

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/04**

Paper 4

May/June 2006

**2 hours 40 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

Answer **four** questions.

Each of your answers must be on a **different** book.

**At least one question** must be taken from **each** of the sections Poetry, Prose, Drama.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **28** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



## POETRY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Selected Poems*

Either \*1

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part I*

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 5  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled 10

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts 15  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken –  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around: 20  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As it had been a Christian soul, 25  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through! 30

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 35  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! –  
Why look'st thou so?' – With my cross-bow  
I shot the ALBATROSS.

40

How do Coleridge's words create a mysterious atmosphere in these lines?

- Or 2** What do you find most striking about the poem, *Kubla Khan*?  
Be sure to refer to the writing in your answer.
- Or 3** Explore the ways in which Coleridge presents Geraldine in his poem, *Christabel*.  
Be sure to refer to the writing as you respond.

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

Either \*4

*Background Material*

My writing desk. Two photos, mam and dad.  
A birthday, him. Their ruby wedding, her.  
Neither one a couple and both bad.  
I make out what's behind them from the blur.

Dad's in our favourite pub, now gone for good. 5  
My father and his background are both gone,  
but hers has my Welsh cottage and a wood  
that still shows those same greens eight summers on  
though only the greenness of it's stayed the same.

Though one of them's in colour and one's not, 10  
the two are joined, apart from their shared frame,  
by what, for photographers, would mar each shot:

in his, if you look close, the gleam, the light,  
me in his blind right eye, but minute size –

in hers, as though just cast from where I write, 15  
a shadow holding something to its eyes.

TONY HARRISON

Explore the ways in which Harrison makes looking at the photographs of his parents a significant and moving experience.

Or 5 Examine how the words and images vividly convey a sense of sadness or disillusionment to you in any **one** of the following poems:

*La Belle Dame sans Merci* (by John Keats)  
*Telephone Conversation* (by Wole Soyinka)  
*Essential Beauty* (by Philip Larkin).

Or 6 What have you found most interesting about the presentation of the differences in the ways that children and adults perceive things in *Kankaria Lake* (by Sujata Bhatt) **or** *Bogyman* (by Fleur Adcock)?

Support your answer by close reference to your chosen poem.

**Turn to page 6 for Question 7.**

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

Either \*7

*To His Coy Mistress*

Had we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, Lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5  
 Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the flood:  
 And you should, if you please, refuse 10  
 Till the conversion of the Jews.  
 My vegetable love should grow  
 Vaster than empires, and more slow.  
 An hundred years should go to praise  
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze. 15  
 Two hundred to adore each breast:  
 But thirty thousand to the rest.  
 An age at least to every part,  
 And the last age should show your heart:  
 For, Lady, you deserve this state;  
 Nor would I love at lower rate. 20

    But at my back I always hear  
 Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:  
 And yonder all before us lie  
 Deserts of vast eternity. 25  
 Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
 My echoing song: then worms shall try  
 That long-preserved virginity:  
 And your quaint honour turn to dust;  
 And into ashes all my lust. 30  
 The grave's a fine and private place,  
 But none, I think do there embrace.

    Now, therefore, while the youthful hew  
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
 And while thy willing soul transpires 35  
 At every pore with instant fires,  
 Now let us sport us while we may;  
 And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
 Rather at once our time devour,  
 Than languish in his slow-chapped power. 40  
 Let us roll all our strength, and all  
 Our sweetness, up into one ball:  
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife,  
 Thorough the iron grates of life.  
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun 45  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

ANDREW MARVELL

Explore the ways in which Marvell attempts to persuade his lady.

- Or 8** Explore in detail the ways in which the poet brings out a sense of joy and pleasure in any **one** of the following poems.

*To Autumn* (by John Keats)

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* (by Robert Frost)

*Poem in October* (by Dylan Thomas).

- Or 9** How does the poet powerfully convey a critical view of human beings in any **one** of the following poems?

Support your ideas with details from the poem.

*Snake* (by D. H. Lawrence)

*Diary of a Church Mouse* (by John Betjeman)

*Prayer before Birth* (by Louis MacNeice).

