
- 'I have forgotten its name.'
- 'Cover the window, please. These mountains give me no ideas.' 15
- The northern aspect of the Himalayas was in deep shadow: on the Indian slope the sun had just prevailed. The forests had been destroyed during the literature epoch for the purpose of making newspaper-pulp, but the snows were awakening to their morning glory, and clouds still hung on the breasts of Kangchenjunga. In the plain were seen the ruins of cities, with diminished rivers creeping by their walls, and by the sides of these were sometimes the signs of vomitories, marking the cities of to-day. Over the whole prospect air-ships rushed, crossing and inter-crossing with incredible *aplomb*, and rising nonchalantly when they desired to escape the perturbations of the lower atmosphere and to traverse the Roof of the World. 20
- 'We have indeed advanced, thanks to the Machine,' repeated the attendant, and hid the Himalayas behind a metal blind.
- The day dragged wearily forward. The passengers sat each in his cabin, avoiding one another with an almost physical repulsion and longing to be once more under the surface of the earth. There were eight or ten of them, mostly young males, sent out from the public nurseries to inhabit the rooms of those who had died in various parts of the earth. The man who had dropped his Book was on the homeward journey. He had been sent to Sumatra for the purpose of propagating the race. Vashti alone was travelling by her private will. 30
- At midday she took a second glance at the earth. The air-ship was crossing another range of mountains, but she could see little, owing to clouds. Masses of black rock hovered below her, and merged indistinctly into grey. Their shapes were fantastic; one of them resembled a prostrate man. 40
- 'No ideas here,' murmured Vashti, and hid the Caucasus behind a metal blind.
- In the evening she looked again. They were crossing a golden sea, in which lay many small islands and one peninsula. 45
- She repeated, 'No ideas here,' and hid Greece behind a metal blind.

How in this passage does Forster convey his hatred for the world of the Machine?

- Or 11 With whom does Lawrence make you most sympathise in *Odour of Chrysanthemum*? Elizabeth Bates, her husband, or both?

Support your ideas with detail from Lawrence's writing.

- Or 12 You are the aunt at the end of the day described in *The Lumber-Room*.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *The Village By The Sea*

Either *13

He would have gone on worrying and worrying in this way if an unexpected distraction had not arrived in the form of a heavily loaded car bumping over the grassy bank, dodging between the coconut trees and raising a cloud of dust in the narrow path before it came to a standstill in front of *Mon Repos*, the white bungalow that stood empty most of the year. It was the de Silvas, the family that came from Bombay to spend an occasional holiday in it and bring it suddenly to life for a few days. They had bought *Mon Repos* a year ago from the Vakils who had been one of the first Bombay families to build holiday cottages on the Thul beach. But they had grown too old and frail to come often and, after the house had stood empty for several years, sold it to the de Silvas who were young and energetic and seemed heartily to enjoy life on the beach. Whenever they came, life changed for the family in the little hut, too. Immediately there was a hubbub, all kinds of excitements and expectations, and of course work to be done, employment to be had, and wages.

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Hari, Bela and Kamal stood by their door under the frangipani tree, tense with excitement, watching and holding Pinto back as he barked at the unfamiliar sight of a car and strangers till his voice was quite hoarse. There was a commotion in the marshy creek that separated the hut from the house, too – herons, egrets, kingfishers and moorhens all flapping into the dense greenery of the pandanus, the casuarina and the *bhindi* trees for shelter.

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‘Do you think they have come here for good?’ Bela whispered.

‘Hunh – who would live here if he had a house in Bombay?’ Hari scoffed.

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‘But look how much luggage they’ve brought – it can’t be just for a few days,’ Bela said, and it was true that an unbelievable number of boxes and bags and baskets were being taken out of the car, out of the boot and off the luggage carrier so that anyone would have thought they had come to stay forever.

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Seeing the visitors staggering towards the house with their bags, Hari went to help. They carried all the baggage into the veranda and Hari went back to the hut, but one of the children from the house came running down the path to call him back.

When Hari went up the veranda steps he saw Mrs de Silva standing there, dressed in an outlandish costume unlike anything worn by the women in Thul and really not very much of it either so that Hari had to cast his eyes down and not look. She held out a basket and some money and asked Hari to go and buy some fish from the market. ‘It must be very fresh,’ she said over and over again. ‘And we will want milk in the morning, and eggs. Can you get some – very, very fresh?’ Hari had run errands like these for them before, whenever they had come for a weekend during this past year, but she always seemed to forget or else not to recognise him. City people had poor memories, Hari thought, or perhaps they saw so many hundreds of faces in the streets every day that they could not tell one from the other. But he only nodded and took the money and the basket from her and set off.

