

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

2010/01

Paper 1

October/November 2006

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours 40 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **four** questions.

Your questions must be from either three or four different set books.

This question paper is divided into three sections: Poetry, Prose, Drama. **Your questions must be taken from at least two of these sections.**

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **30** printed pages and **6** blank pages.

POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

1

from *Christabel*

Is the night chilly and dark?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full; 5
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel, 10
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late,
 A furlong from the castle gate?
 She had dreams all yesternight
 Of her own betrothed knight; 15
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
 The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
 And naught was green upon the oak 20
 But moss and rarest mistletoe:
 She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
 And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
 The lovely lady, Christabel! 25
 It moaned as near, as near can be,
 But what it is she cannot tell. –
 On the other side it seems to be,
 Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare; 30
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek –
 There is not wind enough to twirl 35
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel! 40
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there?

What impressions of 'the lovely lady, Christabel' does Coleridge give you here?

- 2 Choose **two** moments in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* which have surprised you.

Explore them to show how the element of surprise is achieved.

- 3 What do you find moving about Coleridge's ideas and language in *Frost at Midnight*?

Be sure to support your answer with detail from the poem.

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

4

A Holiday

My child in the smoke of the fire
 playing at barbarism,
 the burst meat dripping down her
 chin, soot smearing
 her cheek and her hair infested with twigs, 5
 under a huge midsummer-leafed tree
 in the rain, the shelter
 of poles and canvas down
 the road if needed:

This could be where we 10
 end up, learning the minimal
 with maybe no tree, no rain,
 no shelter, no roast carcasses
 of animals to renew us

at a time when language 15
 will shrink to the word *hunger*
 and the word *none*.

Mist lifts from the warm lake
 hit by the cold drizzle:
 too much dust in the stratosphere 20
 this year, they say. Unseasonal.

Here comes the ice,
 here comes something,
 we can all feel it
 like a breath, a footstep, 25
 here comes nothing
 with its calm eye of fire.

What we're having right
 now is a cookout,
 sausages on peeled sticks. 30
 The blades of grass are still with us.
 My daughter forages,
 grace plumps the dusty berries,
 two or three hot and squashed in her fist.

So far we do it 35
 for fun. So far is
 where we've gone
 and no farther.

MARGARET ATWOOD

In what ways does Atwood make this fairly ordinary experience of a camping holiday particularly vivid and meaningful?

- 5 Explore the ways in which **either** Charlotte Mew in *The Trees Are Down* **or** D. H. Lawrence in *Mountain Lion* uses the beauty and magnificence of nature to make a comment on human behaviour.
- 6 What feelings about the power of visual images do *Essential Beauty* (by Philip Larkin) **and** *Snapshotland* (by Sylvia Kantaris) convey to you?

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

7

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
 He with a book, keeping the light on late,
 She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
 All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
 Some new event: the book he holds unread, 5
 Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
 How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
 Or if they do it is like a confession
 Of having little feeling – or too much. 10
 Chastity faces them, a destination
 For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
 Silence between them like a thread to hold
 And not wind in. And time itself's a feather 15
 Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
 These two who are my father and mother
 Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

In this poem what feelings about her parents does the poet convey to you? How do the words and images she uses make those feelings memorable?

8 Explore how the poet's words paint a vivid picture in **one** of the following poems:

Refugee Mother and Child (by Chinua Achebe)
To Autumn (by John Keats)
Composed upon Westminster Bridge (by William Wordsworth).

9 How do you think the poet makes an event or situation dramatic in any **one** of the following poems?

Horses (by Edwin Muir)
Mid-Term Break (by Seamus Heaney)
Snake (by D. H. Lawrence).

Turn to page 8 for Question 10.

PROSE

ANITA DESAI: *The Village by the Sea*

10

'Oh you, you child of a rascal,' he roared at her, standing by the log across the creek and swaying on his feet. 'Where's that father of yours, that rascal?'

'My father?' said Lila wildly. 'He – he has gone out.'

'Gone out – or hiding under his wife's bed? Shall I come and drag him out?' 5

Lila gave a small scream which was echoed by the two girls who were hiding behind her. Now Pinto was growling, too, although held back by them from attacking the intruder. 'He's not here,' she cried in a high-pitched voice. 'Don't come in – my mother is ill.' 10

'O very good, very good.' He laughed maliciously, showing his yellow teeth in a mouth stained red with betel juice. 'Mother ill – father out – little girls know nothing. Do you at least know where he keeps his money?' he roared suddenly, like a lion, making Lila shrink back.