## PROSE

ANITA DESAI: *The Village by the Sea*

- Either \*10** The visitor who was to stay at *Mon Repos* through the monsoon arrived in Thul the day before the de Silvas left and in the hubbub and confusion, Lila and her sisters did not become aware of his presence immediately. He came on the bus from Bombay and walked down the path, carrying his own bag, and therefore made no grand, impressive entrance. The family was so large and noisy that an extra person in its midst made no difference at all. Only the dog, Misha, seemed to be barking and running around more excitedly than usual. 5
- Lila was busy helping the cook clear the kitchen and pack their belongings. Her sisters went to collect flowers for the memsahib before she left – allamanda and hibiscus and frangipani blossom, and garlands of jasmine for the children. The children were all over the veranda, quarrelling over the shells and pebbles they had collected on the beach and which their mother refused to let them take back to their flat in Bombay. ‘At least, not all – you can choose just a few of the best,’ she told them, which caused much heartache as they looked through their collections and decided what to take. Bela and Kamal giggled at the sight – they themselves were so used to the shells and pebbles littered on the beach that they hardly noticed them. 10
- At last the luggage was loaded onto the car and the family climbed in, leaning out of the windows to call goodbye to Lila and her sisters. 20
- ‘Don’t you worry about your mother,’ Mr de Silva said again and again. ‘You leave her in the hospital for the monsoon, d’you hear – it’s too wet and damp in your hut during the rains and she is better off in the hospital with your father to keep an eye on her. I’m going to stop in Alibagh to give him some money to keep him going till she is well and they can come back. The doctor thinks he can send her home at Diwali – will that be all right?’ 25
- Lila nodded and nodded, grateful to him for repeating what she had already been told but she liked to hear again. It was so quiet in their hut without Hari, without father or mother, without even Pinto, and would be even quieter now with the de Silvas gone from *Mon Repos*. 30
- ‘And look after Sayyid Ali Sahib well,’ Mrs de Silva called. ‘Be sure to see he eats his meals – it’s the sort of thing he forgets to do, so *you* will have to remember. He is a very great man – take good care of him. I’ve left enough money with you to give him fish and milk and eggs every day, and he likes vegetables – so get plenty of vegetables. Clean the kitchen every night before you lock it up so that cockroaches and rats and snakes don’t come –’ 35

What impressions do you have of Mr and Mrs de Silva here?

Refer in detail to the extract as you answer.



- Or 11** Before he leaves for Bombay, Hari and his sisters find a lot of happiness in their lives despite their difficulties. Why do you think this is so?

Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

- Or 12** You are the children's father at the end of the novel.

Write your thoughts.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

<b>Either *13</b>	<p>My convict never looked at me, except that once. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it, or putting up his feet by turns upon the hob, and looking thoughtfully at them as if he pitied them for their recent adventures. Suddenly, he turned to the sergeant, and remarked:</p> <p>‘I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me.’</p> <p>‘You can say what you like,’ returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, ‘but you have no call to say it here. You’ll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it’s done with, you know.’</p> <p>‘I know, but this is another pint, a separate matter. A man can’t starve; at least / can’t. I took some wittles, up at the willage over yonder – where the church stands a’most out on the marshes.’</p> <p>‘You mean stole,’ said the sergeant.</p> <p>‘And I’ll tell you where from. From the blacksmith’s.’</p> <p>‘Halloa!’ said the sergeant, staring at Joe.</p> <p>‘Halloa, Pip!’ said Joe, staring at me.</p> <p>‘It was some broken wittles – that’s what it was – and a dram of liquor, and a pie.’</p> <p>‘Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?’ asked the sergeant, confidentially.</p> <p>‘My wife did, at the very moment when you came in. Don’t you know, Pip?’</p> <p>‘So,’ said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me; ‘so you’re the blacksmith, are you? Then I’m sorry to say, I’ve eat your pie.’</p> <p>‘God knows you’re welcome to it – so far as it was ever mine,’ returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs Joe. ‘We don’t know what you have done, but we wouldn’t have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow-creatur. – Would us, Pip?’</p> <p>The something that I had noticed before clicked in the man’s throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard were ready, so we followed him to the landing-place made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed by a crew of convicts like himself. No one seemed surprised to see him, or interested in seeing him, or glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody in the boat growled as if to dogs, ‘Give way, you!’ which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah’s ark. Cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship seemed in my young eyes to be ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.</p>	5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45
-------------------	--	---

Why do you think this is such an important moment in the novel, and how does Dickens’s writing make it so moving and dramatic?