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The next few days he was kept busy by them, buying their fish on the beach when the fishing fleet came in, and fetching eggs and milk from the village market. He also fetched bottles of soda water for their drinks in the evening when they liked to sit outdoors under the palms, on the metal folding chairs they had brought with them from Bombay, and sip at drinks.

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What sort of people do you take the de Silvas to be from this extract, and what effect do they have on the children here?

Or **14** Do you think Hari was right to leave home and go to Bombay?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or **15** You are Lila at the end of the book, thinking about the difficulties caused by your mother's illness and your father's drunkenness.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Either *16	<p>The felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I could take towards making myself uncommon was to get out of Bidly everything she knew. In pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Bidly when I went to Mr Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Bidly, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes.</p>	5
	<p>The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put straws down one another's backs, until Mr Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling – that is to say, it had had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a rheumatic paroxysm. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Bidly made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles (shaped as if they had been unskilfully cut off the chump-end of something), more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with ironmould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Bidly and refractory students. When the fights were over, Bidly gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could – or what we couldn't – in a frightful chorus, Bidly leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion of, or reverence for, what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically awoke Mr Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy fortuitously, and pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the Course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual victory. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even with the ink (when there was any), but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were holden – and which was also Mr Wopsle's great-aunt's sitting-room and bed-chamber – being but faintly illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.</p>	10 15 20 25 30 35 40
	<p>It appeared to me that it would take time to become uncommon under these circumstances: nevertheless, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Bidly entered on our special agreement, by imparting some information from her little catalogue of Prices, under the head of moist sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a large old English D which she had imitated from the heading of some newspaper, and which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.</p>	45

In this passage how does Dickens amusingly suggest that at this school Pip would have had little chance of becoming 'uncommon' if Bidly had not helped him?

Or 17 Do you think you are encouraged by Dickens to pity or to despise Pip after his marriage to Estella?
gentleman?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

Or 18 You are Magwitch returning from Australia, the day before you land in England.

Write your thoughts.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels With My Aunt*

Either *19	<p>‘There’s nothing we <i>can</i> do. He hasn’t committed an extraditable offence. Of course, if he ever returns... He has a British passport.’ There was a note of malicious longing in Detective-Sergeant Sparrow’s voice that made me feel, for a moment, a partisan of Wordsworth. I said, ‘I sincerely hope he won’t.’</p> <p>‘You surprise and disappoint me, sir.’</p> <p>‘Why?’</p> <p>‘I hadn’t taken you for one of that kind.’</p> <p>‘What kind?’</p> <p>‘People who talk about there being no harm in pot.’</p> <p>‘Is there?’</p> <p>‘From our experience, sir, nearly all the cases hooked on hard drugs begin with pot.’</p> <p>‘And from my experience, Sparrow, all or nearly all the alcoholics I know have started with a small whisky or a glass of wine. I even had a client who was first hooked, as you call it, on mild and bitter. In the end because of his frequent absences on a cure he had to give his wife a power of attorney.’ I rang off. It occurred to me with a certain pleasure that I had sowed a little confusion in Detective-Sergeant Sparrow’s mind – not so much confusion on the subject of cannabis but confusion about my character, the character of a retired bank manager. I discovered for the first time in myself a streak of anarchy. Had it been perhaps the result of my visit to Brighton or was it possibly my aunt’s influence (and yet I was not a man easily influenced), or some bacteria in the Pulling blood? I found a buried affection for my father reviving in me. He had been a very patient as well as a very sleepy man, and yet there was about his patience something unaccountable: it might well have been absence of mind rather than patience – or even indifference. He might have been all the time, without our knowing it, elsewhere. I remembered the ambiguous reproaches launched against him by my mother. They seemed to confirm my aunt’s story, for they possessed the nagging qualities of an unsatisfied woman. Imprisoned by ambitions which she had never realized, my mother had never known freedom. Freedom, I thought, comes only to the successful and in his trade my father was a success. If a client didn’t like my father’s manner or his estimates, he could go elsewhere. My father wouldn’t have cared. Perhaps it is freedom, of speech and conduct, which is really envied by the unsuccessful, not money or even power.</p> <p>It was with these muddled and unaccustomed ideas in my mind that I awaited for the arrival of my aunt for dinner. We had arranged the rendezvous before leaving the Brighton Belle at Victoria the day before. As soon as she arrived I told her about Sergeant Sparrow, but she treated my story with surprising indifference, saying only that Wordsworth should have been ‘more careful’. Then I took her out and showed her my dahlias.</p>	5
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In what ways does this passage amusingly suggest that Henry Pulling’s personality and attitudes could already be changing?

