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International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

May/June 2008

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

Answer **four** questions.

Answer at least one question from each section.

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **32** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

Either *1 How do you think Ayckbourn makes this extract, towards the beginning of the play, so amusing? Support your ideas with details from the extract.

Jack: [a horrid thought] We're not meant to be going out?

Poppy: No, no.

Jack: Thank God for that. I don't want to see anyone else. Not today.

He goes into the hall.

5

Anita: [softly] Oh, dear, what a shame.

Tina: Sssh!

Poppy: Make us both a drink, will you?

Poppy hangs his coat up in the hall.

Jack: [calling back to her as he does so] I drove back past the factory this evening ...

10

Poppy: What's that?

Jack: On my way home just now I drove back past my new office. Do you know, I suddenly felt very excited.

He has returned to the kitchen doorway.

15

Poppy: I'm glad.

Jack: We're going to the stars with this one, darling, we really are. This is going to be the one.

Poppy: It will be if you have anything to do with it ...

Jack: [holding her] No, no. Not me. Us. You and me.

20

Poppy: [not really believing this] Yes.

They kiss.

Jack: Come on, what are you dressed up for, then?

Poppy: No reason. I just felt like it.

Jack: Trying to take my mind off my work, were you? Eh?

25

Poppy: [coyly aware of her audience next door] Don't be silly.

Jack: Sammy upstairs?

Poppy: No, she's out tonight.

Jack: Just us, is it?

Poppy: Yes. There's nobody here.

30

Jack: I see.

Poppy: Go on. Make us a drink.

Jack: [taking her hand and starting to lead her] First of all, follow me.

Poppy: Where are we going?

35

Jack: [heading for the stairs] Not far, I promise. Not far.

Poppy: [alarmed] Jack, no, we can't. Not now.

Jack: I fancy it right now, I don't mind saying ...

Anita: [sotto] Oh, my God ...

Poppy: No, we can't. Really, Jack.

40

Poppy pulls away from Jack and remains at the foot of the stairs. Jack continues to retreat upstairs.

- Jack: Come on.
 Poppy: No.
 Jack: [*more firmly*] Come on. 45
 Poppy: No. I'm going in here. [*Indicates the sitting room.*] I want a drink.
 Jack: Poppy ...
 Poppy: [*opening the door*] I'll be in here.
 Jack: Poppy, if I have to come down and fetch you ... 50
 Poppy: Bye-bye.

Poppy goes into the sitting room and closes the door. She crowds in with the rest of her guests.

- Jack: Poppy!
 Poppy: [*calling girlishly*] Woo-hoo! [*to the others*] I'm ever so sorry. 55
 This is so embarrassing.
 Tina: [*hissing*] Mum. What are you playing at?
 Poppy: It's the only way I can get him in here. [*calling*] Woo-hoo!
 Jack: I'm going to have to come in there and get you, Poppy ...
 Cliff: This'll be entertaining. 60
 Anita: It's all right, Poppy, we'll shut our eyes.
 Poppy: Sssshh!
 Jack: Poppy! If I have to come and fetch you, Poppy ... You know what that means, don't you? [*starting to take off his jacket*] It means rough trade. Rough. Rough. Poppy. [*Throws his jacket over the banisters and starts to descend, treading heavily.*] 65
 Right. Here come the Vikings. You hear him coming, Poppy? [*Takes off his tie and starts to unbutton his shirt.*] It's Erik the Hairy, coming for you.

Anita giggles. 70

- Roy: Eric the Who?
 Poppy: Oh God, I want to die. I really want to die.
 Jack: [*in a strange Norwegian accent*] Nordsky! Nordsky! Where she hidey-hole the little Angley-Sexey girl? Here he come, Hairy Erik with his meatey axey – 75

He opens the sitting room door, slowly reaching round for the light switch as he does so.

[*calling softly*] Angley-Sexey Girl! Come for a little pillage. Look who's here. Look who's here ... [*switching on the light*] Look who's ... Oh, for crying out loud! 80

Or 2 In what ways does Ayckbourn amusingly show how easy it is for decent people to become criminals?

Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 3 You are Jack at the end of the play.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

