



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/11

Paper 1

October/November 2013

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

Texts studied should be taken into examination.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **26** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



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SECTION A: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of A Salesman*

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

- Biff:* I'm leaving early tomorrow.
- Happy:* He's going to see Bill Oliver, Pop.
- Willy:* [*interestedly*] Oliver? For what?
- Biff:* [*with reserve, but trying, trying*] He always said he'd stake me. I'd like to go into business, so maybe I can take him up on it. 5
- Linda:* Isn't that wonderful?
- Willy:* Don't interrupt. What's wonderful about it? There's fifty men in the City of New York who'd stake him. [*To Biff*] Sporting goods? 10
- Biff:* I guess so. I know something about it and –
- Willy:* He knows something about it! You know sporting goods better than Spalding, for God's sake! How much is he giving you?
- Biff:* I don't know, I didn't even see him yet, but – 15
- Willy:* Then what're you talkin' about?
- Biff:* [*getting angry*] Well, all I said was I'm gonna see him, that's all!
- Willy:* [*turning away*] Ah, you're counting your chickens again.
- Biff:* [*starting left for the stairs*] Oh, Jesus, I'm going to sleep! 20
- Willy:* [*calling after him*] Don't curse in this house!
- Biff:* [*turning*] Since when did you get so clean?
- Happy:* [*trying to stop them*] Wait a...
- Willy:* Don't use that language to me! I won't have it!
- Happy:* [*grabbing Biff, shouts*] Wait a minute! I got an idea. I got a feasible idea. Come here, Biff, let's talk this over now, let's talk some sense here. When I was down in Florida last time, I thought of a great idea to sell sporting goods. It just came back to me. You and I, Biff – we have a line, the Loman Line. We train a couple of weeks, and put on a couple of exhibitions, see? 25
- Willy:* That's an idea!
- Happy:* Wait! We form two basketball teams, see? Two water-polo teams. We play each other. It's a million dollars' worth of publicity. Two brothers, see? The Loman Brothers. Displays in the Royal Palms – all the hotels. And banners over the ring and the basketball court: 'Loman Brothers'. Baby, we could sell sporting goods! 30
- Willy:* That is a one-million-dollar idea! 40
- Linda:* Marvellous!
- Biff:* I'm in great shape as far as that's concerned.

- Happy:* And the beauty of it is, Biff, it wouldn't be like a business. We'd be out playin' ball again...
- Biff:* [*enthused*] Yeah, that's... 45
- Willy:* Million-dollar...
- Happy:* And you wouldn't get fed up with it, Biff. It'd be the family again. There'd be the old honour, and comradeship, and if you wanted to go off for a swim or somethin' – well you'd do it! Without some smart cooky gettin' up ahead of you! 50
- Willy:* Lick the world! You guys together could absolutely lick the civilized world.
- Biff:* I'll see Oliver tomorrow. Hap, if we could work that out...
- Linda:* Maybe things are beginning to – 55
- Willy:* [*wildly enthused, to Linda*] Stop interrupting! [*To Biff*] But don't wear sport jacket and slacks when you see Oliver.
- Biff:* No, I'll –
- Willy:* A business suit, and talk as little as possible, and don't crack any jokes. 60
- Biff:* He did like me. Always liked me.
- Linda:* He loved you!
- Willy:* [*to Linda*] Will you stop! [*To Biff*] Walk in very serious. You are not applying for a boy's job. Money is to pass. Be quiet, fine, and serious. Everybody likes a kidder, but nobody lends him money. 65
- Happy:* I'll try to get some myself, Biff. I'm sure I can.
- Willy:* I see great things for you kids, I think your troubles are over. But remember, start big and you'll end big. Ask for fifteen. How much you gonna ask for? 70

How does Miller make this such a revealing moment in the play?

- Or** †2 Do you think there is anything to admire about Howard Wagner? Support your ideas with details from Miller's writing.
- Or** 3 You are Charley, at the time when Biff is a sporting success and your son Bernard is helping him with his homework.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Cassius:</i>	Brutus, I do observe you now of late; I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have. You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.	5
<i>Brutus:</i>	Cassius, Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours; But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd – Among which number, Cassius, be you one – Nor construe any further my neglect Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.	10 15
<i>Cassius:</i>	Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion, By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?	20
<i>Brutus:</i>	No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself But by reflection, by some other things.	
<i>Cassius:</i>	'Tis just; And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in Rome – Except immortal Caesar – speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.	25 30
<i>Brutus:</i>	Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?	35
<i>Cassius:</i>	Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear; And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laughter, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester; if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.	40 45

[Flourish and shout.]

