



Cambridge International AS Level

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/02

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

For examination from 2021

SPECIMEN PAPER

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total; each from a different section.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

The specimen questions provided here illustrate the style of questions that will be asked in the examination. However, the set texts to be used in examinations from 2021–2023 do not appear in this specimen question paper.

Please refer to the syllabus and the specific year of the examination for details of the relevant set texts for that examination.

This document has **22** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Drama

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

Question 1

EITHER

- (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Bolt present political ambition in *A Man for All Seasons*? [25]

OR

- (b) Discuss Bolt's presentation of Sir Thomas More at this point in the play. In your answer, you should refer in detail to Bolt's use of language and action in the extract. [25]

Cromwell: Sir Richard, have you anything to add?

Richard: Nothing, Mr Secretary.

Norfolk: Sir Thomas?

More [*looking at* FOREMAN]: To what purpose? I am a dead man. [*To* CROMWELL.] You have your desire of me. What you have hunted me for is not my actions, but the thoughts of my heart. It is a long road you have opened. For first men will disclaim their hearts and presently they will have no hearts. God help the people whose Statesmen walk your road. 5

Norfolk: Then the witness may withdraw. 10

[*RICH crosses stage, watched by* MORE.]

More: I have one question to ask the witness. [*RICH stops.*]

That's a chain of office you are wearing. [*Reluctantly* RICH *faces him.*] May I see it? [*NORFOLK motions him to approach.* MORE *examines the medallion.*] The red dragon. [*To* CROMWELL.] What's this? 15

Cromwell: Sir Richard is appointed Attorney-General for Wales.

More: [*looking into* RICH's face: *with pain and amusement*]: For Wales? Why, Richard, it profits a man nothing to give his soul for the whole world ... But for Wales! —

[*Exit* RICH, *stiff faced, but infrangibly dignified.*] 20

Cromwell: Now I must ask the Court's indulgence! I have a message for the prisoner from the King: [*urgent*] Sir Thomas, I am empowered to tell you that even now —

More: No no, it cannot be.

Cromwell: The case rests! [*NORFOLK is staring at* MORE.] My lord! 25

Norfolk: The Jury will retire and consider the evidence.

Cromwell: Considering the evidence it shouldn't be necessary for them to retire. [*Standing over* FOREMAN.] Is it necessary?

[FOREMAN *shakes his head.*]

Norfolk: Then is the prisoner guilty or not guilty? 30

Foreman: Guilty, my lord!

Norfolk [*leaping to his feet; all rise save MORE*] Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of High Treason. The sentence of the Court —

More: My lord!

[NORFOLK *breaks off. MORE has a sly smile. From this point to end of play his manner is of one who has fulfilled all his obligations and will now consult no interests but his own.*] 35

My lord, when I was practising the law, the manner was to ask the prisoner before pronouncing sentence, if he had anything to say.

Norfolk: [*flummoxed*]: Have you anything to say? 40

More: Yes. [*He rises: all others sit.*] To avoid this I have taken every path my winding wits would find. Now that the court has determined to condemn me, God knoweth how, I will discharge my mind ... concerning my indictment and the King's title. The indictment is grounded in an Act of Parliament which is directly repugnant to the Law of God. The King in Parliament cannot bestow the Supremacy of the Church because it is a Spiritual Supremacy! And more to this the immunity of the Church is promised both in Magna Carta and the King's own Coronation Oath! 45

Cromwell: Now we plainly see that you *are* malicious!

