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General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

2010/12

Paper 1

May/June 2012

2 hours 40 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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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.**

The question paper is divided into three sections: Drama, Poetry, Prose. **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 **24** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

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

| | | |
|---------------|---|----|
| <i>Biff:</i> | Shouldn't we do anything? | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Oh, my dear, you should do a lot of things, but there's nothing to do, so go to sleep. [<i>Happy comes down the stairs and sits on the steps.</i>] | |
| <i>Happy:</i> | I never heard him so loud, Mom. | 5 |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Well, come around more often; you'll hear him. [<i>She sits down at the table and mends the lining of Willy's jacket.</i>] | |
| <i>Biff:</i> | Why didn't you ever write me about this, Mom? | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | How would I write to you? For over three months you had no address. | 10 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | I was on the move. But you know I thought of you all the time. You know that, don't you, pal? | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | I know, dear, I know. But he likes to have a letter. Just to know that there's still a possibility for better things. | |
| <i>Biff:</i> | He's not like this all the time, is he? | 15 |
| <i>Linda:</i> | It's when you come home he's always the worst. | |
| <i>Biff:</i> | When I come home? | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | When you write you're coming, he's all smiles, and talks about the future, and – he's just wonderful. And then the closer you seem to come, the more shaky he gets, and then, by the time you get here, he's arguing, and he seems angry at you. I think it's just that maybe he can't bring himself to – to open up to you. Why are you so hateful to each other? Why is that? | 20 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | [<i>evasively</i>] I'm not hateful, Mom. | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | But you no sooner come in the door than you're fighting! | 25 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | I don't know why, I mean to change. I'm tryin', Mom; you understand? | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Are you home to stay now? | |
| <i>Biff:</i> | I don't know. I want to look around, see what's doin'. | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Biff, you can't look around all your life, can you? | 30 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | I just can't take hold, Mom. I can't take hold of some kind of a life. | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Biff, a man is not a bird, to come and go with the springtime. | |
| <i>Biff:</i> | Your hair ... [<i>He touches her hair.</i>] Your hair got so grey. | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | Oh, it's been grey since you were in high school. I just stopped dyeing it, that's all. | 35 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | Dye it again, will ya? I don't want my pal looking old. [<i>He smiles.</i>] | |
| <i>Linda:</i> | You're such a boy! You think you can go away for a year and ... You've got to get it into your head now that one day you'll knock on this door and there'll be strange people here – | 40 |
| <i>Biff:</i> | What are you talking about? You're not even sixty Mom | |

- Linda:* But what about your father?
- Biff:* [*lamely*] Well, I meant him too.
- Happy:* He admires Pop.
- Linda:* Biff, dear, if you don't have any feeling for him, then you can't have any feeling for me.
- Biff:* Sure I can, Mom.
- Linda:* No. You can't just come to see me, because I love him. [*With a threat, but only a threat, of tears*] He's the dearest man in the world to me, and I won't have anyone making him feel unwanted and low and blue. You've got to make up your mind now, darling, there's no leeway any more. Either he's your father and you pay him that respect, or else you're not to come here. I know he's not easy to get along with – nobody knows that better than me – but ... 50
- Willy:* [*from the left, with a laugh*] Hey, hey, Biff!
- Biff:* [*starting to go out after Willy*] What the hell is the matter with him? [*Happy stops him.*] 55
- Linda:* Don't – don't go near him!
- Biff:* Stop making excuses for him! He always, always wiped the floor with you. Never had an ounce of respect for you. 60
- Happy:* He's always had respect for –
- Biff:* What the hell do you know about it?

What do you think makes this conversation between Biff and Linda so moving and sad at this moment in the play? Support your ideas with details from Miller's writing.

