



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1

May/June 2013

2 hours 15 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 Center 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 **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal points.



This document consists of **20** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun***

Either *1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Walter: I want so many things that they are driving me kind of crazy ... Mama – look at me.

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Mama: If you a son of mine, tell her! (*Walter picks up his keys and his coat and walks out. She continues, bitterly*) You ... you are a disgrace to your father's memory. Somebody get me my hat!

70

Curtain

What does Hansberry's writing make you feel about Walter in this extract?

Or †2 How does Hansberry help you understand why Beneatha chooses Asagai and rejects George? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 3 You are Ruth. Travis has just left for school after Walter has given him another 50 cents.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

Either *4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Macduff:</i>	O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart Cannot conceive nor name thee.	
<i>Macbeth, Lennox:</i>	What's the matter?	
<i>Macduff:</i>	Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' th' building.	5
<i>Macbeth:</i>	What is't you say – the life?	
<i>Lennox:</i>	Mean you his Majesty?	
<i>Macduff:</i>	Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.	10
	[<i>Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.</i>	
	Awake, awake!	
	Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself. Up, up, and see The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!	15
	As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.	20
	[<i>Bell rings.</i>	
	<i>Enter Lady Macbeth.</i>	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!	25
<i>Macduff:</i>	O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak! The repetition in a woman's ear Would murder as it fell.	30
	<i>Enter Banquo.</i>	
	O Banquo, Banquo, Our royal master's murder'd!	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Woe, alas! What, in our house?	35
<i>Banquo:</i>	Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself, And say it is not so.	
	<i>Re-enter Macbeth, Lennox, with Ross.</i>	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant, There's nothing serious in mortality – All is but toys; renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.	40
	<i>Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.</i>	45

<i>Donalbain:</i>	What is amiss?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	You are, and do not know't. The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood, Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.	50
<i>Macduff:</i>	Your royal father's murder'd.	
<i>Malcolm:</i>	O, by whom?	
<i>Lennox:</i>	Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't. Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood; So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found Upon their pillows. They star'd and were distracted; No man's life was to be trusted with them.	55
<i>Macbeth:</i>	O, yet I do repent me of my fury That I did kill them.	

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic and significant episode.

Or †5 How does Shakespeare dramatically convey the changing relationship between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 6 You are Malcolm in the English court. You have just heard of the murder of Macduff's wife and children.

Write your thoughts.

THORNTON WILDER: *Our Town*

Either *7 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Stage Manager: [*Then pointing down in the audience*]
... there, quite a ways down, is Grover's Corners.
Yes, beautiful spot up here. Mountain laurel and li-lacks.

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And here comes a
Grover's Corners boy, that left town to go out West. 65

How does Wilder make this passage such a moving and significant part of the play?

Or †8 Explore the ways in which Wilder vividly portrays the importance of marriage in the play.

Or 9 You are Dr Gibbs, standing by your wife's grave near the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

BILLY COLLINS: from *Sailing Alone Around the Room*

Either *10 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

On Turning Ten

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light –
a kind of measles of the spirit, 5
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one 10
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way. 15
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house, 20
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers. 25
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,
time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I would shine. 30
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

How does Collins movingly convey the boy's feelings to you in this poem?

Or †11 How does Collins create a memorable character for you in *The History Teacher*?

Or †12 'Poetry can often make you see ordinary things in a new way.' Explore how Collins does this in **either** *The Man in the Moon* **or** *Books*.

***Songs of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations
Anthology of Poetry in English***

Either *13 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Night Sweat

Work-table, litter, books and standing lamp,

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as your heart hops and flutters like a hare.
 Poor turtle, tortoise, if I cannot clear
 the surface of these troubled waters here,
 absolve me, help me, Dear Heart, as you bear
 this world's dead weight and cycle on your back.

25

(by Robert Lowell)

Explore the ways in which Lowell strikingly conveys the thoughts and feelings of the speaker.

- Or** †14 Explore the ways in which Clough vividly captures the excitement of being on a ship in *Where Lies the Land?*
- Or** †15 How does the poet make powerful use of sound and rhythm in **either** *Song of Myself* (extract) (by Walt Whitman) **or** *Funeral Blues* (by W.H. Auden)?