More: Not so, Mr Secretary! [*He pauses, and launches, very quietly, ruminatively, into his final stock-taking.*] I am the King's true subject, and pray for him and all the realm ... I do none harm, I say none harm, I think none harm. And if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I long not to live ... I have, since I came into prison, been several times in such a case that I thought to die within the hour, and I thank Our Lord I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when it passed. And therefore, my poor body is at the King's pleasure. Would God my death might do him some good ... [*With a great flash of scorn and anger.*] Nevertheless, it is not for the Supremacy that you have sought my blood – but because I would not bend to the marriage! 50
55
60

[*Immediately scene change commences, while NORFOLK reads the sentence.*]

Norfolk: Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on the charge of High Treason. The sentence of the Court is that you shall be taken from this Court to the Tower, thence to the place of execution, and there your head shall be stricken from your body, and may God have mercy on your soul! 65

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Question 2

EITHER

- (a) How, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present love in the play? [25]

OR

- (b) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present Helena at this point in the play? You should refer in detail to the extract in your answer. [25]

Hermia: What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lysander: Lysander's love, that would not let him bide –
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so? 5

Hermia: You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Helena: Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me. 10
Injurious Hermia! Most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, 15
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us – O, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower, 20
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, 25
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest. 30
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury. 35

Hermia: I am amazed at your passionate words; I scorn you not;
it seems that you scorn me.

- Helena:* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius, 40
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul, 45
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd? 50
This you should pity rather than despise.
- Hermia:* I understand not what you mean by this.
- Helena:* Ay, do – persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up; 55
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy. 60
- Lysander:* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
- Helena:* O excellent!
- Hermia:* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Act 3, Scene 2

Question 3

EITHER

- (a) Discuss the importance and dramatic effects of dreams and dreaming in the play *Richard III*. [25]

OR

- (b) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of dishonesty and deception at this point in the play. In your answer, you should refer in detail to Shakespeare's use of language and action in the extract. [25]

Enter LOVELL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

<i>Gloucester:</i>	Be patient; they are friends – Ratcliff and Lovell.	
<i>Lovell:</i>	Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep. I took him for the plainest harmless creature That breath'd upon the earth a Christian; Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded The history of all her secret thoughts. So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue That, his apparent open guilt omitted, I mean his conversation with Shore's wife – He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.	5 10
<i>Buckingham:</i>	Well, well, he was the covert'st shelt' red traitor That ever liv'd. Would you imagine, or almost believe – Were't not that by great preservation We live to tell it – that the subtle traitor This day had plotted, in the council-house, To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester.	15 20
<i>Mayor:</i>	Had he done so?	
<i>Gloucester:</i>	What! think you we are Turks or Infidels? Or that we would, against the form of law, Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death But that the extreme peril of the case, The peace of England and our persons' safety, Enforc'd us to this execution?	25
<i>Mayor:</i>	Now, fair befall you! He deserv'd his death; And your good Graces both have well proceeded To warn false traitors from the like attempts. I never look'd for better at his hands After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.	30
<i>Buckingham:</i>	Yet had we not determin'd he should die Until your lordship came to see his end – Which now the loving haste of these our friends, Something against our meanings, have prevented – Because, my lord, I would have had you heard The traitor speak, and timorously confess	35

- The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same 40
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconster us in him and wail his death.
- Mayor:* But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both, 45
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.
- Gloucester:* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.
- Buckingham:* Which since you come too late of our intent, 50
Yet witness what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
- [Exit LORD MAYOR.]
- Gloucester:* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post. 55
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown – meaning indeed his house, 60
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart 65
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France 70
And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off; 75
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
- Buckingham:* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden plea for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Act 3, Scene 5

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Question 4

EITHER

- (a) 'Nick is a threat to George and Martha in the play.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Albee's dramatic presentation of Nick. [25]

OR

- (b) How might an audience react as the first act of the play comes to a conclusion? In your answer, you should refer in detail to Albee's use of language and action in the extract. [25]