Or 20 What do you think makes Aunt Augusta so memorable a personality?

Support your ideas with detail from Greene's writing.

Or 21 You are Wordsworth in Paris just after Henry Pulling has driven away in a taxi, leaving you on the pavement.

Write your thoughts.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

- Either *22 The magistrate motioned to the constable and the constable left the room. Down the passage a door opened, someone came down the passage very slowly and then a funny-looking woman came into the room, together with the constable. It was a white woman. Her dress was greyish-black and most of her hair was pushed under a headcloth. She was very scared. He could see it. At first she just stayed standing at the door without looking up. 5
- Then the magistrate spoke very kindly to her. 'Come, closer, Mrs van Rooyen, come close to them and take your time. Look as long as you want to.' 10
- When she looked up, she just glanced at the other children before she came forward and pointed her finger straight at him; then she turned round and started crying.
- Many other people came crowding in the door and whispered amongst themselves. A poorly dressed man pushed his way through them and came and stood next to the woman. She pointed at him again and the man stared at him as if he had had a shock. The tall one came into the room too, and went up to the magistrate and said something to him. The magistrate called the constable and said something to him, and then the constable told all the people to leave the room. Then he and the magistrate were alone again. 15 20
- 'Lad ...' The magistrate took off his spectacles and leaned forward. 'Do you understand what has just happened here?'
- 'Can I go home now, your worshipful lord?' He was suddenly very scared. 'Is the forest woman finished now?' 25
- The cheeks bulged in and out. 'I don't think you really understand. Many years ago a child disappeared in the Forest, the child of the woman who was here a moment ago. The possibility that you could be that child was very great, but I had to make sure first. I sent for the woman, and I sent for you as well. Then I put you between four other boys so that it would be difficult for her to pick out her own child. But she came in and recognized you without a hint of doubt. Do you understand now what that means?' 30
- 'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child,' he cried. Something was very wrong.
- 'Wait, lad, this has not been an easy task for me. At the beginning you will find it strange to be back amongst your own people but you will soon get used to it. I am very disappointed, though, that no one reported that you were there with the Coloured people in the Long Kloof.' 35
- 'I'm Fiela Komoetie's hand-child.'
- 'I beg your pardon?' 40
- 'I'm her hand-child. The good Lord gave me to her.' He was suddenly as afraid as on the day his boat had drifted too deep out into the pool. When he tried to reach it, there was suddenly only water around him. His feet could not touch the ground and every time his head came above the water, he was pulled down again. Then Tollie was there and Tollie helped him to where he could stand again. 'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child, your worshipful lord. I swear to it, master. The forest woman's lying if she says I'm her child.' 45
- The magistrate came down from the pulpit and came and stood right in front of him. 'You are not Fiela Komoetie's child. I think you are big enough to realize it yourself and that is why I don't want you to be unnecessarily difficult. You are going home with your parents now and I will be inquiring regularly how things are going. One day, when you've grown up, you will come back and thank me for this day.' 50

'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child, master, we're not penniless people, I swear. I have five shillings to prove it.' He was saying everything round the wrong way because he had to hurry for the magistrate was already on his way to the door. 'Please, master!'

'I never want to hear you use the word *master* again! You're a white child and you will learn to speak like a white child.'

'Please, your worshipful lord, I'm Fiela Komoetie's child and Selling Komoetie is my father!'

But the magistrate did not believe him.

What do you think makes this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Support your ideas with detail from the words of the passage.

Or 23 Matthee creates sympathy even for those characters who do not seem to deserve it.

Explore **two** instances in the novel where you think this is particularly true, bringing out how the writing makes you sympathetic.

Or 24 You are Nina at Miss Weatherbury's on the evening after you have told Lukas you are not going back to the Forest.