'Money?' she murmured, clenching her fists and wishing Hari would appear. 'We have no money.' 15

'No money – we have no money,' he mocked her. 'Very nice answer. Did he teach you tell me that – that rogue, your father? Like father, like daughter. A family of liars, no-goods. No money, no good – all of you. But wait till I catch him. I'll break his neck and find the money all right.' 20

Pinto, giving an uncontrollable yelp of rage at this man who stood shouting and swaying and waving his arms about in front of their house, suddenly broke away from the girls, darted past Lila and was out on the path, digging up sand with agitated claws, showing his sharp teeth and barking like a proper guard dog. He approached the man in short leaps and bounds, and when he was close enough to bite, the man raised his arms and roared, 'Call that dog back. If you don't keep him off – I'll kill him.' 25

Bela and Kamal, screaming together, darted out after Pinto, flying to save him from the drunkard. Seeing them all out on the path, ready for a battle, Lila hurried after them, calling, 'Pinto – Pinto – come back. Bela, Kamal, catch him. He won't bite – he won't bite –' 30

'If he bites,' the man roared, 'I'll – I'll –'

The uproar brought them some help after all. It was his old mother, the woman who had sent them the magic-man that morning, who came hobbling through the gap in the hedge to see what it was all about. Seeing her son there, tottering drunkenly in a circle and shouting, she grabbed him by the arm and gave him a quick, sharp shake. 35

'You,' she said fiercely, 'you *idiot*. What are you doing here, frightening these little girls? Get back to the house – do you hear? Get back – you're not fit to go out or talk to anyone. Go, hide yourself in your dirty black mud-hole. Stick your head in your toddy-pot and don't show it around here again. Go.' She gave him a push and he, silent now, stumbled off, half-falling over the round pandanus fruit and muttering to himself, 'Go, go, go, they say. Where shall I go? I want my money. I'll get my money. I'll kill that rogue. I'll kill his dog –' 40

'Be quiet,' his mother screamed after him, picking up a stick and hitting it hard against a tree-trunk. 'Be quiet, I say,' she screamed again and went off after him without another look at the girls who stood like shadows cast by the coconut palms on the sand. 50

Explore the writing here, showing how it makes the incident threatening and upsetting for the children.

- 11** How does Desai make vivid for you the changes in Hari's life when he moves from the village to the big city?

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

- 12** You are Mrs de Silva at the end of the novel, thinking about Lila and Hari.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

13

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment, I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

5

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her, the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through anything I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet alight were floating in the smoky air, which, a moment ago, had been her faded bridal dress.

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Then, I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments, no longer alight but falling in a black shower around us.

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She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved, or even touched. Assistance was sent for and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go, the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt; for, I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

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On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions, her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table: which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterwards, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and had heard her say that she would lie one day.

35

Though every vestige of her dress was burnt, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for, they had covered her to the throat with white cotton-wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed, was still upon her.

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

Be sure to support your ideas with detail from Dickens's writing.

14 What do you find most memorable and striking about Dickens's portrayal of London?
Remember to support your views with detail from Dickens's writing.

15 You are Mr Jaggers immediately after you have met Pip for the first time.
Write your thoughts.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

16

It's half past two, and already growing dark, by the time Anna sets out with Kolya's empty sledge bumping behind her. She has a couple of empty sacks too, and some twine to tie them on to the sledge once they're filled. It's only a child's sledge, but it'll carry a fair load.

The streets are almost empty. She passes the hump of a body frozen into a doorway, covered with drifted snow. It looks like a bag of rubbish, but Anna knows it's a body because she saw it before the snow hid it. It's an old woman. Maybe she stopped to rest on the way back from fetching her ration. Anna doesn't like going past the park any more. There are people sitting on benches, swathed in snow, planted like bulbs to wait for spring. They stay there day after day. No one comes to take them away.

It's cold, so cold. Anna adjusts the scarf she has wound around her face. She'll rest for a couple of minutes. No longer than that, because in her weakened state the cold could easily finish her off. The scorching frost goes down into her lungs like a knife. She coughs, gasps, shifts her weight from foot to foot, and bats her hands together. Her gloved hands make a muffled, ghostly sound. She thinks of the bulbs under their coverlet of snow, and shivers.

Nothing seems surprising any more, not even the bodies piled by the Karpovka canal, or outside the cemeteries. Andrei has told her about them. They are like two walls on either side of the road. It is not surprising that her father is dying while Andrei makes his way to the hospital to work, leaning on the cherry-wood stick which he needs more than Anna does now. On his swollen legs the skin is drawn and shiny. He labours on, as she does, ten steps and then ten steps more, passing the bodies of the dead. They lie exposed, charred by frost until the next snowfall covers them.

Being dead is normal. You have to patrol yourself all the time, to stop yourself slipping over the border between this world and the next. If you let go, and sit down in no man's land, the snipers of cold and hunger will soon finish you off.