SECTION C: PROSE**HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*****Either *16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

'I wish Bob Ewell wouldn't chew tobacco,' was all Atticus said about it.
According to Miss Stephanie Crawford, however, Atticus was leaving

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‘I wouldn’t be so sure of that, Atticus,’ she said. ‘His kind’d do anything to pay off a grudge. You know how those people are.’ 50
 ‘What on earth could Ewell do to me, sister?’
 ‘Something furtive,’ Aunt Alexandra said. ‘You may count on that.’
 ‘Nobody has much chance to be furtive in Maycomb,’ Atticus answered.

How does Lee make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

- Or** †17 How far do you think Lee makes it possible to sympathize with Mayella Ewell? Support your ideas with details from Lee’s writing.
- Or** 18 You are Jem. Atticus has told you that Mrs Dubose has died and you have just thrown the candy box that held the camellia into the fire.

Write your thoughts.

CARSON McCULLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*

Either *19 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

She said: "Farewell, old ugly house," as, wearing a dotted Swiss dress and carrying the suitcase, she passed through the hall at quarter to six. The wedding dress was in the suitcase, ready to be put on when she reached Winter Hill. At that still hour the sky was the dim silver of a mirror, and beneath it the gray town looked, not like a real town, but like an exact reflection of itself, and to this unreal town she also said farewell. The bus left the station at ten past six – and she sat proud, like an accustomed traveler, apart from her father, John Henry, and Berenice. But after a while a serious doubt came in her, which even the answers of the bus-driver could not quite satisfy. They were supposed to be traveling north, but it seemed to her rather that the bus was going south instead. The sky turned burning pale and the day blazed. They passed the fields of windless corn that had a blue look in the glare, red-furrowed cotton land, stretches of black pine woods. And mile by mile the countryside became more southern. The towns they passed – New City, Leeville, Cheehaw – each town seemed smaller than the one before, until at nine o'clock they reached the ugliest place of all, where they changed busses, called Flowering Branch. Despite its name there were no flowers and no branch – only a solitary country store, with a sad old shredded circus poster on the clapboard wall and a chinaberry tree beneath which stood an empty wagon and a sleeping mule. There they waited for the bus to Sweet Well, and, still doubting anxiously, Frances did not despise the box of lunch that had so shamed her at the first, because it made them look like family people who do not travel very much. The bus left at ten o'clock, and they were in Sweet Well by eleven. The next hours were unexplainable. The wedding was like a dream, for all that came about occurred in a world beyond her power; from the moment when, sedate and proper, she shook hands with the grown people until the time, the wrecked wedding over, when she watched the car with the two of them driving away from her, and flinging herself down in the sizzling dust, she cried out for the last time: "Take me! Take me!" – from the beginning to the end the wedding was unmanaged as a nightmare. By mid-afternoon it was all finished and the return bus left at four o'clock.

"The show is over and the monkey's dead," John Henry quoted, as he settled himself in the next to the last bus seat beside her father. "Now we go home and go to bed."

Frances wanted the whole world to die. She sat on the back seat, between the window and Berenice, and, though she was no longer sobbing, the tears were like two little brooks, and also her nose ran water. Her shoulders were hunched over her swollen heart and she no longer wore the wedding dress. She was sitting next to Berenice, back with the colored people, and when she thought of it she used the mean word she had never used before, nigger – for now she hated everyone and wanted only to spite and shame. For John Henry West the wedding had only been a great big show, and he had enjoyed her misery at the end as he had enjoyed the angel cake. She mortally despised him, dressed in his best white suit, now stained with strawberry ice cream. Berenice she hated also, for to her it had only meant a pleasure trip to Winter Hill. Her father, who had said that he would attend to her when they got home, she would like to kill. She was against every single person, even strangers in the crowded bus, though she only saw them blurred by tears – and she wished the bus would fall in a river or run into a train. Herself she hated the worst of all, and she wanted the whole world to die.

How does McCullers make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or †20 How does McCullers make Berenice such a memorable character? Support your answer with details of what she says and does.

Or 21 You are Frances (Frankie) at the end of the novel remembering John Henry.
Write your thoughts.