- Or**     **14**    What does Dickens make you feel about Pip's life before money gives him independence?

Remember to support your ideas with detail from the novel.

- Or**     **15**    You are Mr Pumblechook at the end of the novel, 'holding forth to a select group' as the humbled Pip passes down the High Street.

Write what you say to this group.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

- Either \*16 But that moment when the ice-sheath finally loosens, and the brown earth shows, long after you've given up hope that it ever will! At first there's the stink of sour earth, which has been covered all winter with layers of ice. Before the ice melts, it grows grey and rotten. Maybe it's worth having winter, when it leads to such a spring. 5
- 'Kolya! Don't roll in the mud like that!'
- He stopped in his play, on all fours on the wet earth, and stared at her.
- 'Don't talk in your nursery voice –'
- 'What?'
- 'Talk to me in your home voice.' 10
- She laughed, squatted down by him, seized his round little body in its padded jacket, and snuffed the scent of his skin. He laughed back at her, his eyes squeezed into slits.
- 'I'll show you a nursery voice. *Children, what is the meaning of this disturbance?*' She grates out the words, and sees him flinch. 15
- 'You sound like Elizaveta Antonovna.'
- 'Let's not talk about her. Listen, do you know what radish seed looks like? Because I'm going to need you to plant some. Radishes, spring onions and lettuce. And then, before you know where you are, we'll be eating our first salads.' 20
- 'Can I pick them?'
- 'First you have to plant them. We'll start in this bit over here, where I've dug. You remember, you have to rake it over carefully, then make the lines with a stick to show where the seeds have to go ... they're called drills.' 25
- 'I know.'
- 'And then you can put in the seeds. But not all at once, mind – just a little pinch of seed in your fingers, like this.'
- Kolya peered into the brown-paper bags which held the seed, some of it saved from last year, some bought at the market. He poked a finger into the radish seed. 30
- 'It's all dry and dead.'
- 'No, it's not dead. Don't you remember last year? Inside the seed there's a tiny germ of life, waiting until we put it in the soil. Once the sun warms it up, and the rain softens it, it'll start to grow –'
- Kolya yawned, showing the rosy inside of his mouth, and his milk teeth. 35
- 'Never mind, Kolya. Just put the seeds in and see what happens. Maybe you'll find radishes growing by magic.'
- 'By magic,' he repeated. 'Is this drill deep enough, Anna?' 40
- 'It's perfect. When the radishes are big enough, you can pull them up. You know how Dad likes them on a saucer, with the leaves arranged round them. You could do that.'
- 'He'll be surprised that I grew them all by myself, won't he?'
- 'If you're going to say you grew them yourself, then you have to take care of them. Weed them, and water them if they need it. I'll show you what to do.' 45
- But Kolya was losing interest. He dumped the last of the seed into his drill.
- 'Can I go and play?' 50
- Anna went back to the potato patch. She wasn't going to make any mistakes this year. She would plant as much as possible. As long as you've got potatoes, and onions, and a bit of sausage, you'll always come through.

What do you think makes this scene such a touching and sad moment in the novel?

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

**Or 17** What do you find particularly memorable about Dunmore's portrayal of Anna?

Remember to support your views with detail from the novel.

**Or 18** You are Pavlov going on the plane to Leningrad to take control of food distribution in the city.

Write your thoughts.