George: STOP IT, MARTHA!
 Martha [*irritated*]: Whadda you want?
 George [*too patiently*]: I'd thought you were telling the story of our courtship, Martha ... I didn't know you were going to start in on the other business.
 Martha [*so-thereish*]: Well, I am! 5
 George: I wouldn't, if I were you.
 Martha: Oh ... you wouldn't? Well, you're not!
 George: Now, you've already sprung a leak about you-know-what
 Martha [*a duck*]: What? What?
 George: ... about the apple of our eye ... the sprout ... the little bugger ... [*Spits it out*] ... our son ... and if you start on this other business, I warn you, Martha, it's going to make me angry. 10
 Martha [*laughing at him*]: Oh, it is, is it?
 George: I warn you.
 Martha [*incredulous*]: You what? 15
 George [*very quietly*]: I warn you.
 Nick: Do you really think we have to go through ...?
 Martha: I stand warned! [*Pause ... then, to HONEY and NICK*] So, anyway, I married the S.O.B., and I had it all planned out ... He was the groom ... he was going to be groomed. He'd take over some day ... first, he'd take over the History Department, and then, when Daddy retired, he'd take over the college ... you know? That's the way it was supposed to be. 20
 [*To GEORGE, who is at the portable bar with his back to her*]
 You getting angry, baby? Hunh? [*Now back*] That's the way it was supposed to be. Very simple. And Daddy seemed to think it was a pretty good idea, too. For a while. Until he watched for a couple of years! [*To GEORGE again*] You getting angrier? [*Now back*] Until he watched for a couple of years and started thinking maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all ... that maybe Georgie-boy didn't have the *stuff* ... that he didn't have it in him! 25
 George [*still with his back to them all*]: Stop it, Martha.
 Martha [*viciously triumphant*]: The hell I will! You see, George didn't have much ... push ... he wasn't particularly aggressive. In fact he was sort of a ... [*Spits the word at GEORGE's back*] ... a FLOP! A great ... big ... fat ... FLOP! 30
 35

[CRASH! *Immediately after FLOP!* GEORGE *breaks a bottle against the portable bar and stands there, still with his back to them all, holding the remains of the bottle by the neck. There is a silence, with everyone frozen. Then ...*]

- George [almost crying]: I said stop, Martha. 40
- Martha [after considering what course to take]: I hope that was an empty bottle, George. You don't want to waste good liquor ... not on your salary. [GEORGE drops the broken bottle on the floor, not moving.]
Not on an Associate Professor's salary. [To NICK and HONEY] I mean, he'd be ... no good ... at trustees' dinners, fund raising. He didn't have any ... personality, you know what I mean? Which was disappointing to Daddy, as you can imagine. So, here I am, stuck with this flop 45
- George [turning around]: ... don't go on, Martha
- Martha: ... this BOG in the History Department
- George: ... don't, Martha, don't 50
- Martha [her voice rising to match his]: ... who's married to the President's daughter, who's expected to be somebody, not just some nobody, some bookworm, somebody, who's so damn ... contemplative, he can't make anything out of himself, somebody without the guts to make anybody proud of him...ALL RIGHT, GEORGE! 55
- George [under her, then covering, to drown her]: I said, don't. All right ... all right: [Sings] Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Virginia Woolf, Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf, early in the morning 60
- George and Honey [who joins him drunkenly]:
Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf,
Virginia Woolf ... [etc.]
- Martha: STOP IT! 65
[A brief silence.]
- Honey [rising, moving towards the hall]: I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to be sick ... I'm going to vomit.
[Exits]
- Nick [going after her]: Oh, for God's sake! 70
[Exits]
- Martha [going after them, looks back at GEORGE contemptuously]: Jesus! [Exits. GEORGE is alone on stage.]

[Curtain]

Act 1

Section B: Poetry

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

Question 5

EITHER

- (a) Discuss Heaney's presentation of personal relationships in his poetry. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer. [25]

OR

- (b) Comment closely on ways in which Heaney presents possibilities of renewal and hope in the following extract, the end of *The Tollund Man in Springtime*. [25]

Through every check and scan I carried with me
 A bunch of Tollund rushes – roots and all –
 Bagged in their own bog-damp. In an old stairwell
 Broom cupboard where I had hoped they'd stay
 Damp until transplanted, they went musty. 5
 Every green-skinned stalk turned friable,
 The drowned-mouse fibres withered and the whole
 Limp, soggy cluster lost its frank bouquet
 Of weed leaf and turf mould. Dust in my palm
 And in my nostrils dust, should I shake it off 10
 Or mix it in with spit in pollen's name
 And my own? As a man would, cutting turf,
 I straightened, spat on my hands, felt benefit
 And spirited myself into the street.