- Either *4** What makes this passage such a powerfully dramatic moment in the play?
- Bobo:* [to Ruth] This deal that me and Walter went into with Willy – Me and Willy was going to go down to Springfield and spread some money 'round so's we wouldn't have to wait so long for the liquor licence ... That's what we were going to do. Everybody said that was the way you had to do, you understand, Miss Ruth? 5
- Walter:* Man – what happened down there?
- Bobo:* [a pitiful man, near tears] I'm trying to tell you, Walter.
- Walter:* [screaming at him suddenly] THEN TELL ME, GODDAMMIT ... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? 10
- Bobo:* Man ... I didn't go to no Springfield, yesterday.
- Walter:* [halted, life hanging in the moment] Why not?
- Bobo:* [the long way, the hard way to tell] 'Cause I didn't have no reasons to ...
- Walter:* Man, what are you talking about? 15
- Bobo:* I'm talking about the fact that when I got to the train station yesterday morning – eight o'clock like we planned ... Man – *Willy didn't never show up.*
- Walter:* Why ... where was he ... where is he?
- Bobo:* That's what I'm trying to tell you ... I don't know ... I waited six hours ... I called his house ... and I waited ... six hours ... I waited in that train station six hours ... [Breaking into tears.] That was all the extra money I had in the world ... [Looking up at Walter with the tears running down his face.] Man, *Willy is gone.* 20
- Walter:* Gone, what you mean Willy is gone? Gone where? You mean he went by himself. You mean he went off to Springfield by himself – to take care of getting the licence – [Turns and looks anxiously at Ruth.] You mean maybe he didn't want too many people in on the business down there? [Looks to Ruth again, as before.] You know Willy got his own ways. [Looks back to Bobo.] Maybe you was late yesterday and he just went on down there without you. Maybe – maybe – he's been callin' you at home tryin' to tell you what happened or something. Maybe – maybe – he just got sick. He's somewhere – he's got to be somewhere. We just got to find him – me and you got to find him. [Grabs Bobo senselessly by the collar and starts to shake him.] We got to! 25
- Bobo:* [in sudden angry, frightened agony] What's the matter with you, Walter! *When a cat take off with your money he don't leave no maps!* 30
- Walter:* [turning madly, as though he is looking for Willy in the very room] Willy! ... Willy ... don't do it ... Please don't do it ... Man, not with that money ... Man, please, not with that money ... Oh, God ... Don't let it be true ... [He is wandering around, crying out for Willy and looking for him or perhaps for help from God.] Man ... I trusted you ... Man, I put my life in your hands ... [He starts to crumple down on the floor as Ruth just covers her face in horror. Mama opens the door and comes into the room, with Beneatha behind her.] Man ... [He starts to pound the floor with his fists, sobbing wildly.] *That money is made out of my father's flesh* 35
- 45
- 50

Bobo: [standing over him helplessly] I'm sorry, Walter ... [Only Walter's sobs reply. Bobo puts on his hat.] I had my life staked on this deal, too ...

Or 5 How does Hansberry make it clear to you that Asagai is a better partner for Beneatha than George is?

Support your answer with details from the play.

Or 6 You are Ruth. Mama has just told Walter that you are expecting another baby.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Either *7 How does Miller make you sympathise here with these two unhappily married people? Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

<i>Proctor:</i>	[wide-eyed] Oh, it is a black mischief.	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	I think you must go to Salem, John. [<i>He turns to her.</i>] I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>thinking beyond this</i>] Aye, it is, it is surely.	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	Let you go to Ezekiel Cheever – he knows you well. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle's house. She said it had naught to do with witchcraft, did she not?	5
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>in thought</i>] Aye, she did, she did. [<i>Now, a pause.</i>]	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>quietly, fearing to anger him by prodding</i>] God forbid you keep that from the court, John. I think they must be told.	10
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>quietly, struggling with his thought</i>] Aye, they must, they must. It is a wonder they do believe her.	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	I would go to Salem now John – let you go tonight.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	I'll think on it.	15
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>with her courage now</i>] You cannot keep it, John.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>angering</i>] I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>hurt, and very coldly</i>] Good, then, let you think on it. [<i>She stands and starts to walk out of the room.</i>]	
<i>Proctor:</i>	I am only wondering how I may prove what she told me, Elizabeth. If the girl's a saint now, I think it is not easy to prove she's fraud, and the town gone so silly. She told it to me in a room alone – I have no proof for it.	20
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	You were alone with her?	
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>stubbornly</i>] For a moment alone, aye.	25
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	Why, then, it is not as you told me.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>his anger rising</i>] For a moment, I say. The others come in soon after.	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>quietly – she has suddenly lost all faith in him</i>] Do as you wish, then. [<i>She starts to turn.</i>]	30
<i>Proctor:</i>	Woman. [<i>She turns to him.</i>] I'll not have your suspicion any more.	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>a little loftily</i>] I have no –	
<i>Proctor:</i>	I'll not have it!	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	Then let you not earn it.	35
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>with a violent undertone</i>] You doubt me yet?	
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	[<i>with a smile, to keep her dignity</i>] John, if it were not Abigail that you must go to hurt, would you falter now? I think not.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	Now look you –	40
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	I see what I see, John.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	[<i>with solemn warning</i>] You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look to your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and –	45
<i>Elizabeth:</i>	And I.	
<i>Proctor:</i>	Spare me! You forget nothin' and forgive nothin'. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven month since she is gone. I have not moved from there to these without I think to please you, and still on a questing	50

funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted, every moment judged for lies, as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

Elizabeth: John, you are not open with me. You saw her with a crowd, you said. Now you – 55

Proctor: I'll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: [*now she would justify herself*] John, I am only –

Proctor: No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and, like a Christian, I confessed. Confessed! Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day. But you're not, you're not, and let you remember it! Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not. 60

Elizabeth: I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John – [*with a smile*] – only somewhat bewildered. 65

Proctor: [*laughing bitterly*] Oh, Elizabeth, your justice would freeze beer!

Or 8 How does Miller make vivid the triumph of superstition over reason and common sense in Salem?

Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 9 You are Abigail as you make your escape from Salem.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

Either *10 What makes this such a striking opening to the play?

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando: As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam: Yonder comes my master, your brother.
Orlando: Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. *[Adam retires.]* 25
Oliver: Now, sir! what make you here?
Orlando: Nothing; I am not taught to make any thing.
Oliver: What mar you then, sir?
Orlando: Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness. 30
Oliver: Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought awhile.
Orlando: Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
Oliver: Know you where you are, sir? 35
Orlando: O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.
Oliver: Know you before whom, sir?
Orlando: Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence. 40
Oliver: What, boy! *[Strikes him.]* 45
Orlando: Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.
Oliver: Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?
Orlando: I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois

Or 11 How does Shakespeare make Rosalind such an attractive heroine?
Support your answer by close reference to the play.