Write your thoughts.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting Of Wisdom*

- Either *25** This discovery thrilled Laura – just as, at the play, the fact of one spectator being moved to tears intensifies his neighbour’s enjoyment. – But when Mr Strachey left the field of personal narration and went on to the moral aspects of the affair, Laura ceased to be gripped by him, and turned anew to study the pale, dogged face of the accused, though she had to crane her neck to do it. Before such a stony mask as this, she was driven to imagine what must be going on behind it; and, while thus engrossed, she felt her arm angrily tweaked. It was Tilly. 5
- ‘You *are* a beast to stare like that!’
- ‘I’m not staring.’ 10
- She turned her eyes away at once, more than half believing her own words; and then, for some seconds, she tried to do what was expected of her: to feel a decent unconcern. At her back, Bertha’s purry crying went steadily on. What on earth did she cry for? She had certainly not heard a word Mr Strachey said. Laura fidgeted in her seat, and stole a sideglance at Tilly’s profile. She could not, really could not miss the last scene of all, when, in masterly fashion, the Principal was gathering the threads together. And so, feeling rather like ‘Peeping Tom’, she cautiously raised her eyes again, and this time managed to use them without turning her head. 15
- All other eyes were still charitably lowered. Several girls were crying now, but without a sound. And, as the last, awful moments drew near, even Bertha was hushed, and of all the odd hundreds of throats not one dared to cough. Laura’s heart began to palpitate, for she felt the approach of the final climax, Mr Strachey’s periods growing ever slower and more massive. 20
- When, after a burst of eloquence which, the child felt, would not have shamed a Bishop, the Principal drew himself up to his full height, and, with uplifted arm, thundered forth: ‘Herewith, Miss Annie Johns, I publicly expel you from the school! Leave it, now, this moment, and never darken its doors again!’ – when this happened, Laura was shot through by an ecstatic quiver, such as she had felt once only in her life before; and that was when a beautiful, golden-haired Hamlet, who had held a Ballarat theatre entranced for a whole evening, fell dead by Laertes’ sword, to the rousing plaudits of the house. Breathing unevenly, she watched, lynx-eyed, every inch of Annie Johns’ progress: watched her pick up her books, edge out of her seat and sidle through the rows of desks; watched her walk to the door with short, jerky movements, mount the two steps that led to it, fumble with the handle, turn it, and vanish from sight; and when it was all over, and there was nothing more to see, she fell back in her seat with an audible sigh. 30 35 40

How does the writing here make the incident so dramatic?

- Or 26** Do you think Evelyn is a good influence on Laura?
- Support your ideas with detail from the writing.
- Or 27** You are Laura at the end of your *first* year at Melbourne Ladies’ College, thinking about your experiences over the year.

Write your thoughts

Turn to page 18 for question 28

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

Either *28	<p>And what about LuLing's other hiding spots? At the never used fireplace, Ruth lifted a basket containing photo albums. She pried at a loose brick, pulled it out, and – sure enough – it was still there, a twenty-dollar bill wrapped around four singles. Unbelievable! She felt giddy at finding this small treasure, a memento from her adolescent past. When they moved into this place, LuLing had put five twenty-dollar bills under the brick. Ruth would check every now and then, always noting that the bills lay in the same perfectly aligned wad. One day she put a piece of her hair on top of the money; she had seen this trick in a movie about a boy detective. Every time she looked after that, the hair was still there. When Ruth was fifteen, she began to borrow from the stash during times of her own emergencies – when she needed a dollar here and there for forbidden things: mascara, a movie ticket, and later, Marlboro cigarettes. At first she was always anxious until she could replace the bill. And when she did, she felt relieved and elated that she had not been caught. She rationalized that she <i>deserved</i> the money – for mowing the lawn, washing the dishes, being yelled at for no good reason. She replaced the missing twenties with tens, then fives, and eventually, just the singles wrapped with the one remaining twenty.</p>	5 10 15
	<p>And now, thirty-one years afterward, in seeing the reminder of her small larceny, she was both the girl she once was and the observer of that younger version of herself. She remembered the unhappy girl who lived in her body, who was full of passion, rage, and sudden impulses. She used to wonder: Should she believe in God or be a nihilist? Be Buddhist or a beatnik? And whichever it should be, what was the lesson in her mother's being miserable all the time? Were there really ghosts? If not, did that mean her mother was really crazy? Was there really such a thing as luck? If not, why did Ruth's cousins live in Saratoga? At times, she became resolute in wanting to be exactly the opposite of her mother. Rather than complain about the world, she wanted to do something constructive. She would join the Peace Corps and go into remote jungles. Another day, she chose to become a veterinarian and help injured animals. Still later, she thought about becoming a teacher to kids who were retarded. She wouldn't point out what was wrong, as her mother did with her, exclaiming that half her brain must be missing. She would treat them as living souls equal to everyone else.</p>	20 25 30 35
	<p>She gave vent to these feelings by writing them down in a diary that Auntie Gal had given her for Christmas. She had just finished reading <i>The Diary of Anne Frank</i> in sophomore English class, and like all the other girls, she was imbued with a sense that she too was different, an innocent on a path to tragedy that would make her posthumously admired. The diary would be proof of her existence, that she mattered, and more important, that someone somewhere would one day understand her, even if it was not in her lifetime. There was a tremendous comfort in believing her miseries weren't for naught. In her diary, she could be as truthful as she wanted to be.</p>	40 45

What insights does this passage give you into the character of Ruth and into her attitudes to her mother over the years?

