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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/53**

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

**May/June 2014**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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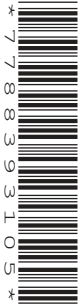
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Shakespeare's use of deception and disguise in *As You Like It*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the play as a whole.

*Oliver:* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside, 5  
And mark what object did present itself.  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck 10  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away 15  
Into a bush; under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis 20  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Celia:* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did render him the most unnatural 25  
That liv'd amongst men.

*Oliver:* 30 And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Rosalind:* But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness? 35

*Oliver:* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling 35  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Celia:* Are you his brother?

*Rosalind:* 40 Was't you he rescu'd?

*Celia:* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oliver:* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame 40

To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Rosalind:* But for the bloody napkin?

*Oliver:* By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two, 45  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As how I came into that desert place –  
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love; 50  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 55  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin, 60  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND swoons.]

*Celia:* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oliver:* Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 65

*Celia:* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oliver:* Look, he recovers.

*Rosalind:* I would I were at home.

*Celia:* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm? 70

*Oliver:* Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!  
You lack a man's heart.

*Rosalind:* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this  
was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how  
well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho! 75

*Oliver:* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in  
your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Rosalind:* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oliver:* Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a  
man. 80

*Rosalind:* So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Act 4, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) What in your view does Shakespeare's presentation of the Tribunes (Brutus and Sicinius) contribute to the meaning and effects of the play *Coriolanus*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, discuss how successfully you find the following passage resolves the play's issues and concerns.

*Coriolanus:* Traitor! How now?

*Aufidius:* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Coriolanus:* Marcius!

*Aufidius:* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name 5  
Coriolanus, in Corioli?  
You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome –  
I say your city – to his wife and mother; 10  
Breaking his oath and resolution like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart 15  
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

*Coriolanus:* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Aufidius:* Name not the god, thou boy of tears –

*Coriolanus:* Ha!

*Aufidius:* – no more. 20

*Coriolanus:* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy'! O slave!  
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion – 25  
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that  
Must bear my beating to his grave – shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

*1 Lord:* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

*Coriolanus:* Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and lads, 30  
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy'! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.  
Alone I did it. 'Boy'! 35

*Aufidius:* Why, noble lords,  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
Fore your own eyes and ears?

*Conspirators:* Let him die for't. 40

*All the people:* Tear him to pieces. Do it presently. He kill'd my son.  
My daughter. He kill'd my cousin Marcus. He kill'd my  
father.

- 2 Lord: Peace, ho! No outrage – peace!  
The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o’ th’ earth. His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace. 45
- Coriolanus: O that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more – his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword! 50
- Aufidius: Insolent villain!
- Conspirators: Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!  
[The CONSPIRATORS draw and kill CORIOLANUS,  
who falls. AUFIDIUS stands on him.] 55
- Lords: Hold, hold, hold, hold!
- Aufidius: My noble masters, hear me speak.
- 1 Lord: O Tullus!
- 2 Lord: Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
- 3 Lord: Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;  
Put up your swords. 60
- Aufidius: My lords, when you shall know – as in this rage,  
Provok’d by him, you cannot – the great danger  
Which this man’s life did owe you, you’ll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your Senate, I’ll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure. 65
- 1 Lord: Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn. 70
- 2 Lord: His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let’s make the best of it. 75
- Aufidius: My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.  
Help, three o’ th’ chiefest soldiers; I’ll be one.  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;  
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he  
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.  
Assist. 80
- [Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.  
A dead march sounded.] 85

Act 5, Scene 6

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) ‘Mrs Jennings, Lady Middleton’s mother, was a good-humoured, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar.’

Discuss the role and characterisation of Mrs Jennings in the light of this quotation from *Sense and Sensibility*.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Marianne and Elinor.

Marianne hardly knew what to say. She would not wound the feelings of her sister on any account, and yet to say what she did not believe was impossible. At length she replied:

‘Do not be offended, Elinor, if my praise of him is not in every thing equal to your sense of his merits. I have not had so many opportunities of estimating the minuter propensities of his mind, his inclinations and tastes as you have; but I have the highest opinion in the world of his goodness and sense. I think him every thing that is worthy and amiable.’

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‘I am sure,’ replied Elinor with a smile, ‘that his dearest friends could not be dissatisfied with such a commendation as that. I do not perceive how you could express yourself more warmly.’

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Marianne was rejoiced to find her sister so easily pleased.

‘Of his sense and his goodness,’ continued Elinor, ‘no one can, I think, be in doubt, who has seen him often enough to engage him in unreserved conversation. The excellence of his understanding and his principles can be concealed only by that shyness which too often keeps him silent. You know enough of him to do justice to his solid worth. But of his minuter propensities as you call them you have from peculiar circumstances been kept more ignorant than myself. He and I have been at times thrown a good deal together, while you have been wholly engrossed on the most affectionate principle by my mother. I have seen a great deal of him, have studied his sentiments and heard his opinion on subjects of literature and taste; and, upon the whole, I venture to pronounce that his mind is well-informed, his enjoyment of books exceedingly great, his imagination lively, his observation just and correct, and his taste delicate and pure. His abilities in every respect improve as much upon acquaintance as his manners and person. At first sight, his address is certainly not striking; and his person can hardly be called handsome, till the expression of his eyes, which are uncommonly good, and the general sweetness of his countenance, is perceived. At present, I know him so well, that I think him really handsome; or, at least, almost so. What say you, Marianne?’