- 2 Explore **two** moments in the play where you feel Miller strongly criticises some of the values of American society. Support your ideas with details from the play.
- 3 You are Biff. You have discovered your father with the Woman and are now leaving Boston.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

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

| | | |
|---------------------------|--|----|
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Is our whole dissembly appear'd? | |
| <i>Verges:</i> | O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton! | |
| <i>Sexton:</i> | Which be the malefactors? | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Marry, that am I and my partner. | |
| <i>Verges:</i> | Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine. | 5 |
| <i>Sexton:</i> | But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? Let them come before Master Constable. | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? | |
| <i>Borachio:</i> | Borachio. | 10 |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Pray write down Borachio. Yours, sirrah? | |
| <i>Conrade:</i> | I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade. | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Write down Master Gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God? | |
| <i>Conrade, Borachio:</i> | Yea, sir, we hope. | 15 |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Write down that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? | 20 |
| <i>Conrade:</i> | Marry, sir, we say we are none. | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you it is thought you are false knaves. | |
| <i>Borachio:</i> | Sir, I say to you we are none. | 25 |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none? | |
| <i>Sexton:</i> | Master Constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Yea, marry, that's the effest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you in the Prince's name, accuse these men. | 30 |
| <i>1 Watch:</i> | This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain. | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain. | 35 |
| <i>Borachio:</i> | Master Constable – | |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee. | |
| <i>Sexton:</i> | What heard you him say else? | |
| <i>2 Watch:</i> | Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. | 40 |
| <i>Dogberry:</i> | Flat burglary as ever was committed. | |
| <i>Verges:</i> | Yea, by mass, that it is. | |

- 1 Watch:* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.
- Dogberry:* O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.
- Sexton:* What else?
- 2 Watch:* This is all.
- Sexton:* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stol'n away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato's; I will go before and show him their examination. 50
- 55

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so amusing and so serious at the same time?

- 5 In your view, how does Shakespeare make Don John such an intriguing character? Support your answer by close reference to the play.
- 6 You are Beatrice. You have just called Benedick in to dinner.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

- Brutus:* Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended. 5
- Antony:* Be it so;
 I do desire no more. 10
- Brutus:* Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[Exeunt all but Antony.]
- Antony:* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times. 15
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy –
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue – 20
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar, 25
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side come hot from hell, 30
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. 35
[Enter Octavius' Servant.]
 You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
- Servant:* I do, Mark Antony.
- Antony:* Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
- Servant:* He did receive his letters, and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth –
 O Caesar! 40
[Seeing the body.]
- Antony:* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming? 45
- Servant:* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
- Antony:* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
To the market-place. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Caesar's body.]

Explore how Shakespeare makes this moment in the play so powerfully emotional.

- 8 In what ways does Shakespeare make you sympathise with Brutus? Support your answer with details from the play.
- 9 You are Caesar on your way to the Senate House on the Ides of March.

Write your thoughts.

R.C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Colonel:* And the general wants us to make a raid to find out who's come into the line opposite here.
There is a pause.
- Stanhope:* I see. When?
- Colonel:* As soon as possible. He said tonight. 5
- Stanhope:* Oh, but that's absurd!
- Colonel:* I told him so. I said the earliest would be tomorrow afternoon. A surprise daylight raid under a smoke screen from the trench-mortar people. I think daylight best. There's not much moon now, and it's vitally important to get hold of a Boche or two. 10
- Stanhope:* Quite.
- Colonel:* I suggest sending two officers and ten men. Quite enough for the purpose. Just opposite here there's only seventy yards of No Man's Land. Tonight the trench-mortars can blow a hole in the Boche wire and you can cut a hole in yours. Harrison of the trench-mortars is coming in to dinner with me this evening to discuss everything. I'd like you to come too. Eight o'clock suit you? 15
- Stanhope:* Very good, sir. 20
- Colonel:* I'll leave you to select the men.
- Stanhope:* You want me to go with them, sir?
- Colonel:* Oh, no, Stanhope. I – I can't let you go. No. I want one officer to direct the raid and one to make the dash in and collar some Boche. 25
- Stanhope:* Who do you suggest, sir?
- Colonel:* Well, I suggest Osborne, for one. He's a very level-headed chap. He can direct it.
- Stanhope:* And who else?
- Colonel:* Well, there's Trotter – but he's a bit fat, isn't he? Not much good at dashing in? 30
- Stanhope:* No. D'you suggest Hibbert?
- Colonel:* Well, what do you think of Hibbert?
- Stanhope:* I don't think so.
- Colonel:* No. 35
There is a pause.
- Stanhope:* Why not send a good sergeant, sir?
- Colonel:* No. I don't think a sergeant. The men expect officers to lead a raid.
- Stanhope:* Yes. There is that. 40
- Colonel:* As a matter of fact, Stanhope, I'm thinking of that youngster I sent up to you last night.
- Stanhone:* Raleigh?