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

Either *22 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

My mother was a stranger to me when she first arrived at my uncle's house in Ningpo. I was nine years old and had not seen her for many years. But I knew she was my mother, because I could feel her pain.

"Do not look at that woman," warned my aunt. "She has thrown her face into the eastward-flowing stream. Her ancestral spirit is lost forever. The person you see is just decayed flesh, evil, rotted to the bone."

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And I would stare at my mother. She did not look evil. I wanted to touch her face, the one that looked like mine.

It is true, she wore strange foreign clothes. But she did not speak back when my aunt cursed her. Her head bowed even lower when my uncle slapped her for calling him Brother. She cried from her heart when Popo died, even though Popo, her mother, had sent her away so many years before. And after Popo's funeral, she obeyed my uncle. She prepared herself to return to Tientsin, where she had dishonored her widowhood by becoming the third concubine to a rich man.

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How could she leave without me? This was a question I could not ask. I was a child. I could only watch and listen.

The night before she was to leave, she held my head against her body, as if to protect me from a danger I could not see. I was crying to bring her back before she was even gone. And as I lay in her lap, she told me a story.

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"An-mei," she whispered, "have you seen the little turtle that lives in the pond?" I nodded. This was a pond in our courtyard and I often poked a stick in the still water to make the turtle swim out from underneath the rocks.

"I also knew that turtle when I was a small child," said my mother. "I used to sit by the pond and watch him swimming to the surface, biting the air with his little beak. He is a very old turtle."

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I could see that turtle in my mind and I knew my mother was seeing the same one.

"This turtle feeds on our thoughts," said my mother. "I learned this one day, when I was your age, and Popo said I could no longer be a child. She said I could not shout, or run, or sit on the ground to catch crickets. I could not cry if I was disappointed. I had to be silent and listen to my elders. And if I did not do this, Popo said she would cut off my hair and send me to a place where Buddhist nuns lived."

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"That night, after Popo told me this, I sat by the pond, looking into the water. And because I was weak, I began to cry. Then I saw this turtle swimming to the top and his beak was eating my tears as soon as they touched the water. He ate them quickly, five, six, seven tears, then climbed out of the pond, crawled onto a smooth rock and began to speak."

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"The turtle said, 'I have eaten your tears, and this is why I know your misery. But I must warn you. If you cry, your life will always be sad.'

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"Then the turtle opened his beak and out poured five, six, seven pearly eggs. The eggs broke open and from them emerged seven birds, who immediately began to chatter and sing. I knew from their snow-white bellies and pretty voices that they were magpies, birds of joy. These birds bent their beaks to the pond and began to drink greedily. And when I reached out my hand to capture one, they all rose up, beat their black wings in my face, and flew up into the air, laughing."

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"Now you see,' said the turtle, drifting back into the pond, 'why it is useless to cry. Your tears do not wash away your sorrows. They feed

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someone else's joy. And that is why you must learn to swallow your own tears.' ”

But after my mother finished her story, I looked at her and saw she was crying. And I also began to cry again, that this was our fate, to live like two turtles seeing the watery world together from the bottom of the little pond.

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What does Tan make you feel for An-mei and her mother at this moment in the novel?

Or †23 'The men in the novel are unpleasant and weak.' Do you agree? Support your answer with reference to Tan's portrayal of Ted **and** Harold.

Or 24 You are Suyuan, two days after the disaster of the talent show. Jing-mei has just told you that she wishes that she was dead, like the lost twins.

Write your thoughts.

ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple*

Either *25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Dear God. Dear stars, dear trees, dear sky, dear peoples. Dear Everything. Dear God.

Thank you for bringing my sister Nettie and our children home.

Wonder who that coming yonder? ast Albert, looking up the road. Us can see the dust just a-flying. 5

Me and him and Shug sitting out on the porch after dinner. Talking. Not talking. Rocking and fanning flies. Shug mention she don't want to sing in public no more – well, maybe a night or two at Harpo's. Think maybe she retire. Albert say he want her to try on his new shirt. I talk bout Henrietta. Sofia. My garden and the store. How things doing generally. So much in the habit of sewing something I stitch up a bunch of scraps, try to see what I can make. The weather cool for the last of June, and sitting on the porch with Albert and Shug feel real pleasant. Next week be the fourth of July and us plan a big family reunion outdoors here at my house. Just hope the cool weather hold. 10

Could be the mailman, I say. Cept he driving a little fast. 15

Could be Sofia, say Shug. You know she drive like a maniac.