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Explore the ways in which Dunmore in this extract vividly conveys the effects of cold and starvation.

17 There are many horrific moments portrayed in this novel.

Explore in detail **two** of them, bringing out the ways in which Dunmore's words convey the horror.

18 You are Evgenia at the end of the novel, digging.

Write your thoughts.

Turn to page 14 for Question 19.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels With My Aunt*

19

During that empty time I received one more letter from Miss Keene. She wrote in her own hand, for a clumsy servant had broken the keyboard of her typewriter. 'I was just going to write,' she said, 'how stupid and clumsy these blacks are, and then I remembered how you and my father had discussed racialism one night at dinner and I felt as though I were betraying our old house in Southwood and the companionship of those days. Sometimes I fear that I am going to be quite assimilated. In Koffiefontein the Prime Minister no longer seems the monster we thought him at home: indeed he's criticized here sometimes as an old-fashioned liberal. I find myself when I meet a tourist from England explaining apartheid so convincingly. I don't want to be assimilated, and yet if I am to make my life here ...' The broken sentence sounded like an appeal which she was too shy to make clear. There followed the gossip of the farm: a dinner party to neighbours who lived more than a hundred miles away, and then one paragraph which I found a little disturbing: 'I have met a Mr Hughes, a land surveyor, and he wants to marry me (please don't laugh at me). He is a kind man in his late fifties, a widower with a teenage daughter whom I like well enough. I don't know what to do. It would be the final assimilation, wouldn't it? I've always had a silly dream of one day coming back to Southwood and finding the old house empty (how I miss that dark rhododendron walk) and beginning my life all over again. I am afraid of talking to anyone here about Mr Hughes – they would all be too encouraging. I wish you were not so far away, for I know you would counsel me wisely.'

Was I wrong to read an appeal in the last sentence, a desperate appeal in spite of its calm wording, an appeal for some decisive telegram 'come back to Southwood and marry me'? Who knows whether I might not have sent one in my loneliness if a letter had not arrived which drove poor Miss Keene right out of my mind?

It was from my aunt, written on stiff aristocratic note-paper bearing simply a scarlet rose and the name Lancaster with no address, like the title of a noble family. Only when I read a little way into the letter did I realize that Lancaster was the name of an hotel. My aunt made no appeal; she simply issued a command, and there was no explanation of her long silence. 'I have decided,' she wrote, 'not to return to Europe and I am giving up my apartment over the Crown and Anchor at the end of the next quarter. I would be glad if you would pack what clothes there may be there and dispose of all the furniture. On second thoughts however keep the photograph of Freetown harbour for me as a memento of dear Wordsworth and bring it with you.' (She had not even told me where to come at that point of the letter or asked me if it were possible). 'Preserve it in its frame which has great sentimental value because it was given me by Mr V. I enclose a cheque on my account at the Crédit Suisse, Berne, which will be sufficient for a first-class ticket to Buenos Aires. Come as soon as you can, for I get no younger. I do not suffer from gout like an old friend whom I met the other day on a packet boat, but I feel nonetheless a certain stiffness in the joints. I want very much to have with me a member of my family whom I can trust in this rather bizarre country, not the less bizarre for having a shop called Harrods round the corner from the hotel, though it is less well stocked, I fear, than in the Brompton Road.'

Explore in detail how the two letters in this passage convey the very different characters of Mr. Keene and Aunt Augusta, and why Henry Pulling is likely to act on only one of the letters.

- 20** Most of Aunt Augusta's acquaintances are very dishonest. Which **one** of these dishonest characters do you think Greene manages to make the most likeable?

Be sure to support your views with detail from Greene's writing.

- 21** You are Henry Pulling at the end of the novel, thinking about the changes that have come about in your life since you met Aunt Augusta.

Write your thoughts.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting Of Wisdom*

22

Sea, sun and air did their healing work, as did also the long, idle days in the home garden; and Laura drank in health and vigour with every breath.

She had need of it all when, the golden holidays over, she returned to school; for the half-year that broke was, in many ways, the most trying she had yet had to face. True, her dupes' first virulence had waned – they no longer lashed her openly with their tongues – but the quiet, covert insults, that were now the rule, were every bit as hard to bear; and before a week had passed Laura was telling herself that, had she been a Christian Martyr, she would have preferred to be torn asunder with one jerk, rather than submit to the thumbkin. Not an eye but looked askance at her; on every face was painted a reminder of her moral inferiority; and even newcomers among the boarders soon learnt, without always knowing what her crime had been, that Laura Rambotham was 'not the thing'.