<i>Brutus:</i>	What means this shouting? I do fear the people Choose Caesar for their king.	50
<i>Cassius:</i>	Ay, do you fear it? Then must I think you would not have it so.	
<i>Brutus:</i>	I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other, And I will look on both indifferently; For let the gods so speed me as I love The name of honour more than I fear death.	55 60

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatically significant moment in the play.

- Or** †5 In what ways do you think that Shakespeare's depiction of the supernatural contributes to the drama of the play? Support your ideas with details from Shakespeare's writing.
- Or** 6 You are Cassius. You have just left Brutus's tent after hearing that Portia has committed suicide.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

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

Prospero: Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make. 5
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid –
 Weak masters though ye be – I have be-dimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, 10
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up 15
 The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth,
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly music – which even now I do – 20
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book. 25

[Solemn music.]

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, with a frantic
 gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio
 in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They
 all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there
 stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.* 30

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd. 35
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses 40
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly 45
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter;
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian – 50

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong –
 Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore 55
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit; 60
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

How do Shakespeare's words make Prospero's magic seem so powerful at this moment in the play?

- Or** †8 How does Shakespeare make the relationship between Ferdinand and Miranda such a moving aspect of the play?
- Or** 9 You are Antonio. Your plan to murder Alonso and Gonzalo has failed because they have just woken up.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

- Jack:* My own darling!
- Gwendolen:* Ernest, we may never be married. From the expression on mamma's face I fear we never shall. Few parents nowadays pay any regard to what their children say to them. The old-fashioned respect for the young is fast dying out. Whatever influence I ever had over mamma, I lost at the age of three. But although she may prevent us from becoming man and wife, and I may marry some one else, and marry often, nothing that she can possibly do can alter my eternal devotion to you. 5
- Jack:* Dear Gwendolen! 10
- Gwendolen:* The story of your romantic origin, as related to me by mamma, with unpleasing comments, has naturally stirred the deeper fibres of my nature. Your Christian name has an irresistible fascination. The simplicity of your character makes you exquisitely incomprehensible to me. Your town address at the Albany I have. What is your address in the country? 15
- Jack:* The Manor House, Woolton, Hertfordshire.
[*Algernon, who has been carefully listening, smiles to himself, and writes the address on his shirtcuff. Then picks up the Railway Guide.*] 20
- Gwendolen:* There is a good postal service, I suppose? It may be necessary to do something desperate. That of course will require serious consideration. I will communicate with you daily.
- Jack:* My own one! 25
- Gwendolen:* How long do you remain in town?
- Jack:* Till Monday.
- Gwendolen:* Good! Algy, you may turn round now.
- Algernon:* Thanks, I've turned round already.
- Gwendolen:* You may also ring the bell. 30
- Jack:* You will let me see you to your carriage, my own darling?
- Gwendolen:* Certainly.
- Jack:* [To Lane, who now enters.] I will see Miss Fairfax out.
- Lane:* Yes, sir. [Jack and Gwendolen go off.]
[Lane presents several letters on a salver to Algernon. It is to be surmised that they are bills, as Algernon, after looking at the envelopes, tears them up.] 35
- Algernon:* A glass of sherry, Lane.
- Lane:* Yes, sir.
- Algernon:* To-morrow, Lane, I'm going Bunburying. 40
- Lane:* Yes, sir.
- Algernon:* I shall probably not be back till Monday. You can put up my dress clothes, my smoking jacket, and all the Bunbury suits...
- Lane:* Yes, sir. [Handing sherry.]

<i>Algernon:</i>	I hope to-morrow will be a fine day, Lane.	45
<i>Lane:</i>	It never is, sir.	
<i>Algernon:</i>	Lane, you're a perfect pessimist.	
<i>Lane:</i>	I do my best to give satisfaction, sir.	
	<i>[Enter Jack. Lane goes off.]</i>	
<i>Jack:</i>	There's a sensible, intellectual girl! the only girl I ever cared for in my life. <i>[Algernon is laughing immoderately.]</i> What on earth are you so amused at?	50
<i>Algernon:</i>	Oh, I'm a little anxious about poor Bunbury, that is all.	
<i>Jack:</i>	If you don't take care, your friend Bunbury will get you into a serious scrape some day.	55
<i>Algernon:</i>	I love scrapes. They are the only things that are never serious.	
<i>Jack:</i>	Oh, that's nonsense, Algy. You never talk anything but nonsense.	
<i>Algernon:</i>	Nobody ever does.	
	<i>[Jack looks indignantly at him, and leaves the room. Algernon lights a cigarette, reads his shirtcuff, and smiles.]</i>	60

How does Wilde make the audience at the end of Act 1 wonder what may happen next?