Could be Harpo, say Albert. But it not.

By now the car stop under the trees in the yard and all these peoples dress like old folks git out. 20

A big tall whitehaired man with a backward turn white collar, a little dumpty woman with her gray hair in plaits cross on top her head. A tall youngish man and two robust looking youngish women. The whitehaired man say something to the driver of the car and the car leave. They all stand down there at the edge of the drive surrounded by boxes and bags and all kinds of stuff. 25

By now my heart is in my mouth and I can't move.

It's Nettie, Albert say, gitting up.

All the people down by the drive look up at us. They look at the house. The yard. Shug and Albert's cars. They look round at the fields. Then they commence to walk real slow up the walk to the house. 30

I'm so scared I don't know what to do. Feel like my mind stuck. I try to speak, nothing come. Try to git up, almost fall. Shug reach down and give me a helping hand. Albert press me on the arm.

When Nettie's foot come down on the porch I almost die. I stand swaying, tween Albert and Shug. Nettie stand swaying tween Samuel and I reckon it must be Adam. Then us both start to moan and cry. Us totter toward one nother like us use to do when us was babies. Then us feel so weak when us touch, us knock each other down. But what us care? Us sit and lay there on the porch inside each other's arms. 35

After while, she say *Celie*.

I say *Nettie*.

Little bit more time pass. Us look round at a lot of peoples knees. Nettie never let go my waist. This my husband Samuel, she say, pointing up. These our children Olivia and Adam and this Adam's wife Tashi, she say. 40

I point up at my peoples. This Shug and Albert, I say.

Everybody say Pleased to Meetcha. Then Shug and Albert start to hug everybody one after the other.

Me and Nettie finally git up off the porch and I hug my children. And I hug Tashi. Then I hug Samuel. 45

Why us always have family reunion on July 4th, say Henrietta, mouth poke out, full of complaint. It so hot.

White people busy celebrating they independence from England July 4th, say Harpo, so most black folks don't have to work. Us can spend the day celebrating each other. 55

Ah, Harpo, say Mary Agnes, sipping some lemonade, I didn't know you knowed history. She and Sofia working together on the potato salad. Mary Agnes come back home to pick up Suzie Q. She done left Grady, move back to Memphis and live with her sister and her ma. They gon look after Suzie Q while she work. She got a lot of new songs, she say, and not too knocked out to sing 'em. 60

After while, being with Grady, I couldn't think, she say. Plus, he not a good influence for no child. Course, I wasn't either, she say. Smoking so much reefer.

Everybody make a lot of miration over Tashi. People look at her and Adam's scars like that's they business. Say they never suspect African ladies could look so *good*. They make a fine couple. Speak a little funny, but us gitting use to it. 65

What your people love best to eat over there in Africa? us ast.

She sort of blush and say *barbecue*. 70

Everybody laugh and stuff her with one more piece.

I feel a little peculiar round the children. For one thing, they grown. And I see they think me and Nettie and Shug and Albert and Samuel and Harpo and Sofia and Jack and Odessa real old and don't know much what going on. But I don't think us feel old at all. And us so happy. Matter of fact, I think this the youngest us ever felt. 75

Amen

In what ways does Walker make this passage a satisfying ending to the novel?

Or †26 Explore the ways in which Walker makes Sofia such a memorable character.

Or 27 You are Samuel, just after agreeing to marry Nettie.

Write your thoughts.

**Stories of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations
Anthology of Short Stories in English**

Either *28 Read this extract (from *To Da-duh In Memoriam*), and then answer the question that follows it:

This time Da-duh didn't even bother to ask her usual question, but simply turned and waited for me to speak.

'No,' I said, my head bowed. 'We don't have anything like this in New York.'

'Ah,' she cried, her triumph complete. 'I din' think so. Why, I've heard that's a place where you can walk till you near drop and never see a tree.'

'We've got a chestnut tree in front of our house,' I said.

