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International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/04

Paper 4

October/November 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.

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/empathic question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

* 6 6 2 3 7 5 3 9 4 9 *

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SECTION A: DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *A Small Family Business*

Either *1 In this extract what makes the characters' actions and attitudes shocking and at the same time very funny? Support your ideas with details from the passage.

SAMANTHA *enters the bathroom and surveys the scene in amazement.*

Samantha: What are you doing?

Poppy: Sammy, will you please help us ...

Tina: Sammy, for Christ's sake ... He's trying to kill us.

Samantha: Oh, it's you, is it? Sodding pukeface ... *(Leaps in vigorously.)*
Right ...

5

Benedict: Hey! Hey! Gladys ...

Under the weight of this latest assault, BENEDICT topples backwards into the bath and out of sight. There is a sharp cry and a terrible thud. TINA and POPPY cease the struggle. POPPY recoils holding the nearly empty briefcase. TINA slides back on to the floor, exhausted. SAMANTHA continues her onslaught.

10

Poppy: Sammy! Sammy! That'll do! That'll do!

Tina (with a yell): Sammy!

SAMANTHA *stops. Out of breath. She sits with the others on the floor. One gathers she was in a fairly dazed state when she started. A silence.*

15

(panting) My God. Will you look at all this money?

Samantha: Where's it come from?

Poppy: It's your Dad's ...

20

Samantha: Did he nick it?

Poppy: No. Not your Dad. You should know better than that, Sammy.

Tina: How is he? That man ...

Poppy: I don't know, I'll ... *(Examines BENEDICT.)* He doesn't seem to be breathing. *(Listens.)* He's not breathing. *(stunned)* He's dead.

25

Tina (in an appalled whisper): Oh, God.

Samantha: Good.

Poppy: Sammy! He's got this great cut in his head from somewhere, he's ... Look at all this blood. *(appalled)* Oh, dear heaven, what's Jack going to say?

30

They all stay there in various attitudes of collapse, unable to move due to exhaustion and varying degrees of shock. JACK comes in the front door and closes it. The women react. JACK goes straight to the sitting room.

35

Tina (softly): It's Dad.

Jack (seeing the sitting room is empty): Poppy!

Poppy: What's he going to say ...

Jack (glancing into the empty kitchen): Poppy!

He grows slightly more alarmed.

Tina (indicating BENEDICT): Perhaps we can hide him somewhere ...

Poppy: No, he'll have to know. Your Dad will have to be told.

Jack (at the foot of the stairs, calling): Poppy! Tina!

Poppy (calling back feebly): We're up here, Jack ...

Jack (starting up the stairs): What?

45

Tina: In here, Dad ...

JACK reaches the landing, uncertain as to where to locate them. He looks in the near bedroom, then the bathroom. He stops short, startled, as he sees the state of the three women.

Poppy: Hallo, Jack ...

50

Tina: Hallo, Dad.

Samantha: Hi ...

Jack: What are you doing? What are you all doing in here?

Poppy: We were ...

Jack: What are you doing with all that money? What the hell's been going on? 55

Poppy: We were trying to save it for you, Jack ...

Jack: And where's Mr Hough, then?

Poppy: He's –

Samantha: He's in the bath.

60

Jack: What?

Poppy (pointing; almost inaudibly): In the bath.

Jack steps over them to see for himself.

Jack: Oh, shit. (*Stares at BENEDICT.*) Oh, shit. Poppy, what have you done? (*Pause.*) Oh, shit.

65

Poppy (very penitent): I'm very sorry, Jack.

Jack: Oh, (*Sways.*) I'm a bit dizzy ...

Poppy: Don't faint, love, don't faint in here ...

Tina: Steady, Dad ...

Poppy: He faints at blood ...

70

Jack: No, it's all right. I'm all right. (*recovering*) What are we going to do ...?

Poppy (smiling feebly): At least he's in the bath. Not so much of a mess ...

Jack (dully): Good thinking, Poppy, yes.

This strikes POPPY as funny. She laughs. First TINA, then SAMANTHA follow suit. They scream with laughter. JACK stares at them incredulously. 75

All right, that'll do. That'll do. THAT'LL DO!

They stop. A silence.

Blimey O'Reilly. It's like the bloody Borgias' bathroom in here. What's the matter with you all? 80

Poppy (the tears coming now): What are we going to do, Jack ...?

Tina (starting to cry, too): What are we going to do, Dad?

Jack (stronger at once): It's all right. It's all right. We'll sort it out ...

Poppy (weeping): I'm terribly sorry –

Tina (weeping): It wasn't your fault, Mum.

SAMANTHA *seems to have gone into mild shock.*

Jack: Now, it's all right. It's all right. Now, come on. Let's get organized. Tina, you see to Kevin, it sounds as if he's calling for you. Sammy, I want you to pick all this lot up. Every penny, do you hear ... 90

Samantha: Oh, Dad. Why's it always me?

Poppy (between tears): What about ... What about him?

Jack: Leave him just as he is, I'll deal with that. Sammy, draw the curtains round him, there's a girl. 95

- Or** **2** How do you feel Ayckbourn manages to make the marriage of Harriet and Desmond both very amusing and rather sad? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** **3** You are Poppy. You have seen the contents of Anita's wardrobe and bedroom and been offered some of her spare dresses. Now you are on your way home. Write your thoughts.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

Either *4 In what ways does the presentation of Beneatha here affect your opinion of her? Support your answer by close reference to the passage.

They go out, RUTH's weight on her mother-in-law. BENEATHA, herself profoundly disturbed, opens the door to admit a rather dramatic-looking young man with a large package.

Asagai: Hello, Alaiyo –

Beneatha (*holding the door open and regarding him with pleasure*): Hello ... (*Long pause.*) Well – come in. And please excuse everything. My mother was very upset about my letting anyone come here with the place like this. 5

Asagai (*coming into the room*): You look disturbed too ... Is something wrong?

Beneatha (*still at the door, absently*): Yes ... we've all got acute ghetto-itus. (*She smiles and comes towards him, finding a cigarette and sitting.*) So – sit down! How was Canada? 10

Asagai (*a sophisticate*): Canadian.