GRAHAM GREENE: *Travels With My Aunt*

Either *19	<p>‘And then – Oh praise to the Holiest in the height, as Wordsworth is fond of saying – I was putting in a little part-time behind the <i>Messaggero</i> when who should walk into the reception room but Mr Visconti. A pure coincidence. He wasn’t looking for me. But how happy we were. How happy. Just to see each other again. The girls didn’t understand when we joined hands then and there and danced between the sofas. It was one o’clock in the morning. We didn’t go upstairs. We went straight out into the lane outside. There was a drinking fountain shaped like an animal’s head, and he splashed my face with water before he kissed me.’</p> <p>‘What was that half-time employment?’ I suddenly broke out. ‘Who were the girls? What were the sofas there for?’</p> <p>‘What does it matter now?’ my aunt said. ‘What did any of it matter? We were together again and he splashed me and splashed me and he kissed me and kissed me.’</p> <p>‘But surely you must have despised the man after all he had done to you?’</p> <p>We were crossing the long aqueduct through the lagoons which leads to Venice-Mestre, but there were no signs of the beautiful city, only tall chimneys with pale gas flames hardly visible in the late afternoon sunlight. I was not expecting my aunt’s outburst.</p> <p>She turned on me with real fury as though I were a child who had carelessly broken some vase she had cherished over the years for its beauty and the memories it contained. ‘I despise no one,’ she said, ‘no one. Regret your own actions, if you like that kind of wallowing in self-pity, but never, never despise. Never presume yours is a better morality. What do you <i>suppose</i> I was doing in the house behind the <i>Messaggero</i>? I was cheating, wasn’t I? So why shouldn’t Mr Visconti cheat me? But you, I suppose, never cheated in all your little provincial banker’s life because there’s not anything you wanted enough, not even money, not even a woman. You looked after people’s money like a nanny who looks after other people’s children. Can’t I see you in your cage, stacking up the little fivers endlessly before you hand them over to their proper owner? Angelica certainly brought you up as she wanted you. Your poor father didn’t have a chance. He was a cheat too, and I only wish you were. Then perhaps we’d have something in common.’</p> <p>I was astonished. I could find nothing to say in reply. I thought of leaving the train at Venice, but then there was Tooley and I felt responsible for Tooley. The squalid station wrapped us round with its dirt and its noise. I said, ‘I think I’d better find Tooley,’ and I went away, leaving the old lady glaring on her couchette. Only as I closed the door of the compartment I thought I heard her laugh.</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>
------------	---	--

Explore the ways in which Greene makes you aware of the importance of this moment in the novel and the ways he makes it amusing at the same time.

**Or 20** In this novel things are very often not what they seem to be. Explore **two** moments when Greene surprises and amuses you by revealing the real truth about something or someone.

**Or 21** You are Aunt Augusta after you have met Henry Pulling at his mother's funeral and after he has left your flat.

Write your thoughts.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting Of Wisdom*

- Either \*22** It was an odd thing, all the same, how easy it was to be friends with Lilith Gordon: though she did not belong to Laura's set, though Laura did not even like her, and though she had had ample proof that Lilith was double-faced, not to be trusted. Yet, in the months that followed the affair of the purple dress, Laura grew more intimate with the plump, sandy-haired girl than with either Bertha, or Inez, or Tilly. Or, to put it more exactly, she was continually having lapses into intimacy, and repenting them when it was too late. In one way Lilith was responsible for this: she could make herself very pleasant when she chose, seem to be your friend through thick and thin, thus luring you on to unbosom yourself; and afterwards she would go away and laugh over what you had told her, with other girls. And Laura was peculiarly helpless under such circumstances: if it was done with tact, and with a certain assumed warmth of manner, anyone could make a cat's paw of her. 5
- That Lilith and she undressed for bed together had also something to do with their intimacy: this half-hour when one's hair was unbound and replaited, and fat and thin arms wielded the brush, was the time of all others for confidences. The governess who occupied the fourth bed did not come upstairs till ten o'clock; the publican's daughter, a lazy girl, was usually half asleep before the other two had their clothes off. 10
- It was in the course of one of these confidential chats that Laura did a very foolish thing. In a moment of weakness, she gratuitously gave away the secret that Mother supported her family by the work of her hands. 15
- The two girls were sitting on the side of Lilith's bed. Laura had a day of mishaps behind her – that partly, no doubt, accounted for her self-indulgence. But, in addition, her companion had just told her, unasked, that she thought her 'very pretty'. It was not in Laura's nature to let this pass: she was never at ease under an obligation; she had to pay the coin back in kind. 20
- 'Embroidery? What sort? However does she do it?' – Lilith's interest was on tiptoe at once – a false and slimy interest, the victim afterwards told herself. 25
- 'Oh, my mother's awfully clever. It's just lovely, too, what she does – all in silk – and ever so many different colours. She made a piano-cover once, and got fifty pounds for it.'
- 'How perfectly splendid!' 30
- 'But that was only a lucky chance ... that she got that to do. She mostly does children's dresses and cloaks and things like that.'
- 'But she's not a dressmaker, is she?' 35
- 'A dressmaker? I should think not indeed! They're sent up, all ready to work, from the biggest shops in town.'
- 'I say! – she must be clever.'
- 'She is; she can do anything. She makes the patterns up all out of her own head.' – And filled with pride in Mother's accomplishments and Lilith's appreciation of them, Laura fell asleep that night without a qualm. 40 45

