

Section A: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Joe Keller says: 'I ignore what I gotta ignore'.

With this comment in mind, discuss Miller's dramatic presentation of Joe Keller in *All My Sons*.

- Or** (b) Discuss Miller's presentation of the relationship between Chris and Ann in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to Miller's use of language and action and their dramatic effects.

Chris: Interesting woman, isn't she?

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Ann [*laughs*]: I don't know, yet.

(*from Act 2*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 2 Either (a)** ‘Leonato: Thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.’

With this comment in mind, discuss Shakespeare’s dramatic presentation of Beatrice.

- Or (b)** How might an audience react as the following extract unfolds? In your answer you should refer in detail to Shakespeare’s use of language and action and their effects.

Don Pedro: The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio: And when was he wont to wash his face?

Don Pedro: Yea, or to paint himself? For the which I hear what they say of him.

Claudio: Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern’d by stops. 5

Don Pedro: Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him; conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claudio: Nay, but I know who loves him.

Don Pedro: That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not. 10

Claudio: Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Don Pedro: She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Benedick: Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. 15

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK and LEONATO.]

Don Pedro: For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claudio: ’Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 20

[*Enter* DON JOHN]

Don John: My lord and brother, God save you!

Don Pedro: Good den, brother.

Don John: If your leisure serv’d, I would speak with you.

Don Pedro: In private? 25

Don John: If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Don Pedro: What’s the matter?

Don John [*To* CLAUDIO]: Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Don Pedro: You know he does. 30

Don John: I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claudio: If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Don John: You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage – surely suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed. 35

- Don Pedro:* Why, what's the matter?
- Don John:* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal. 40
- Claudio:* Who? Hero?
- Don John:* Even she – Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
- Claudio:* Disloyal?
- Don John:* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber window ent'red, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind. 45
- Claudio:* May this be so? 50
- Don Pedro:* I will not think it.
- Don John:* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.
- Claudio:* If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her. 55
- Don Pedro:* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.
- Don John:* I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself. 60
- Don Pedro:* O day untowardly turned!
- Claudio:* O mischief strangely thwarting!
- Don John:* O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.] 65

(from Act 3 Scene 2)

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Soyinka presents different characters' desire for money.
- Or** (b) How does Soyinka shape an audience's response to Jero in the following extract from *Jero's Metamorphosis*? You should pay close attention to his dramatic methods and their effects in your answer.

[BROTHER JERO's office. *It is no longer his rent-troubled shack of The Trials but a modest white-washed room, quite comfortable.*

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Jero: I have but little gifts, Sister Rebecca, but I make the most of them.

(from Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 1)

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Middleton and Rowley present desire and its effects in the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of the relationship between Beatrice and De Flores at this point in the play. In your answer you should refer in detail to Middleton and Rowley's use of language and action.

<i>Beatrice:</i>	Advise me now to fall upon some ruin, There is no counsel safe else.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Peace, I ha't now; For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	How? Take heed of that.	5
<i>De Flores:</i>	Tush, be you quiet, Or else give over all.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Prithee, I ha' done then.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	This is my reach: I'll set some part a-fire Of Diaphanta's chamber.	10
<i>Beatrice:</i>	How? Fire, sir? That may endanger the whole house.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	That's true; do what thou wilt now.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Push, I aim At a most rich success, strikes all dead sure; The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels Of the least danger in her chamber only, If Diaphanta should be met by chance then, Far from her lodging (which is now suspicious), It would be thought her fears and affrights then Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen Or met at all, as that's the likeliest, For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging; I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd, As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there 'tis proper now, But she shall be the mark.	15 20
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I'm forc'd to love thee now, 'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both, Our pleasure and continuance.	30
<i>Beatrice:</i>	One word now, prithee; How for the servants?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	I'll despatch them Some one way, some another in the hurry, For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you; The deed shall find its time, – and I've thought since Upon a safe conveyance for the body too. How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.	35
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't. [Enter ALONZO'S GHOST.]	40