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‘I shall very soon think him handsome, Elinor, if I do not now. When you tell me to love him as a brother, I shall no more see imperfection in his face, than I now do in his heart.’

Elinor started at this declaration, and was sorry for the warmth she had been betrayed into, in speaking of him. She felt that Edward stood very high in her opinion. She believed the regard to be mutual; but she required greater certainty of it to make Marianne’s conviction of their attachment agreeable to her. She knew that what Marianne and her mother conjectured one moment, they believed the

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next – that with them, to wish was to hope, and to hope was to expect. She tried to explain the real state of the case to her sister. 40

‘I do not attempt to deny,’ said she, ‘that I think very highly of him – that I greatly esteem, that I like him.’

Marianne here burst forth with indignation –

‘Esteem him! Like him! Cold-hearted Elinor! Oh! worse than cold-hearted! Ashamed of being otherwise. Use those words again and I will leave the room this moment.’ 45

Elinor could not help laughing. ‘Excuse me,’ said she, ‘and be assured that I meant no offence to you, by speaking, in so quiet a way, of my own feelings. Believe them to be stronger than I have declared; believe them, in short, to be such as his merit, and the suspicion – the hope of his affection for me may warrant, without imprudence or folly. But farther than this you must *not* believe. I am by no means assured of his regard for me. There are moments when the extent of it seems doubtful; and till his sentiments are fully known, you cannot wonder at my wishing to avoid any encouragement of my own partiality, by believing or calling it more than it is. In my heart I feel little – scarcely any doubt of his preference. But there are other points to be considered besides his inclination. He is very far from being independent. What his mother really is we cannot know; but, from Fanny’s occasional mention of her conduct and opinions, we have never been disposed to think her amiable; and I am very much mistaken if Edward is not himself aware that there would be many difficulties in his way, if he were to wish to marry a woman who had not either a great fortune or high rank.’ 50  
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Chapter 4

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Chaucer's presentation of the Wife in the Prologue leads us to expect a different kind of tale from the one she actually tells.'

Discuss your own response to *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale* in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it reveals about Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*.

Now of my fifthe housbonde wol I telle,  
 God lete his soule nevere come in helle!  
 And yet was he to me the mooste shrewe;  
 That feele I on my ribbes al by rewe, 5  
 And evere shal unto myn endyng day.  
 But in oure bed he was so fressh and gay,  
 And therwithal so wel koude he me glose,  
 Whan that he wolde han my *bele chose*,  
 That thogh he hadde me bete on every bon,  
 He koude wynne agayn my love anon. 10  
 I trowe I loved hym best, for that he  
 Was of his love daungerous to me.  
 We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye,  
 In this matere a queynte fantasye;  
 Wayte what thyng we may nat lightly have, 15  
 Therafter wol we crie al day and crave.  
 Forbede us thyng, and that desiren we;  
 Preesse on us faste, and thanne wol we fle.  
 With daunger oute we al oure chaffare;  
 Greet prees at market maketh deere ware, 20  
 And to greet cheep is holde at litel prys:  
 This knoweth every womman that is wys.  
 My fifthe housbonde – God his soule blesse! –  
 Which that I took for love, and no richesse,  
 He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford, 25  
 And hadde left scole, and wente at hom to bord  
 With my gossib, dwellynge in oure toun;  
 God have hir soule! hir name was Alisoun.  
 She knew myn herte, and eek my privetee,  
 Bet than oure parisshe preest, so moot I thee! 30  
 To hire biwreyed I my conseil al.  
 For hadde myn housbonde pissed on a wal,  
 Or doon a thyng that sholde han cost his lyf,  
 To hire, and to another worthy wyf,  
 And to my nece, which that I loved weel, 35  
 I wolde han toold his conseil every deel.  
 And so I dide ful often, God it woot,  
 That made his face often reed and hoot  
 For verray shame, and blamed hymself for he  
 Had toold to me so greet a pryvetee. 40



**Turn to page 10 for Question 5**

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) Compare the ways Eliot presents Maggie Tulliver's relationships with Philip Wakem and Stephen Guest.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Maggie and Tom and their relationship in the novel.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand, and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful – much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge 'stuff', and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly – they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong. 5

They were on their way to the Round Pool – that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favourite spot always heightened Tom's good-humour, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, 'Look, look, Maggie!' and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away. 10

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass. 15

Tom was excited.

'Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket.'

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much. 20

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together with no thought that life would ever change much for them: they would only get bigger and not go to school and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other, and the mill with its booming – the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses, their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water- 25

rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plummy tops of the reeds which she forgot and dropped afterwards, above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide – the awful Eagre – come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man – these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe, and Maggie when she read about Christiana passing ‘the river over which there is no bridge’, always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

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Book 1, Chapter 5

THOMAS HARDY: *The Return of The Native*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast the roles and characterisation of Wildeve and Diggory Venn.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, finding that neither Fairway nor anybody else came to him, he retired to rest, and despite his anxieties soon fell asleep. His sleep, however, was not very sound, by reason of the expectancy he had given way to, and he was easily awakened by a knocking which began at the door about an hour after. Clym arose and looked out of the window. Rain was still falling heavily, the whole expanse of heath before him emitting a subdued hiss under the downpour. It was too dark to see anything at all. 5

'Who's there?' he cried.