- Colonel:* Yes. Just the type. Plenty of guts –
- Stanhope:* He's awfully new to it all –
- Colonel:* All to the good. His nerves are sound.
- Stanhope:* It's rotten to send a fellow who's only just arrived.
- Colonel:* Well, who else is there? I could send an officer from another company –
- Stanhope:* (*quickly*) Oh, Lord, no. We'll do it. 50
- Colonel:* Then I suggest Osborne to direct the raid and Raleigh to make the dash – with ten good men. We'll meet Harrison at supper and arrange the smoke bombs – and blowing a hole in the wire. You select the men and talk to Osborne and Raleigh about it in the meantime. 55
- Stanhope:* Very well, sir.
- Colonel:* Better send Osborne and Raleigh down to me in the morning to talk things over. Or better still! – I'll come up here first thing tomorrow morning.
- Stanhope:* Right, sir. 60
- Colonel:* It's all a damn nuisance; but, after all – it's necessary.
- Stanhope:* I suppose it is.
- Colonel:* Well, so long, Stanhope. I'll see you at eight o'clock. Do you like fish?
- Stanhope:* Fish, sir? 65
- Colonel:* Yes. We've had some fresh fish sent up from rail head for supper tonight.
- Stanhope:* Splendid, sir!
- Colonel:* Whiting, I think it is.
- Stanhope:* Good! 70
- Colonel:* Well, bye-bye.

What do you think makes this moment in the play so gripping? Support your views with details from Sherriff's writing.

11 Do you think Sherriff makes it possible for the audience to sympathise in any way with Hibbert? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

12 You are Osborne, just before you leave the trench to go on the raid.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

13 Read this extract from *Mariana*, and then answer the question that follows it:

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up and away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low, 5
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, 'The night is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said; 10
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
 The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse 15
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without. 20
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said;
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof, 25
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay 30
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then, said she, 'I am very dreary
 He will not come,' she said;
 She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary, 35
 O God, that I were dead!'

How does Tennyson make these lines so sad?

- 14 In what ways does Tennyson convey feelings of comfort, despite the death of his friend, in the extracts from *In Memoriam*?
- 15 In what ways does Tennyson strikingly convey his feelings to you in *Crossing the Bar*?

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

- 16 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Sonnet 29

Pity me not because the light of day
 At close of day no longer walks the sky;
 Pity me not for beauties passed away
 From field to thicket as the year goes by;
 Pity me not the waning of the moon, 5
 Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
 Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
 And you no longer look with love on me.
 This have I known always: Love is no more
 Than the wide blossom which the wind assails, 10
 Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
 Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
 Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
 When the swift mind beholds at every turn.

(by *Edna St Vincent Millay*)

How does this poem vividly convey the belief that happiness in love does not last?

- 17 Explore the ways in which *Full Moon and Little Frieda* (by Ted Hughes) **and** *Dover Beach* (by Matthew Arnold) memorably convey the mysterious atmosphere of the night.
- 18 Explore how in **either** *Sonnet 43* (by Elizabeth Barrett Browning) **or** *Marrysong* (by Dennis Scott) the poet powerfully conveys what it is like to be in love.