Beneatha (*looking at him*): I'm very glad you are back.

Asagai (*looking back at her in turn*): Are you really?

Beneatha: Yes – very.

Asagai: Why – you were quite glad when I went away. What happened? 15

Beneatha: You went away.

Asagai: Ahhhhhhhhh.

Beneatha: Before – you wanted to be so serious before there was time.

Asagai: How much time must there be before one knows what one feels? 20

Beneatha (*stalling this particular conversation. Her hands pressed together, in a deliberate childish gesture.*): What did you bring me?

Asagai (*handing her the package*): Open it and see.

Beneatha (*eagerly opening the package and drawing out some records and the colourful robes of a Nigerian woman*): Oh, Asagai! ... You got them for me! ... How beautiful ... and the records too! (*She lifts out the robes and runs to the mirror with them and holds the drapery up in front of herself.*) 25

Asagai (*coming to her at the mirror*): I shall have to teach you how to drape it properly. (*He flings the material about her for the moment and stands back to look at her.*) Ah – *Oh-pay-gay-day, oh-gbah-mu-shay* (*a Yoruba exclamation for admiration*). You wear it well ... very well ... mutilated hair and all. 30

Beneatha (*turning suddenly*): My hair – what's wrong with my hair? 35

Asagai (*shrugging*): Were you born with it like that?

Beneatha (*reaching up to touch it*): No ... of course not. (*She looks back to the mirror, disturbed.*)

Asagai (*smiling*): How then?

- Beneatha:* You know perfectly well how ... as crinkly as yours ... that's how.
- Asagai:* And it is ugly to you that way?
- Beneatha (quickly):* Oh, no – not ugly ... (*More slowly, apologetically.*) But it's so hard to manage when it's, well – raw.
- Asagai:* And so to accommodate that – you mutilate it every week? 45
- Beneatha:* It's not mutilation!
- Asagai (laughing aloud at her seriousness):* Oh ... please! I am only teasing you because you are so very serious about these things. (*He stands back from her and folds his arms across his chest as he watches her pulling at her hair and frowning in the mirror.*) Do you remember the first time you met me at school? ... (*He laughs.*) You came up to me and you said – and I thought you were the most serious little thing I had ever seen – you said: (*he imitates her*) 'Mr Asagai – I want very much to talk with you. About Africa. 55
You see, Mr Asagai, I am looking for my *identity!*' (*He laughs.*)
- Beneatha (turning to him, not laughing):* Yes – (*Her face is quizzical, profoundly disturbed.*)
- Asagai (still teasing and reaching out and taking her face in his hands and turning her profile to him):* Well ... it is true that this is 60
not so much a profile of a Hollywood queen as perhaps a queen of the Nile – (*A mock dismissal of the importance of the question.*) But what does it matter? Assimilationism is so popular in your country. 65
- Beneatha (wheeling, passionately, sharply):* I am not an assimilationist!

- Or** **5** How does Hansberry vividly convey to you the importance of Mama's insurance money to the family? Support your answer by close reference to at least **two** characters.
- Or** **6** You are Mama just after the first visit from Mr Lindner. Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Either *7 How does Miller make this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the play? Support ideas with details from the writing.

Abigail (in an open threat): Let you beware, Mr Danforth. Think you be so mighty that the power of Hell may not turn *your* wits? Beware of it! There is – (*Suddenly, from an accusatory attitude, her face turns, looking into the air above – it is truly frightened.*) 5

Danforth (apprehensively): What is it, child?

Abigail (looking about in the air, clasping her arms about her as though cold): I – I know not. A wind, a cold wind, has come. (*Her eyes fall on Mary Warren.*)

Mary Warren (terrified, pleading): Abby! 10

Mercy Lewis (shivering): Your Honour, I freeze!

Proctor: They're pretending!

Hathorne (touching ABIGAIL's hand): She is cold, Your Honour, touch her!

Mercy Lewis (through chattering teeth): Mary, do you send this shadow on me? 15

Mary Warren: Lord, save me!

Susanna Walcott: I freeze, I freeze!

Abigail (shivering visibly): It is a wind, a wind!

Mary Warren: Abby, don't do that!

Danforth (himself engaged and entered by ABIGAIL): Mary Warren, do you witch her? I say to you, do you send your spirit out? 20

With a hysterical cry MARY WARREN starts to run. PROCTOR catches her.

Mary Warren (almost collapsing): Let me go, Mr Proctor, I cannot, I cannot – 25

Abigail (crying to Heaven): Oh, Heavenly Father, take away this shadow!

Without warning or hesitation, PROCTOR leaps at ABIGAIL and, grabbing her by the hair pulls her to her feet. She screams in pain. DANFORTH, astonished, cries, 'What are you about?' and HATHORNE and PARRIS call, 'Take your hands off her!' and out of it all comes PROCTOR's roaring voice. 30

Proctor: How do you call Heaven! Whore! Whore!

HERRICK breaks PROCTOR from her.

Herrick: John! 35

Danforth: Man! Man, what do you –

Proctor (breathless and in agony): It is a whore!

Danforth (dumbfounded): You charge –?

Abigail: Mr Danforth, he is lying!

Proctor: Mark her! Now she'll suck a scream to stab me with, but – 40

Danforth: You will prove this! This will not pass!

