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LYNN NOTTAGE: *Crumbs from the Table of Joy*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1(a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Godfrey:   | Thought you was lost up in Harlem. Selling books and whatnot.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| Lily:      | Was. Changed my plans. Books, with the television I'm told there's no future in them. I'm ... an 'etymologist' now.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Godfrey:   | You don't say!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| Ernestine: | Really?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 5  |
| Lily:      | Nearly broke my neck with the studies. Well, somebody had to break the barrier, let those white boys know we saying what we please.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Godfrey:   | How about that. Always said you was the clever one.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| Ermina:    | What do a et –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 10 |
| Lily:      | I ain't gonna bore you with the details. I'll leave it at that.<br>[ <i>She grabs her stomach. GODFREY takes out his little pad and jots down some notes.</i> ]<br>Oh chile, listen to it, if that ain't my stomach saying hello.                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| Godfrey:   | Oh well, we ... we ain't prepared nothing for dinner yet. As a matter of fact, you ... you our first visitor ... [ <i>A moment. He impulsively straightens the furniture. Stops</i> ] Darling Angel! We got any fixings for Sister?                                                                                                                                                      | 15 |
| Ernestine: | I'm sure I can find something, Daddy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| Lily:      | Chile, don't go out your way. I ain't that hungry. [ <i>A beat</i> ] Whatever ya got will be fine.<br>[ <i>ERNESTINE turns to leave. LILY reaches out to ERNESTINE.</i> ]<br>Ernestine, you better not leave this room without giving your aunt some sugar.<br>[ <i>ERNESTINE bashfully approaches LILY and gives her a hug. LILY pinches ERNESTINE's buttocks.</i> ]                    | 20 |
|            | What's that? I don't remember that being there last time. But haven't you gotten big! And look at those boobies! Bigger than mine and ya how old? Ya better watch yourself, you're liable to attract ya a grown-up man.<br>[ <i>LILY shimmies, shaking her shoulders and breasts. Aghast, ERNESTINE covers her breasts with her arms. LILY laughs. GODFREY laughs with discomfort.</i> ] | 25 |
| Ernestine: | I'm gonna go and see what's in the kitchen.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Lily:      | Now gal, don't want to have to take out this suit another inch ... Something light.<br>[ <i>ERNESTINE exits into the kitchen with her arms covering her breasts.</i> ]<br>And Godfrey, you going to leave my bags out in the hallway?                                                                                                                                                    | 30 |
| Godfrey:   | Bags? You going somewhere?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 35 |
| Lily:      | Not anymore.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Godfrey:   | Whatcha mean?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 40 |

*Lily:* Oh hell, Godfrey, you know what I mean.  
*[She chuckles to herself. ERMINA gawks.]*  
 It do seem colder in Brooklyn, but don't it though? ... Didn't see a Negro face between here and 116th. HELLO white peoples! 45  
*[Waves. A moment]* Living in their midst do have a way of wearing down your stamina. *[Pats ERMINA on the shoulder, then strolls around the apartment. She runs her hand across the furniture.]* Never did have taste, Godfrey. 50  
*[LILY sinks into the chair. ERMINA plops down next to her. LILY swings her arm around ERMINA.]*

*Godfrey:* But I see it's good enough to sit on.

*Lily:* You know how it is! These tired hams. And look at you, just standing there like you lost your tongue. What you got to sip on? I need a drink. 55

*Godfrey:* We ... we don't keep liquor in this house.  
*[LILY bursts into laughter.]*

*Lily:* Oh ya a Christian now?

*Godfrey:* Well – 60

*Lily:* Oh please, Godfrey, don't make me sick. Gimme a drink, will ya, goddamnit!  
*[ERMINA's eyes grow big. LILY continues to laugh. GODFREY is horrified.]*

*(from Act 1, Scene 2)*

In what ways does Nottage make this moment in the play so entertaining?

**Or 1(b)** How does Nottage dramatically contrast Ernestine and Ermina?

**WOLE SOYINKA: *Death and the King's Horseman***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 2(a)** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Elesin:* I am bitterly offended.

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In emptiness.

(from Scene 1)

In what ways does Soyinka make this early moment in the play so striking?

**Or**      **2(b)** How does Soyinka dramatically convey the importance of duty to Elesin and Pilkings?

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 3(a)** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Blanche:* Oh, in my youth I excited some admiration.

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Connected with the plantation.

*(from Scene 2)*

In what ways does Williams powerfully create tension between Stanley and Blanche at this moment in the play?