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

Having uttered these words, he left the house, slowly sauntered down the garden path, and disappeared through the gate.

The hours crept anxiously by: another evening came. I did not retire to rest till late, and when I did, I could not sleep. He returned after midnight, and, instead of going to bed, shut himself into the room beneath. I listened, and tossed about; and, finally, dressed, and descended. It was too irksome to lie up there, harassing my brain with a hundred idle misgivings.

5

I distinguished Mr Heathcliff's step, restlessly measuring the floor; and he frequently broke the silence by a deep inspiration, resembling a groan. He muttered detached words, also; the only one I could catch was the name of Catherine, coupled with some wild term of endearment, or suffering; and spoken as one would speak to a person present – low and earnest, and wrung from the depth of his soul.

10

I had not courage to walk straight into the apartment; but I desired to divert him from his reverie, and, therefore, fell foul of the kitchen fire; stirred it, and began to scrape the cinders. It drew him forth sooner than I expected. He opened the door immediately, and said –

15

'Nelly, come here – is it morning? Come in with your light.'

'It is striking four,' I answered; 'you want a candle to take upstairs – you might have lit one at this fire.'

20

'No, I don't wish to go upstairs,' he said. 'Come in, and kindle *me* a fire, and do anything there is to do about the room.'

'I must blow the coals red first, before I can carry any,' I replied, getting a chair and the bellows.

25

He roamed to and fro, meantime, in a state approaching distraction: his heavy sighs succeeding each other so thick as to leave no space for common breathing between.

'When day breaks, I'll send for Green,' he said; 'I wish to make some legal inquiries of him, while I can bestow a thought on those matters, and while I can act calmly. I have not written my will yet, and how to leave my property, I cannot determine! I wish I could annihilate it from the face of the earth.'

30

'I would not talk so, Mr Heathcliff,' I interposed. 'Let your will be, a while – you'll be spared to repent of your many injustices, yet! I never expected that your nerves would be disordered – they are, at present, marvellously so, however; and, almost entirely, through your own fault. The way you've passed these three last days might knock up a Titan. Do take some food, and some repose. You need only look at yourself, in a glass, to see how you require both. Your cheeks are hollow, and your eyes blood-shot, like a person starving with hunger, and going blind with loss of sleep.'

35

'It is not my fault, that I cannot eat or rest,' he replied. 'I assure you it is through no settled designs. I'll do both, as soon as I possibly can. But you might as well bid a man struggling in the water, rest within arm's length of the shore! I must reach it first, and then I'll rest. Well, never mind, Mr Green; as to repenting of my injustices, I've done no injustice, and I repent of nothing – I'm too happy, and yet I'm not happy enough. My Soul's bliss kills my body; but does not satisfy itself.'

45

‘Happy, master?’ I cried. ‘Strange happiness! If you would hear me without being angry, I might offer some advice that would make you happier.’

‘What is that?’ he asked. ‘Give it.’

‘You are aware, Mr Heathcliff,’ I said, ‘that from the time you were thirteen years old, you have lived a selfish, unchristian life; and probably hardly had a Bible in your hands, during all that period. You must have forgotten the contents of the book, and you may not have space to search it now. Could it be hurtful to send for some one – some minister of any denomination, it does not matter which, to explain it, and show you how very far you have erred from its precepts, and how unfit you will be for its heaven, unless a change takes place before you die?’

‘I’m rather obliged than angry, Nelly,’ he said, ‘for you remind me of the manner that I desire to be buried in – It is to be carried to the churchyard, in the evening. You and Hareton may, if you please, accompany me – and mind, particularly, to notice that the sexton obeys my directions concerning the two coffins! No minister need come; nor need anything be said over me – I tell you, I have nearly attained *my* heaven; and that of others is altogether unvalued, and uncoveted by me!’

55

60

65

What do you think makes this such a dramatic moment near the end of the novel? Support your ideas with details from Brontë’s writing.