- Proctor (trembling, his life collapsing about him):* I have known her, sir.
I have known her.
- Danforth:* You – you are a lecher? 45
- Francis (horrified):* John, you cannot say such a –
- Proctor:* Oh, Francis, I wish you had some evil in you that you might know me! (*To DANFORTH.*) A man will not cast away his good name. You surely know that.
- Danforth (dumbfounded):* In – in what time? In what place? 50
- Proctor (his voice about to break, and his shame great):* In the proper place – where my beasts are bedded. On the last night of my joy, some eight months past. She used to serve me in my house, sir. (*He has to clamp his jaw to keep from weeping.*) A man may think God sleeps 55
but God sees everything, I know it now. I beg you, sir, I beg you – see her what she is. My wife, my dear good wife, took this girl soon after, sir, and put her out on the highroad. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir – (*He is being overcome.*) Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. (*Angrily against himself, he turns away from the Governor for a moment. Then, as though to cry is his only means of speech left.*) She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave! And well she might, for I thought of her softly. God help me, 60
I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat. But it is a whore's vengeance, and you must see it; I set myself entirely in your hands. I know you must see it now. 65
- Danforth (blanched, in horror, turning to Abigail):* You deny every scrap and tittle of this? 70
- Abigail:* If I must answer that, I will leave and I will not come back again.
DANFORTH seems unsteady.
- Proctor:* I have made a bell of my honour! I have rung the doom of my good name – you will believe me, Mr Danforth! 75
My wife is innocent, except she knew a whore when she saw one!
- Abigail (stepping up to DANFORTH):* What look do you give me?
(*DANFORTH cannot speak.*) I'll not have such looks!
(*She turns and starts for the door.*) 80
- Danforth:* You will remain where you are! (*HERRICK steps into her path. She comes up short, fire in her eyes.*) Mr Parris, go into the court and bring Goodwife Proctor out.
- Parris (objecting):* Your Honour, this is all a –
- Danforth (sharply to Parris):* Bring her out! And tell her not one word of what's been spoken here. And let you knock before you enter. (*PARRIS goes out.*) Now we shall touch the bottom of this swamp. (*To PROCTOR.*) Your wife, you say, is an honest woman. 85
- Proctor:* In her life, sir, she have never lied. There are them that cannot sing, and them that cannot weep – my wife cannot lie. I have paid much to learn it, sir. 90

<i>Danforth:</i>	And when she put this girl out of your house, she put her out for a harlot?	
<i>Proctor:</i>	Aye, sir.	95
<i>Danforth:</i>	And knew her for a harlot?	
<i>Proctor:</i>	Aye, sir, she knew her for a harlot.	
<i>Danforth:</i>	Good then. (<i>To ABIGAIL.</i>) And if she tell me, child, it were for harlotry, may God spread His mercy on you! (<i>There is a knock. He calls to the door.</i>) Hold! (<i>To ABIGAIL.</i>) Turn your back. Turn your back. (<i>To PROCTOR.</i>) Do likewise. (<i>Both turn their backs – ABIGAIL with indignant slowness.</i>) Now let neither of you turn to face Goody Proctor. No one in this room is to speak one word, or raise a gesture aye or nay. (<i>He turns toward the door, calls.</i>) Enter! (<i>The door opens. ELIZABETH enters with PARRIS. PARRIS leaves her. She stands alone, her eyes looking for PROCTOR.</i>) Mr Cheever, report this testimony in all exactness. Are you ready?	100 105 110

- Or 8** Elizabeth Proctor is clearly a good woman, but how far do you think Miller wishes us to sympathise with her? Support your ideas with details from the dialogue and action of the play.
- Or 9** You are Reverend Parris. Betty has come round from her trance, the girls have accused some citizens of witchcraft, and the marshal has been sent for. Write your thoughts.

Turn to page 12 for Question 10.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

Either *10 What makes this extract powerfully dramatic? Support your answer with details from the extract.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

- Rosalind:* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.
- Celia:* With his eyes full of anger.
- Duke Frederick:* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court. 5
- Rosalind:* Me, uncle?
- Duke Frederick:* You, cousin.
Within these ten days if that thou beest found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it. 10
- Rosalind:* I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic – 15
As I do trust I am not – then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.
- Duke Frederick:* Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not. 20
- Rosalind:* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
- Duke Frederick:* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough. 25
- Rosalind:* So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor. 30
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
- Celia:* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
- Duke Frederick:* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along. 35
- Celia:* I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together, 40
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke Frederick: She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
 Her very silence and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name;
 And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
 When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd. 50

Celia: Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege.

- Or** 11 What do you think makes Touchstone a likeable and important character in the play? Support your answer with details from the play.
- Or** 12 You are Orlando. You have just met Duke Senior in the Forest and he has made you and Adam very welcome. Write your thoughts.

Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord:

I'll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt.

- Or** **14** After Duncan's murder, Lady Macbeth declares, 'A little water clears us of this deed.' Explore how Shakespeare vividly shows how wrong this belief proves to be.
- Or** **15** You are Macbeth on your way to Duncan after your victory over the rebels. You have not met the Witches yet. Write your thoughts.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

Either *16 Explore the writing here, showing what Williams reveals about the two sisters.

- Blanche:* Now, then, let me look at you. But don't you look at me, Stella, no, no, no, not till later, not till I've bathed and rested! And turn that over-light off! Turn that off! I won't be looked at in this merciless glare! (*STELLA laughs and complies.*) Come back here now! Oh, my baby! Stella! Stella for Star! (*She embraces her again.*) I thought you would never come back to this horrible place! What am I saying! I didn't mean to say that. I meant to be nice about it and say – Oh, what a convenient location and such – Ha-a-ha! Precious lamb! You haven't said a *word* to me. 5
- Stella:* You haven't given me a chance to, honey! (*She laughs but her glance at BLANCHE is a little anxious.*)
- Blanche:* Well, now you talk. Open your pretty mouth and talk while I look around for some liquor! I know you must have some liquor on the place! Where could it be, I wonder? Oh, I spy, I spy! 15
- (*She rushes to the closet and removes the bottle; she is shaking all over and panting for breath as she tries to laugh. The bottle nearly slips from her grasp.*)
- Stella (noticing):* Blanche, you sit down and let me pour the drinks. I don't know what we've got to mix with. Maybe a coke's in the icebox. Look'n see, honey, while I'm – 20
- Blanche:* No coke, honey, not with my nerves tonight! Where – where – where is –?
- Stella:* Stanley? Bowling! He loves it. They're having a – found some soda! – tournament ... 25
- Blanche:* Just water, baby, to chase it! Now don't get worried, your sister hasn't turned into a drunkard, she's just all shaken up and hot and tired and dirty! You sit down, now, and explain this place to me! What are you doing in a place like this? 30
- Stella:* Now, Blanche –
- Blanche:* Oh, I'm not going to be hypocritical, I'm going to be honestly critical about it! Never, never, never in my worst dreams could I picture – Only Poe! Only Mr Edgar Allen Poe! – could do it justice! Out there I suppose is the ghoulish-woodland of Weir! (*She laughs.*) 35
- Stella:* No, honey, those are the L & N tracks.
- Blanche:* No, now seriously, putting joking aside. Why didn't you tell me, why didn't you write me, honey, why didn't you let me know?
- Stella (carefully, pouring herself a drink):* Tell you what, Blanche? 40
- Blanche:* Why, that you had to live in these conditions!
- Stella:* Aren't you being a little intense about it? It's not that bad at all! New Orleans isn't like other cities.
- Blanche:* This has got nothing to do with New Orleans. You might as well say – forgive me, blessed baby! (*She suddenly stops short.*) The subject is closed! 45
- Stella (a little drink):* Thanks