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This system of slight and disparagement was similar to what she had had to endure in her first school term; but its effect upon her was different. Then, in her raw timidity, she had bowed her head beneath it; now, she could not be so lamb-like. In thought, she never ceased to lay half the blame of what had happened on her companions' shoulders; and she was embittered by their injustice in making her alone responsible, when all she had done was to yield to their craving for romance. She became a rebel, wrapping herself round in the cloak of bitterness which the outcasts of fortune wear, feeding on her hate of those within the pale. Very well then, she said to herself: if her fellows chose to shut her out like this, she would stop outside, and never see eye to eye with them again. And it gave her an unholy pleasure to mock, in secret, at all they set store by.

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Her outward behaviour for many a day was, none the less, that of a footlicker; and by no sign did she indicate what she really was – a very unhappy girl. Like most rebels of her sex, she ardently desired to re-enter the fold of law and order; and it was to this end she worked, although, wherever she approached it, the place seemed to bristle with spears. But she did not let herself be daunted; she pocketed injuries, pretended not to hear them, played the spaniel to people she despised; and it soon became open talk, that no matter what you said to her, Laura Rambotham would not take offence. You could also rely on her to do a dirty job for you. – A horrid little toady was the verdict; especially of those who had no objection to be toadied to.

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Explore how Richardson in this extract vividly conveys Laura's feelings on her return to school.

23 What impressions do you have of Mr Shepherd?

Be sure to support your ideas with detail from the writing.

24 You are Laura at the end of the book, thinking about your relationship with your mother.

Write your thoughts.

Turn to page 18 for Question 25.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

25

Halfway between the villages, two bandits wearing hoods sprang out of the bushes. 'I'm the famous Mongol Bandit!' the larger one bellowed. Right away, Precious Auntie recognized the voice of Chang the coffinmaker. What kind of ridiculous joke was this? But before she could say anything, the guards threw down their pistols, the carriers dropped their poles, and Precious Auntie was thrown to the floor of the sedan and knocked out.

5

When she came to, she saw Baby Uncle's face in a haze. He had lifted her out of the sedan. She looked around and saw that the wedding trunks had been ransacked and the guards and carriers had fled. And then she noticed her father lying in a ditch, his head and neck at an odd angle, the life gone from his face. Was she in a dream? 'My father,' she moaned. 'I want to go to him.' As she bent over the body, unable to make sense of what had happened, Baby Uncle picked up a pistol that one of the guards had dropped.

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'I swear I'll find the demons who caused my bride so much grief,' he shouted, and then he fired the pistol toward heaven, startling his horse.

Precious Auntie did not see the kick that killed Baby Uncle, but she heard it, a terrible crack, like the opening of the earth when it was born. For the rest of her life she was to hear it in the breaking of twigs, the crackling of fire, whenever a melon was cleaved in the summer.

20

That was how Precious Auntie became a widow and an orphan in the same day. 'This is a curse,' she murmured, as she stared down at the bodies of the men she loved. For three sleepless days after their deaths, Precious Auntie apologized to the corpses of her father and Baby Uncle. She talked to their still faces. She touched their mouths, though this was forbidden and caused the women of the house to fear that the wronged ghosts might either possess her or decide to stay.

25

On the third day, Chang arrived with two coffins. 'He killed them!' Precious Auntie cried. She picked up a fire poker and tried to strike him. She beat at the coffins. Baby Uncle's brothers had to wrestle her away. They apologized to Chang for the girl's lunacy, and Chang replied that grief of this magnitude was admirable. Because Precious Auntie continued to be wild with admirable grief, the women of the house had to bind her from elbows to knees with strips of cloth. Then they laid her on Baby Uncle's *k'ang*, where she wiggled and twisted like a butterfly stuck in its cocoon until Great-Granny forced her to drink a bowl of medicine that made her body grow limp. For two days and nights, she dreamed she was with Baby Uncle, lying on the *k'ang* as his bride.

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How does Tan make this such a dramatic and significant incident in the novel?

26 Why do you think the Bonesetter is important in the novel?

Support your ideas with details from the writing.

27 You are Ruth. You are walking along the beach just after the incident when your mother has gone missing for the first time as a result of her increasing confusion.

Write your thoughts.

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

28

In the willow hut, Pretty Calf cried out. He heard rustling there, and the old woman's querulous voice.

Some twenty hours later his son was born, two months early, in the tepee of a skilled medicine woman. The child was born without breath, and the mother died before the sun went down.

The white man was too shocked to think whether he should mourn, or how he should mourn. The old woman screamed until she was voiceless. Piteously she approached him, bent and trembling, blind with grief. She held out her knife and he took it.

She spread out her hands and shook her head. If she cut off any more finger joints, she could do no more work. She could not afford any more lasting signs of grief.

The white man said, 'All right! All right!' between his teeth.