- Or** **29** Which **one** incident in the novel has most impressed you by vividly conveying to you what it would have been like to live in China when LuLing was young?

Support your answer by close reference to your chosen incident.

- Or** **30** You are Auntie Gal, just after your conversation with Ruth at your seventy-seventh (or eighty-second) birthday party and after LuLing has fallen in the pool.

Write your thoughts.

DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

Either	*31	<p><i>Evelyn:</i> [<i>furious</i>] You've woken him up now.</p> <p><i>John:</i> I didn't wake him up.</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> I mean, seriously, how can a man live with a woman like that?</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Jumjums, how did you get it on your trousers ... well, look, take them off, dear. Take the bottoms off.</p> <p><i>John:</i> Where are you going?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> [<i>starting to push the pram out</i>] I'm taking him home.</p> <p><i>John:</i> Oh, Evelyn ...</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> I mean, am I unreasonable?</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> There's some more in the bottom drawer. The stripy ones.</p> <p><i>John:</i> [<i>calling after her</i>] Evelyn.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Yes, well, you will be sticky. You'll have to wash. [<i>Doorbell.</i>]</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> How can you stand there looking so damned innocent ...</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Listen, if you could tell me what I'm being accused of, I could perhaps answer you. [<i>Doorbell.</i>]</p> <p><i>John:</i> I think that's the doorbell.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Now, keep warm, Jumjums, keep warm ... [<i>Evelyn re-enters with the pram, baby still crying.</i>]</p> <p><i>John:</i> What are you doing?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> I can't get out that way. There's somebody at the front door.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Get out of my house.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> I'm trying to.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Bye bye, darling.</p> <p><i>John:</i> It'll be Colin.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Bye.</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Colin?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> I'm taking Wayne in the garden.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Bye. [<i>She hangs up.</i>]</p> <p><i>John:</i> Don't go home, Evelyn.</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Now listen, Di, Marge ...</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> [<i>as she goes out</i>] I can't, can I? [<i>Evelyn goes out to the kitchen with the pram.</i>]</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> He has spilt cough mixture not only on the sheet, but on the pillow ... [<i>Doorbell.</i>]</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Would you listen a minute?</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> ... his clean pyjama bottoms ...</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Marge, please. Would you mind? Di, get a grip on yourself, Di.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> What?</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Colin is here now at the door.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Oh no. [<i>Diana runs out to the kitchen.</i>]</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Di ...</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> Shall I let him in?</p> <p><i>Paul:</i> Would you mind, Marge. You seem to be the calmest among us.</p> <p><i>Marge:</i> I am not calm, believe me. That linctus will have gone through that undersheet straight into that mattress. [<i>As she goes.</i>] I don't know how I'm going to get it out, I don't.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> <p>50</p>
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	[<i>John and Paul are left.</i>]	
	[<i>Paul pacing. John jiggling.</i>]	
<i>Paul:</i>	Did you tell her?	
<i>John:</i>	Who?	
<i>Paul:</i>	Di.	55
<i>John:</i>	What about?	
<i>Paul:</i>	About Evelyn and me.	
<i>John:</i>	I didn't. Why should I? I mean, as we said, it was just one of those things, wasn't it?	
<i>Paul:</i>	Right.	60
<i>John:</i>	Wouldn't happen again.	
<i>Paul:</i>	Certainly wouldn't.	
<i>John:</i>	There you are. We'd settled it, hadn't we?	
<i>Paul:</i>	Did Evelyn tell Di?	
<i>John:</i>	I don't think so.	65
<i>Paul:</i>	Can't see why she would.	
<i>John:</i>	No reason at all. Just one of those things, wasn't it? I'm not bitter. It was a bit of a shock when she told me. But I'm not bitter.	
<i>Paul:</i>	Somebody told her ...	
	[<i>Marge ushers in Colin.</i>]	70

Colin could hardly have chosen a worse moment at which to arrive. How does Ayckbourn make that clear so amusingly?

- Or** **32** What do you think makes the title *Absent Friends* so ironic, considering the way Ayckbourn portrays the play's characters?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

- Or** **33** You are Paul. You are sitting upstairs after you have declared that you have no intention of greeting Colin.

Write your thoughts.

