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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**8695/93**

**May/June 2014**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **17** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

## Section A: Poetry

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 1 **Either** (a) Heaney refers to having an 'Ear to the ground. / My eye at turf level' ('The Tollund Man in Springtime').

Compare ways in which Heaney uses close observation of people and events in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which a memory is conveyed in the following poem.

*Anahorish 1944*

'We were killing pigs when the Americans arrived.  
 A Tuesday morning, sunlight and gutter-blood  
 Outside the slaughterhouse. From the main road  
 They would have heard the squealing,  
 Then heard it stop and had a view of us  
 In our gloves and aprons coming down the hill.  
 Two lines of them, guns on their shoulders, marching.  
 Armoured cars and tanks and open jeeps.  
 Sunburnt hands and arms. Unknown, unnamed,  
 Hosting for Normandy.

5

Not that we knew then  
 Where they were headed, standing there like youngsters  
 As they tossed us gum and tubes of coloured sweets.'

10

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Owen expresses grief for the hardships of soldiers in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the development of the ideas in the following poem.

*The End*

After the blast of lightning from the East,  
 The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;  
 After the drums of Time have rolled and ceased,  
 And by the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth  
 All death will He annul, all tears assuage? –  
 Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,  
 And wash, with an immortal water, Age?

5

When I do ask white Age he saith not so:  
 'My head hangs weighed with snow.'  
 And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:  
 'My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.  
 Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,  
 Nor my titanic tears, the sea, be dried.'

10

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare different ways in which **two** poems explore change.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses deep emotion.

Song: *Weep You No More, Sad Fountains*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
 What need you flow so fast?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes 5  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling, 10  
 A rest that peace begets:  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling  
 When fair at even he sets?  
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
 Melt not in weeping, 15  
 While she lies sleeping,  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Anonymous

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4**

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Eberechi, considering her importance to Ugwu through the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents the developing unrest and Ugwu's response.

Ugwu set the table for lunch. 'I've finished, sah,' he said, although he knew Master would not touch the *okro* soup and would keep walking up and down the living room with the radio turned up high, as he had been doing since Miss Adebayo left about an hour ago. She had banged so hard on the front door that Ugwu worried the glass would crack, and then when he opened it, she pushed past him, asking, 'Where is your master? Where is your master?' 5

'I will call him, mah,' Ugwu said, but Miss Adebayo had hurried ahead into Master's study. He heard her say, 'There's trouble in the North,' and his mouth went dry because Miss Adebayo was not an alarmist and whatever was happening in the North had to be serious and Olanna was in Kano. 10

Ever since the second coup some weeks ago, when the Igbo soldiers were killed, he had struggled to understand what was happening, read the newspapers more carefully, listened more closely to Master and his guests. The conversations no longer ended in reassuring laughter, and the living room often seemed clouded with uncertainties, with unfinished knowledge, as if they all knew something would happen and yet did not know what. None of them would ever have imagined that *this* would happen, that the announcer on ENBC Radio Enugu would be saying now, as Ugwu straightened the tablecloth, 'We have confirmed reports that up to five-hundred Igbo people have been killed in Maiduguri.' 15

'Rubbish!' Master shouted. 'Did you hear *that*? Did you *hear* that?' 20

'Yes, sah,' Ugwu said. He hoped the loud noise would not wake Baby up from her siesta.

'Impossible!' Master said.

'Sah, your soup,' Ugwu said.

'Five-hundred people killed. Absolute rubbish! It can't be true.' 25

Ugwu took the dish into the kitchen and put it in the refrigerator. The smell of spices nauseated him, as did the sight of soup, of food. But Baby would wake up soon and he would have to make her dinner. He brought out a bag of potatoes from the storeroom and sat staring at it, thinking about two days ago, when Olanna left for Kano to fetch Aunty Arize, how her plaited hair had pulled at the skin of her forehead and made it shiny-sleek. 30

Baby came into the kitchen. 'Ugwu.'