He hacked his arms with the knife and stood watching the blood run down. It was little enough to do for Pretty Calf, for little Freedom.

Now there is nothing to keep me, he realized. When I get home, I must not let them see the scars.

He looked at Greasy Hand, hideous in her grief-burdened age, and thought: I really am free now! When a wife dies, her husband has no more duty towards her family. Pretty Calf had told him so, long ago, when he wondered why a certain man moved out of one tepee and into another.

The old woman, of course, would be a scavenger. There was one other with the tribe, an ancient crone who had no relatives, toward whom no one felt any responsibility. She lived on food thrown away by the more fortunate. She slept in shelters that she built with her own knotted hands. She plodded wearily at the end of the procession when the camp moved. When she stumbled, nobody cared. When she died, nobody would miss her.

Tomorrow morning, the white man decided, I will go.

His mother-in-law's sunken mouth quivered. She said one word, questioningly. She said, '*Eero-oshay?*' She said, 'Son?'

Blinking, he remembered. When a wife died, her husband was free. But her mother, who had ignored him with dignity, might if she wished ask him to stay. She invited him by calling him Son, and he accepted by answering Mother.

Greasy Hand stood before him, bowed with years, withered with unceasing labour, loveless and childless, scarred with grief. But with all her burdens she still loved life enough to beg it from him, the only person she had any right to ask. She was stripping herself of all she had left, her pride.

He looked eastward across the prairie. Two thousand miles away was home. The old woman would not live forever. He could afford to wait, for he was young. He could afford to be magnanimous, for he knew he was a man. He gave her the answer. '*Eegya,*' he said. 'Mother.'

He went home three years later. He explained no more than to say, 'I lived with Crows for a while. It was some time before I could leave. They called me Horse.'

He did not find it necessary either to apologize or to boast, because he was the equal of any man on earth.

Explore how in your opinion Johnson makes the end of her story so surprising and so moving.

- 29 In *Let Them Call It Jazz* (by Jean Rhys) and *My Oedipus Complex* (by Frank O'Connor) the characters struggle to understand the world they are in.

Explore how the writer of **one** of these stories vividly portrays the character's bewilderment.

- 30 You are Lellie in *Dumb Martian* while Duncan is outside the dome supervising what he thinks is the last ship to depart before you and he will also leave the station.

Write your thoughts.

DRAMA

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

31

<i>Colin:</i>	Yes, well, possibly. I hope Di's all right.	
<i>Paul:</i>	Oh, yes ...	
<i>Marge:</i>	Oh, yes. She'll be fine. Fine. She's very sensitive.	
<i>Colin:</i>	Oh, yes. I think that's what makes her a wonderful person, you know.	5
<i>Marge:</i>	Yes, yes. I think we could all learn from her example. She's so loyal and trusting ...	
<i>Colin:</i>	Yes. She's got a lot of the qualities Carol had in that respect. You're a lucky man, Paul.	
<i>Paul:</i>	Yes.	10
<i>Colin:</i>	<i>[laughing suddenly]</i> It could have been me at one point, couldn't it? Remember? Diana and me instead of Diana and you.	
<i>Paul:</i>	Could it?	
<i>Colin:</i>	Oh, come on, you haven't forgotten that. <i>[To the others.]</i> We were both after her – him and me – at one time.	15
<i>Marge:</i>	Were you really?	
<i>Colin:</i>	Oh, yes. And I think it's fair to say, isn't it, Paul, fair to say, that there was one moment in time when I don't think she could honestly choose between us.	20
<i>Marge:</i>	Really, I didn't know.	
<i>Colin:</i>	Still, it all ended happily, didn't it? Lucky old Paul, and if I'd married Di, I wouldn't have met Carol ...	
<i>Marge:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Colin:</i>	<i>[Pause.]</i>	25
<i>Colin:</i>	Talking of Carol, it's an odd thing you know. I'm sure this is fairly common. I mean, you read about it happening but there are times when I feel that she's still around somewhere. Some part of her. Her spirit or whatever you call it. She could be in this room at this moment. Odd, isn't it?	30
<i>Marge:</i>	It does happen to people. My Aunt Angela –	
<i>Colin:</i>	I mean, I know for certain in my mind that she's dead. There's no doubt that she's dead. I saw her lying there dead with my own eyes ...	
	<i>[John rises and jiggles about.]</i>	35
	But nevertheless, as I say, I feel that here, around here somewhere, she's watching us. She can't communicate but she's watching me. Taking care of me.	
<i>John:</i>	<i>[moving to the door]</i> Excuse me.	
<i>Marge:</i>	All right, John?	40
<i>John:</i>	Yes, I'm just going to see if – Di's all right	
	<i>[John goes out to the kitchen.]</i>	
<i>Colin:</i>	Good old John. He still can't sit still, can he?	
<i>Marge:</i>	No.	
<i>Colin:</i>	You took on a real live wire there, Evelyn.	45
<i>Evelyn:</i>	Oh yes?	
<i>Colin:</i>	How do you manage to keep up with him?	
<i>Evelyn:</i>	I don't bother.	
<i>Colin:</i>	You'll have to get up early in the morning to catch John.	
<i>Evelyn:</i>	I do. Every morning. He doesn't wake up at all unless I wake him.	50