LIZ LOCHHEAD/GINA MOXLEY: *Cuba and Dog House*

- Either *34 *Barbara:* Did you not put that rinse through your hair?
Bernadette: Uh-huh! Did you not finish your toreadors?
Barbara: All right on Jackie Kennedy, but they'd never have suited me anyway.
Bernadette: Can't you notice it a little bit? 5
Barbara: It *is* nice and *shiny* ...
Bernadette: Look, I think it is just a rumour, about Mr Shaw and Miss Arthur. I hope it is only a rumour. For your sake.
Barbara: Is it stuff just a rumour. He *is* getting married to her. Myra Simpson's big sister works beside Miss Arthur's cousin, who's a Saturday girl in Timothy White's the Chemist, and she's a bridesmaid. I only hope Arthur has the decency to wear a long white frock, piano legs like hers. 10
Bernadette: She's got a nice face ...
Barbara: Up to a point. *Hellish* legs, you must admit it. 15
Bernadette: I mean, I like her.
Barbara: I like her. I *did* like her till she got her hooks in Mr Shaw.
Bernadette: She's a good teacher.
Barbara: He's a brilliant teacher.
Bernadette: Barbara, you are only saying that because you fancy him. 20
Barbara: I don't. You do.
Bernadette: I don't. Not really. Barbara, I did do until I knew you did and then I decided you could because you've more chance with him than I do –
Barbara: Bernadette, he's getting *married*. 25
Bernadette: – and you're my friend. Barbara, we can't go around fancying the same people as each other any more, it just doesn't work out. So, he's getting married, that's nothing to us. Married, not married, that's not in our universe. But two best friends, Barbara, two best friends in love with the same man, disaster. 30
Barbara: Can you do that, Bernadette? I don't think you can just decide about your feelings, that's not how it works.
Bernadette: Oh yes it is, that's exactly how it works. Feelings is a decision.
Barbara: I don't know ... And anyway, I don't see how it matters if we both fancy the same person. I mean, we both fancied Richard Chamberlain last year, when everybody in the class went on to Ben Casey. 35
Bernadette: That is totally different. Dr Kildare is a fictional character. But Mr Shaw is real.
Barbara: Listen, Bernadette. I love him, and why I love him is he's such a brilliant teacher. With nice eyes. 40
Bernadette: Whose pet are you.
Barbara: I am not.
Bernadette: You are. Teacher's pet. Mr Shaw's pet lamb that's always the top of the class. '*I derived great pleasure from reading this essay. Eighteen out of twenty.*' '*Barbara, would you read yours out loud?*' '*I wish some of you would take a leaf out of Barbara Proctor's book.*' Barbara Proctor this, Barbara – 45
Barbara: Look, drop it, will you, Berni? He's getting married.
Bernadette: Are you sad? 50
Barbara remains silent, fuming with exasperation.
 Tell you the truth, I'm sad he's getting married to Miss Arthur even though neither of the two of us has any chance anyway,

even you that is his favourite, but ... it's not the end of the world, you know.

Barbara: Don't Tell Me What Is And Isn't The End Of The World. [Pause.] Read my fortune.

Bernadette: I read your fortune on Wednesday. This is Saturday. You're supposed to give your future enough time to happen.

Barbara: I didn't like that future. I want a different future.

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Bernadette: It's bad luck!

Barbara: Get the book!

What features of the girls' friendship do you think are highlighted in this passage?

Support your ideas with detail from Lochhead's writing.

Or **35** What impression do you form of the adults portrayed in *Cuba*?

Support your ideas with detail from Lochhead's writing.