'*I tetago?* Are you awake?' Ugwu asked, before he hugged her. He wondered if Master had seen her walk past the living room. 'Did you see baby chickens in your dream?' 35

Baby laughed, and her dimples sank deep in her cheeks. 'Yes!'

'Did you talk to them?'

'Yes!'

'What did they say?'

Baby didn't give the usual response. She let go of his neck and squatted on the floor. 'Where is Mummy Ola?' 40

'Mummy Ola will be back soon.' Ugwu examined the blade of the knife. 'Now, help me with the potato peels. Put them all in the dustbin, and when Mummy Ola comes back, we will tell her you helped with the cooking.'

After Ugwu put the potatoes on to boil, he gave her a bath, dusted her body over with Pears talcum powder, and brought out her pink nightdress. It was the one Olanna loved, the one she said made Baby look like a doll. But Baby said, 'I want my pyjamas,' and Ugwu was no longer sure which it was Olanna loved anyway, the nightdress or the pyjamas. 45

He heard a knock on the front door. Master ran out of his study. Ugwu dashed to the door and grasped the handle first and held on, so that he would be the one to open it, although he knew it couldn't be Olanna. She had her own key. 50

'Is it Obiozo?' Master asked, looking at one of the two men standing at the door. 'Obiozo?'

When Ugwu saw the hollow-eyed men with the dirt-smearred clothes, he knew right away that he should take Baby away, shield her. 55

Chapter 10

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) The narrative says that 'At Chandrapore, the Turttons were little gods', while Ronny Heaslop refers to the Collector as 'the great man'.

In the light of these comments, discuss your response to Forster's presentation of the Collector, Mr Turton.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Forster presents Adela's state of mind in the following passage.

A new and unknown sensation protected her, like magnificent armour. She didn't think what had happened, or even remember in the ordinary way of memory, but she returned to the Marabar Hills, and spoke from them across a sort of darkness to Mr McBryde. The fatal day recurred, in every detail, but now she was of it and not of it at the same time, and this double relation gave it indescribable splendour. Why had she thought the expedition 'dull'? Now the sun rose again, the elephant waited, the pale masses of the rock flowed round her and presented the first cave; she entered, and a match was reflected in the polished walls – all beautiful and significant, though she had been blind to it at the time. Questions were asked, and to each she found the exact reply; yes, she had noticed the 'Tank of the Dagger', but not known its name; yes, Mrs Moore had been tired after the first cave and sat in the shadow of a great rock, near the dried-up mud. Smoothly the voice in the distance proceeded, leading along the paths of truth, and the airs from the punkah behind her wafted her on ...

'... the prisoner and the guide took you onto the Kawa Dol, no one else being present?'

'The most wonderfully shaped of those hills. Yes.' As she spoke, she created the Kawa Dol, saw the niches up the curve of the stone, and felt the heat strike her face. And something caused her to add: 'No one else was present to my knowledge. We appeared to be alone.'

'Very well, there is a ledge halfway up the hill, or broken ground rather, with caves scattered near the beginning of a nullah.'

'I know where you mean.'

'You went alone into one of those caves?'

'That is quite correct.'

'And the prisoner followed you.'

'Now we've got 'im,' from the Major.'

She was silent. The court, the place of question, awaited her reply. But she could not give it until Aziz entered the place of answer.

'The prisoner followed you, didn't he?' he repeated in the monotonous tones that they both used; they were employing agreed words throughout, so that this part of the proceedings held no surprises.

'May I have half a minute before I reply to that, Mr McBryde?'

'Certainly.'

Her vision was of several caves. She saw herself in one, and she was also outside it, watching its entrance, for Aziz to pass in. She failed to locate him. It was the doubt that had often visited her, but solid and attractive, like the hills.

'I am not –' Speech was more difficult than vision. 'I am not quite sure.'

'I beg your pardon?' said the Superintendent of Police.

'I cannot be sure ...'

'I didn't catch that answer.' He looked scared, his mouth shut with a snap. 'You are on that landing, or whatever we term it, and you have entered a cave. I suggest to you that the prisoner followed you.'