Colin: Oh well, that's marriage.
Evelyn: How do you know?
Colin: Well, I mean ...
Marge: Evelyn ... 55
Evelyn: What?
Marge: Don't be so ...
Evelyn: What?
Marge: Never mind.
Paul: How long had you known Carol, Colin? 60
Colin: Just over a year. Fourteen months, twenty-three days.
Paul: Ah well. Time would have told.
Colin: Told what?
Paul: I mean, well – I mean, to be fair you hadn't time really to get to
know her. Not really. 65
Colin: I think I knew Carol better than I've ever known anybody before
or since, Paul.
Paul: Oh. Well. I'm sure ...
[Diana returns with a jug of cream.]

What do you think makes Colin amusing yet unbearable in this extract?

Support your ideas with detail from Ayckbourn's writing.

32 Do you think Diana is to be laughed at, or pitied, or both?

Support your ideas with detailed reference to the way Ayckbourn portrays her.

33 You are Evelyn, pushing your baby home after the tea party.

Write your thoughts.

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

34

SCENE NINE

The sound of the father's car can be heard taking off, backfiring as it goes. Pats comes into the garden. She's more relaxed than usual, though she looks thin and undernourished. She's in the same clothes as always. Ger is coming back from the shops with newspapers, fruit and milk. She spots Pats and stands aside and watches her. Pats checks to see whether the food she dropped the previous night is still there. She finds it where Ger has left it. She scoffs it. 5

Ger: Hey, Pats, what's going on?

Pats looks up, startled, and is about to run away. 10

Hang on. Hang on. I'll only follow you in. I saw your crowd going off in the car. It's all right, I won't bite.

Pats: Going off to see our cousins. There wasn't room for me.

Ger: So?

Pats: I have to stay to watch the dog. 15

Ger: You know well what I mean.

Ger's caring tone has Pats on the verge of tears. She stares at the ground.

Pats: Sorry. Don't say nothing, sure you won't. I'll pay ye back.

Ger: Look, it doesn't matter, it was only a bit of bread and jam and some fruit. Just my mother isn't great at the moment, it's ... well it's her nerves, my sister had ... ah, anyway, you know what I mean, and she'd have a hernia if she came down and found someone in the kitchen. 20

Pats: We just ran out of shopping and I woke up in the night ravenous. I was half sleepwalking, I'm sure. Don't ask me what made me go ... 25

Ger: I looked in the window and saw stuff on the table though.

Pats: Gooseberry.

Ger: Gooseberry? 30

Pats: Gooseberry jam. That's all we have and ... I hate that. I hate it. If there's anything I hate in the whole world it's gooseberries.

Pats is getting desperate. It's clear Ger doesn't believe a word Pats is saying, so she tries a different tack.

Ger: So how are you getting used to Lime Lawn? Do you like it? 35

Pats: Lime Lawn? Ehm ... grand, grand. Where we were before was in the middle of nowhere. The country. I like seeing people around. There's more noise. Cars and noise. Yeah.

Ger: And did you sleep on the floor in your last house as well?

Pats looks at her, shocked that she knows. Jimmy comes along. 40

Jimmy: How's it going?

Ger: Oh, hiya, Jimmy. Well, you didn't last long last night. [to Pats] A
 end of us were up at Highfield. It's a donee

Jimmy: A bit boring. No point in staying holding up the wall. None of the lads around, no?

Ger: Probably down in the park airing their brains.

Jimmy: I might take a wander down so, see what the crack is like.

Ger: Why don't you go with him, Pats, see some of the local sights.

Pats and Jimmy:

What?

50

Ger: Go on, why don't you?

Pats: They don't ... I've to be back before ... I can't stay out, like.

Ger: It's only down the road. Jimmy's very responsible. He'll make sure you're back on time. Won't you, Jim?

She takes some bananas from a bag and hands them to Pats.

55

Here, look, why don't ye have a bit of a picnic while you're at it? I'm all heart, aren't I?

Ger goes off into her house. Pats and Jimmy smile at each other and walk off in the other direction.

What do you think makes this such a touching and moving scene?

Remember to refer to detail from Moxley's writing.