Or 12 You are Duke Senior at the end of the play, reflecting on your time in the Forest.
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Either *13 In this extract how does Shakespeare make the horror of this scene so memorable for you?

<i>Macbeth:</i>	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	I heard the owl scream and the cricket's cry. Did not you speak?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	When?	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Now.	5
<i>Macbeth:</i>	As I descended?	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Ay.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Hark! Who lies i'the second chamber?	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Donalbain.	10
<i>Macbeth:</i>	This is a sorry sight. [<i>Looking on his hands</i>]	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!' That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them; But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.	15
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	There are two lodg'd together.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	One cried 'God bless us', and 'Amen' the other, As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. List'ning their fear, I could not say 'Amen' When they did say 'God bless us.'	20
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Consider it not so deeply.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'? I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' Stuck in my throat.	25
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	These deeds must not be thought After these ways: so, it will make us mad.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more; Macbeth does murder sleep' – the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.	30
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	What do you mean?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Still it cried 'Sleep no more' to all the house; 'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more – Macbeth shall sleep no more.'	35
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.	40
<i>Macbeth:</i>	I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.	45
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed	50

	I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Whence is that knocking? How is't with me, when every noise appals me? What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes! Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.	55
	[Re-enter Lady Macbeth.]	60
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	My hands are of your colour; but I shame To wear a heart so white. [Knock] I hear a knocking At the south entry; retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed. How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended. [Knock] Hark! more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.	65
<i>Macbeth:</i>	To know my deed 'twere best not know myself. [Knock. Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exeunt.]	70

Or 14 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes Macbeth's brutality as a king so terrifying.

Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 15 You are Lady Macbeth just after the banquet has come to such a disastrous end. You are now alone.

Write your thoughts.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Either *16 What does Williams make you feel about Blanche in this extract?

Blanche: I'll tell you what I want. Magic! [*Mitch laughs.*] Yes, yes, magic! I try to give that to people. I misrepresent things to them. I don't tell the truth. I tell what *ought* to be truth. And if that is sinful, then let me be damned for it! – *Don't turn the light on!* 5

[*Mitch crosses to the switch. He turns the light on and stares at her. She cries out and covers her face. He turns the light off again.*]

Mitch: [*slowly and bitterly*] I don't mind you being older than what I thought. But all the rest of it – God! That pitch about your ideals being so old-fashioned and all the malarkey that you've dished out all summer. Oh, I knew you weren't sixteen any more. But I was a fool enough to believe you was straight. 10

Blanche: Who told you I wasn't – 'straight'? My loving brother-in-law. And you believed him. 15

Mitch: I called him a liar at first. And then I checked on the story. First I asked our supply-man who travels through Laurel. And then I talked directly over long-distance to this merchant.

Blanche: Who is the merchant?

Mitch: Kiefaber. 20

Blanche: The merchant Kiefaber of Laurel! I know the man. He whistled at me. I put him in his place. So now for revenge he makes up stories about me.

Mitch: Three people, Kiefaber, Stanley, and Shaw, swore to them!

Blanche: Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub! And such a filthy tub! 25

Mitch: Didn't you stay at a hotel called The Flamingo?

Blanche: Flamingo? No! Tarantula was the name of it! I stayed at a hotel called The Tarantula Arms!

Mitch: [*stupidly*] Tarantula?

Blanche: Yes, a big spider! That's where I brought my victims. [*She pours herself another drink.*] Yes, I had many intimacies with strangers. After the death of Allan – intimacies with strangers was all I seemed able to fill my empty heart with ... I think it was panic, just panic, that drove me from one to another, hunting for some protection – here and there, in the most – unlikely places – even, at last, in a seventeen-year-old boy but – somebody wrote the superintendent about it – 'This woman is morally unfit for her position!' 30

[*She throws back her head with convulsive, sobbing laughter. Then she repeats the statement, gasps, and drinks.*] 40

True? Yes, I suppose – unfit somehow – anyway ... So I came here. There was nowhere else I could go. I was played out. You know what played out is? My youth was suddenly gone up the water-spout, and – I met you. You said you needed somebody. Well, I needed somebody, too. I thanked God for you, because you seemed to be gentle – a cleft in the rock of the world that I could hide in! The poor man's Paradise – is a little piece ... But I guess I was asking for it, too much! 45

Kiefaber, Stanley, and Shaw have tied an old tin can to the tail of the kite.

[*There is a pause. Mitch stares at her dumbly.*]

Mitch: You lied to me, Blanche.

Blanche: Don't say I lied to you.

Mitch: Lies, lies, inside and out, all lies.

Blanche: Never inside, I didn't lie in my heart ...

55

- Or** **17** *A loving and loyal wife*
 A weak woman, easily led and naive

How far do you think **both** these descriptions apply to Stella?

Refer to details in the play in your answer.

- Or** **18** You are Stanley, the day after hearing Blanche refer to you as acting 'like an animal', 'a survivor of the Stone Age', and 'sub-human'.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: The University of Cambridge International Examinations Anthology
of Poetry in English – from Section 3**

- Either *19** In the following poem, how do you think the poet's words make this man such a moving figure?

Farmhand

You will see him light a cigarette
At the hall door careless, leaning his back
Against the wall, or telling some new joke
To a friend, or looking out into the secret night.

But always his eyes turn 5
To the dance floor and the girls drifting like flowers
Before the music that tears
Slowly in his mind an old wound open.