Explore the writing here, showing what impression it gives you of Lilith.



- Or 23** What impressions do you have of the Principal and his wife, Mr and Mrs Strachey?  
Support your ideas with detail from the writing.
- Or 24** You are Evelyn, after you have left school, thinking about your relationship with Laura.  
Write your thoughts.

**AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter***

- Either \*25** Once she had hung up, Ruth reminded herself of the tasks she needed to do today. Ten things, and she tapped first her thumb. One, take the girls to skating school. Two, pick up Art's suits at the dry cleaner's. Three, buy groceries for dinner. Four, pick up the girls from the rink and drop them off at their friend's house on Jackson Street. Five and Six, phone calls to that arrogant client, Ted, then Agapi Agnos, whom she actually liked. Seven, finish the outline for a chapter of Agapi Agnos's book. Eight, call her agent, Gideon, whom Wendy disliked. And Nine – what the hell was Nine? She knew what Ten was, the last task of the day. She had to call Miriam, Art's ex-wife, to ask if she would let them have the girls the weekend of the Full Moon Festival dinner, the annual reunion of the Youngs, which she was hosting this year. 5
- So what was Nine? She always organized her day by the number of digits on her hands. Each day was either a five or a ten. She wasn't rigid about it: add-ons were accommodated on the toes of her feet, room for ten unexpected tasks. Nine, Nine ... She could make calling Wendy number One and bump everything back. But she knew that call should be a toe, an extra, an Eleven. What was Nine? Nine was usually something important, a significant number, what her mother termed the number of fullness, a number that also stood for *Do not forget, or risk losing all*. Did Nine have something to do with her mother? There was always *something* to worry about with her mother. That was not anything she had to remember in particular. It was a state of mind. 10
- LuLing was the one who had taught her to count fingers as a memory device. With this method, LuLing never forgot a thing, especially lies, betrayals, and all the bad deeds Ruth had done since she was born. Ruth could still picture her mother counting in the Chinese style, pointing first to her baby finger and bending each finger down toward her palm, a motion that Ruth took to mean that all other possibilities and escape routes were closed. Ruth kept her own fingers open and splayed, American style. What was Nine? She put on a pair of sturdy sandals. 15
- Art appeared at the doorway. 'Sweetie? Don't forget to call the plumber about the hot-water tank.' 20
- The plumber was *not* going to be number Nine, Ruth told herself, absolutely not. 'Sorry, honey, but could you call? I've got a pretty full day.' 25
- 30
- 35

How far do you find this presentation of Ruth typical of how she appears in the novel as a whole?

- Or 26** Explore **one** incident in the novel that you think best demonstrates the complexity of the relationship between mother and daughter.
- Or 27** You are GaoLing (Auntie Gal) on the boat to America at the end of the war. Write your thoughts.