Or **36** You are Pats at the beginning of *Dog House* as you travel to your new house.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- Either *37 Chris: All right, all right, listen to me. [*Slight pause. Keller sits on settee.*] You know why I asked Annie here, don't you?
- Keller: [*He knows, but –*] Why?
- Chris: You know.
- Keller: Well, I got an idea, but – What's the story? 5
- Chris: I'm going to ask her to marry me. [*Slight pause.*]
[*Keller nods.*]
- Keller: Well, that's only your business, Chris.
- Chris: You know it's not only my business.
- Keller: What do you want me to do? You're old enough to know your own mind. 10
- Chris: [*Asking, annoyed*] Then it's all right, I'll go ahead with it?
- Keller: Well, you want to be sure Mother isn't going to –
- Chris: Then it isn't just my business.
- Keller: I'm just sayin' – 15
- Chris: Sometimes you infuriate me, you know that? Isn't it your business, too, if I tell this to Mother and she throws a fit about it? You have such a talent for ignoring things.
- Keller: I ignore what I gotta ignore. The girl is Larry's girl.
- Chris: She's not Larry's girl. 20
- Keller: From Mother's point of view he is not dead and you have no right to take his girl. [*Slight pause.*] Now you can go on from there if you know where to go, but I'm tellin' you I don't know where to go. See? I don't know. Now what can I do for you?
- Chris: I don't know why it is, but every time I reach out for something I want, I have to pull back because other people will suffer. My whole bloody life, time after time after time. 25
- Keller: You're a considerate fella, there's nothing wrong in that.
- Chris: To hell with that.
- Keller: Did you ask Annie yet? 30
- Chris: I wanted to get this settled first.
- Keller: How do you know she'll marry you? Maybe she feels the same way Mother does?
- Chris: Well, if she does, then that's the end of it. From her letters I think she's forgotten him. I'll find out. And then we'll thrash it out with Mother? Right? Dad, don't avoid me. 35
- Keller: The trouble is, you don't see enough women. You never did.
- Chris: So what? I'm not fast with women.
- Keller: I don't see why it has to be Annie.
- Chris: Because it is. 40
- Keller: That's a good answer, but it don't answer anything. You haven't seen her since you went to war. It's five years.
- Chris: I can't help it. I know her best. I was brought up next door to her. These years when I think of someone for my wife, I think of Annie. What do you want, a diagram? 45
- Keller: I don't want a diagram ... I – I'm – She thinks he's coming back, Chris. You marry that girl and you're pronouncing him dead. Now what's going to happen to Mother? Do you know? I don't! [*Pause.*]
- Chris: All right, then, Dad. 50
- Keller: [*Thinking Chris has retreated*] Give it some more thought.
- Chris: I've given it three years of thought. I'd hoped that if I waited, Mother would forget Larry and then we'd have a regular wedding and everything happy. But if that can't happen here

- then I'll have to get out.
- Keller:* What the hell is *this*?
- Chris:* I'll get out. I'll get married and live some place else. Maybe in New York.
- Keller:* Are you crazy?
- Chris:* I've been a good son too long, a good sucker. I'm through with it. 60
- Keller:* You've got a business here, what the hell is this?
- Chris:* The business! The business doesn't inspire me.
- Keller:* Must you be inspired?
- Chris:* Yes. I like it an hour a day. If I have to grub for money all day long at least at evening I want it beautiful. I want a family, I want some kids, I want to build something I can give myself to. Annie is in the middle of that. Now ... where do I find it? 65
- Keller:* You mean – [*Goes to him.*] Tell me something, you mean you'd leave the business? 70
- Chris:* Yes. On this I would.
- Keller:* [*After a pause*] Well ... you don't want to think like that.
- Chris:* Then help me stay here.
- Keller:* All right, but – but don't think like that. Because what the hell did I work for? That's only for you, Chris, the whole shootin' match is for you! 75
- Chris:* I know that, Dad. Just you help me stay here.
- Keller:* [*Putting a fist up to Chris's jaw*] But don't think that way, you hear me?
- Chris:* I am thinking that way. 80
- Keller:* [*Lowering his hand*] I don't understand you, do I?
- Chris:* No, you don't. I'm a pretty tough guy.
- Keller:* Yeah. I can see that.

Explore the differing attitudes of Chris and his father here. Which of the two do you think is the more convincing?

- Or 38** 'A devoted wife and mother.'
'A foolish, self-deceiving woman.'

Which of these descriptions is nearer to your view of Kate Keller?

Support your ideas with detail from Miller's writing.

- Or 39** You are Ann at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

Either	*40	<i>Maria:</i>	For the love o' God, peace!	
			<i>Enter Malvolio</i>	
		<i>Malvolio:</i>	My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?	5
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!	
		<i>Malvolio:</i>	Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.	10
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	<i>Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.</i>	15
		<i>Maria:</i>	Nay, good Sir Toby.	
		<i>Feste:</i>	<i>His eyes do show his days are almost done.</i>	
		<i>Malvolio:</i>	Is't even so?	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	<i>But I will never die.</i>	20
		<i>Feste:</i>	Sir Toby, there you lie.	
		<i>Malvolio:</i>	This is much credit to you.	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	<i>Shall I bid him go?</i>	
		<i>Feste:</i>	<i>What an if you do?</i>	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	<i>Shall I bid him go, and spare not?</i>	25
		<i>Feste:</i>	<i>O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.</i>	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Out o' time! Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?	
		<i>Feste:</i>	Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.	30
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!	
		<i>Malvolio:</i>	Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.	35
			<i>[Exit.]</i>	
		<i>Maria:</i>	Go shake your ears.	
		<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.	40
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.	
		<i>Maria:</i>	Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.	45
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.	
		<i>Maria:</i>	Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.	50
		<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.	
		<i>Sir Toby:</i>	What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?	
		<i>Sir Andrew:</i>	I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough	