His red sunburnt face and hairy hands 10
Were not made for dancing or love-making
But rather the earth wave breaking
To the plough, and crops slow-growing as his mind.

He has no girl to run her fingers through 15
His sandy hair, and giggle at his side
When Sunday couples walk. Instead
He has his awkward hopes, his envious dreams to yarn to.

But ah in harvest watch him 20
Forking stooks, effortless and strong –
Or listening like a lover to the song
Clear, without fault, of a new tractor engine.

(by James K. Baxter)

- Or 20** Explore the ways in which the poet vividly conveys a child's experiences in **either** *Rising Five* (by Norman Nicholson) **or** *Little Boy Crying* (by Mervyn Morris).
- Or 21** Explore some of the descriptions which you find particularly effective in *Carpet Weavers, Morocco* (by Carol Rumens) **and** *Muliebrity* (by Sujata Bhatt).

JOHN KEATS: *Poems*

- Either** *22 Explore the ways in which Keats brings to life for you the figures on the Grecian Urn, using the following stanzas:

1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape 5
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? 10

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 15
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal – yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love! 25
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30

- Or** 23 Show how, in the extract from *Endymion*, Keats finds beauty in the world.

- Or** 24 Explore Keats's presentation of melancholy in his *Ode on Melancholy*.

SECTION C: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- Either *25 Explore how in this passage Achebe strikingly portrays the power which the spirit world has over the lives of the Ibo people.

It was a great funeral, such as befitted a noble warrior. As the evening drew near, the shouting and the firing of guns, the beating of drums and the brandishing and clanging of matchets increased.

Ezeudu had taken three titles in his life. It was a rare achievement. There were only four titles in the clan, and only one or two men in any generation ever achieved the fourth and highest. When they did, they became the lords of the land. Because he had taken titles, Ezeudu was to be buried after dark with only a glowing brand to light the sacred ceremony. 5

But before this quiet and final rite, the tumult increased tenfold. Drums beat violently and men leaped up and down in frenzy. Guns were fired on all sides and sparks flew out as matchets clanged together in warriors' salutes. The air was full of dust and the smell of gunpowder. It was then that the one-handed spirit came, carrying a basket full of water. People made way for him on all sides and the noise subsided. Even the smell of gunpowder was swallowed in the sickly smell that now filled the air. He danced a few steps to the funeral drums and then went to see the corpse. 10 15

'Ezeudu!' he called in his guttural voice. 'If you had been poor in your last life I would have asked you to be rich when you come again. But you were rich. If you had been a coward, I would have asked you to bring courage. But you were a fearless warrior. If you had died young, I would have asked you to get life. But you lived long. So I shall ask you to come again the way you came before. If your death was the death of nature, go in peace. But if a man caused it, do not allow him a moment's rest.' He danced a few more steps and went away. 20 25

The drums and the dancing began again and reached fever-heat. Darkness was around the corner, and the burial was near. Guns fired the last salute and the cannon rent the sky. And then from the centre of the delirious fury came a cry of agony and shouts of horror. It was as if a spell had been cast. All was silent. In the centre of the crowd a boy lay in a pool of blood. It was the dead man's sixteen-year-old son, who with his brothers and half-brothers had been dancing the traditional farewell to their father. Okonkwo's gun had exploded and a piece of iron had pierced the boy's heart. 30

The confusion that followed was without parallel in the tradition of Umuofia. Violent deaths were frequent, but nothing like this had ever happened. 35

The only course open to Okonkwo was to flee from the clan. It was a crime against the earth goddess to kill a clansman, and a man who committed it must flee from the land. The crime was of two kinds, male and female. Okonkwo had committed the female, because it had been inadvertent. He could return to the clan after seven years. 40

That night he collected his most valuable belongings into headloads. His wives wept bitterly and their children wept with them without knowing why. Obierika and half a dozen other friends came to help and to console him. They each made nine or ten trips carrying Okonkwo's yams to store in Obierika's barn. And before the cock crowed Okonkwo and his family 45

were fleeing to his motherland. It was a little village called Mbanta, just beyond the borders of Mbaino.

As soon as the day broke, a large crowd of men from Ezeudu's quarter stormed Okonkwo's compound, dressed in garbs of war. They set fire to his houses, demolished his red walls, killed his animals and destroyed his barn. It was the justice of the earth goddess, and they were merely her messengers. They had no hatred in their hearts against Okonkwo. His greatest friend, Obierika, was among them. They were merely cleansing the land which Okonkwo had polluted with the blood of a clansman.

Obierika was a man who thought about things. When the will of the goddess had been done, he sat down in his *obi* and mourned his friend's calamity. Why should a man suffer so grievously for an offence he had committed inadvertently? But although he thought for a long time he found no answer. He was merely led into greater complexities. He remembered his wife's twin children whom he had thrown away. What crime had they committed? The Earth had decreed that they were an offence on the land and must be destroyed. And if the clan did not exact punishment for an offence against the great goddess, her wrath was loosed on all the land and not just on the offender. As the elders said, if one finger brought oil it soiled the others.

- Or **26** What does Achebe make you feel about the customs of family life in the clan?
Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or **27** You are Okonkwo, the night after Ikemefuna has been killed.
Write your thoughts.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

Either *28 How would you say this passage reflects the pride and prejudices of both Elizabeth and Mr Darcy?

‘And this,’ cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, ‘is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps,’ added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, ‘these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I with greater policy concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by every thing. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations, whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?’