from *The Tollund Man in Springtime*

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

Question 6

EITHER

- (a) Discuss Jennings's presentation and use of art in **two** poems. [25]

OR

- (b) Comment closely on ways in which Jennings presents a response to death in the following poem. [25]

A Requiem

It is the ritual not the fact
That brings a held emotion to
Its breaking-point. This man I knew
Only a little, but his death
Shows me a love I thought I lacked 5
And all the stirrings underneath.

It is the calm, the solemn thing,
Not the distracted mourner's cry
Or the cold place where dead things lie,
That teaches me I cannot claim 10
To stand aside. These tears which sting –
Are they from sorrow or from shame?

Question 7

EITHER

- (a) 'He was a man who used to notice such things.' (
- Afterwards*
-)

With this comment in mind, discuss Hardy's use of close observation. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer. [25]

OR

- (b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Hardy create a sense of loss in the following poem? [25]

After a Journey

Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost;
 Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?
 Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost,
 And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me.
 Where you will next be there's no knowing, 5
 Facing round about me everywhere,
 With your nut-coloured hair,
 And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
 Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you; 10
 What have you now found to say of our past –
 Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you?
 Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
 Things were not lastly as firstly well
 With us twain, you tell? 15
 But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on
 To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,
 The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone
 At the then fair hour in the then fair weather, 20
 And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow
 That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,
 When you were all aglow,
 And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see, 25
 The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,
 Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,
 For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily.
 Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,
 The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again! 30
 I am just the same as when
 Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

Question 8**EITHER**

- (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems present failed hopes. [25]

OR

- (b) Comment closely on ways in which the poet expresses the pain of love in the following poem. [25]

Sonnet 11

You endless torments that my rest oppress,
 How long will you delight in my sad pain?
 Will never Love your favour more express?
 Shall I still live, and ever feel disdain?
 Alas, now stay, and let my grief obtain 5
 Some end; feed not my heart with sharp distress.
 Let me once see my cruel fortunes gain
 At least release, and long-felt woes redress.
 Let not the blame of cruelty disgrace
 The honoured title of your godhead Love; 10
 Give not just cause for me to say a place
 Is found for rage alone on me to move.
 O quickly end, and do not long debate
 My needful aid, lest help do come too late.

Lady Mary Wroth

Section C: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

Question 9

EITHER

- (a) Discuss ways in which Adichie presents loyalty and betrayal in the novel. [25]

OR

- (b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Adichie present the difficulties of Richard's position in the following passage? [25]

'Well, the British have just decided to control immigration from the Commonwealth, haven't they? They want people to stay in their own countries. The irony, of course, is that we in the Commonwealth can't control the British moving to our countries.'

He chewed his rice slowly and examined the bottle of water for a moment, as if it were wine whose vintage he wanted to know. 5

'Right after I came back from England, I was part of the Fourth Battalion that went to the Congo, under the United Nations. Our battalion wasn't well run at all, but despite that, I preferred Congo to the relative safety of England. Just because of the weather.' Major Madu paused. 'We weren't run well at all in the Congo. We were under the command of a British colonel.' He glanced at Richard and continued to chew. 10

Richard bristled; his fingers felt stiff and he feared his fork would slip from his grasp and this insufferable man would know how he felt.

The doorbell rang just after dinner while they sat on the moonlit veranda, drinking, listening to High Life music. 15

'That must be Udodi, I told him to meet me here,' Major Madu said.

Richard slapped at an irritating mosquito near his ear. Kainene's house seemed to have become a meeting place for the man and his friends.