She shook her head.



'What do you mean, please?'

45

'No,' she said in a flat, unattractive voice. Slight noises began in various parts of the room, but no one yet understood what was occurring except Fielding. He saw that she was going to have a nervous breakdown and that his friend was saved.

'What is that, what are you saying? Speak up, please.' The Magistrate bent forward.

50

'I'm afraid I have made a mistake.'

'What nature of mistake?'

'Dr Aziz never followed me into the cave.'

Chapter 24

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which children are portrayed in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frame presents the old lady's thoughts and her situation in the following passage.

She found a big towel, laid it ready over a chair, arranged the chair so that should difficulty arise as it had last time she bathed she would have some way of rescuing herself; then with her nightclothes warming on a page of newspaper inside the coal oven and her dressing-gown across the chair to be put on the instant she stepped from the bath, she undressed and pausing first to get her breath and clinging tightly to the slippery yellow-stained rim that now seemed more like the edge of a cliff with a deep drop below into the sea, slowly and painfully she climbed into the bath. 5

—I'll put on my nightie the instant I get out, she thought. The instant she got out indeed! She knew it would be more than a matter of instants yet she tried to think of it calmly, without dread, telling herself that when the time came she would be very careful, taking the process step by step, surprising her bad back and shoulder and her powerless wrists into performing feats they might usually rebel against, but the key to controlling them would be the surprise, the slow stealing up on them. With care, with thought ... 10 15

Sitting upright, not daring to lean back or lie down, she soaped herself, washing away the dirt of the past fortnight, seeing with satisfaction how it drifted about on the water as a sign that she was clean again. Then when her washing was completed she found herself looking for excuses not to try yet to climb out. Those old woman's finger nails, cracked and dry, where germs could lodge, would need to be scrubbed again; the skin of her heels, too, growing so hard that her feet might have been turning to stone; behind her ears where a thread of dirt lay in the rim; after all, she did not often have the luxury of a bath, did she? How warm it was! She drowsed a moment. If only she could fall asleep then wake to find herself in her nightdress in bed for the night! Slowly she rewashed her body, and when she knew she could no longer deceive herself into thinking she was not clean she reluctantly replaced the soap, brush and flannel in the groove at the side of the bath, feeling as she loosened her grip on them that all strength and support were ebbing from her. Quickly she seized the nail-brush again, but its magic had been used and was gone; it would not adopt the role she tried to urge upon it. The flannel too, and the soap, were frail flotsam to cling to in the hope of being borne to safety. 20 25 30

She was alone now. For a few moments she sat swilling the water against her skin, perhaps as a means of buoying up her courage. Then resolutely she pulled out the plug, sat feeling the tide swirl and scrape at her skin and flesh, trying to draw her down, down into the earth; then the bathwater was gone in a soapy gurgle and she was naked and shivering and had not yet made the attempt to get out of the bath. 35

How slippery the surface had become! In future she would not clean it with kerosene, she would use the paste cleaner that, left on overnight, gave the enamel rough patches that could be gripped with the skin.

She leaned forward, feeling the pain in her back and shoulder. She grasped the rim of the bath but her fingers slithered from it almost at once. She would not panic, she told herself; she would try gradually, carefully, to get out. Again she leaned forward; again her grip loosened as if iron hands had deliberately uncurled her stiffened blue fingers from their trembling hold. Her heart began to beat faster, her breath came more quickly, her mouth was dry. She moistened her lips. If I shout for help, she thought, no one will hear me. No one in the world will hear me. No one will know I'm in the bath and can't get out. 40 45

She listened. She could hear only the drip-drip of the cold water tap of the

washbasin, and a corresponding whisper and gurgle of her heart, as if it were beating under water. All else was silent. Where were the people, the traffic? Then she had a strange feeling of being under the earth, of a throbbing in her head like wheels going over the earth above her. 50