**Or**      **3(b)** How does Williams vividly depict Blanche's disturbed state of mind?

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 4(a)** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |          |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus<br>And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.'<br>Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!<br>That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.<br>How shall we find the concord of this discord?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 5        |
| <i>Philostrate:</i> | A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,<br>Which is as brief as I have known a play;<br>But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,<br>Which makes it tedious; for in all the play<br>There is not one word apt, one player fitted.<br>And tragical, my noble lord, it is;<br>For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.<br>Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,<br>Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears<br>The passion of loud laughter never shed. | 10<br>15 |
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | What are they that do play it?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |          |
| <i>Philostrate:</i> | Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,<br>Which never labour'd in their minds till now;<br>And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories<br>With this same play against your nuptial.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 20       |
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | And we will hear it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |          |
| <i>Philostrate:</i> | No, my noble lord,<br>It is not for you. I have heard it over,<br>And it is nothing, nothing in the world;<br>Unless you can find sport in their intents,<br>Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,<br>To do you service.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 25       |
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | I will hear that play;<br>For never anything can be amiss<br>When simpleness and duty tender it.<br>Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 30       |
|                     | [Exit PHILOSTRATE.]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |          |
| <i>Hippolyta:</i>   | I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged,<br>And duty in his service perishing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |          |
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 35       |
| <i>Hippolyta:</i>   | He says they can do nothing in this kind.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |          |
| <i>Theseus:</i>     | The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.<br>Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;<br>And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect<br>Takes it in might, not merit.<br>Where I have come, great clerks have purposed<br>To greet me with premeditated welcomes;<br>Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,<br>Make periods in the midst of sentences,<br>Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,                                          | 40<br>45 |

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most to my capacity.

50

*(from Act 5, Scene 1)*

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play both amusing and serious?

**Or**      **4(b)** Explore the ways in which Shakespeare vividly portrays the relationship between Helena and Hermia.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5(a) Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
|-------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | What's the matter?                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee<br>Thou gav'st to Cassio.                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | No, by my life and soul!<br>Send for the man and ask him.                                                                                                                                                 | 5  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Sweet soul, take heed,<br>Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Ay, but not yet to die.                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Yes, presently.<br>Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;<br>For to deny each article with oath<br>Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception<br>That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.           | 10 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Then, Lord have mercy on me!                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | I say, amen.                                                                                                                                                                                              | 15 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | And have you mercy too! I never did<br>Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio<br>But with such general warranty of heaven<br>As I might love. I never gave him token.                                  |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.<br>O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,<br>And mak'st me call what I intend to do<br>A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.<br>I saw the handkerchief. | 20 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | He found it, then;<br>I never gave it him. Send for him hither;<br>Let him confess a truth.                                                                                                               | 25 |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | He hath confess'd.                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | What, my lord?                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | That he hath – ud's death! – us'd thee.                                                                                                                                                                   | 30 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | How? unlawfully?                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Ay.                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | He will not say so.                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | No, his mouth is stopp'd;<br>Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.                                                                                                                                          | 35 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | O, my fear interprets! What, is he dead?                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge<br>Had stomach for them all.                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?                                                                                                                                                           | 40 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Down, strumpet.                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                  |
|-------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Nay, an you strive –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                  |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | But half an hour!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 45                               |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Being done, there is no pause.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                  |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | But while I say one prayer!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | It is too late.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                  |
|                   | [ <i>Smother's her.</i> ]                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                  |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | O lord, Lord, Lord!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 50                               |
| <i>Emilia</i>     | [ <i>Within</i> ]: My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | What voice is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?<br>I that am cruel am yet merciful;<br>I would not have thee linger in thy pain.<br>So, so.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 55                               |
| <i>Emilia</i>     | [ <i>Within</i> ]: What, ho! my lord, my lord!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Who's there?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                  |
| <i>Emilia</i>     | [ <i>Within</i> ]: O, good my lord, I'd speak a word with you!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                  |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Yes – 'tis Emilia – by and by. She's dead.<br>'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;<br>The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?<br>Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?<br>I think she stirs again. No. What's the best?<br>If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife.<br>My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.<br>O insupportable! O heavy hour!<br>Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse<br>Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe<br>Did yawn at alteration. | 60<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>65 |

(from Act 5, Scene 2)

In what ways does Shakespeare make this such a dramatically powerful moment in the play?

**Or**      **5(b)** Explore how Shakespeare vividly conveys Iago's attitudes to the women in the play.

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