



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education



**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0476/01**

Paper 1

**October/November 2012**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into the examination.



**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 **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 marks.

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





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## SECTION A: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

<i>Leonato:</i>	Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?	
<i>Don John:</i>	Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.	
<i>Benedick:</i>	This looks not like a nuptial.	
<i>Hero:</i>	True! O God!	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Leonato, stand I here? Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?	5
<i>Leonato:</i>	All this is so; but what of this, my lord?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Let me but move one question to your daughter; And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.	10
<i>Leonato:</i>	I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.	
<i>Hero:</i>	O, God defend me! how am I beset! What kind of catechising call you this?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	To make you answer truly to your name.	15
<i>Hero:</i>	Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yester-night Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.	20
<i>Hero:</i>	I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.	
<i>Don Pedro:</i>	Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato, I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved Count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.	25 30
<i>Don John:</i>	Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord, Not to be spoke of; There is not chastity enough in language Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.	35
<i>Claudio:</i>	O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been, If half thy outward graces had been placed About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell, Thou pure impiety and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love, And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,	40

*Leonato:* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*]

*Beatrice:* Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?

*Don John:* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

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*Benedick:* How doth the lady?

*Beatrice:* Dead, I think. Help, uncle!

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or †2** How far do you think Shakespeare makes Beatrice an admirable heroine? Refer closely to the play in support of your answer.

**Or 3** You are Leonato. You have just been told by the Watch that Borachio has been arrested and you are on your way to talk to Margaret.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Leonato at this moment in the play.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Caesar:</i>	Are we all ready? What is now amiss That Caesar and his Senate must redress?	
<i>Metellus:</i>	Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart.	[Kneeling. 5
<i>Caesar:</i>	I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools – I mean, sweet words, Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished; If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause Will he be satisfied.	10 15
<i>Metellus:</i>	Is there no voice more worthy than my own To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear For the repealing of my banish'd brother?	20
<i>Brutus:</i>	I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar, Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.	25
<i>Caesar:</i>	What, Brutus!	
<i>Cassius:</i>	Pardon, Caesar! Caesar, pardon! As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.	
<i>Caesar:</i>	I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me; But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumb'ed sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine; But there's but one in all doth hold his place. So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this – That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.	30 35 40 45
<i>Cinna:</i>	O Caesar!	
<i>Caesar:</i>	Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?	

*Decius:* Great Caesar!

*Caesar:* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca:* Speak, hands, for me!

*[They stab Caesar. Casca strikes the first, Brutus the last blow.]*

*Caesar:* Et tu, Brute? – Then fall, Caesar!

*[Dies.]*

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatically powerful moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or †5** Which of the two women in the play do you feel more sympathy for: Calphurnia or Portia? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or 6** You are Cassius after Brutus has agreed that Antony will speak at Caesar's funeral.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Cassius at this moment in the play.

## SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Either \*7 Read this extract from *The Lady of Shalott*, and then answer the question that follows it.

On either side the river lie  
 Long fields of barley and of rye,  
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
 And thro' the field the road runs by  
     To many-tower'd Camelot; 5  
 And up and down the people go,  
 Gazing where the lilies blow  
 Round an island there below,  
     The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10  
 Little breezes dusk and shiver  
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever  
 By the island in the river  
     Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15  
 Overlook a space of flowers,  
 And the silent isle imbowers  
     The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd, 20  
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
 By slow horses; and unhail'd  
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
     Skimming down to Camelot:  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
 Or at the casement seen her stand? 25  
 Or is she known in all the land,  
     The Lady of Shalott?

How does Tennyson make this such a striking introduction to the poem?

Or †8 Explore some of the ways in which Tennyson vividly conveys his thoughts and feelings in *In Memoriam*.

Or †9 What are your feelings about the ways in which Tennyson portrays Ulysses in *Ulysses*? Refer to details in the poem as you answer.



## SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

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

I ne'er was struck before that hour  
 With love so sudden and so sweet  
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower  
 And stole my heart away complete  
 My face turned pale a deadly pale  
 My legs refused to walk away  
 And when she looked what could I ail  
 My life and all seemed turned to clay

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(from *First Love* by John Clare)

I am the nor' west air nosing among the pines  
 I am the water-race and the rust on railway lines  
 I am the mileage recorded on the yellow signs.

I am dust, I am distance, I am lupins back of the beach  
 I am the sums the sole-charge teachers teach  
 I am cows called to milking and the magpie's screech.

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I am nine o'clock in the morning when the office is clean  
 I am the slap of the belting and the smell of the machine  
 I am the place in the park where the lovers were seen.