Then she told herself sternly that she must have no nonsense, that she had really not tried to get out of the bath. She had forgotten the strong solid chair and the grip she could get on it. If she made the effort quickly she could first take hold of both sides of the bath, pull herself up, then transfer her hold to the chair and thus pull herself out. 55

She tried to do this; she just failed to make the final effort. Pale now, gasping for breath, she sank back into the bath. She began to call out but as she had predicted there was no answer. No one had heard her, no one in the houses or the street or Dunedin or the world knew that she was imprisoned. Loneliness welled in her. If John were here, she thought, if we were sharing our old age, helping each other, this would never have happened. She made another effort to get out. Again she failed. Faintness overcoming her she closed her eyes, trying to rest, then recovering and trying again and failing, she panicked and began to cry and strike the sides of the bath; it made a hollow sound like a wild drum-beat. 60 65

*The Bath*

## Section C: Drama

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

7 **Either** (a) 'The characters play games with desperately serious issues at stake.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this description of the play's dramatic action?

**Or** (b) In what ways, and with what effects, does Albee present tension between Nick and George at this point in the play? You should make close reference to the language and action of the passage.

*Nick:* Unh-unh. *You've* got history on *your* side.... I've got biology on mine. History, biology.

*George:* I know the difference.

*Nick:* You don't act it.

*George:* No? I thought we'd decided that you'd take over the History Department first, before you took over the whole works. You know ... a step at a time. 5

*Nick* [*stretching ... luxuriating ... playing the game*]: Nyaah ... what I thought I'd do is ... I'd sort of insinuate myself generally, play around for a while, find all the weak spots, shore 'em up, but with my own name plate on 'em ... become sort of a fact, and then turn into a ... a what ...? 10

*George:* An inevitability.

*Nick:* Exactly.... An inevitability. You know.... Take over a few courses from the older men, start some special groups for myself ... plough a few pertinent wives.... 15

*George:* Now that's it! You can take over all the courses you want to, and get as much of the young elite together in the gymnasium as you like, but until you start ploughing pertinent wives, you really aren't working. The way to a man's heart is through his wife's belly, and don't you forget it. 20

*Nick* [*playing along*]: Yeah.... I know.

*George:* And the women around here are no better than puntas – you know, South American ladies of the night. You know what they do in South America ... in Rio? The puntas? Do you know? They hiss ... like geese.... They stand around in the street and they hiss at you ... like a bunch of geese. 25

*Nick:* Gangle.

*George:* Hm?

*Nick:* Gangle ... gangle of geese ... not bunch ... gangle. 30

*George:* Well, if you're going to get all cute about it, all ornithological, it's gaggle ... not gangle, *gaggle*.

*Nick:* Gaggle? Not Gangle?

*George:* Yes, gaggle.

*Nick* [*crestfallen*]: Oh. 35

*George:* Oh. Yes.... Well they stand around on the street and they hiss

at you, like a bunch of geese. All the faculty wives, downtown in New Carthage, in front of the A&P, hissing away like a bunch of geese. That's the way to power – plough 'em all!

- Nick* [still playing along]: I'll bet you're right. 40
- George*: Well, I am.
- Nick*: And I'll bet your wife's the biggest goose in the gangle, isn't she ...? Her father president, and all.
- George*: You bet your historical inevitability she is!
- Nick*: Yessirree. [*Rubs his hands together.*] Well now, I'd just better get her off in a corner and mount her like a goddamn dog, eh? 45
- George*: Why, you'd certainly better.
- Nick* [*looks at GEORGE a minute, his expression a little sick*]: You know, I almost think you're serious.
- George* [*toasting him*]: No, baby... you almost think you're serious, and it scares the hell out of you. 50
- Nick* [*exploding in disbelief*]: ME!
- George* [*quietly*]: Yes ... you.
- Nick*: You're kidding!
- George* [*like a father*]: I wish I were.... 55

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the royal court in *Richard III*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the following passage, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Richard and Buckingham's political skill at this point in the play.