Light footsteps shifted their position in the porch, and he could just distinguish in a plaintive female voice the words, 'O Clym, come down and let me in!' 10

He flushed hot with agitation. 'Surely it is Eustacia!' he murmured. If so, she had indeed come to him unawares.

He hastily got a light, dressed himself, and went down. On his flinging open the door the rays of the candle fell upon a woman closely wrapped up, who at once came forward. 15

'Thomasin!' he exclaimed in an indescribable tone of disappointment. 'It is Thomasin, and on such a night as this! O, where is Eustacia?'

Thomasin it was, wet, frightened, and panting.

'Eustacia? I don't know, Clym; but I can think,' she said with much perturbation. 'Let me come in and rest – I will explain this. There is a great trouble brewing – my husband and Eustacia!' 20

'What, what?'

'I think my husband is going to leave me or do something dreadful – I don't know what – Clym, will you go and see? I have nobody to help me but you! Eustacia has not yet come home?' 25

'No.'

She went on breathlessly: 'Then they are going to run off together! He came indoors tonight about eight o'clock and said in an off-hand way, "Tamsie, I have just found that I must go a journey." "When?" I said. "Tonight," he said. "Where?" I asked him. "I cannot tell you at present," he said; "I shall be back again tomorrow." He then went and busied himself in looking up his things, and took no notice of me at all. I expected to see him start, but he did not, and then it came to be ten o'clock, when he said, "You had better go to bed." I didn't know what to do, and I went to bed. I believe he thought I fell asleep, for half an hour after that he came up and unlocked the oak chest we keep money in when we have much in the house and took out a roll of something which I believe was bank-notes, though I was not aware that he had 'em there. These he must have got from the bank when he went there the other day. What does he want bank-notes for, if he is only going off for a day? When he had gone down I thought of Eustacia, and how he had met her the night before – I know he did meet her, Clym, for I followed him part of the way; but I did not like to tell you when you called, and so make you think ill of him, as I did not think it was so serious. Then I could not stay in bed: I got up and dressed myself, and when I heard him out in the stable I thought I would come and tell you. So I came down stairs without any noise and slipped out.' 30 35 40

Book 5, Chapter 8

JOHN KEATS: *Selected Poems*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'His poetry is filled with a yearning for the past.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Keats's poetry? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Keats's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

*To my Brothers*

Small, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals,  
 And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep  
 Like whispers of the household gods that keep  
 A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.  
 And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,  
 Your eyes are fixed, as in poetic sleep,  
 Upon the lore so voluble and deep,  
 That aye at fall of night our care condoles.  
 This is your birth-day Tom, and I rejoice  
 That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.  
 Many such eves of gently whispering noise  
 May we together pass, and calmly try  
 What are this world's true joys – ere the great voice,  
 From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

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MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) 'The men all have a different view of Beatrice, but none of them really understands her.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of Middleton's presentation of Beatrice in *The Changeling*?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and action, consider the significance of the following passage to the play as a whole.

*Deflores:* My worthy noble Lord.  
*Tomazo:* Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me?  
[*Strikes him.*]

*Deflores:* A blow? [*Draws.*]  
*Tomazo:* Yea, are you so prepar'd? 5  
 I'll rather like a soldier die by th'sword  
 Than like a politician by thy poison. [*Draws.*]

*Deflores:* Hold, my Lord, as you are honourable.  
*Tomazo:* All slaves that kill by poison, are still cowards.  
*Deflores:* [*Aside*] I cannot strike, I see his brother's wounds 10  
 Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.  
 —I will not question this, I know y'are noble.  
 I take my injury with thanks given, sir,  
 Like a wise lawyer; and as a favour,  
 Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it. 15  
 [*Aside*] Why this from him, that yesterday appear'd  
 So strangely loving to me?  
 Oh but instinct is of a subtler strain,  
 Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again,  
 He came near me now. [*Exit.*] 20

*Tomazo:* All league with mankind I renounce for ever,  
 Till I find this murderer; not so much  
 As common courtesy, but I'll lock up:  
 For in the state of ignorance I live in,  
 A brother may salute his brother's murderer, 25  
 And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.  
 [*Enter VERMANDERO: ALIBIUS: and ISABELLA.*]

*Vermandero:* Noble Piracquo.  
*Tomazo:* Pray keep on your way, sir,  
 I've nothing to say to you. 30

*Vermandero:* Comforts bless you sir.  
*Tomazo:* I have forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir:  
 As you are merely man, I have not left  
 A good wish for you, nor any here.

*Vermandero:* Unless you be so far in love with grief 35  
 You will not part from't upon any terms,  
 We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

*Tomazo:* What news can that be?  
*Vermandero:* Throw no scornful smile



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