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,

‘You are mistaken, Mr Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner.’

She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued, ‘You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it.’

Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.

‘From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain for the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry.’

‘You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness.’

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and from actual weakness sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment, as she reflected on what had passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr Darcy! that he should have been in love with her for so many months! so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend’s marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case; was almost incredible! it was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the

towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.

She continued in very agitating reflections till the sound of Lady Catherine's carriage made her feel how unequal she was to encounter Charlotte's observation, and hurried her away to her room.

- Or 29** What do you think makes Elizabeth Bennet such an attractive heroine?
Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or 30** You are Lydia as you approach Longbourn with Wickham, your new husband.
Write your thoughts.

IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

- Either *31** Explore how this passage conveys the horror of Jimmy's life in the Sullivan household and suggests that something dreadful is about to occur.

'I've forgotten to wash my hands,' I said, turning back and going out of the kitchen. I was afraid that I would have one of my queer turns in front of them. I don't suppose there was any danger, really, but I went to the bathroom and washed myself with hot water, said a Hail Mary, and sang 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' as I dried myself, as a precaution. 5

Dad heard me singing, because he started up on the same song himself, and kept it up until I got back.

'That's a great old song you're trying to sing, Jimmy, and I'm glad you are so happy to sing a great old song like that. Why are you singing, eh?' 10

Mum put the plates on the table as he was talking, gave a hiss like a railway engine blowing off steam, and then glared at him. She didn't say a word. That did it for me. Suddenly everything inside me, inside my head and my body, just lay down. It was as though what was me had been held up by a piece of string which had snapped and let me fall. It was a wonderful feeling, honestly; a little like the way you get when you are in a hot bath too long. I couldn't even care or worry if I tried; if a pin had been stuck into me, I probably wouldn't have felt it. 15

'I was singing because I was singing, I suppose,' I said to Dad.

He sat up in his chair and pulled it over to his place at the table. 'You are happy, Jimmy, old boy, old boy. That's why you sing, because you are happy. Your old Dad has made you happy with that bike, and don't you worry, your old Dad is going to do lots of things for you, old son, old son. He's going to see you get the chance he didn't have, and he's going to see you don't get the rotten luck he had. You can't keep a Sullivan down, because they didn't really lick your old man, no sir. They just gave him rotten luck and smashed him up and tied him to a she-devil. They didn't lick him, by God no. They held him down and they'll have to keep holding me down, but he'll not give in, no sir. They'll have to hold him down till the day he dies. And by God I bet they do hold him down, not giving him a chance.' 20 25 30

I shovelled my stew down, not bothering to look up. I was on one side of the table, Mum was on the other side, and Dad sat at the top talking his head off. As though it was somebody else, and nothing to do with me, I felt Mum getting boiling mad. I felt it, yet I didn't care. Except for the time she was at the stove, I hadn't even looked at her, and I wasn't going to either. 35

'Sure I take a few drinks, son,' Dad said. 'I take a few drinks and I can hold my drinks, as I've been around and no gentleman ever gets so drunk he can't control himself, so you never have to be ashamed of me, not in your sweet life you don't. You don't have to be ashamed of me. Don't I see that you get what you need, and a good bike that is, too, as good as any boy your age in this town or anywhere in the country? By God I can still see that my son gets a fair deal. They can't stop me from doing that, no, sir, and I'll see that you don't get tied up with the wrong kind of woman if it is the last thing I do. There are lots of ignorant slobes of women waiting to get their clutches on you and when they do they turn their filthy backs on you and what you do is give them a boot in their backsides if you are a man, and you will be a man because you are a Sullivan.' 40 45

I kept scooping the food into my mouth, staring hard at the stuff as it came up to my mouth on the fork, and when Mum whispered 'If you 50

don't stop that I'll kill you,' I wasn't even surprised; it was as though I had heard her say it before she actually spoke.

Dad's voice was still as clear as a bell, except that it seemed to have faded, and he said, 'I'm talking to my son, woman, so you keep your mouth shut.'

55

Mum said something else that I didn't quite hear; then Dad whispered again from a long way away. I tried to jiggle my brain along so that I could hear them, but the effort was too much. I was tired out, and instead of not being able to keep my eyes open, the way it usually is when you are that far gone, I couldn't keep my ears listening. Their voices were there, yet they sounded so light that as soon as they reached me they were gone before I could actually hear the words. A sort of happiness filled me up, the way it does when you are three-quarters asleep, warm in bed, and drifting around all over the place as though you are floating. All I could see, too, was my plate, and my knife and fork in my hands, silently moving. I dropped my knife without a sound and shifted the fork over to my right hand and scooped the last of the stew into my mouth. I could see the thin crack on the plate, and I stared at it till it wriggled. I took a deep breath and looked up, and I think I said, 'I'm tired now and I want to go to bed.' That's what I meant to say, and my lips moved and my voice must have sounded, yet the words were swallowed up into thin air.

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- Or** **32** Though much in this novel is tragic, Cross often makes us laugh. Explore in detail **two** episodes which you find amusing, saying why you find them so.
- Or** **33** You are Molly on your visit home just before the tragedy. You are described by Jimmy as 'flopped out on the floor' looking 'so terribly sad'.

Write your thoughts.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

- Either *34 Explore the ways in which Dunmore in this extract suggests what the two women are feeling when meeting one another again.