- 20** Explore how Brontë makes Joseph such an unsympathetic figure throughout the novel. Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- 21** You are Heathcliff, on the day your son Linton is due to arrive at Thrushcross Grange.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

Far on a hillside roamed the lady responsible for Sampath's nutrition, a tiny figure on the crest of the university research forest, disappearing and reappearing among the trees, emerging at the point where the forest bordered the fields so as to check the cane traps she had set for pheasants and other wildfowl. They lived in the forest but ate from the grain crops and were as fat and delicious as wildfowl could be. When she spotted one in the trap, she pounced upon it and, without flinching, wrung its neck with a grip of iron. The profusion of greenery and space exhilarated her. And while it reduced her son to a happy stupor, it incited her to a frenzy of exploration. 5

Making her way into the deepest parts of the woods, losing herself amidst the bamboo groves, the sal forests, the towering moss-laden trees, she climbed higher and higher, taking paths made by goats foraging about the steepest slopes, barely wide enough for her small feet. 10

'Beware of the wild cats,' said the goat herders she met, surprised at seeing this delicate-looking town woman out alone in the forest. 'Beware of the snakes, the scorpions and leeches.' But she didn't care. She waded out into the muddy ponds to collect lotus stems, raided bird's nests, prised open tightly sealed pods, nibbled at the grasses and buds, dug at roots, shook the fruit from the trees and returned home with her hair wild, her muddy hands full of flowers, her mouth blue and red from all she had sampled. The corners of her sari were tied into knots containing ginger lilies and rain-fever mushrooms, samples of seeds and bits of bark. Sometimes she brought back a partridge or a jungle quail, strung on to a stick and carried over her shoulder. She returned via the steep path that led to the back of the watchman's shed so as to avoid the visitors and the talk which had ceased to interest her. 15

In the tin-covered porch Mr Chawla had constructed at the rear of the house she had set up her outdoor kitchen, spilling over into a grassy patch of ground. Here rows of pickle jars matured in the sun like an army balanced upon the stone wall; roots lay, tortured and contorted, upon a cot as they dried; and tiny wild fruit, scorned by all but the birds, lay cut open, displaying purple-stained hearts. Ginger was buried underground so as to keep it fresh; lemon and pumpkin dried on the roof; all manner of things fermented in tightly sealed tins; chilli peppers and curry leaves hung from the branches of a tree, and so did buffalo curd, dripping from a cloth on its way to becoming paneer. 20

Newly strong with muscles, wiry and tough despite her slenderness, Kulfi sliced and pounded, ground and smashed, cut and chopped in a chaos of ingredients and dishes. 'Cumin, quail, mustard seeds, pomelo rind,' she muttered as she cooked. 'Fennel, coriander, sour mango. Pandanus flour, lichen and perfumed kewra. Colocassia leaves, custard apple, winter melon, bitter gourd. Khas root, sandalwood, ash gourd, fenugreek greens. Snake-gourd, banana flowers, spider leaf, lotus root ...' 25

She was producing meals so intricate, they were cooked sometimes with a hundred ingredients, balanced precariously within a complicated and delicate mesh of spices – marvellous triumphs of the complex and delicate art of seasoning. A single grain of one thing, a bud of another, a moist fingertip dipped lightly into a small vial and then into the bubbling pot; a thimble full, a matchbox full, a coconut shell full of dark crimson and deep violet, of dusty yellow spices, the entire concoction simmered sometimes 30

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for a day or two on coals that emitted only a glimmer of faint heat or that roared like a furnace as she fanned them with a palm leaf. The meats were beaten to silk, so spiced and fragrant they clouded the senses; the sauces were full of strange hints and dark undercurrents, leaving you on firm ground one moment, dragging you under the next. There were dishes with an aftertaste that exploded upon you and left you gasping a whole half-hour after you'd eaten them. Some that were delicate, with a haunting flavour that teased like the memory of something you'd once known but could no longer put your finger on.