I am recurrent music the children hear  
 I am level noises in the remembering ear  
 I am the sawmill and the passionate second gear.

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(from *Time* by Allen Curnow)

In what ways do the poets make these openings to their poems particularly memorable?

- Or †11** How do you think the poet's words create a vivid feeling of sorrow in **either** *Dover Beach* (by Matthew Arnold) **or** *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy)?
- Or †12** Explore how Adrienne Rich vividly conveys the power of moonlight to penetrate every part of the night world in *Amends*.

## SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fire-place, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Mrs Linton's glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment.

'Oh, you see, Nelly! he would not relent a moment, to keep me out of the grave! *That* is how I'm loved! Well, never mind! That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me – he's in my soul. And,' added she, musingly, 'the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength – you are sorry for me – very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for *you*. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I *wonder* he won't be near me!' She went on to herself. 'I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.'

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that ear nest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly –

'You teach me now how cruel you've been – cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort – you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you – they'll damn you. You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart – *you* have broken it – and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?'

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dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but *yours*! How can I?'

They were silent – their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch.

'Service is over,' I announced. 'My master will be here in half-an-hour.'

Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained Catherine closer – she never moved.

How does Brontë communicate the extraordinary bond between Catherine and Heathcliff at this point in the novel?

- Or †14      *A loyal and loving servant*  
                  *An interfering gossip*

To what extent do you think both these descriptions apply to Nelly Dean? Support your ideas with details from Brontë's writing.

- Or      15      You are Hindley Earnshaw on your way home to Wuthering Heights to attend your father's funeral.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Hindley Earnshaw at this moment in the novel.

**KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard***

**Either \*16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

One day, on a trip to the bazaar, Mr Chawla spotted a large striped garden umbrella that had been discarded by the Club for Previous Members of the Court.

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Then, enjoying his leisure, Sampath would sit wrapped in a blanket and dry his hair in the strengthening sun while his breakfast was being seen to.

What do you find so amusing and ironic about Desai's description of the Chawla family at this point in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †17      *A fraud*  
                 *A holy man*

Which of these descriptions is closer to your view of Sampath? Support your ideas with details from Desai's writing.

Or      18      You are Hungry Hop towards the end of the novel, helpless in the nets as Pinky looks down on you.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Hungry Hop at this moment in the novel.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.	
‘Daisy, that’s all over now,’ he said earnestly. ‘It doesn’t matter any more. Just tell him the truth – that you never loved him – and it’s all wiped out forever.’	
She looked at him blindly. ‘Why – how could I love him – possibly?’	5
‘You never loved him.’	
She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing – and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.	10
‘I never loved him,’ she said, with perceptible reluctance.	
‘Not at Kapiolani?’ demanded Tom suddenly.	
‘No.’	
From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.	15
‘Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?’ There was a husky tenderness in his tone . . . ‘Daisy?’	
‘Please don’t.’ Her voice was cold, but the rancour was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. ‘There, Jay,’ she said – but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly she threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.	20
‘Oh, you want too much!’ she cried to Gatsby. ‘I love you now – isn’t that enough? I can’t help what’s past.’ She began to sob helplessly. ‘I did love him once – but I loved you too.’	
Gatsby’s eyes opened and closed.	25
‘You loved me <i>too</i> ?’ he repeated.	
‘Even that’s a lie,’ said Tom savagely. ‘She didn’t know you were alive. Why – there’s things between Daisy and me that you’ll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.’	
The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.	30
‘I want to speak to Daisy alone,’ he insisted. ‘She’s all excited now – ’	
‘Even alone I can’t say I never loved Tom,’ she admitted in a pitiful voice. ‘It wouldn’t be true.’	
‘Of course it wouldn’t,’ agreed Tom.	
She turned to her husband.	35
‘As if it mattered to you,’ she said.	
‘Of course it matters. I’m going to take better care of you from now on.’	
‘You don’t understand,’ said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. ‘You’re not going to take care of her any more.’	
‘I’m not?’ Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. ‘Why’s that?’	40
‘Daisy’s leaving you.’	
‘Nonsense.’	
‘I am, though,’ she said with a visible effort.	
‘She’s not leaving me!’ Tom’s words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby.	45
‘Certainly not for a common swindler who’d have to steal the ring he put on her finger.’	
‘I won’t stand this!’ cried Daisy. ‘Oh, please let’s get out.’	

How does Fitzgerald strikingly convey the powerful feelings of the character at this moment in the novel?