Udodi was a smallish, ordinary-looking man with nothing of the knowing charm or subtle arrogance of Major Madu. He seemed drunk, almost manic, in the way he shook Richard's hand, pumping up and down. 'Are you Kainene's business associate? Are you in oil?' he asked. 20

'I didn't do the introductions, did I?' Kainene said. 'Richard, Major Udodi Ekechi is a friend of Madu's. Udodi, this is Richard Churchill.' 25

'Oh,' Major Udodi said, his eyes narrowing. He poured some whisky into a glass, drank it in one gulp, and said something in Igbo to which Kainene replied, in cold, clear English, 'My choice of lovers is none of your business, Udodi.'

Richard wished he could open his mouth and fluidly tell the man off, but he said nothing. He felt helplessly weak, the kind of weakness that came with illness, with grief. The music had stopped and he could hear the far-off whooshing of the sea's waves. 30

'Sorry, oh! I did not say it was my business!' Major Udodi laughed and reached again for the bottle of whisky.

'Easy now,' Major Madu said. 'You must have started early at the mess.' 35

'Life is short, my brother!' Major Udodi said, pouring another drink. He turned to Kainene. 'I magonu, you know, what I am saying is that our women who follow white men are a certain type, a poor family and the kind of bodies that white men like.' He stopped and continued, in a mocking mimicry of an English accent, 'Fantastically desirable bottoms.' He laughed. 'The white men will poke and poke and poke the women in the dark but they will never marry them. How can! They will never even take them out to a good place in public. But the women will continue to disgrace themselves and struggle for the men so they will get chicken-feed money and nonsense tea in a fancy tin. It's a new slavery, I'm telling you, a new slavery. But you are a Big Man's daughter, so what you are doing with him?' 40 45

Major Madu stood up. 'Sorry about this, Kainene. The man isn't himself.' He pulled Major Udodi up and said something in swift Igbo.

Major Udodi was laughing again. 'Okay, okay, but let me take the whisky. The bottle is almost empty. Let me take the whisky.'

Chapter 3

Question 10**EITHER**

- (a) Discuss ways in which Dangarembga presents Tambu's parents and their significance to the novel. [25]

OR

- (b) In what ways, and with what effects, is Tambu's view of the changes in her life presented in the following passage? [25]

How can I describe the sensations that swamped me when Babamukuru started his car, with me in the front seat beside him, on the day I left my home? It was relief, but more than that. It was more than excitement and anticipation. What I experienced that day was a short cut, a rerouting of everything I had ever defined as me into fast lanes that would speedily lead me to my destination. My horizons were saturated with me, my leaving, my going. There was no room for what I left behind. My father, as affably, shallowly agreeable as ever, was insignificant. My mother, my anxious mother, was no more than another piece of surplus scenery to be maintained, of course to be maintained, but all the same superfluous, an obstacle in the path of my departure. As for my sisters, well, they were there. They were watching me climb into Babamukuru's car to be whisked away to limitless horizons. It was up to them to learn the important lesson that circumstances were not immutable, no burden so binding that it could not be dropped. The honour for teaching them this emancipating lesson was mine. I claimed it all, for here I was, living proof of the moral. There was no doubt in my mind that this was the case. 5

When I stepped into Babamukuru's car I was a peasant. You could see that at a glance in my tight, faded frock that immodestly defined my budding breasts, and in my broad-toed feet that had grown thick-skinned through daily contact with the ground in all weathers. You could see it from the way the keratin had reacted by thickening and, having thickened, had hardened and cracked so that the dirt ground its way in but could not be washed out. It was evident from the corrugated black callouses on my knees, the scales on my skin that were due to lack of oil, the short, dull tufts of malnourished hair. This was the person I was leaving behind. 10

At Babamukuru's I expected to find another self, a clean, well-groomed, genteel self who could not have been bred, could not have survived, on the homestead. At Babamukuru's I would have the leisure, be encouraged to consider questions that had to do with survival of the spirit, the creation of consciousness, rather than mere sustenance of the body. This new me would not be enervated by smoky kitchens that left eyes smarting and chests permanently bronchitic. This new me would not be frustrated by wood fires that either flamed so furiously that the sadza burned, or so indifferently that it became mbodza. Nor would there be trips to Nyamarira, Nyamarira which I loved to bathe in and watch cascade through the narrow outlet of the fall where we drew our water. Leaving this Nyamarira, my flowing, tumbling, musical playground, was difficult. But I could not pretend to be sorry to be leaving the waterdrums whose weight compressed your neck into your spine, were heavy on the head even after you had grown used to them and were constantly in need of refilling. 15 20 25 30 35