Explore the ways in which Desai makes this surprising description of Kulfi so vividly dramatic.

23 To what extent does Desai make you sympathise with Sampath before he runs away from home? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

24 You are the Spy. You have gone to bed after your very unsuccessful speech to the Atheist Society.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and as Daisy shook her head decisively at Tom the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn't guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain hardy scepticism, was able utterly to put this fifth guest's shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing – my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.

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The horses, needless to say, were not mentioned again. Tom and Miss Baker, with several feet of twilight between them, strolled back into the library, as if to a vigil beside a perfectly tangible body, while, trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting verandas to the porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a wicker settee.

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Daisy took her face in her hands as if feeling its lovely shape, and her eyes moved gradually out into the velvet dusk. I saw that turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some sedative questions about her little girl.

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'We don't know each other very well, Nick,' she said suddenly. 'Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding.'

'I wasn't back from the war.'

'That's true.' She hesitated. 'Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything.'

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Evidently she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather feebly to the subject of her daughter.

'I suppose she talks, and – eats, and everything.'

'Oh, yes.' She looked at me absently. 'Listen, Nick; let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?'

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'Very much.'

'It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about – things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. "All right," I said, "I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool – that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool."

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'You see I think everything's terrible anyhow,' she went on in a convinced way. 'Everybody thinks so – the most advanced people. And I *know*. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything.' Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn. 'Sophisticated – God, I'm sophisticated!'

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The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. It made me uneasy, as though the whole evening had been a trick of some sort to exact a contributory emotion from me. I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged.

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What does Fitzgerald make you feel about Daisy at this moment in the novel? Support your answer with details from the writing.

- 26** Does Fitzgerald lead you to think that Jay Gatsby deserves his fate? Support your answer by close reference to the novel.
- 27** You are Tom Buchanan towards the end of the novel. You and Daisy have just left without leaving an address.

Write your thoughts.

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

28 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Mma-Millipede turned her face towards Gilbert and smiled. She adored him, as she identified him with her own love of mankind.

'You know there is nothing I would not do for you, my son,' she said.

But at the same time she calmly started eating and pointed at his plate, indicating that he should do the same. 'If you don't eat,' she explained, 'the ants will soon invade your plate.'

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Thus Gilbert was forced to delay his urgent proposal. Mma-Millipede in the meantime noticed the predicament of her friend, Paulina Sebeso, who seemed to have her big, dark eyes glued on the face of Makhaya, and so intent was she on staring that she seemed to have forgotten herself completely. Mma-Millipede felt acute distress.

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My friend is going to make a fool of herself over the man, she thought.

Over the years, Mma-Millipede had traced two distinct relationships women had with men in her country. The one was a purely physical relationship. It caused no mental breakdown and was free and casual, each woman having six or seven lovers, including a husband as well. The other was more serious and more rare. It could lead to mental breakdown and suicide on the part of the woman, because, on the one hand, it assumed that the man was worthy of adoration, while in reality he was full of shocks and disappointments; and on the other, this adoration assumed the proportions of a daily diet of a most dangerous nature. Since Mma-Millipede had to sew the funeral garments, she had come to dread this latter type of relationship and gave preference, against her conscience, to the former. Surely, she reasoned, it was far better to have a country of promiscuous women than a country of dead women? Mma-Millipede looked over at Makhaya. No matter how hard she tried, she could not form a judgment on his character because of her inhibition about foreign men. She sighed deeply.

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She put her plate down, momentarily debating ways in which she could question Gilbert about Makhaya's character. These questions would have to be very subtle and not reveal her real interest, which was to protect and advise her friend, Paulina Sebeso. At the same time Gilbert also put down his plate and turned towards Mma-Millipede.