**Turn to page 20 for Question 28.**

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

<b>Either</b>	<b>*28</b>	<p>The men came down between two long, regular rows of trees. The winter had not passed completely and there was a chill in the air; and the moon was hidden behind long, high parallels of cloud which hung like suspended streamers of dirty cotton wool in the sky. All of the men but one wore thick clothes against the coolness of the night. The night and earth was cold and damp, and the shoes of the men sank into the soil and left exact, ridged footprints, but they could not be seen in the dark.</p> <p>One of the men walked ahead holding a small cycle lantern that worked from a battery, leading the way down the avenue of trees while the others came behind in the dark. The night close around was quiet now that the crickets had stopped their small noises, but far out others that did not feel the presence of the men continued the monotonous creek-creek-creek. Somewhere, even further, a dog started barking in short high yaps, and then stopped abruptly. The men were walking through an orchard of lemons and the sharp, bitter-sweet citrus smell hung gently on the night air.</p> <p>‘Do not go so fast,’ the man who brought up the rear of the party called to the man with the lantern. ‘It’s as dark as a kaffir’s soul here at the back.’</p> <p>He called softly, as if the darkness demanded silence. He was a big man and wore khaki trousers and laced-up riding boots, and an old shooting jacket with leather patches on the right breast and the elbows.</p> <p>The shotgun was loaded. In the dark this man’s face was invisible except for a blur of shadowed hollows and lighter crags. Although he walked in the rear he was the leader of the party. The lantern-bearer slowed down for the rest to catch up with him.</p> <p>‘It’s cold, too, Oom,’ another man said.</p> <p>‘Cold?’ the man with the shotgun asked, speaking with sarcasm. ‘Are you colder than this verdomte hotnot, here?’ And he gestured in the dark with the muzzle of the gun at the man who stumbled along in their midst and who was the only one not warmly dressed.</p> <p>This man wore trousers and a raincoat which they had allowed him to pull on over his pyjamas when they had taken him from his lodgings, and he shivered now with chill, clenching his teeth to prevent them from chattering. He had not been given time to tie his shoes and the metal-covered ends of the laces clicked as he moved.</p> <p>‘Are you cold, hotnot?’ the man with the light jeered.</p> <p>The coloured man did not reply. He was afraid, but his fear was mixed with a stubbornness which forbade him to answer them.</p> <p>‘He is not cold,’ the fifth man in the party said. ‘He is shivering with fear. Is it not so, hotnot?’</p> <p>The coloured man said nothing, but stared ahead of himself into the half-light made by the small lantern. He could see the silhouette of the man who carried the light, but he did not want to look at the two who flanked him, the one who had complained of the cold, and the one who had spoken of his fear. They each carried a sjambok and every now and then one of them slapped a corduroyed leg with his.</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>
---------------	------------	---	--

Explore the ways in which La Guma creates an atmosphere of fear and menace in this opening to the story.

**Or 29** Explore how the author in **one** of the stories in the anthology captures the moment when someone's life changes dramatically.

**Or 30** You are the hitch-hiker at the end of *The Hitch-hiker*. The motorist has just put you down in London.

Write your thoughts.

## DRAMA

### ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

Either	*31	<p>3 p.m. Saturday.</p> <p><i>The open plan living room of a modern executive-style house. Archways leading off to the kitchen and back doors. Another to the front door and bedrooms etc. Primarily furnished with English Swedish style furniture. A lot of wrought iron for gates in lieu of doors and as used for room dividers. Also artistic frosted glass. Doubtful pictures. Possibly a bar. It all cost a great deal of money. Parquet floor with rugs.</i></p> <p><i>At the start, Evelyn, a heavily made-up, reasonably trendily dressed, expressionless girl, is sitting by a pram which she is rocking absently with one hand whilst gazing blankly out of the window. Near her, on the table, underneath suitable coverings, tea is laid out in the form of sandwiches and cakes. Only the teapot and hot water jug are missing. Evelyn chews and sings to herself.</i></p> <p><i>After a moment, Diana enters. She is older, mid to later thirties. She always gives the impression of being slightly fraught. She smiles occasionally but it's painful. Her sharp darting eyes don't miss much after years of suspicions both genuine and unfounded.</i></p>	5
		<p><i>Diana:</i> Have you got him to sleep?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> Yes.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> [<i>Looking into the pram</i>] Aaah! They look so lovely like that. Like little cherubims.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> [<i>unenthusiastic</i>] Mmm.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Just like little cherubims. [<i>Anxious.</i>] Should he be covered up as much as that, dear?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> Yes.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Won't he get too hot?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> He likes it hot.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Oh. I was just worried he wasn't getting enough air.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> He's all right. He doesn't need much air.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Oh, well ... [<i>She looks about her.</i>] Well, I think we're all ready for them. John's on his way, you say?</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> Yes.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> How is he these days? I haven't seen John for ages.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> He's all right.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> I haven't seen either of you.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> We're all right.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Not for ages. Well, I'm glad you could come this afternoon. Colin really will appreciate that, I'm sure. Seeing us all.</p> <p>[<i>Pause.</i>]</p> <p>Paul should be home soon. I think he's playing his squash again.</p> <p><i>Evelyn:</i> Oh.</p> <p><i>Diana:</i> Him and his squash. It used to be tennis – now he's squash mad. Squash, squash, squash. Can't see what he sees in it. All afternoon hitting a ball against a wall. It's so noisy. Bang, bang, bang. He's not even out of doors. No fresh air at all. It can't be good for him. Does John play squash?</p>	10 15 20  25 30 35 40 45 50