- Or †20** How far do you think Fitzgerald intends us to dislike Jordan Baker? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or 21** You are Gatsby. You are waiting at night outside the house of Tom and Daisy following the death of Myrtle Wilson.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Gatsby at this moment in the novel.

**BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather***

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

One day, a strange, massively built, blue-eyed young man walked into the paramount chief's office. He introduced himself as Gilbert Balfour and explained that he was but recently from England and had visited the country three years previously on a student's travel grant, and that to this visit he owed his choice of career – to assist in agricultural development and improved techniques of food production. The country presented overwhelming challenges, he said, not only because the rainfall was poor but because the majority of the people engaged in subsistence farming were using primitive techniques that ruined the land. All this had excited his interest. He had returned to England, taken a diploma in agriculture, and now had returned to Botswana to place his knowledge at the service of the country. 5

Then, for almost an hour he eagerly outlined a number of grand schemes, foremost of which was the role co-operatives could play in improving production and raising the standard of living. The paramount chief listened to it all with concealed alarm, though throughout the interview a smile of pleasant interest was on his face. Of course, he was widely known as a good chief, which is the way people usually refer to paramount chiefs. He attended all the funerals of the poor in the village, even accepted responsibility to bury those who were too poor to bury themselves, and had built a school here and a reservoir there. But because he was a chief he lived off the slave labour of the poor. His lands were ploughed free of charge by the poor, and he was washed, bathed, and fed by the poor, in return for which he handed out old clothes and maize rations. And to a man like this Gilbert Balfour came along and spent an hour outlining plans to uplift the poor! Most alarming of all, the Englishman had behind him the backing of a number of voluntary organizations who were prepared to finance his schemes at no cost to the country. 10 15 20 25

At first the young man's ideas caused the chief acute discomfort, especially his habit of referring to the poor as though they were his blood brothers, and the chief was a shrewd enough judge of human nature to see that the young man was in deadly earnest. But halfway through the interview, a beaming smile lit up the chief's face. He would put this disturbing young man in Golema Mmidi, and if he could survive a year or more in the bedlam his brother Matenge would raise, that would be more than proof of his sincerity. One thing he was sure of – either the young man would be completely destroyed, or he could completely destroy his brother, and he wanted his brother destroyed for all the family feuds and intrigues he had instigated. Towards the end of the interview, he allocated a 250-acre plot for an experimental farm and a 7,000-acre plot for a cattle ranch. 30 35 40

It was about all this that the old man talked to Makhaya on their hour and a half walk to the village of Golema Mmidi.

Explore the ways in which Head makes this such a striking introduction to Gilbert Balfour.



- Or †23 Explore **two** moments in the novel where Head makes vivid the hardships that the people of Botswana face. (Do not use the passage in Question 28 in answering this question.)
- Or 24 You are Makhaya. You have just learnt that Gilbert has proposed to Maria.  
Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Makhaya at this moment in the novel.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

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

In the black shade of the Varnum spruces he caught up with her and she turned with a quick "Oh!"

"Think I'd forgotten you, Matt?" he asked with sheepish glee.

She answered seriously: "I thought maybe you couldn't come back for me."

"Couldn't? What on earth could stop me?"

"I knew Zeena wasn't feeling any too good today."

"Oh, she's in bed long ago ." He paused, a question struggling in him.

"Then you meant to walk home all alone?"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" she laughed.

They stood together in the gloom of the spruces, an empty world glimmering about them wide and grey under the stars. He brought his question out.

"If you thought I hadn't come, why didn't you ride back with Denis Eady?"

"Why, where *were* you? How did you know? I never saw you!"

Her wonder and his laughter ran together like spring rills in a thaw. Ethan had the sense of having done something arch and ingenious. To prolong the effect he groped for a dazzling phrase, and brought out, in a growl of rapture: "Come along."

He slipped an arm through hers, as Eady had done, and fancied it was faintly pressed against her side; but neither of them moved. It was so dark under the spruces that he could barely see the shape of her head beside his shoulder. He longed to stoop his cheek and rub it against her scarf. He would have liked to stand there with her all night in the blackness. She moved forward a step or two and then paused again above the dip of the Corbury road. Its icy slope, scored by innumerable runners, looked like a mirror scratched by travellers at an inn.

"There was a whole lot of them coasting before the moon set," she said.

"Would you like to come in and coast with them some night?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you, Ethan? It would be lovely!"

"We'll come tomorrow if there's a moon."

She lingered, pressing closer to his side. "Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum came just as *near* running into the big elm at the bottom. We were all sure they were killed." Her shiver ran down his arm. "Wouldn't it have been too awful? They're so happy!"