- 35** Choose **one** moment from **each** play which you think the dramatist makes especially memorable, and show in detail why you feel each moment is so successful dramatically. (Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 34 in answering this question.)
- 36** You are Miss Arthur in *Cuba* after you have resigned and after you have broken off your engagement to Mr Shaw.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

37

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch: When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won. 5

Third Witch: That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch: Where the place?

Second Witch: Upon the heath.

Third Witch: There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch: I come, Graymalkin. 10

Second Witch: Paddock calls.

Third Witch: Anon!

All: Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

A camp near Forres. 15*Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

Duncan: What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state. 20

Malcolm: This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it. 25

Sergeant: Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald –
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature 30
Do swarm upon him – from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth – well he deserves that name – 35
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, 40
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan: O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

How do you think Shakespeare manages to interest and intrigue the audience here?

38 How do you think Shakespeare makes you pity Macbeth even though he is a pitiless murderer?
Be sure to support your ideas with detail from the play.

39 You are Macduff, riding to England to offer your support to Malcolm.
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*

40

Re-enter MARIA with MALVOLIO

	How now, Malvolio!	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Sweet lady, ho, ho.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Smil'st thou?	
	I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.	5
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Sad, lady? I could be said. This does make some obstructions in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one and please all'.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?	10
<i>Malvolio:</i>	Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.	15
<i>Olivia:</i>	God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?	
<i>Maria:</i>	How do you, Malvolio?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	At your request? Yes, nightingales answer daws!	
<i>Maria:</i>	Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?	20
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'Be not afraid of greatness.' 'Twas well writ.	
<i>Olivia:</i>	What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'Some are born great,' –	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Ha?	25
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'Some achieve greatness,' –	
<i>Olivia:</i>	What say'st thou?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Heaven restore thee!	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,' –	30
<i>Olivia:</i>	'Thy yellow stockings'?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.'	
<i>Olivia:</i>	'Cross-garter'd'?	
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so:' –	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Am I made?	35
<i>Malvolio:</i>	'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'	
<i>Olivia:</i>	Why, this is very midsummer madness.	

What makes this one of the funniest moments in the play? Remember to refer closely to the passage.

- 41 Why is Viola the heroine of the play and not Olivia? Support your answer by close reading of the play.
- 42 You are Sir Toby. You have just been prevented from fighting with Antonio by the arrival of the officers.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

43

- Judith:* [running to him] Oh, here you are at last, at last! [She attempts to embrace him].
- Anderson:* [keeping her off] Take care, my love: I'm wet. Wait till I get my cloak off. [He places a chair with its back to the fire; hangs his cloak on it to dry; shakes the rain from his hat and puts it on the fender; and at last turns with his hands outstretched to Judith]. Now! [She flies into his arms]. I am not late, am I? The town clock struck the quarter as I came in at the front door. And the town clock is always fast. 5
- Judith:* I'm sure it's slow this evening. I'm so glad you're back. 10
- Anderson:* [taking her more closely in his arms] Anxious, my dear?
- Judith:* A little.
- Anderson:* Why, you've been crying.
- Judith:* Only a little. Never mind: it's all over now. [A bugle call is heard in the distance. She starts in terror and retreats to the long seat, listening.] What's that? 15
- Anderson:* [following her tenderly to the seat and making her sit down with him] Only King George, my dear. He's returning to barracks, or having his roll called, or getting ready for tea, or booting or saddling or something. Soldiers don't ring the bell or call over the banisters when they want anything: they send a boy out with a bugle to disturb the whole town. 20
- Judith:* Do you think there is really any danger?
- Anderson:* Not the least in the world.
- Judith:* You say that to comfort me, not because you believe it. 25
- Anderson:* My dear: in this world there is always danger for those who are afraid of it. There's a danger that the house will catch fire in the night; but we shan't sleep any the less soundly for that.
- Judith:* Yes, I know what you always say; and you're quite right. Oh, quite right: I know it. But – I suppose I'm not brave: that's all. My heart shrinks every time I think of the soldiers. 30
- Anderson:* Never mind that, dear: bravery is none the worse for costing a little pain.
- Judith:* Yes, I suppose so, [Embracing him again] Oh how brave you are, my dear! [With tears in her eyes] Well, I'll be brave too: you shan't be ashamed of your wife. 35
- Anderson:* That's right. Now you make me happy. Well, well! [He rises and goes cheerily to the fire to dry his shoes]. I called on Richard Dudgeon on my way back; but he wasn't in. 40
- Judith:* [rising in consternation] You called on that man!
- Anderson:* [reassuring her] Oh, nothing happened, dearie. He was out.
- Judith:* [almost in tears, as if the visit were a personal humiliation to her] But why did you go there? 45
- Anderson:* [gravely] Well, it is all the talk that Major Swindon is going to do what he did in Springtown – make an example of some notorious rebel, as he calls us. He pounced on Peter Dudgeon as the worst character there; and it is the general belief that he will pounce on Richard as the worst here. 50
- Judith:* But Richard said –
- Anderson:* [goodhumoredly cutting her short] Pooh! Richard said! He said what he thought would frighten you and frighten me, my dear. He said what perhaps (God forgive him!) he would

like to believe. It's a terrible thing to think of what death must mean for a man like that. I felt that I must warn him. I left a message for him.