- Or** **17** How far does Williams make you feel sympathy for Stanley in the play? Refer to the play in your answer.
- Or** **18** You are Stella, alone, at the end of the play, thinking about what has happened to your sister. Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

SONGS OF OURSELVES: Section 3

- Either *19** Explore how Nicholson vividly portrays in this poem the way we live our lives and the way time passes quickly.

Rising Five

'I'm rising five', he said,
 'Not four', and little coils of hair
 Un-clicked themselves upon his head.
 His spectacles, brimful of eyes to stare
 At me and the meadow, reflected cones of light 5
 Above his toffee-buckled cheeks. He'd been alive
 Fifty-six months or perhaps a week more:
not four,
 But rising five.

Around him in the field the cells of spring 10
 Bubbled and doubled; buds unbuttoned; shoot
 And stem shook out the creases from their frills,
 And every tree was swilled with green.
 It was the season after blossoming,
 Before the forming of the fruit: 15
not May,
 But rising June.

And in the sky
 The dust dissected tangential light:
not day, 20
 But rising night;
not now,
 But rising soon.

The new buds push the old leaves from the bough.
 We drop our youth behind us like a boy 25
 Throwing away his toffee-wrappers. We never see the flower,
 But only the fruit in the flower, never the fruit,
 But only the rot in the fruit. We look for the marriage bed
 In the baby's cradle, we look for the grave in the bed:
not living, 30
 But rising dead.

(by Norman Nicholson)

- Or 20** Explore the ways in which the poet makes memories of family life come vividly alive in **either** *Mid-Term Break* (by Seamus Heaney) **or** *Plenty* (by Isobel Dixon).

- Or 21** Explore some of the ways in which poets use simple language in a powerful way in **two** of the following poems:

Spectator Ab Extra (by Arthur Clough)

Monologue (by Hone Tuwhare)

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SECTION C: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Either *25 What do you find most significant about Achebe's description of Okonkwo's action and thoughts in this passage? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

'Looking at a king's mouth,' said an old man, 'one would think he never sucked at his mother's breast.' He was talking about Okonkwo, who had risen so suddenly from great poverty and misfortune to be one of the lords of the clan. The old man bore no ill-will towards Okonkwo. Indeed he respected him for his industry and success. But he was struck, as most people were, by Okonkwo's brusqueness in dealing with less successful men. Only a week ago a man had contradicted him at a kindred meeting which they held to discuss the next ancestral feast. Without looking at the man Okonkwo had said: 'This meeting is for men'. The man who had contradicted him had no titles. That was why he had called him a woman. Okonkwo knew how to kill a man's spirit. 5

Everybody at the kindred meeting took sides with Osugo when Okonkwo called him a woman. The oldest man present said sternly that those whose palm-kernels were cracked for them by a benevolent spirit should not forget to be humble. Okonkwo said he was sorry for what he had said, and the meeting continued. 10 15

But it was really not true that Okonkwo's palm-kernels had been cracked for him by a benevolent spirit. He had cracked them himself. Anyone who knew his grim struggle against poverty and misfortune could not say he had been lucky. If ever a man deserved his success, that man was Okonkwo. At an early age he had achieved fame as the greatest wrestler in all the land. That was not luck. At the most one could say that his *chi* or personal god was good. But the Ibo people have a proverb that when a man says yes his *chi* says yes also. Okonkwo said yes very strongly; so his *chi* agreed. And not only his *chi* but his clan too, because it judged a man by the work of his hands. That was why Okonkwo had been chosen by the nine villages to carry a message of war to their enemies unless they agreed to give up a young man and a virgin to atone for the murder of Udo's wife. And such was the deep fear that their enemies had for Umuofia that they treated Okonkwo like a king and brought him a virgin who was given to Udo as a wife, and the lad Ikemefuna. 20 25 30

The elders of the clan had decided that Ikemefuna should be in Okonkwo's care for a while. But no one thought it would be as long as three years. They seemed to forget all about him as soon as they had taken the decision. 35

At first Ikemefuna was very much afraid. Once or twice he tried to run away, but he did not know where to begin. He thought of his mother and his three-year-old sister and wept bitterly. Nwoye's mother was very kind to him and treated him as one of her own children. But all he said was: 'When shall I go home?' When Okonkwo heard that he would not eat any food he came into the hut with a big stick in his hand and stood over him while he swallowed his yams, trembling. A few moments later he went behind the hut and began to vomit painfully. Nwoye's mother went to him and placed her hands on his chest and on his back. He was ill for three market weeks, and when he recovered he seemed to have overcome his great fear and sadness. 40 45

He was by nature a very lively boy and he gradually became popular in Okonkwo's household, especially with the children. Okonkwo's son, Nwoye, who was two years younger, became quite inseparable from him because he seemed to know everything. He could fashion out flutes from bamboo stems and even from the elephant grass. He knew the names of all the birds and could set clever traps for the little bush rodents. And he knew which trees made the strongest bows. 50

Even Okonkwo himself became very fond of the boy – inwardly, of course. Okonkwo never showed any emotion openly, unless it be the emotion of anger. To show affection was a sign of weakness. 55

- Or** **26** The coming of the Christian missionaries was one of the things which caused the old way of life to 'fall apart'. Do you think Achebe presents their coming as a good or a bad thing? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** **27** You are Ekwefi the day after Okonkwo's medicine has brought about your daughter Ezinma's recovery from illness. Write your thoughts.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- Either *28 Explore how in this passage Austen makes the De Bourghs and the people who seem so ridiculous.