- Or** †11 How does Wilde make Lady Bracknell such a memorably amusing character? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 12 You are Lane, Algernon's manservant. You have just heard that your master is to be married.

Write your thoughts.

How does Tennyson make the loneliness of Mariana's life so vivid for you here?

- Or** †14 How does Tennyson movingly convey the strength of his friendship with Hallam in *In Memoriam*? Support your ideas by close reference to **two** sections.
- Or** †15 Explore the ways in which Tennyson creates a strong sense of suffering in **either** *Maud* (from 'Dead, long dead,' to 'Is enough to drive one mad') **or** *The Lady of Shalott*.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

Either *16 Read the following poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Pike

Pike, three inches long, perfect

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That rose slowly towards me, watching.

How does Ted Hughes powerfully create a sense of menace in this poem?

- Or †17** Explore the ways in which the poet's use of language vividly reveals attitudes to city life in **either** *The City Planners* (by Margaret Atwood) **or** *The Planners* (by Boey Kim Cheng).
- Or †18** Explore some of the effects created by the sounds of the words in *Pied Beauty* (by Gerard Manley Hopkins) **and** *Summer Farm* (by Norman MacCaig).

SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

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

The intruder was Mrs Heathcliff – she certainly seemed in no laughing predicament: her hair streamed on her shoulders, dripping with snow and water; she was dressed in the girlish dress she commonly wore, befitting her age more than her position; a low frock, with short sleeves, and nothing on either head or neck. The frock was of light silk, and clung to her with wet; and her feet were protected merely by thin slippers; add to this a deep cut under one ear, which only the cold prevented from bleeding profusely, a white face scratched and bruised, and a frame hardly able to support itself through fatigue, and you may fancy my first fright was not much allayed when I had leisure to examine her. 5

‘My dear young lady,’ I exclaimed, ‘I’ll stir nowhere, and hear nothing, till you have removed every article of your clothes, and put on dry things; and certainly you shall not go to Gimmerton to-night; so it is needless to order the carriage.’ 10

‘Certainly, I shall,’ she said; ‘walking or riding – yet I’ve no objection to dress myself decently; and – ah, see how it flows down my neck now! The fire does make it smart.’ 15

She insisted on my fulfilling her directions, before she would let me touch her; and not till after the coachman had been instructed to get ready, and a maid set to pack up some necessary attire, did I obtain her consent for binding the wound, and helping to change her garments. 20

‘Now, Ellen,’ she said, when my task was finished, and she was seated in an easy chair on the hearth, with a cup of tea before her, ‘You sit down opposite me, and put poor Catherine’s baby away – I don’t like to see it! You mustn’t think I care little for Catherine, because I behaved so foolishly on entering – I’ve cried too, bitterly – yes, more than any one else has reason to cry – we parted unreconciled, you remember, and I shan’t forgive myself. But for all that, I was not going to sympathise with him – the brute beast! O, give me the poker! This is the last thing of his I have about me:’ she slipped the gold ring from her third finger, and threw it on the floor. ‘I’ll smash it!’ she continued, striking with childish spite. ‘And then I’ll burn it!’ and she took and dropped the misused article among the coals. ‘There! he shall buy another, if he gets me back again. He’d be capable of coming to seek me, to tease Edgar – I dare not stay, lest that notion should possess his wicked head! And besides, Edgar has not been kind, has he? And I won’t come suing for his assistance; nor will I bring him into more trouble – Necessity compelled me to seek shelter here; though if I had not learnt he was out of the way, I’d have halted at the kitchen, washed my face, warmed myself, got you to bring what I wanted, and departed again to anywhere out of the reach of my accursed – of that incarnate goblin! Ah, he was in such a fury – if he had caught me! It’s a pity, Earnshaw is not his match in strength – I wouldn’t have run, till I’d seen him all but demolished, had Hindley been able to do it!’ 25 30 35 40

‘Well, don’t talk so fast, Miss!’ I interrupted, ‘you’ll disorder the handkerchief I have tied round your face, and make the cut bleed again – Drink your tea, and take breath and give over laughing – Laughter is sadly out of place under this roof, and in your condition!’ 45

‘An undeniable truth,’ she replied. ‘Listen to that child! It maintains a constant wail – send it out of my hearing, for an hour; I shan’t stay any longer.’