I was not sorry to be leaving the tedious task of coaxing Nyamarira's little tributary in and out of the vegetable beds. Of course, my emancipation from these aspects of my existence was, for the foreseeable future, temporary and not continuous, but that was not the point. The point was this: I was going to be developed in the way that Babamukuru saw fit, which in the language I understood at the time meant well. Having developed well I did not foresee that there would be reason to regress on the occasions that I returned to the homestead. 40

Chapter 4

Question 11**EITHER**

- (a) The novel is written in three sections: Mosque, Caves and Temple. What, in your view, is the importance of this structure to the novel? [25]

OR

- (b) Discuss Forster's methods of characterisation of the women at the 'bridge party', in the following passage. [25]

'To work, Mary, to work,' cried the Collector, touching his wife on the shoulder with a switch.

Mrs Turton got up awkwardly. 'What do you want me to do? Oh, those purdah women! I never thought any would come. Oh dear!'

A little group of Indian ladies had been gathering in a third quarter of the grounds, near a rustic summer-house in which the more timid of them had already taken refuge. The rest stood with their backs to the company and their faces pressed into a bank of shrubs. At a little distance stood their male relatives, watching the venture. The sight was significant: an island bared by the turning tide, and bound to grow. 5

'I consider they ought to come over to me.'

'Come along, Mary, get it over.'

'I refuse to shake hands with any of the men, unless it has to be the Nawab Bahadur.'

'Whom have we so far?' He glanced along the line. 'H'm! h'm! much as one expected. We know why he's here, I think – over that contract, and he wants to get the right side of me for Mohurram, and he's the astrologer who wants to dodge the municipal building regulations, and he's that Parsi, and he's – Hullo! there he goes – smash into our hollyhocks. Pulled the left rein when he meant the right. All as usual.' 10

'They ought never to have been allowed to drive in; it's so bad for them,' said Mrs Turton, who had at last begun her progress to the summer-house, accompanied by Mrs Moore, Miss Quested, and a terrier. 'Why they come at all I don't know. They hate it as much as we do. Talk to Mrs McBryde. Her husband made her give purdah parties until she struck.' 15

'This isn't a purdah party,' corrected Miss Quested.

'Oh, really,' was the haughty rejoinder.

'Do kindly tell us who these ladies are,' asked Mrs Moore.

'You're superior to them, anyway. Don't forget that. You're superior to everyone in India except one or two of the Ranis, and they're on an equality.' 20

Advancing, she shook hands with the group and said a few words of welcome in Urdu. She had learnt the lingo, but only to speak to her servants, so she knew none of the politer forms and of the verbs only the imperative mood. As soon as her speech was over, she enquired of her companions, 'Is that what you wanted?'

'Please tell these ladies that I wish we could speak their language, but we have only just come to their country.' 25

‘Perhaps we speak yours a little,’ one of the ladies said.
 ‘Why, fancy, she understands!’ said Mrs Turton.
 ‘Eastbourne, Piccadilly, High Park Corner,’ said another of the ladies.
 ‘Oh yes, they’re English-speaking.’ 40
 ‘But now we can talk: how delightful!’ cried Adela, her face lighting up.
 ‘She knows Paris also,’ called one of the onlookers.
 ‘They pass Paris on the way, no doubt,’ said Mrs Turton, as if she was describing
 the movements of migratory birds. Her manner had grown more distant since she
 had discovered that some of the group was Westernised, and might apply her own 45
 standards to her.
 ‘The shorter lady, she is my wife, she is Mrs Bhattacharya,’ the onlooker
 explained. ‘The taller lady, she is my sister, she is Mrs Das.’
 The shorter and the taller ladies both adjusted their saris, and smiled. There
 was a curious uncertainty about their gestures, as if they sought for a new formula 50
 which neither East nor West could provide.