She had already learnt that Lady Catherine was still in the country. It was spoken of again while they were at dinner, when Mr Collins, joining in, observed.

‘Yes, Miss Elizabeth, you will have the honour of seeing Lady Catherine de Bourgh on the ensuing Sunday at church, and I need not say you will be delighted with her. She is all affability and condescension, and I doubt not but you will be honoured by some portion of her notice when service is over. I have scarcely any hesitation in saying that she will include you and my sister Maria in every invitation with which she honours us during your stay here. Her behaviour to my dear Charlotte is charming. We dine at Rosings twice every week, and are never allowed to walk home. Her ladyship’s carriage is regularly ordered for us. I *should* say, one of her ladyship’s carriages, for she has several.’

‘Lady Catherine is a very respectable, sensible woman indeed,’ added Charlotte, ‘and a most attentive neighbour.’

‘Very true, my dear, that is exactly what I say. She is the sort of woman whom one cannot regard with too much deference.’

The evening was spent chiefly in talking over Hertfordshire news, and telling again what had been already written; and when it closed, Elizabeth, in the solitude of her chamber, had to meditate upon Charlotte’s degree of contentment, to understand her address in guiding, and composure in bearing with her husband, and to acknowledge that it was all done very well. She had also to anticipate how her visit would pass, the quiet tenor of their usual employments, the vexatious interruptions of Mr Collins, and the gaieties of their intercourse with Rosings. A lively imagination soon settled it all.

About the middle of the next day, as she was in her room getting ready for a walk, a sudden noise below seemed to speak the whole house in confusion; and after listening a moment, she heard somebody running up stairs in a violent hurry, and calling loudly after her. She opened the door, and met Maria in the landing place, who, breathless with agitation, cried out,

‘Oh, my dear Eliza! pray make haste and come into the dining-room, for there is such a sight to be seen! I will not tell you what it is. Make haste, and come down this moment.’

Elizabeth asked questions in vain; Maria would tell her nothing more, and down they ran into the dining-room, which fronted the lane, in quest of this wonder; it was two ladies stopping in a low phaeton at the garden gate.

‘And is this all?’ cried Elizabeth. ‘I expected at least that the pigs were got into the garden, and here is nothing but Lady Catherine and her daughter!’

‘La! my dear,’ said Maria quite shocked at the mistake, ‘it is not Lady Catherine. The old lady is Mrs Jenkinson, who lives with them. The other is Miss De Bourgh. Only look at her. She is quite a little creature. Who would have thought she could be so thin and small!’

‘She is abominably rude to keep Charlotte out of doors in all this wind. Why does she not come in?’

‘Oh! Charlotte says, she hardly ever does. It is the greatest of favours when Miss De Bourgh comes in.’

'I like her appearance,' said Elizabeth, struck with other ideas. 'She looks sickly and cross. – Yes, she will do for him very well. She will make him a very proper wife.'

Mr Collins and Charlotte were both standing at the gate in conversation with the ladies; and Sir William, to Elizabeth's high diversion, was stationed in the doorway, in earnest contemplation of the greatness before him, and constantly bowing whenever Miss De Bourgh looked that way. 55

At length there was nothing more to be said; the ladies drove on, and the others returned into the house. Mr Collins no sooner saw the two girls than he began to congratulate them on their good fortune, which Charlotte explained by letting them know that the whole party was asked to dine at Rosings the next day. 60

- Or 29 How does Austen memorably portray the sadness and heartache which misunderstandings between characters produce? Base your answer on **two** episodes in the novel.
- Or 30 You are Mr Bennet after you have heard from your brother-in-law that Lydia is to be married. You have retired to your study. Write your thoughts.

IAN CROSS: *The God Boy*

Either *31 What do you think makes this such a sad and yet also amusing episode? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Father Gilligan went into the cloakroom and closed the door behind him, and we all knelt in line getting ready to head on in after him one by one. I decided not to be sick, and to confess a few sins I would think up as I went along; also, I thought it was possible that I might change suddenly and be able to tell what was really worrying me. I was third in the line, and the other two went in and out like shots. Joseph, who was ahead of me, came out with his hands peaked up under his chin, and looking at the floor with half-closed eyes as if a terrible load had been lifted off his shoulders, while Barney Dawson, the oldest boy in the class, showed off by winking at us as he closed the door behind him.

I went in as quickly as I could, being careful to let the others see I wasn't too happy, but as soon as I was alone in the cloakroom and had knelt into the confessional and said the 'Bless me, Father, I have sinned,' I lost control.

I remember Father Gilligan saying, 'Speak up, m'boy, I can't hear you,' but I could only flop around for a while until I became desperate and invented sins right and left. I remember saying that I had taken two apples without my mother's permission, told five or six lies, missed saying my prayers, taken the Lord's name in vain – I suppose that would be true – disobeyed my father twice, been cruel to animals, thrown stones at little girls, and looked into a dressing shed where five or six women were taking their clothes off.

As I ran on with deeds like that I peered through the grill to see how it was going over. All I could see was the edges of Father Gilligan's face against the light of the window. He had been staring out the window at the playground, I felt sure, but his whole head shifted around as I looked.

'Did you say five or six women?' he asked.

I dropped my eyes and hummed and hawed about there must have been a lot of women in the sheds once, although there were none when I had done my looking.

'That's different,' he said. 'Quite different.' I looked back up and saw his head swing around to the window again – as he turned his nose came more and more into view until it was sticking out from the shape of his head like a big shadow.

'You've had a busy week, m'boy,' he said. 'Are you sure you have had time to have done what you say you've done?'

'I suppose I've been worse than usual and got through a lot more sins,' I said.

Father Gilligan said, 'Hmm,' in a drawn-out way. In case he thought I might be exaggerating, I gave him something else to think about by saying, 'I've been bearing false witnesses against my neighbours, as well.'

'What neighbours?'

'People around and about,' I replied, hoping he wouldn't ask me their names, because at the moment I wouldn't have a chance of thinking of any.

'What have you been saying about them, boy?' The way he spoke made it plain that he was interested.

'I made up tales about them,' I said. 'I say things about them that aren't true. I make things up about them.'

'What sort of things?'