'Does it bear?' She waited. 'I ask you, does it bear?'

'Not anymore,' I muttered. 'It used to, but not anymore.'

She gave the nod that was like a nervous twitch. 'You see,' she said. 'Nothing can bear there.' Then, secure behind her scorn, she added, 'But tell me, what's this snow like that you hear so much about?'

Looking up, I studied her closely, sensing my chance, and then I told her, describing at length and with as much drama as I could summon not only what snow in the city was like, but what it would be like here, in her perennial summer kingdom.

'... And you see all these trees you got here,' I said. 'Well, they'd be bare. No leaves, no fruit, nothing. They'd be covered in snow. You see your canes. They'd be buried under tons of snow. The snow would be higher than your head, higher than your house, and you wouldn't be able to come down into this here gully because it would be snowed under ...'

She searched my face for the lie, still scornful but intrigued. 'What a thing, huh?' she said finally, whispering it softly to herself.

'And when it snows you couldn't dress like you are now,' I said. 'Oh no, you'd freeze to death. You'd have to wear a hat and gloves and galoshes and ear muffs so your ears wouldn't freeze and drop off, and a heavy coat. I've got a Shirley Temple coat with fur on the collar. I can dance. You wanna see?'

Before she could answer I began, with a dance called the Truck which was popular back then in the 1930s. My right forefinger waving, I trucked around the nearby trees and around Da-duh's awed and rigid form. After the Truck I did the Suzy-Q, my lean hips swishing, my sneakers sidling zigzag over the ground. 'I can sing,' I said and did so, starting with 'I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter', then without pausing, 'Tea For Two', and ending with 'I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store'.

For long moments afterwards Da-duh stared at me as if I were a creature from Mars, an emissary from some world she did not know but which intrigued her and whose power she both felt and feared. Yet something about my performance must have pleased her, because bending down she slowly lifted her long skirt and then, one by one, the layers of petticoats until she came to a drawstring purse dangling at the end of a long strip of cloth tied round her waist. Opening the purse she handed me a penny. 'Here,' she said half-smiling against her will. 'Take this to buy yourself a sweet at the shop up the road. There's nothing to be done with you, soul.'

From then on, whenever I wasn't taken to visit relatives, I accompanied Da-duh out into the ground, and alone with her amid the canes or down in the gully I told her about New York. It always began with some slighting

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remark on her part: 'I know they don't have anything this nice where you come from,' or 'Tell me, I hear those foolish people in New York does do such and such ...' But as I answered, re-creating my towering world of steel and concrete and machines for her, building the city out of words, I would feel her give way. I came to know the signs of her surrender: the total stillness that would come over her little hard dry form, the probing gaze that like a surgeon's knife sought to cut through my skull to get at the images there, to see if I were lying; above all, her fear, a fear nameless and profound, the same one I had felt beating in the palm of her hand that day in the lorry.	50
Over the weeks I told her about refrigerators, radios, gas stoves, elevators, trolley cars, wringer washing machines, movies, airplanes, the cyclone at Coney Island, subways, toasters, electric lights: 'At night, see, all you have to do is flip this little switch on the wall and all the lights in the house go on. Just like that. Like magic. It's like turning on the sun at night.'	60
'But tell me,' she said to me once with a faint mocking smile, 'do the white people have all these things too or it's only the people looking like us?'	65
I laughed. 'What d'ya mean,' I said. 'The white people have even better.' Then: 'I beat up a white girl in my class last term.'	
'Beating up white people!' Her tone was incredulous.	70
'How you mean!' I said, using an expression of hers. 'She called me a name.'	
For some reason Da-duh could not quite get over this and repeated in the same hushed, shocked voice, 'Beating up white people now! Oh, the lord, the world's changing up so I can scarce recognise it anymore.'	75

Explore the ways in which Marshall vividly portrays the relationship between Da-duh and her granddaughter here.

- Or** †29 How do the writers vividly portray fathers in *The Enemy* (by V.S. Naipaul) **and** *The Stoat* (by John McGahern)?
- Or** 30 You are Conradin in *Sredni Vashtar*. You are eating a slice of toast as you hear the screams of the maid.

Write your thoughts.

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