I rang the bell, and committed it to a servant's care; and then I inquired what had urged her to escape from Wuthering Heights in such an unlikely plight – and where she meant to go, as she refused remaining with us? 50

'I ought, and I wish to remain,' answered she, 'to cheer Edgar and take care of the baby, for two things, and because the Grange is my right home – but I tell you, he wouldn't let me!' 55

What does Brontë make you feel about Isabella at this moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **†20** How does Brontë make Catherine Earnshaw such a dramatically compelling character? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **21** You are Heathcliff, in your room on the last night of your life.

Write your thoughts.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Since for most of her life my mother's mind, belonging first to her father and then to her husband, had not been hers to make up, she was finding it difficult to come to a decision.

'Lucia,' she sighed, 'why do you keep bothering me with this question? Does it matter what I want? Since when has it mattered what I want? So why should it start mattering now? Do you think I wanted to be impregnated by that old dog? Do you think I wanted to travel all this way across this country of our forefathers only to live in dirt and poverty? Do you really think I wanted the child for whom I made the journey to die only five years after it left the womb? Or my son to be taken from me? So what difference does it make whether I have a wedding or whether I go? It is all the same. What I have endured for nineteen years I can endure for another nineteen, and nineteen more if need be. Now leave me! Leave me to rest.'

So Lucia stayed on to look after her sister, and because her body had appetites of which she was not ashamed, she moved back in with Takesure. She did not make excuses for herself.

'A woman has to live with something,' she shrugged matter-of-factly. 'Even if it is only a cockroach. And cockroaches are better. They are easy to chase away, isn't it?'

But I was disappointed in her, disappointed, disapproving and afraid too that she would start sleeping with my father again and increase our portion of sin so much that it would take more than a wedding to exorcise it. I urged her to do something, something constructive, believing she could. I was sure Lucia could manage things that other women could not, but she would not let me harass her.

'Don't worry about things that don't concern you,' she advised gently. 'When the time comes when it is more convenient for me to go than stay, then I shall go, isn't it? Either with Sisi or without her – whichever is best. Don't ask me when or where. At this moment I don't know.'

And so life at home settled back into the normal back-breaking routine – up at daybreak, to the river, to the fields, to bed, endlessly, monotonously, excruciatingly, except when it rained, which was even worse. When it rained we huddled in the kitchen, praying with each thunderclap that we would be spared the next stroke of lightning. One day, when it had been lightning and thundering, Takesure came back from magrosa with his hair singed off down the middle. Lucia enjoyed the spectacle enormously. 'If only it had taken your head right off,' she laughed, 'perhaps another would have grown and it could not have been worse than the one you have now!' Then I asked Takesure to help me mend the thatch over the kitchen and he refused, so Lucia helped me although she slept in the *hozi* like Takesure and, as a result of her pregnancy, was not as agile as she would have liked to have been.

When Babamukuru came to fetch me he noticed that the roof was in much better condition. 'That's a good job you've done Jeremiah,' he observed. 'When the rains are over you can get Takesure to thatch it again. That's what he's here to do.'

'Ha! Ya, *Mukoma*,' agreed my father. 'There was a job there! You should have seen us! Up there with strips of bark and the fertiliser bags, and tying the plastic over the holes. Ha! There was a big job there, a big job.'

Lucia and I could not hide our smiles.

'See, Jeremiah,' praised Babamukuru, pleased with my father's labour, 'even your daughter is pleased when you have done a good job.'

How does Dangarembga make this an amusing and revealing moment in the novel?

Or †23 How does Dangarembga make your feelings about Babamukuru change as you read the novel? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 24 You are Maiguru. You have just told Babamukuru that you are not going to stay in his house.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

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

An irate voice calls from the patio: 'Isn't anyone interested in the bar-be-cue?'

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that grease and blood run across it and spread.

How does Desai vividly depict the tensions in the Patton family at this moment in the novel?

Or †26 Explore the ways in which Desai memorably portrays differences between life for women in India and life for women in the USA.