I tried hard to think of an untruth about somebody but I couldn't, so I told him that I had forgotten exactly what it was I had been saying.

'To make a good confession, m'boy, it is not necessary to have committed a lot of sins,' said Father Gilligan. 'Boys are not expected to have offended God a great deal, so you must not worry if, when the time comes to go to confession, there is little that you have on your conscience.'

55

'Yes, Father,' I said.

'Is there anything else you want to tell me?'

I screwed my eyes up tight and heard the voices of my father and mother, shouting, and saw her on her hands and knees, looking at me, almost as though she was going to start crawling up the path. My head hurt with an awful ache and my whole body began to feel swollen. I had to open my mouth and say it, and all that force inside me sounded in the stupid whisper, 'My parents hate each other.'

60

'Speak up, m'boy, I can't hear you.' Father Gilligan was fed up, and after all my effort he hadn't even heard. And I couldn't say it again, so I knelt there, holding my eyes closed.

65

'What did you say about your parents?'

That was it, you see. I had cooked my goose with all the blithering beforehand, and now he was getting wild.

'Nothing,' I blurted, 'except that they sometimes argue with each other.'

70

'Oh,' he said. 'Really, m'boy, that is no concern of yours. Boys have their little arguments, don't they? So do grownups. All families have their little arguments. It is part of being in a family. Is there anything else?'

I said no, and dropped my face into my hands and listened to Father Gilligan mumble in Latin, and I was frightened again, knowing that my having seen God that morning was only my stupid imagination. Everything was going to be as bad as it had ever been.

75

- Or** **32** By what means do you think Cross makes you sympathise so much with Jimmy? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** **33** You are Jack Crannery ('Bloody Jack') and you have just heard about the Sullivan domestic tragedy. Write your thoughts.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

- Either *34** Explore how in this passage Dunmore's writing vividly conveys that, in a siege, citizens are sometimes as dangerous as the enemy.

The woman with the *burzhuiki* is tucked away, standing in the shadow of a wall. As Evgenia and Anna approach she glances round, darting her head this way and that with a strange, inhuman movement.

'Looking for her bloke. Her minder. She got set on the other day when she wouldn't sell for a kilo of bread.'

5

'Do you come here a lot?'

'I'm here most days,' says Evgenia. 'Here, Galya, this is a friend of mine. She wants a stove, and a stove-pipe. She doesn't want any of your rubbish either.'

'Stoves and stove-pipes are sold separately,' chants the woman, staring at Anna with flat, expressionless eyes. Then she retracts her head into the folds of her scarf. She's a lizard, that's what she is, Anna realizes. Lizards are cold-blooded.

10

'Not to me and my friends they aren't,' says Evgenia.

'What's she got?'

15

'I've got a kilo bag of sugar,' begins Anna, when a shove from Evgenia silences her.

'My friend'll give you the sugar for the stove and the stove-pipe.'

The stove-seller just shrugs. 'Don't make me laugh. I could get twice that. These *burzhuiki* are like gold-dust these days.'

20

'You could, but it wouldn't do you any good,' says Evgenia quietly.

'What are you saying? Are you threatening me? Piotr, come over here!'

'I'm not threatening anyone. We're neighbours, aren't we? Good neighbours. And we want to go on being neighbours. Neighbours've got to sort things out themselves, haven't they? We can't always be running off to the authorities, or our lives won't be worth living. Did you know, Anna, they aren't bothering with arrests or trials or any of that stuff now? Anyone who looks like a speculator, they just get shot. Stopped on the street, open your bag, and if you've got stuff in there you shouldn't have, that's it, you're a speculator. No more questions: bang. Galya knows that, don't you, Galya? Neighbours need to stick together in times like this. We've all got to help each other, that's the way it goes.'

25

30

Evgenia speaks so quietly that Piotr, hulking outside the little cluster of women, can't hear a word.

'A kilo of sugar and three days' bread ration,' says Galya rapidly. Her tongue flicks over her lips. 'I'm giving it to you.'

35

Anna half-turns, so the stove-seller won't see the contents of her bag when she opens it. She extracts the sugar and bread, and pushes the rest of the stuff to the bottom of the bag.

'Give us the stove first,' says Evgenia. The woman reaches down, and pulls out a stove from under the stall.

40

'Where's the stove-pipe?'

'Here.'

'That section's cracked. Do you want to poison her?'

'Most of those I sell to don't even buy a pipe.'

45

'My friend's buying a pipe, one with four sections. The other one, the one you've got tucked away behind the stall. The one that's not cracked. That's the one she's paying you for.'

Grumbling, Galya crouches down and ferrets out a second stove-pipe.

'Get it on to the sledge, Anna.'

50

'I want my payment first.'

'You'll get your payment when my friend's got her stove fixed on her sledge.'

Evgenia stands over Anna, arms folded over the sugar and bread while Anna packs sections of stove-pipe beside the squat body of the stove. She wraps her torn sheet over stove and stove-pipe, and ties it down with her strips of hem. 55

'You ready now, Anna?'

'Yes.'

'All right, then, Galya, there's your sugar and there's your bread. Mind out for those patrols on your way home. They don't think any more of shooting a speculator than shooting a pigeon. There aren't any pigeons around any more, 'cos they've all been eaten, and there's plenty of speculators. Not many as nice and plump as you, though, are there, Galya? Maybe we can eat speculators for a change? We could have a little chat with Lavra about it.' 60 65

Galya's head darts out of its collar. She looks as if she's going to hiss like a lizard.

'Watch what you're saying,' she mutters, almost inaudibly.

'I know what I'm saying,' says Evgenia, 'and so do you. You mind what I say, Galya. Bang!' 70

- Or** **35** What do you think makes the developing relationship between Anna and Marina so fascinating? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** **36** You are Anna's father, Mikhael Levin. After having volunteered to fight the Germans, you are on your way to the Luga line. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- Either *37** How does Golding make this passage a particularly powerful and significant moment in the novel?