- De Flores:* Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not;
'Twas but a mist of conscience. – All's clear again. [Exit.]
- Beatrice:* Who's that, De Flores? Bless me! It slides by; 45
[Exit GHOST.]
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me: I'm afraid now.
This night hath been so tedious; oh, this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her 50
Till he had destroy'd the last. – List, oh my terrors!
Three struck by Saint Sebastian's! [Struck three o'clock.]
[WITHIN: *Fire, fire, fire!*]
- Beatrice:* Already? How rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one, 55
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
[WITHIN: *Fire, fire, fire!*]
[Enter DE FLORES; Servants pass over, ring a bell.]
- De Flores:* Away, despatch! Hooks, buckets, ladders; that's well said; 60
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works; my charge;
The piece is ready. [Exit.]
- Beatrice:* Here's a man worth loving –

(from Act 5 Scene 1)

Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Browning presents disappointment in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Browning's poetic methods, discuss how he creates a sense of anticipation in the following poem.

Meeting at Night

I

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

5

II

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

10

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill* which present the experience of ageing.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Sheers shapes a reader's response to the fishmonger.

The Fishmonger

from the Hungarian original, *Halárus* by István László

This then, is the age of the fishmonger not the fisherman –

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struggling for its last breath as if biting the air for water.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems present the effects of time passing.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which John Warren presents the speaker's state of mind.

A Song of Faith Forsworn

Take back your suit. It came when I was weary and distraught With hunger. Could I guess the fruit you brought? I ate in mere desire of any food, Nibbled its edge and nowhere found it good. Take back your suit.	5
Take back your love, It is a bird poached from my neighbour's wood: Its wings are wet with tears, its beak with blood. 'Tis a strange fowl with feathers like a crow: Death's raven, it may be, for all we know. Take back your love.	10
Take back your gifts. False is the hand that gave them; and the mind That planned them, as a hawk spread in the wind To poise and snatch the trembling mouse below. To ruin where it dares – and then to go. Take back your gifts.	15
Take back your vows. Elsewhere you trimmed and taught these lamps to burn; You bring them stale and dim to serve my turn. You lit those candles in another shrine, Guttered and cold you offer them on mine. Take back your vows.	20
Take back your words. What is your love? Leaves on a woodland plain, Where some are running and where some remain: What is your faith? Straws on a mountain height, Dancing like demons on Walpurgis night. Take back your words.	25 30
Take back your lies. Have them again: they wore a rainbow face, Hollow with sin and leprous with disgrace; Their tongue was like a mellow turret bell To toll hearts burning into wide-lipped hell. Take back your lies.	35
Take back your kiss. Shall I be meek, and lend my lips again To let this adder daub them with his stain?	

Shall I turn cheek to answer, when I hate? 40
You kiss like Judas in the garden gate!
Take back your kiss.

Take back delight,
A paper boat launched on a heaving pool
To please a child, and folded by a fool; 45
The wild elms roared: it sailed – a yard or more.
Out went our ship but never came to shore.
Take back delight.

Take back your wreath.
Has it done service on a fairer brow? 50
Fresh, was it folded round her bosom snow?
Her cast-off weed my breast will never wear:
Your word is 'love me.' My reply 'despair!'
Take back your wreath.

(John Warren, Lord De Tabley)

GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Clarke presents the importance of memories in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss Clarke's presentation of the sick child in the following poem. In your answer you should pay close attention to poetic methods and effects.

White Roses

Outside the green velvet sitting room
white roses bloom after rain.
They hold water and sunlight
like cups of fine white china.

Within the boy who sleeps in my care
in the big chair the cold bloom
opens at terrible speed
and the splinter of ice moves

5

in his blood as he stirs in the chair.
Remembering me he smiles
politely, gritting his teeth
in silence on pain's red blaze.

10

A stick man in the ashes, his fires
die back. He is spars and springs.
He can talk again, gather
his cat to his bones. She springs

15

with a small cry in her throat, kneading
with diamond paws his dry
as tinder flesh. The least spark
of pain will burn him like straw.

20

The sun carelessly shines after rain.
The cat tracks thrushes in sweet
dark soil. And without concern
the rose outlives the child.

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