Chapter 5

Question 12

EITHER

- (a) In what ways, and with what effects, do **two** stories make use of a surprise or twist at the end? [25]

OR

- (b) Discuss the presentation of Ravi's hopes and fears in the following passage from *Games at Twilight*. You should refer to language and narrative methods in your answer. [25]

Ravi shook, then shivered with delight, with self-congratulation. Also with fear. It was dark, spooky in the shed. It had a muffled smell, as of graves. Ravi had once got locked into the linen cupboard and sat there weeping for half an hour before he was rescued. But at least that had been a familiar place, and even smelt pleasantly of starch, laundry and, reassuringly, of his mother. But the shed smelt of rats, ant hills, dust and spider webs. Also of less definable, less recognisable horrors. And it was dark. Except for the white-hot cracks along the door, there was no light. The roof was very low. Although Ravi was small, he felt as if he could reach up and touch it with his finger tips. But he didn't stretch. He hunched himself into a ball so as not to bump into anything, touch or feel anything. What might there not be to touch him and feel him as he stood there, trying to see in the dark? Something cold, or slimy – like a snake. Snakes! He leapt up as Raghu whacked the wall with his stick – then, quickly realising what it was, felt almost relieved to hear Raghu, hear his stick. It made him feel protected. 5

But Raghu soon moved away. There wasn't a sound once his footsteps had gone around the garage and disappeared. Ravi stood frozen inside the shed. Then he shivered all over. Something had tickled the back of his neck. It took him a while to pick up the courage to lift his hand and explore. It was an insect – perhaps a spider – exploring him. He squashed it and wondered how many more creatures were watching him, waiting to reach out and touch him, the stranger. 10

There was nothing now. After standing in that position – his hand still on his neck, feeling the wet splodge of the squashed spider gradually dry – for minutes, hours, his legs began to tremble with the effort, the inaction. By now he could see enough in the dark to make out the large solid shapes of old wardrobes, broken buckets and bedsteads piled on top of each other around him. He recognised an old bathtub – patches of enamel glimmered at him and at last he lowered himself onto its edge. 15

He contemplated slipping out of the shed and into the fray. He wondered if it would not be better to be captured by Raghu and be returned to the milling crowd as long as he could be in the sun, the light, the free spaces of the garden and the familiarity of his brothers, sisters and cousins. It would be evening soon. Their games would become legitimate. The parents would sit out on the lawn on cane basket chairs and watch them as they tore around the garden or gathered in knots to share a loot of mulberries or black, teeth-splitting jamun from the garden trees. The gardener would fix the hosepipe to the water tap and water would fall lavishly through the air to the ground, soaking the dry yellow grass and the red gravel and arousing the sweet, the intoxicating scent of water on dry earth – that loveliest scent in the world. Ravi sniffed for a whiff of it. He half-rose from the bathtub, then heard the despairing scream of one of the girls as Raghu bore down upon her. There was the sound of a crash, and of rolling about in the bushes, the shrubs, 20

then screams and accusing sobs of, 'I touched the den—' 'You did not—' 'I did—' 'You liar, you did not ' and then a fading away and silence again.

Ravi sat back on the harsh edge of the tub, deciding to hold out a bit longer. What fun if they were all found and caught – he alone left unconquered! He had never known that sensation. Nothing more wonderful had ever happened to him than being taken out by an uncle and bought a whole slab of chocolate all to himself, or being flung into the soda-man's pony cart and driven up to the gate by the friendly driver with the red beard and pointed ears. To defeat Raghu – that hirsute, hoarsevoiced football champion – and to be the winner in a circle of older, bigger, luckier children – that would be thrilling beyond imagination. He hugged his knees together and smiled to himself almost shyly at the thought of so much victory, such laurels. 45 50

Games at Twilight

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