- Evelyn:* No.
- Diana:* Oh.
- Evelyn:* He doesn't play anything.
- Diana:* Oh, well. He probably doesn't need it. Exercise. Some men don't. My father never took a stroke of exercise. Till he died. He seemed fit enough. He managed to do what he wanted to do. Mind you, he never did very much. He just used to sit and shout at we girls. Most of the time. He got calmer though when he got older. After my mother left him. [*Looking into the pram.*] Did you knit that little jacket for him? 55
- Evelyn:* No.
- Diana:* Pretty. [*Pause.*] No, there are times when I think that's the principal trouble between Paul and me. I mean, I know now I'm running myself down but Paul basically, he's got much more go – well, I mean let's face it, he's much cleverer than me. Let's face it. Basically. I mean, I was the bright one in our family but I can't keep up with Paul sometimes. When he has one of his moods, I think to myself, now if I was really clever, I could probably talk him round or something but I mean the thing is, really and truly, and I know I'm running myself down when I say this, I don't think I'm really enough for him. He needs me, I can tell; he doesn't say as much but I know he does. It's just, as I say, I don't think I'm really enough for him. [*She reflects.*] 60
- 65
- 70

At the start of the play a playwright needs to gain the audience's interest quickly. How do you think Ayckbourn achieves this here?

- Or**            **32**            Good comedies often make the audience laugh by creating situations in which the audience knows more than the characters.
- Explore **one** episode in *Absent Friends* where you think Ayckbourn does this particularly well.
- Or**            **33**            You are John at the beginning of the play. You are on your way to the tea party.
- Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

**Either** \*37 *Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours*

*Macbeth:* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come'. Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up. 5  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

[A cry within of women.

What is that noise? 10

*Seyton:* It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

*Macbeth:* I have almost forgot the taste of fears.  
The time has been my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair 15  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter Seyton*

Wherefore was that cry? 20

*Seyton:* The Queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macbeth:* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 25  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, 30  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

Explore what this passage reveals to you about Macbeth's state of mind and what makes it such a moving moment in the play.

**Or** 38 *A female monster*  
*A loving and loyal wife*

How far do you think it is possible to hold **both** these views of Lady Macbeth?

Support your ideas with detail from Shakespeare's writing.

**Or** 39 You are Duncan as you set out on your journey towards Macbeth's castle at Inverness.

Write your thoughts.