Presently the creepers festooned the trees less frequently and there was a scatter of pearly light from the sky down through the trees. This was the backbone of the island, the slightly higher land that lay beneath the mountain where the forest was no longer deep jungle. Here there were wide spaces interspersed with thickets and huge trees and the trend of the ground led him up as the forest opened. He pushed on, staggering sometimes with his weariness but never stopping. The usual brightness was gone from his eyes and he walked with a sort of glum determination like an old man. 5

A buffet of wind made him stagger and he saw that he was out in the open, on rock, under a brassy sky. He found his legs were weak and his tongue gave him pain all the time. When the wind reached the mountain-top he could see something happen, a flicker of blue stuff against brown clouds. He pushed himself forward and the wind came again, stronger now, cuffing the forest heads till they ducked and roared. Simon saw a humped thing suddenly sit up on the top and look down at him. He hid his face, and toiled on. 10 15

The flies had found the figure too. The life-like movement would scare them off for a moment so that they made a dark cloud round the head. Then as the blue material of the parachute collapsed the corpulent figure would bow forward, sighing, and the flies settle once more.

Simon felt his knees smack the rock. He crawled forward and soon he understood. The tangle of lines showed him the mechanics of this parody; he examined the white nasal bones, the teeth, the colours of corruption. He saw how pitilessly the layers of rubber and canvas held together the poor body that should be rotting away. Then the wind blew again and the figure lifted, bowed, and breathed foully at him. Simon knelt on all fours and was sick till his stomach was empty. Then he took the lines in his hands; he freed them from the rocks and the figure from the wind's indignity. 20 25

At last he turned away and looked down at the beaches. The fire by the platform appeared to be out, or at least making no smoke. Further along the beach, beyond the little river and near a great slab of rock, a thin trickle of smoke was climbing into the sky. Simon, forgetful of the flies, shaded his eyes with both hands and peered at the smoke. Even at that distance it was possible to see that most of the boys – perhaps all the boys – were there. So they had shifted camp then, away from the beast. As Simon thought this, he turned to the poor broken thing that sat stinking by his side. The beast was harmless and horrible; and the news must reach the others as soon as possible. He started down the mountain and his legs gave beneath him. Even with great care the best he could do was a stagger. 30 35

- Or 38** What are the most vivid impressions of the island itself that Golding creates for you? Support your answer with details from the novel.
- Or 39** You are Ralph. You are hiding from Jack and the others after Piggy's death. Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

- Either *40** Explore the writing in this extract, showing what you feel about the way in which Hardy presents the members of the local community.

‘Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd,’ said Henery Fray, criticizing Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune. ‘Yes – now I see ’ee blowing into the flute I know ’ee to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man’s – just as they be now.’ 5

‘’Tis a pity that playing the flute should make a man look such a scarecrow,’ observed Mr Mark Clark, with additional criticism of Gabriel’s countenance, the latter person jerking out, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of ‘Dame Durden’: –

‘Twas Moll’ and Bet’, and Doll’ and Kate’, 10
And Dor’-othy Drag’-gle Tail’.

‘I hope you don’t mind that young man’s bad manners in naming your features?’ whispered Joseph to Gabriel.

‘Not at all,’ said Mr Oak.

‘For by nature ye be a very handsome man, shepherd,’ continued Joseph 15
Poorgrass with winning suavity.

‘Ay, that ye be, shepherd,’ said the company.

‘Thank you very much,’ said Oak, in the modest tone good manners demanded, thinking, however, that he would never let Bathsheba see him playing the flute; in this resolve showing a discretion equal to that related 20
of its sagacious inventress, the divine Minerva herself.

‘Ah, when I and my wife were married at Norcome Church,’ said the old maltster, not pleased at finding himself left out of the subject, ‘we were called the handsomest couple in the neighbourhood – everybody said so.’

‘Danged if ye bain’t altered now, malter,’ said a voice with the vigour natural 25
to the enunciation of a remarkable evident truism. It came from the old man in the background, whose offensiveness and spiteful ways were barely atoned for by the occasional chuckle he contributed to general laughs.

‘O no, no,’ said Gabriel.

‘Don’t ye play no more, shepherd,’ said Susan Tall’s husband, the young 30
married man who had spoken once before. ‘I must be moving, and when there’s tunes going on I seem as if hung in wires. If I thought after I’d left that music was still playing, and I not there, I should be quite melancholy-like.’

‘What’s yer hurry then, Laban?’ inquired Coggan. ‘You used to bide as 35
late as the latest.’

‘Well, ye see, neighbours, I was lately married to a woman, and she’s my vocation now, and so ye see –’ The young man halted lamely.

‘New lords new laws, as the saying is, I suppose,’ remarked Coggan.

‘Ay, ’a b’lieve – ha, ha!’ said Susan Tall’s husband, in a tone intended to 40
imply his habitual reception of jokes without minding them at all. The young man then wished them good-night and withdrew.

Henery Fray was the first to follow. Then Gabriel arose and went off with Jan Coggan, who had offered him a lodging.

- Or 41** Explore **one** incident in the novel where Hardy makes the workings of chance or fate particularly vivid. Refer closely to the incident in your answer.

- Or 42** You are Gabriel immediately after Bathsheba has rejected your offer of marriage, just before the loss of your sheep. Write your thoughts

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Either *43 Explore how Lee's writing in this extract vividly conveys to you the dramatic courtroom.