"Oh, Ned ain't much at steering. I guess I can take you down all right!" he said disdainfully.

He was aware that he was "talking big," like Denis Eady; but his reaction of joy had unsteadied him, and the inflection with which she had said of the engaged couple "They're so happy!" made the words sound as if she had been thinking of herself and him.

"The elm *is* dangerous, though. It ought to be cut down," she insisted.

"Would you be afraid of it, with me?"

"I told you I ain't the kind to be afraid," she tossed back, almost indifferently; and suddenly she began to walk on with a rapid step.

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Explore how Wharton memorably conveys Ethan's feelings for Mattie at this point in the novel.

- Or †26 How does Wharton make Zeena such an unattractive and dislikeable character? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or 27 You are Mattie. You have just been told that you are to go to live in Starkfield with Zeena and Ethan Frome.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Mattie at this moment in the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

**Either \*28** Read this extract from *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma), and then answer the question that follows it:

The men came down between two long, regular rows of trees. The winter had not passed completely and there was a chill in the air; and the moon was hidden behind long, high parallels of cloud which hung like suspended streamers of dirty cotton wool in the sky. All of the men but one wore thick clothes against the coolness of the night. The night and earth was cold and damp, and the shoes of the men sank into the soil and left exact, ridged foot prints, but they could not be seen in the dark.

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One of the men walked ahead holding a small cycle lantern that worked from a battery, leading the way down the avenue of trees while the others came behind in the dark. The night close around was quiet now that the crickets had stopped their small noises, but far out others that did not feel the presence of the men continued the monotonous creek-creek-creek. Somewhere, even further, a dog started barking in short high yaps, and then stopped abruptly. The men were walking through an orchard of lemons and the sharp, bitter-sweet citrus smell hung gently on the night air.

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'Do not go so fast,' the man who brought up the rear of the party called to the man with the lantern. 'It's as dark as a kaffir's soul here at the back.'

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He called softly, as if the darkness demanded silence. He was a big man and wore khaki trousers and laced-up riding boots, and an old shooting jacket with leather patches on the right breast and the elbows.

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The shotgun was loaded. In the dark this man's face was invisible except for a blur of shadowed hollows and lighter crags. Although he walked in the rear he was the leader of the party. The lantern-bearer slowed down for the rest to catch up with him.

'It's cold, too, Oom,' another man said.

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'Cold?' the man with the shotgun asked, speaking with sarcasm. 'Are you colder than this verdomte hotnot, here?' And he gestured in the dark with the muzzle of the gun at the man who stumbled along in their midst and who was the only one not warmly dressed.

This man wore trousers and a raincoat which they had allowed him to pull on over his pyjamas when they had taken him from his lodgings, and he shivered now with chill, clenching his teeth to prevent them from chattering. He had not been given time to tie his shoes and the metal-covered ends of the laces clicked as he moved.

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'Are you cold, hotnot?' the man with the light jeered.

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The coloured man did not reply. He was afraid, but his fear was mixed with a stubbornness which forbade him to answer them.

'He is not cold,' the fifth man in the party said. 'He is shivering with fear. Is it not so, hotnot?'

The coloured man said nothing, but stared ahead of himself into the half-light made by the small lantern. He could see the silhouette of the man who carried the light, but he did not want to look at the two who flanked him, the one who had complained of the cold, and the one who had spoken of his fear. They each carried a sjambok and every now and then one of them slapped a corduroyed leg with his.

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'He is dumb also,' the one who had spoken last chuckled.

'No, Andries. Wait a minute,' the leader who carried the shotgun said, and they all stopped between the row of trees. The man with the lantern turned and put the light on the rest of the party.

'What is it?' he asked

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‘Wag’n oomblikkie. Wait a moment,’ the leader said, speaking with forced casualness. ‘He is not dumb. He is a slim hotnot; one of those educated bushmen. Listen, hotnot,’ he addressed the coloured man, speaking angrily now. ‘When a baas speaks to you, you answer him. Do you hear?’ The coloured man’s wrists were tied behind him with a riem and the leader brought the muzzle of the shotgun down, pressing it hard into the small of the man’s back above where the wrists met. ‘Do you hear, hotnot? Answer me or I will shoot a hole through your spine.’

How does La Guma make this such a dramatic opening to the story?

Or †29 How do the writers make the narrators so interesting in **two** of the following stories?

*On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton)

*The Signalman* (by Charles Dickens)

*The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal)

Or 30 You are the boy in *Secrets*. You have just read the first of Aunt Mary’s letters.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for the boy at this moment in the story.

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