The creak of the gate flushes out a pair of woodpigeons from the birch-scrub. The birds go up, clattering their wings, and then settle again on a branch way up above Anna's head. Prr-coo, they say, prr-coo, as they smooth away the noise she's made. The path is so narrow that she'd be better off leaving her bike here, just inside the wall where it can't be seen. 5

Anna is prickling with excitement now. In a few minutes she'll be at the dacha. Marina Petrovna will be in front of her.

Anna has studied a dozen photographs, trying to become objective, trying to separate the woman she is going to draw from the woman who was her parents' friend. Her father's friend. There she stands, in a pale dress, beside a chair where her father sits. Here, she is in trousers, crouched over a pail of berries, looking up. The sun must be bright, because she's shielding her eyes. Anna's father is slightly out of focus, behind her. He looks young. Another photograph shows Vera and Marina Petrovna together, side by side. But Vera seems to be pulling away, as if she'll be gone as soon as the shutter clicks. These photographs, with many others, are pasted into her father's scrapbooks. He ought to get rid of them. 10 15

A bramble snags on Anna's arm. The path is overgrown, and the trees are loaded with ivy and wild clematis. Anna treads softly, as if someone is listening. In the green rankness of the trees she catches shadows making faces. The path turns, and turns again. She might go on like this for ever, making her way soundlessly towards the house on this perfect summer morning. She might never reach it at all. 20 25

After weeks or months, someone might find her bike with its tyres sagging into the dust. But not a trace of Anna anywhere. Not a note, not a bone, not a scrap of her clothing. Like all those others. Anna glances down at the crumpled sheet of instructions. *Follow the path to a second gate ...* 30

The second gate. Even more ramshackle than the first, this one is hanging off its hinges. Briars have closed around it. She steps over the gap.

There is more light coming through the trees. Fir gives way to birch. There is rowan, and cherry. Sun streams between the tree-trunks, on to last year's fallen, skeletal leaves. There is an acrid smell of fox. 35

Anna stops. So far she's been heading uphill, but from here tracks spill in all directions. Some of them are animal tracks.

Surely there must be an easier way to the dacha. Perhaps she's testing you. Marina Petrovna's face rises in Anna's mind. The sweep of her eyelids, the lift of her cheekbones, the downward glance. Her beauty is cool, not warm. Black hair, dark eyes, pale skin. She is said to have had a Tartar grandfather. 40

They could slam that head against a cell wall. They might still. Think of what happened to Professor Kozlovsky. They let him out but he'd gone crazy. He couldn't give lectures any more. 45

Now the trees are thinning. The path must be coming out on top of the hill. Yes. Yes. A clearing, a thicket of lilacs, and through them the grey, quiet bulk of Berezovskaya's dacha.

Anna slips through the lilacs. A verandah runs the length of the house. There's a door, and it's half open. She's expected. 50

Marina Petrovna is dressed in a cream-coloured wrapper, as if she's just finished taking off her stage make-up at the end of a play. She is smoking nervously.

'Anna,' she says, taking Anna's hands, searching her face as if for something she recognizes. She's too close, and the smell of her perfume makes Anna uneasy. 'I've been waiting for you.'

55

'I'm not late, am I?'

'No, you're not late. But I don't see many people. It's always a shock, so I prepare myself.'

60

The hand which holds the cigarette is trembling slightly. Her skin has a parchment look, and her curly black hair is greying.

'I know, I'm looking older. Country air is supposed to be good for you, but I'm not so sure.' She smiles, and takes another drag at her cigarette, half-closing her eyes. 'And you've grown up, Anna. I can still call you Anna, can't I?'

65

'Of course you can.'

'You must have been fifteen or sixteen when I last saw you.'

'Sixteen. I'm twenty-three now.'

'And your father tells me you work as a nursery teacher.'

70

'I'm not qualified to teach. I'm an assistant, that's all.'

'But you draw. I've seen your work. It's good.'

'I'm an amateur. I've no training.'

'You've come, that's what matters.' Her voice is exactly as Anna remembers it. 'Come and see the house, and then you can decide where you want to draw me.'

75

- Or 35** What do you think makes Evgenia such a striking and significant character in the novel?

Support your ideas with details from Dunmore's writing.

- Or 36** You are Anna at the end of the novel as you walk silently with Andrei and Kolya in the May sunshine.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either *37 What, for you, makes this a powerful ending to the novel?

The officer grinned cheerfully at Ralph.	
‘We saw your smoke. What have you been doing? Having a war or something?’	
Ralph nodded.	
The officer inspected the little scarecrow in front of him. The kid needed a bath, a hair-cut, a nose-wipe and a good deal of ointment.	5
‘Nobody killed, I hope? Any dead bodies?’	
‘Only two. And they’ve gone.’	
The officer leaned down and looked closely at Ralph.	
‘Two? Killed?’	10
Ralph nodded again. Behind him, the whole island was shuddering with flame. The officer knew, as a rule, when people were telling the truth. He whistled softly.	
Other boys were appearing now, tiny tots some of them, brown, with the distended bellies of small savages. One of them came close to the officer and looked up.	15
‘I’m, I’m –’	
But there was no more to come. Percival Wemys Madison sought in his head for an incantation that had faded clean away.	
The officer turned back to Ralph.	20
‘We’ll take you off. How many of you are there?’	
Ralph shook his head. The officer looked past him to the group of painted boys.	
‘Who’s boss here?’	
‘I am,’ said Ralph loudly.	25
A little boy who wore the remains of an extraordinary black cap on his red hair and who carried the remains of a pair of spectacles at his waist, started forward, then changed his mind and stood still.	
‘We saw your smoke. And you don’t know how many of you there are?’	30
‘No, sir.’	
‘I should have thought,’ said the officer as he visualized the search before him, ‘I should have thought that a pack of British boys – you’re all British aren’t you? – would have been able to put up a better show than that – I mean –’	35
‘It was like that at first,’ said Ralph, ‘before things –’	
He stopped.	
‘We were together then –’	
The officer nodded helpfully.	
‘I know. Jolly good show. Like the Coral Island.’	40
Ralph looked at him dumbly. For a moment he had a fleeting picture of the strange glamour that had once invested the beaches. But the island was scorched up like dead wood – Simon was dead – and Jack had ... The tears began to flow and sobs shook him. He gave himself up to them now for the first time on the island; great, shuddering spasms of grief that seemed to wrench his whole body. His voice rose under the black smoke before the burning wreckage of the island; and infected by that emotion, the other little boys began to shake and sob too. And in the middle of them, with filthy body, matted hair, and unwiped nose, Ralph wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man’s heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy.	45
The officer, surrounded by these voices, was moved and a little	50