**Turn to page 28 for Question 40.**

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: *The Devil's Disciple*

- Either \*40 Mrs Dudgeon: [all her fears returning] The new will! Did Timothy –?  
[She breaks off, gasping, unable to complete the question].
- Anderson: Yes. In his last hours he changed his mind.
- Mrs Dudgeon: [white with intense rage] And you let him rob me? 5
- Anderson: I had no power to prevent him giving what was his to his own son.
- Mrs Dudgeon: He had nothing of his own. His money was the money I brought him as my marriage portion. It was for me to deal with my own money and my own son. He dare not have done it if I had been with him; and well he knew it. That was why he stole away like a thief to take advantage of the law to rob me by making a new will behind my back. The more shame on you, Mr Anderson, – you, a minister of the gospel – to act as his accomplice in such a crime. 10
- Anderson: [rising] I will take no offence at what you say in the first bitterness of your grief.
- Mrs Dudgeon: [contemptuously] Grief!
- Anderson: Well, of your disappointment, if you can find it in your heart to think that the better word. 20
- Mrs Dudgeon: My heart! My heart! And since when, pray, have you begun to hold up our hearts as trustworthy guides for us?
- Anderson: [rather guiltily] I – er –
- Mrs Dudgeon: [vehemently] Dont lie, Mr Anderson. We are told that the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. My heart belonged, not to Timothy, but to that poor wretched brother of his that has just ended his days with a rope round his neck – aye, to Peter Dudgeon. You know it: old Eli Hawkins, the man to whose pulpit you succeeded, though you are not worthy to loose his shoe latchet, told it you when he gave over our souls into your charge. He warned me and strengthened me against my heart, and made me marry a Godfearing man – as he thought. What else but that discipline has made me the woman I am? And you, you, who followed your heart in your marriage, you talk to me of what I find in my heart. Go home to your pretty wife, man; and leave me to my prayers. [She turns from him and leans with her elbows on the table, brooding over her wrongs and taking no further notice of him]. 30
- Anderson: [willing enough to escape] The Lord forbid that I should come between you and the source of all comfort! [He goes to the rack for his coat and hat].
- Mrs Dudgeon: [without looking at him] The Lord will know what to forbid and what to allow without your help. 45
- Anderson: And whom to forgive, I hope – Eli Hawkins and myself, if we have ever set up our preaching against His law. [He fastens his cloak, and is now ready to go.] Just one word – on necessary business, Mrs Dudgeon. There is the reading of the will to be gone through; and Richard has a right to be present. He is in the town; but he has the grace to say that he does not want to force himself in here. 50

- Mrs Dudgeon:* He shall come here. Does he expect us to leave his father's house for his convenience? Let them all come, and come quickly, and go quickly. They shall not make the will an excuse to shirk half their day's work. I shall be ready, never fear. 55
- Anderson:* [*coming back a step or two*] *Mrs Dudgeon:* I used to have some little influence with you. When did I lose it? 60
- Mrs Dudgeon:* [*still without turning to him*] When you married for love. Now you're answered.
- Anderson:* Yes: I am answered. [*He goes out, musing*].

What do you think Shaw reveals about the characters of Mrs Dudgeon and Anderson in this passage?

Remember to support your views with detail from the passage.

**Or 41** What do you think makes General Burgoyne such a memorable character in the play?

Support your ideas with detail from the play.

**Or 42** You are Dick Dudgeon in your cell as dawn breaks on the day of your trial.

Write your thoughts.

## BLANK PAGE

---

**Copyright Acknowledgements:**

- Question 4 © Tony Harrison; *Selection Poems*; Penguin Books Ltd; 1995.
- Question 10 Copyright © 1984 Anita Desai. Reproduced by permission of the author c/o Rogers, Coleridge & White Ltd., 20 Powis Mews, London W11 1JN.
- Question 16 © Helen Dunmore; *The Siege*; Penguin Books Ltd; 2002.
- Question 19 © Graham Greene; *Travels with My Aunt*; Penguin; 1991.
- Question 25 Copyright © 2001 by Amy Tan. Excerpt of THE BONESETTER'S DAUGHTER. Reprinted by permission of the author and the Sandra Dijkstra Literary Agency. Used by permission of G.P. Putnam's Sons, a division of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
- Question 28 © Alex La Guma; 'The Lemon Orchard'; *Into the Wind: Contemporary Stories in English*.
- Question 31 ABSENT FRIENDS copyright © 1975 Haydonning Ltd.  
All rights whatsoever in this play are strictly reserved and application for performance, etc., must be made before rehearsal to Casarotto Ramsay & Associates Ltd., National House, 60–66 Wardour Street, London W1V4ND. No performance may be given unless a licence has been obtained.  
From Absent Friends in Three Plays by Alan Ayckbourn, published by Chatto & Windus. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.
- Question 34 © Liz Lochhead and Gina Moxley; *Cuba and Dog House*; Faber & Faber Ltd.
- Question 40 © The Society of Authors, on behalf of the Bernard Shaw Estate.
- Question 43 By Tennessee Williams, from A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, copyright © 1947 by The University of the South. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.