*Gloucester:* I cannot tell if to depart in silence  
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof  
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition.  
 If not to answer, you might haply think  
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded 5  
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
 Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 10  
 Therefore – to speak, and to avoid the first,  
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last –  
 Definitely thus I answer you:  
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert  
 Unmeritable shuns your high request. 15  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth,  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty and so many my defects, 20  
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness –  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea –  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me – 25  
 And much I need to help you, were there need.  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 30  
 On him I lay that you would lay on me –  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

*Buckingham:* My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial, 35  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say that Edward is your brother's son.  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
 For first was he contract to Lady Lucy –  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow – 40  
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 45  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy.  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 50  
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.  
More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self 55  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
If not to bless us and the land withal,  
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing times  
Unto a lineal true-derived course. 60

Act 3, Scene 7

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation of some of the conflicts between religious faith and politics in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Bolt's dramatic presentation of Cromwell in the following scene.

<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[looks at him with dislike]</i> Yes, I say he is. <i>[The light tone again.]</i> The trouble is, his innocence is tangled in this proposition that you can't change your woman without a divorce, and can't have a divorce unless the Pope says so. And although his present Holiness is – judged even by the most liberal standards a strikingly corrupt old person, yet he still has this word 'Pope' attached to him. And from this quite meaningless circumstance I fear some degree of ...	5
<i>Rich:</i>	<i>[pleased, waving his cup]</i> Administrative inconvenience.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[nodding as to a pupil word perfect]</i> Just so. <i>[Deadpan.]</i> This goblet that he gave you, how much was it worth? <i>[RICH puts down cup, looks down. Quite gently.]</i> Come along, Rich, he gave you a silver goblet. How much did you get for it?	10
<i>Rich:</i>	Fifty shillings.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	Could you take me to the shop?	15
<i>Rich:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	Where did he get it? <i>[No reply.]</i> It was a gift from a litigant, a woman, wasn't it?	
<i>Rich:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	Which court? Chancery? <i>[Restrains RICH from filling his glass.]</i> No, don't get drunk. In which court was this litigant's case?	20
<i>Rich:</i>	Court of Requests.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[grunts, his face abstracted. Becoming aware of RICH's regard he smiles]</i> There, that wasn't too painful was it?	25
<i>Rich:</i>	<i>[laughing a little and a little rueful]</i> No!	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[spreading his hands]</i> That's all there is. And you'll find it easier next time.	
<i>Rich:</i>	<i>[looks up briefly, unhappily]</i> What application do they have, these titbits of information you collect?	30
<i>Cromwell:</i>	None at all, usually.	
<i>Rich:</i>	<i>[stubbornly, not looking up]</i> But sometimes.	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	Well, there <i>are</i> these men, you know – 'upright', 'steadfast', men who want themselves to be the constant factor in the situation. Which of course they can't be. The situation rolls forward in any case.	35
<i>Rich:</i>	<i>[the same]</i> So, what happens?	
<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[not liking his tone, coldly]</i> If they've any sense they get out of its way.	
<i>Rich:</i>	What if they haven't any sense?	40
<i>Cromwell:</i>	<i>[the same]</i> What none at all? Well, then they're only fit for	



Heaven. But Sir Thomas has plenty of sense; he could be frightened.

*Rich:* [*looks up, his face nasty*] Don't forget he's an innocent, Master Cromwell. 45

*Cromwell:* I think we'll finish there for tonight. [*Rising.*] After all, he is the Lord Chancellor. [*Going.*]

*Rich:* You wouldn't find him easy to frighten! [*Calls after him.*] You've mistaken your man this time! He doesn't know how to be frightened! 50

*Cromwell:* [*returning. RICH rises at his approach*] Doesn't know how to be frightened? Why, then he never put his hand in a candle. ... Did he? [*And seizing RICH by the wrist he holds his hand in the candle flame.*]

*Rich:* [*screeches and darts back, hugging his hand in his armpit, regarding CROMWELL with horror*] You enjoyed that! [*CROMWELL's downturned face is amazed. Triumphantly.*] You enjoyed it! 55

CURTAIN.

Act 1





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