embarrassed. He turned away to give them time to pull themselves together; and waited, allowing his eyes to rest on the trim cruiser in the distance.

- Or **38** Explore in detail how Golding makes the violence and brutality that the boys are capable of particularly frightening in any **one** incident in the novel.
- Or **39** You are Jack. You have just heard the littluns describing the 'twisty things in the trees' and talking about their fears of the beast.

Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

Either *40 Explore how Hardy's writing in this extract makes this such a tense and dramatic moment.

Alas for her resolve! She felt she could not do it. Not for worlds now could she give a hint about her misery to him, much less ask him plainly for information on the cause of Fanny's death. She must suspect, and guess, and chafe, and bear it all alone.

Like a homeless wanderer she lingered by the bank, as if lulled and fascinated by the atmosphere of content which seemed to spread from that little dwelling, and was so sadly lacking in her own. Gabriel appeared in an upper room, placed his light in the window-bench, and then – knelt down to pray. The contrast of the picture with her rebellious and agitated existence at this same time was too much for her to bear to look upon longer. It was not for her to make a truce with trouble by any such means. She must tread her giddy distracting measure to its last note, as she had begun it. With a swollen heart she went again up the lane, and entered her own door. 5

More fevered now by a reaction from the first feelings which Oak's example had raised in her, she paused in the hall, looking at the door of the room wherein Fanny lay. She locked her fingers, threw back her head, and strained her hot hands rigidly across her forehead, saying, with a hysterical sob, 'Would to God you would speak and tell me your secret, Fanny! ... O, I hope, hope it is not true that there are two of you! ... If I could only look in upon you for one little minute, I should know all!' 15

A few moments passed, and she added, slowly, '*And I will.*'

Bathsheba in after times could never gauge the mood which carried her through the actions following this murmured resolution on this memorable evening of her life. She went to the lumber-closet for a screw-driver. At the end of a short though undefined time she found herself in the small room, quivering with emotion, a mist before her eyes, and an excruciating pulsation in her brain, standing beside the uncovered coffin of the girl whose conjectured end had so entirely engrossed her, and saying to herself in a husky voice as she gazed within – 25

'It was best to know the worst, and I know it now!'

She was conscious of having brought about this situation by a series of actions done as by one in an extravagant dream; of following that idea as to method, which had burst upon her in the hall with glaring obviousness, by gliding to the top of the stairs, assuring herself by listening to the heavy breathing of her maids that they were asleep, gliding down again, turning the handle of the door within which the young girl lay, and deliberately setting herself to do what, if she had anticipated any such undertaking at night and alone, would have horrified her, but which, when done, was not so dreadful as was the conclusive proof of her husband's conduct which came with knowing beyond doubt the last chapter of Fanny's story. 30

Bathsheba's head sank upon her bosom, and the breath which had been bated in suspense, curiosity, and interest, was exhaled now in the form of a whispered wail: 'Oh-h-h!' she said, and the silent room added length to her moan. 35

45

Or 41 *Foolish and stubborn*
Decent and considerate

How far do you think **both** these descriptions apply to Farmer Boldwood?

Refer in detail to the novel in your answer.

Or 42 You are Sergeant Troy thinking later in the day about your meeting with Fanny Robin, when, greatly distressed, she enquired about the Casterbridge-Union house.

Write your thoughts.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Either *43 What does Lee make you think about Miss Maudie in this extract?

Miss Maudie settled her bridgework. 'You know old Mr Radley was a foot-washing Baptist –'

'That's what you are, ain't it?'

'My shell's not that hard, child. I'm just a Baptist.'

'Don't you all believe in foot-washing?'

5

'We do. At home in the bathtub.'

'But we can't have communion with you all –'

Apparently deciding that it was easier to define primitive baptistry than closed communion, Miss Maudie said: 'Foot-washers believe anything that's pleasure is a sin. Did you know some of 'em came out of the woods one Saturday and passed by this place and told me me and my flowers were going to hell?'

10

'Your flowers, too?'

'Yes ma'am. They'd burn right with me. They thought I spent too much time in God's outdoors and not enough time inside the house reading the Bible.'

15

My confidence in pulpit Gospel lessened at the vision of Miss Maudie stewing for ever in various Protestant hells. True enough, she had an acid tongue in her head, and she did not go about the neighbourhood doing good, as did Miss Stephanie Crawford. But while no one with a grain of sense trusted Miss Stephanie, Jem and I had considerable faith in Miss Maudie. She had never told on us, had never played cat-and-mouse with us, she was not at all interested in our private lives. She was our friend. How so reasonable a creature could live in peril of everlasting torment was incomprehensible.