Or 27 You are Uma. You are on the train home with Papa after he has rescued you from Harish's family and your marriage.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

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

The bus driver had obligingly offered to drop off the family right at Sampath's orchard.

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But they failed to catch her as she fell and she landed with a dull thump upon the ground.

Explore how Desai makes this such an amusing moment in the novel.

Or †29 Explore the ways in which Desai makes **one** of the following characters particularly entertaining for you:

The Brigadier
Hungry Hop
The Spy

Or 30 You are Sampath. You are running away from your family.

Write your thoughts.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

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

The apartment was on the top floor – a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance, however, the hen resolved itself into a bonnet, and the countenance of a stout old lady beamed down into the room. Several old copies of *Town Tattle* lay on the table together with a copy of *Simon Called Peter*, and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway. Mrs Wilson was first concerned with the dog. A reluctant elevator-boy went for a box full of straw and some milk, to which he added on his own initiative a tin of large, hard dog-biscuits – one of which decomposed apathetically in the saucer of milk all afternoon. Meanwhile Tom brought out a bottle of whisky from a locked bureau door. 5

I have been drunk just twice in my life, and the second time was that afternoon; so everything that happened has a dim, hazy cast over it, although until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun. Sitting on Tom's lap Mrs Wilson called up several people on the telephone; then there were no cigarettes, and I went out to buy some at the drugstore on the corner. When I came back they had both disappeared, so I sat down discreetly in the living-room and read a chapter of *Simon Called Peter* – either it was terrible stuff or the whisky distorted things, because it didn't make any sense to me. 10

Just as Tom and Myrtle (after the first drink Mrs Wilson and I called each other by our first names) reappeared, company commenced to arrive at the apartment-door. 15

The sister, Catherine, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty, with a solid, sticky bob of red hair, and a complexion powdered milky white. Her eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle, but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to her face. When she moved about there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms. She came in with such a proprietary haste, and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here. But when I asked her she laughed immoderately, repeated my question aloud, and told me she lived with a girl friend at a hotel. 20 30 35

Mr McKee was a pale, feminine man from the flat below. He had just shaved, for there was a white spot of lather on his cheekbone, and he was most respectful in his greeting to every one in the room. He informed me that he was in the 'artistic game', and I gathered later that he was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mrs Wilson's mother which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall. His wife was shrill, languid, handsome, and horrible. She told me with pride that her husband had photographed her a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married. 40 45

Mrs Wilson had changed her costume some time before, and was now attired in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream-coloured chiffon, which gave out a continual rustle as she swept about the room. With the influence of the dress her personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so remarkable in the garage was converted into 50

impressive *hauteur*. Her laughter, her gestures, her assertions became more violently affected moment by moment, and as she expanded the room grew smaller around her, until she seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air. 55

‘My dear,’ she told her sister in a high, mincing shout, ‘most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet, and when she gave me the bill you’d of thought she had my appendicitus out.’

‘What was the name of the woman?’ asked Mrs McKee. 60

‘Mrs Eberhardt. She goes around looking at people’s feet in their own homes.’

‘I like your dress,’ remarked Mrs McKee, ‘I think it’s adorable.’

Mrs Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrow in disdain.

‘It’s just a crazy old thing,’ she said. ‘I just slip it on sometimes when I don’t care what I look like.’ 65

‘But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean,’ pursued Mrs McKee. ‘If Chester could only get you in that pose I think he could make something of it.’

We all looked in silence at Mrs Wilson, who removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side, and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face. 70

What impressions of Tom Buchanan’s companions does Fitzgerald create for you at this moment in the novel?

Or †32 Gatsby says that in her heart Daisy never loved anyone but him. How far does Fitzgerald convince you that this is true? Support your ideas by close reference to the writing.

Or 33 You are Gatsby’s father, Mr Gatz, after your son’s funeral.

Write your thoughts.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

Either *34 Read this extract from *The Rain Horse*, and then answer the question that follows it:

Since the horse seemed to have gone on down the wood, his way to the farm over the hill was clear.

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He picked two stones about the size of goose eggs and set off towards the bottom of the wood, striding carelessly.

How does Hughes make this moment in the story so disturbing?

- Or** †35 Explore the ways in which the relationship between a child and a parent is portrayed in **either** *The Fly in the Ointment* (by V. S. Pritchett) **or** *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P. G. Wodehouse).
- Or** 36 You are Mike in *The Destroyers*. You are going home to bed and have left the rest of the gang to finish the destruction of the house.

Write your thoughts.

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