Judith: [*querulously*] What message?

Anderson: Only that I should be glad to see him for a moment on a matter of importance to himself, and that if he would look in here when he was passing he would be welcome.

60

Judith: [*aghast*] You asked that man to come here!

Anderson: I did.

Judith: [*sinking on the seat and clasping her hands*] I hope he wont come! Oh, I pray that he may not come!

65

Anderson: Why? Dont you want him to be warned?

Judith: He must know his danger. Oh, Tony, is it wrong to hate a blasphemer and a villain? I do hate him! I cant get him out of my mind: I know he will bring harm with him. He insulted you: he insulted me: he insulted his mother.

70

Anderson: [*quaintly*] Well, dear, lets forgive him; and then it wont matter.

This is the first time we see Judith and Anderson alone together. What do you think Shaw is suggesting about the nature of their marriage?

Remember to support your views with detail from the writing.

- 44 Explore the ways in which Shaw makes Anderson such a dramatic character in the play.
- 45 You are Essie at the end of the play as you watch Richard carried away by the jubilant crowd.

Write your thoughts.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

46

It is six o'clock the following evening. Blanche is bathing. Stella is completing her toilette. Blanche's dress, a flowered print, is laid out on Stella's bed.

[Stanley enters the kitchen from outside, leaving the door open on the perpetual 'blue piano' around the corner.]

5

Stanley: What's all this monkey doings?

Stella: Oh, Stan! [She jumps up and kisses him which he accepts with lordly composure.] I'm taking Blanche to Galatoires' for supper and then to a show, because it's your poker night.

Stanley: How about my supper, huh? I'm not going to no Galatoires' for supper!

10

Stella: I put you a cold plate on ice.

Stanley: Well, isn't that just dandy!

Stella: I'm going to try to keep Blanche out till the party breaks up because I don't know how she would take it. So we'll go to one of the little places in the Quarter afterwards and you'd better give me some money.

15

Stanley: Where is she?

Stella: She's soaking in a hot tub to quiet her nerves. She's terribly upset.

20

Stanley: Over what?

Stella: She's been through such an ordeal.

Stanley: Yeah?

Stella: Stan, we've – lost Belle Reve!

Stanley: The place in the country?

25

Stella: Yes.

Stanley: How?

Stella: [vaguely] Oh, it had to be – sacrificed or something. [There is a pause while Stanley considers. Stella is changing into her dress.] When she comes in be sure to say something nice about her appearance. And, oh! Don't mention the baby. I haven't said anything yet, I'm waiting until she gets in a quieter condition.

30

Stanley: [ominously] So?

Stella: And try to understand her and be nice to her, Stan.

35

Blanche: [singing in the bathroom]

'From the land of the sky blue water,
They brought a captive maid!'

Stella: She wasn't expecting to find us in such a small place. You see I'd tried to gloss things over a little in my letters.

40

Stanley: So?

Stella: And admire her dress and tell her she's looking wonderful. That's important with Blanche. Her little weakness!

Stanley: Yeah. I get the idea. Now let's skip back a little to where you said the country place was disposed of.

45

Stella: Oh! – yes

Stanley: How about that? Let's have a few more details on that subject.

Stella: It's best not to talk much about it until she's calmed down.

Stanley: So that's the deal, huh? Sister Blanche cannot be annoyed with business details right now!

50

Stella: You saw how she was last night.
Stanley: Uh-hum, I saw how she was. Now let's have a gander at the bill of sale.
Stella: I haven't seen any. 55
Stanley: She didn't show you no papers, no deed of sale or nothing like that, huh?
Stella: It seems like it wasn't sold.
Stanley: Well, what in hell was it then, give away? To charity?
Stella: Shhh! She'll hear you. 60
Stanley: I don't care if she hears me. Let's see the papers!

Explore the writing here, showing how Williams reveals the differing attitudes of Stella and Stanley.

47 To what extent do you think that Blanche is responsible for her own misfortunes?

Be sure to refer to the writing as you answer.

48 You are Stanley at the end of the play, thinking about your treatment of Blanche.

Write your thoughts.

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