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The problem was this, Gilbert explained. He wanted the women of the village, first and foremost, to start producing cash crops which would be marketed co-operatively through the farm. The idea was to get capital in hand which would open up the way for purchasing fertilizers, seed and the equipment necessary to increase food production in Golema Mmidi. Once people had enough to eat, other problems like better housing, water supplies and good education for the children could be tackled. Now, said Gilbert, one of the easiest and most profitable cash crops to grow was Turkish tobacco. If each woman cultivated a small plot of Turkish tobacco, harvested and cured it herself, and if it were all marketed co-operatively, the profits could then be spread out to good purpose. Could Mma-Millipede persuade the women to attend lessons at the farm on how to cultivate Turkish tobacco and how to build a curing and drying shed?

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Mma-Millipede nodded her head vigorously. Like Gilbert, she had vision and she clearly saw the wondrous benefits that would accrue to the people of Golema Mmidi.

How does Head make Mma-Millipede such a likeable character at this point in the novel? Support your answer by close reference to the writing.

29 How does Head make the society and values of Golema Mmidi come to life for you? Support your ideas by close reference to the novel.

30 You are Gilbert. You have just spent your first evening with Makhaya.

Write your thoughts.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

31 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

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| <p>“Is this where Ned and Ruth kissed each other?” she whispered breathlessly, and flung her arms about him. Her lips, groping for his, swept over his face, and he held her fast in a rapture of surprise.</p> <p>“Good-bye – good-bye,” she stammered, and kissed him again.</p> <p>“Oh, Matt, I can’t let you go!” broke from him in the same old cry.</p> <p>She freed herself from his hold and he heard her sobbing. “Oh, I can’t go either!” she wailed.</p> <p>“Matt! What’ll we do? What’ll we do?”</p> <p>They clung to each other’s hands like children, and her body shook with desperate sobs.</p> <p>Through the stillness they heard the church clock striking five.</p> <p>“Oh, Ethan, it’s time!” she cried.</p> <p>He drew her back to him. “Time for what? You don’t suppose I’m going to leave you now?”</p> <p>“If I missed my train where’d I go?”</p> <p>“Where are you going if you catch it?”</p> <p>She stood silent, her hands lying cold and relaxed in his.</p> <p>“What’s the good of either of us going anywheres without the other one now?” he said.</p> <p>She remained motionless, as if she had not heard him. Then she snatched her hands from his, threw her arms about his neck, and pressed a sudden drenched cheek against his face. “Ethan! Ethan! I want you to take me down again!”</p> <p>“Down where?”</p> <p>“The coast. Right off,” she panted. “So ’t we’ll never come up any more.”</p> <p>“Matt! What on earth do you mean?”</p> <p>She put her lips close against his ear to say: “Right into the big elm. You said you could. So ’t we’d never have to leave each other any more.”</p> <p>“Why, what are you talking of? You’re crazy!”</p> <p>“I’m not crazy; but I will be if I leave you.”</p> <p>“Oh, Matt, Matt –” he groaned.</p> <p>She tightened her fierce hold about his neck. Her face lay close to his face.</p> <p>“Ethan, where’ll I go if I leave you? I don’t know how to get along alone. You said so yourself just now. Nobody but you was ever good to me. And there’ll be that strange girl in the house ... and she’ll sleep in my bed, where I used to lay nights and listen to hear you come up the stairs. ...”</p> <p>The words were like fragments torn from his heart. With them came the hated vision of the house he was going back to – of the stairs he would have to go up every night, of the woman who would wait for him there. And the sweetness of Mattie’s avowal, the wild wonder of knowing at last that all that had happened to him had happened to her too, made the other vision more abhorrent, the other life more intolerable to return to. ...</p> <p>Her pleadings still came to him between short sobs, but he no longer heard what she was saying. Her hat had slipped back and he was stroking her hair.</p> | <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> |
|---|--|

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

- 32 To what extent do you think Wharton suggests that Ethan is himself responsible for being in this situation? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- 33 You are Zeena, at the moment when Ethan steps into the kitchen bringing a visitor (the narrator). Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