'Robinson, you're pretty good at busting up chiffarobes and kindling with one hand, aren't you?'
 'Yes suh, I reckon so.'
 'Strong enough to choke the breath out of a woman and sling her to the floor?' 5
 'I never done that, suh.'
 'But you are strong enough to?'
 'I reckon so, suh.'
 'Had your eye on her a long time, hadn't you, boy?'
 'No suh, I never looked at her.' 10
 'Then you were mighty polite to do all that chopping and hauling for her, weren't you boy?'
 'I was just tryin' to help her out, suh.'
 'That was mighty generous of you, you had chores at home after your regular work, didn't you?' 15
 'Yes suh.'
 'Why didn't you do them instead of Miss Ewell's?'
 'I done 'em both, suh.'
 'You must have been pretty busy. Why?'
 'Why what, suh?' 20
 'Why were you so anxious to do that woman's chores?'
 Tom Robinson hesitated, searching for an answer. 'Looked like she didn't have nobody to help her, like I says –'
 'With Mr Ewell and seven children on the place, boy?'
 'Well, I says it looked like they never help her none –' 25
 'You did all this chopping and work from sheer goodness, boy?'
 'Tried to help her, I says.'
 Mr Gilmer smiled grimly at the jury. 'You're a mighty good fellow, it seems – did all this for not one penny?'
 'Yes suh. I felt right sorry for her, she seemed to try more'n the rest of 'em –' 30
 'You felt sorry for *her*, you felt *sorry* for her?' Mr Gilmer seemed ready to rise to the ceiling.
 The witness realized his mistake and shifted uncomfortably in the chair. But the damage was done. Below us, nobody liked Tom Robinson's answer. Mr Gilmer paused a long time to let it sink in. 35
 'Now you went by the house as usual, last November twenty-first,' he said, 'and she asked you to come in and bust up a chiffarobe?'
 'No suh.'
 'Do you deny that you went by the house?' 40
 'No suh, she said she had somethin' for me to do inside the house –'
 'She says she asked you to bust up a chiffarobe, is that right?'
 'No suh, it ain't.'
 'Then you say she's lying, boy?'
 Atticus was on his feet, but Tom Robinson didn't need him. 'I don't say she's lyin', Mr Gilmer, I say she's mistaken in her mind.' 45
 To the next ten questions, as Mr Gilmer reviewed Mayella's version of events, the witness's steady answer was that she was mistaken in her mind.
 'Didn't Mr Ewell run you off the place, boy?' 50

'No suh, I don't think he did.'

'Don't think, what do you mean?'

'I mean I didn't stay long enough for him to run me off.'

'You're very candid about this, why did you run so fast?'

'I says I was scared, suh.'

55

'If you had a clear conscience, why were you scared?'

'Like I says before, it weren't safe for any nigger to be in a – fix like that.'

'But you weren't in a fix – you testified that you were resisting Miss Ewell.

Were you so scared that she'd hurt you, you ran, a big buck like you?'

'No suh, I's scared I'd be in court, just like I am now.'

60

- Or** **44** What does Lee make you feel about Robert Ewell? Refer to details in the novel in your answer.
- Or** **45** You are Dill, having just returned home after the first summer in Maycomb, thinking about your childhood games and adventures with Scout and Jem. Write your thoughts.

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

- Either *46** Explore the ways in which the writer vividly conveys in this passage Jane Turner's feelings of humiliation and her growing resentment of Collier.

And then suddenly *everybody* is there to watch because it is Mills versus Collier and we all want Collier to win.

Collier comes and takes off his sweater and hangs it on the rung of my chair and says, 'Don't be too hard on me, Jane,' with that smile that would make you love him even if you didn't like him, and I say 'I've got to be impartial,' and he smiles and I wish that I didn't have to be impartial and I am afraid that I won't be impartial. 5

He says, 'I won't hold it against you, Jane.' And he says, 'Don't forget Friday.'

I say, 'I won't forget Friday,' as loudly as I can so that as many people as possible will hear, which they do. 10

You can see them being surprised all round the court.

'And don't forget your cousin,' he says, and I say, 'Oh, she's going home on Thursday morning.'

'Some other time, then,' he says. 15

'No, no,' I said. 'I can come on Friday,' but he was already walking onto the court and he just looked over his shoulder and said, 'No, it doesn't matter,' and all round the court you could see people not being surprised. And I was there on that lousy stinking bloody ladder and *everybody* could see me. 20

I thought I was going to cry and spent a long time putting my glasses on. Collier and Mills began to knock up and I got out the pencil and the score cards and broke the point off the pencil. I didn't have another one and I didn't want to show my face asking anybody to lend me one so I had to bite the wood away from the lead and of course it didn't have a proper point and made two lines instead of one. And gritty. 25

And then I remembered that I had to start them off so I said 'Play please. Collier to serve.' He had won the toss. Naturally.

My voice had gone woolly and my glasses had steamed over and I was sure people were laughing, even if they weren't. Then I heard this voice down by my feet saying, 'Let him get on with it. If he won't play with you on Friday he can play with himself,' which kind of remark would normally make me go red only I was red already. I looked down and there was Carson looking not at all well because of his foot, probably, but he gave me an evil wink and I remembered that he was a very kind person, really. I remembered that he sometimes gave me a glass of beer when he was baby-sitting. (I was only eleven, then, when he baby-sat. My mother was fussy about leaving us and there was my baby brother as well. He wasn't really sitting with *me*.) 30 35

So I smiled and he said, 'Watch the court, for God's sake, they've started,' and they had. 40

'That's a point to Collier,' he said, and I marked it down and dared not take my eyes off court after that, even to thank him. I looked down again when they changed ends and Carson had gone. (I asked him later where he had gone to and he said he went to throw up. I hope all this doesn't make Carson sound too *coarse*. He was in great pain. It turned out that he had broken a bone in his foot but we didn't know that, then. There are a lot of bones in the foot although you think of it as being solid – down to the toes, at any rate.) 45

Collier wasn't having it all his own way hooray hooray. Mills was very good too and the first set went to a tiebreak. I still wasn't making any mistakes. But when they came off the court after the tiebreak which Collier won, and did Wimbledon things with towels and a bit of swigging and spitting, he kept not looking at me. I mean, you could definitely see him *not* looking at me. Everybody could see him *not* looking at me; remembering what he had said about Friday and what I had said about Friday, as loudly as I could. 55

I was nearly crying again, and what with that and the state of the official school pencil, the score card began to be in a bit of a mess and I suddenly realized that I was putting Collier's points on the wrong line. And of course, I called out 'Advantage Mills,' when it should have been forty-thirty to Collier and he yelled at me to look at what I was doing. 60

You don't argue with the umpire. You certainly don't *yell* at the umpire, but he did. I know I was wrong but he didn't have to yell.

(from *Feet* by Jan Mark)

- Or 47 The ability to surprise the reader with the unexpected is often the sign of a good short story writer. Explore in detail how **either** *The Hitch-hiker* (by Roald Dahl) **or** *Dumb Martian* (by John Wyndham) achieves this surprise.
- Or 48 You are the father in *My Oedipus Complex* (by Frank O'Connor). You have smacked Larry that morning. Write your thoughts.

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