Maria: The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

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In this passage, to what extent do you sympathise with the revellers and Maria, and to what extent with Malvolio?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

- Or** **41** It is often said that Shakespeare's plays move between the comic and the tragic in a moment. Do you think this is true of *Twelfth Night*?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

- Or** **42** You are Maria immediately after the baiting of Malvolio in prison. Sir Toby has said that he wants an end to the baiting.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

- Either *43 *Burgoyne*: Major Swindon, I presume.
Swindon: Yes. General Burgoyne, if I mistake not. [*They bow to one another ceremoniously.*] I am glad to have the support of your presence this morning. It is not particularly lively business, hanging this poor devil of a minister. 5
- Burgoyne*: [*throwing himself into Swindon's chair*] No, sir, it is not. It is making too much of the fellow to execute him: what more could you have done if he had been a member of the Church of England? Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like: it is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability. 10
 However, you have committed us to hanging him: and the sooner he is hanged the better.
- Swindon*: We have arranged it for 12 o'clock. Nothing remains to be done except to try him.
- Burgoyne*: [*looking at him with suppressed anger*] Nothing – except to save your own necks, perhaps. Have you heard the news from Springtown? 15
- Swindon*: Nothing special. The latest reports are satisfactory.
- Burgoyne*: [*rising in amazement*] Satisfactory, sir! Satisfactory!! [*He stares at him for a moment, and then adds, with grim intensity*] I am glad you take that view of them. 20
- Swindon*: [*puzzled*] Do I understand that in your opinion –
- Burgoyne*: I do not express my opinion. I never stoop to that habit of profane language which unfortunately coarsens our profession. If I did, sir, perhaps I should be able to express my opinion of the news from Springtown – the news which you [*severely*] have apparently not heard. How soon do you get news from your supports here? – in the course of a month, eh? 25
- Swindon*: [*turning sulky*] I suppose the reports have been taken to you, sir, instead of to me. Is there anything serious? 30
- Burgoyne*: [*taking a report from his pocket and holding it up*] Springtown's in the hands of the rebels. [*He throws the report on the table.*]
- Swindon*: [*aghast*] Since yesterday!
- Burgoyne*: Since two o'clock this morning. Perhaps we shall be in their hands before two o'clock tomorrow morning. Have you thought of that? 35
- Swindon*: [*confidently*] As to that, General, the British soldier will give a good account of himself.
- Burgoyne*: [*bitterly*] And therefore, I suppose, sir, the British officer need not know his business: the British soldier will get him out of all his blunders with the bayonet. In future, sir, I must ask you to be a little less generous with the blood of your men, and a little more generous with your own brains. 40
- Swindon*: I am sorry I cannot pretend to your intellectual eminence, sir. I can only do my best, and rely on the devotion of my countrymen. 45
- Burgoyne*: [*suddenly becoming suavely sarcastic*] May I ask are you writing a melodrama, Major Swindon?
- Swindon*: [*flushing*] No, sir.
- Burgoyne*: What a pity! What a pity! [*dropping his sarcastic tone and facing him suddenly and seriously*] Do you at all realize, sir, that we have nothing standing between us and destruction but our own bluff and the sheepishness of these colonists? They 50

are men of the same English stock as ourselves: six to one of us [*repeating it emphatically*] six to one, sir; and nearly half our troops are Hessians, Brunswickers, German dragoons, and Indians with scalping knives. These are the countrymen on whose devotion you rely! Suppose the colonists find a leader! Suppose the news from Springtown should turn out to mean that they have already found a leader! What shall we do then? Eh?

Swindon: [*sullenly*] Our duty, sir, I presume.

Burgoyne: [*again sarcastic – giving him up as a fool*] Quite so, quite so. Thank you, Major Swindon, thank you. Now you've settled the question, sir – thrown a flood of light on the situation. What a comfort to me to feel that I have at my side so devoted and able an officer to support me in this emergency! I think, sir, it will probably relieve both our feelings if we proceed to hang this dissenter without further delay.

How does Shaw make General Burgoyne's first appearance in the play so memorable?

Or 44 What do you think Shaw intends the audience to see in Dick Dudgeon which makes him a heroic figure?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

Or 45 You are Judith after the end of the play looking back on your actions in it.

Write your thoughts.

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