20

25

'That ain't right, Miss Maudie. You're the best lady I know.'

Miss Maudie grinned. 'Thank you ma'am. Thing is, foot-washers think women are a sin by definition. They take the bible literally, you know.'

'Is that why Mr Arthur stays in the house, to keep away from women?'

30

'I've no idea.'

'It doesn't make sense to me. Looks like if Mr Arthur was hankerin' after heaven he'd come out on the porch at least. Atticus says God's loving folks like you love yourself –'

35

Miss Maudie stopped rocking, and her voice hardened. 'You are too young to understand it,' she said, 'but sometimes the Bible in the hand of one man is worse than a whisky bottle in the hand of – oh, of your father.'

I was shocked. 'Atticus doesn't drink whisky,' I said. 'He never drunk a drop in his life – nome, yes he did. He said he drank some one time and didn't like it.'

40

Miss Maudie laughed. 'Wasn't talking about your father,' she said. 'What I meant was, if Atticus Finch drank until he was drunk he wouldn't be as hard as some men are at their best. There are just some kind of men who – who're so busy worrying about the next world they've never learned to live in this one, and you can look down the street and see the results.'

45

Or 44 Explore the relationship between Calpurnia and the two children, showing how she has such confidence in her.

Refer to details in the novel in your answer.

Or 45 You are Atticus, on your way to the opening day of the trial of Tom Robinson.

Write your thoughts.

BARRIE WADE, ed.: *Into the Wind: Contemporary Stories in English*

- Either *46** Explore how Lessing, in this passage from 'Flight', vividly portrays the different characters and their relationships with one another.

'Waiting for Steven, hey?' he said, his fingers curling like claws into his palm.

'Any objection?' she asked lightly, refusing to look at him.

He confronted her, his eyes narrowed, shoulders hunched, tight in a hard knot of pain which included the preening birds, the sunlight, the flowers. He said: 'Think you're old enough to go courting, hey?' 5

The girl tossed her head at the old-fashioned phrase and sulked, 'Oh, Grandad!'

'Think you want to leave home, hey? Think you can go running around the fields at night?' 10

Her smile made him see her, as he had every evening of this warm end-of-summer month, swinging hand in hand along the road to the village with that red-handed, red-throated, violent-bodied youth, the son of the postmaster. Misery went to his head and he shouted angrily: 'I'll tell your mother!' 15

'Tell away!' she said, laughing, and went back to the gate.

He heard her singing, for him to hear:

'I've got you under my skin,

'I've got you deep in the heart of ...'

'Rubbish,' he shouted. 'Rubbish. Impudent little bit of rubbish!' 20

Growling under his breath he turned towards the dovecote, which was his refuge from the house he shared with his daughter and her husband and their children. But now the house would be empty. Gone all the young girls with their laughter and their squabbling and their teasing. He would be left; uncherished and alone, with that square-fronted, calm-eyed woman, his daughter. 25

He stooped, muttering, before the dovecote, resenting the absorbed cooing birds.

From the gate the girl shouted: 'Go and tell! Go on, what are you waiting for?' 30

Obstinately he made his way to the house, with quick, pathetic persistent glances of appeal back at her. But she never looked around. Her defiant but anxious young body stung him into love and repentance. He stopped. 'But I never meant ...' He muttered, waiting for her to turn and run to him. 'I didn't mean ...' 35

She did not turn. She had forgotten him. Along the road came the young man Steven, with something in his hand. A present for her? The old man stiffened as he watched the gate swing back, and the couple embrace. In the brittle shadows of the frangipani tree his granddaughter, his darling, lay in the arms of the postmaster's son, and her hair flowed back over his shoulder. 40

'I see you!' shouted the old man spitefully. They did not move. He stumped into the little whitewashed house, hearing the wooden veranda creak angrily under his feet. His daughter was sewing in the front room, threading a needle held to the light. 45

He stopped again, looking back into the garden. The couple were now sauntering among the bushes, laughing. As he watched he saw the girl escape from the youth with a sudden mischievous movement, and run off through the flowers with him in pursuit. He heard shouts, laughter, a scream, silence. 50

'But it's not like that at all,' he muttered miserably. 'It's not like that'

Why can't you see? Running and giggling, and kissing and kissing. You'll come to something quite different.'

He looked at his daughter with sardonic hatred, hating himself. They were caught and finished, both of them, but the girl was still running free. 55

'Can't you see?' he demanded of his invisible granddaughter, who was at that moment lying in the thick green grass with the postmaster's son.

His daughter looked at him and her eyebrows went up in tired forbearance. 60

'Put your birds to bed?' she asked, humouring him.

'Lucy,' he said urgently. 'Lucy ...'

'Well, what is it now?'

'She's in the garden with Steven.'

'Now you just sit down and have your tea.' 65

He stumped his feet alternatively, thump, thump, on the hollow wooden floor and shouted: 'She'll marry him. I'm telling you, she'll be marrying him next!'

His daughter rose swiftly, brought him a cup, set him a plate. 70

Or 47 Choose **two** moments, each from a **different** short story, where you are amused by a character's misunderstanding of a situation, and show how the writing makes you amused.

Or 48 You are a Man Called Horse at the end of the story. You are on your way home to Boston.

Write your thoughts.

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