34 Read this extract from *There Will Come Soft Rains*, and then answer the question that follows.

| | |
|--|----|
| At ten o'clock the house began to die. | |
| The wind blew. A falling tree bough crashed through the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, shattered over the stove. The room was ablaze in an instant! | |
| 'Fire!' screamed a voice. The house lights flashed, water pumps shot water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread on the linoleum, licking, eating under the kitchen door, while the voices took it up in chorus: 'Fire, fire, fire!' | 5 |
| The house tried to save itself. Doors sprang tightly shut, but the windows were broken by the heat and the wind blew and sucked upon the fire. | 10 |
| The house gave ground as the fire in ten billion angry sparks moved with flaming ease from room to room and then up the stairs. While scurrying water rats squeaked from the walls, pistoled their water, and ran for more. And the wall sprays let down showers of mechanical rain. | |
| But too late. Somewhere, sighing, a pump shrugged to a stop. The quenching rain ceased. The reserve water supply which had filled baths and washed dishes for many quiet days was gone. | 15 |
| The fire crackled up the stairs. It fed upon Picassos and Matisses in the upper halls, like delicacies, baking off the oily flesh, tenderly crisping the canvases into black shavings. | 20 |
| Now the fire lay in beds, stood in windows, changed the colors of drapes! And then, reinforcements. | |
| From attic trapdoors, blind robot faces peered down with faucet mouths gushing green chemical. | |
| The fire backed off, as even an elephant must at the sight of a dead snake. Now there were twenty snakes whipping over the floor, killing the fire with a clear cold venom of green froth. | 25 |
| But the fire was clever. It had sent flame outside the house, up through the attic to the pumps there. An explosion! The attic brain which directed the pumps was shattered into bronze shrapnel on the beams. | 30 |
| The fire rushed back into every closet and felt of the clothes hung there. | |
| The house shuddered, oak bone on bone, its bared skeleton cringing from the heat, its wire, its nerves revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins and capillaries quiver in the scalded air. Help, help! Fire! Run, run! Heat snapped mirrors like the first brittle winter ice. And the voices wailed Fire, fire, run, run, like a tragic nursery rhyme, a dozen voices, high, low, like children dying in a forest, alone, alone. And the voices fading as the wires popped their sheathings like hot chestnuts. One, two, three, four, five voices died. | 35 |
| In the nursery the jungle burned. Blue lions roared, purple giraffes bounded off. The panthers ran in circles, changing color, and ten million animals, running before the fire, vanished off toward a distant steaming river ... | 40 |
| Ten more voices died. In the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses, oblivious, could be heard announcing the time, playing music, cutting the lawn by remote-control mower, or setting an umbrella frantically out and in the slamming and opening front door, a thousand things happening, like a clock shop when each clock strikes the hour insanely before or after the other, a scene of maniac confusion, yet unity; singing, screaming, a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out to carry the horrid | 45 |
| coke away! And one voice, with sublime disregard for the situation, read | 50 |

poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film spools burned, until all the wires withered and the circuits cracked.

The fire burst the house and let it slam flat down, puffing out skirts of spark and smoke.

In the kitchen, an instant before the rain of fire and timber, the stove could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen eggs, six loaves of toast, twenty dozen bacon strips, which, eaten by fire, started the stove working again, hysterically hissing!

The crash. The attic smashing into kitchen and parlor. The parlor into cellar, cellar into sub-cellar. Deep freeze, armchair, film tapes, circuits, beds, and all like skeletons thrown in a cluttered mound deep under.

Smoke and silence. A great quantity of smoke.

Dawn showed faintly in the east. Among the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a last voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam:

'Today is August 5, 2026, today is August 5, 2026, today is ...'

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How does Bradbury make this such a powerful ending to the story?

35 Explore in detail the ways in which the writer memorably portrays suffering in **either** *The Yellow Wall Paper* (by Charlotte Perkins Gilman) **or** *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma).

36 You are Mother in *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton). You have just read the note from your employer.

Write your thoughts.

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