INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer five questions.

Answer Question 1 or Question 4 or Question 7 and any one other question from Section A. Your three other questions must be taken from Section B, and must cover at least two books.

N.B. If you answer two questions on any one book, do not base them both on the same material.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
Section A

Answer Question 1 or Question 4 or Question 7 and any one other question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

1. Read this passage carefully and then answer, as briefly as possible, the questions that follow it:

   *Enter Balthasar, Romeo’s man*

   **Romeo**
   News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
   Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
   How doth my lady? Is my father well?
   How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
   For nothing can be ill if she be well.  

   **Balthasar**
   Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
   Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
   And her immortal part with angels lives.
   I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
   And presently took post to tell it you.
   O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
   Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

   **Romeo**
   Is it e’en so? Then I defy you, stars.
   Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,
   And hire post-horses; I will hence tonight.

   **Balthasar**
   I do beseech you, sir, have patience;
   Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
   Some misadventure.

   **Romeo**
   Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
   Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
   Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

   **Balthasar**
   No, my good lord.

   **Romeo**
   No matter; get thee gone,
   And hire those horses; I’ll be with thee straight.

(a) Where does this scene take place?  

(b) What is Romeo’s mood just before this passage begins? Explain what has happened to make him feel as he does. 

(c) What do you find interesting about the way in which Balthasar replies to Romeo’s question about Juliet (line 6)? 

(d) What does Balthasar actually mean by saying that Juliet is well and for what reason does he say this? 

(e) Briefly explain the sequence of events which has led to Juliet being put in the Capulet monument. 

(f) Explain the significance of Romeo’s comment ‘Then I defy you, stars’ (line 13). Give another quotation or close reference from elsewhere in the play which expresses a similar idea. 

(g) What does Romeo do immediately after Balthasar departs? 

(h) Suggest two different ways of describing Romeo’s mood in lines 13 to 24. In each case, give evidence from the passage in support of your answer.
Answer Question 2 or Question 3.

2 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

_Juliet_ Nay, come, I pray thee speak; good, good nurse, speak.
_Nurse_ Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay a while?
_Do you not see that I am out of breath?
_Juliet_ How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
_To say to me that thou art out of breath?
_The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
_Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
_Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that;
_Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
_Let me be satisfied, isn't good or bad?

_Nurse_ Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but I'll warrant him as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd at home?

_Juliet_ No, no. But all this did I know before.
_What says he of our marriage? What of that?

_Nurse_ Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
_It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
_My back a t'other side – ah, my back, my back!
_Beshrew your heart for sending me about
_To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

_Juliet_ I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
_Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

_Nurse_ Your love says like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous – Where is your mother?

(a) What do you learn about the Nurse's character in this passage and what do you find humorous about the situation? Remember to refer closely to the passage in support of your answer. [10]

(b) By close reference to other relevant incidents, show how your opinion of the Nurse develops and changes in the course of the play. [10]

3 Romeo's love for Rosaline,
Paris's love for Juliet,
Romeo's love for Juliet.

What similarities and differences can you find between these three different examples of love? Remember to refer closely to relevant incidents in the play. [20]
Read this passage carefully and then answer, as briefly as possible, the questions that follow it:

They passed the place where the tribe had danced. The charred sticks still lay on the rocks where the rain had quenched them but the sand by the water was smooth again. They passed this in silence. No one doubted that the tribe would be found at the Castle Rock and when they came in sight of it they stopped with one accord. The densest tangle on the island, a mass of twisted stems, black and green and impenetrable, lay on their left and tall grass swayed before them. Now Ralph went forward.

Here was the crushed grass where they had all lain when he had gone to prospect. There was the neck of land, the ledge skirting the rock, up there were the red pinnacles.

Sam touched his arm.

“Smoke.”

There was a tiny smudge of smoke wavering into the air on the other side of the rock.

“Some fire — I don’t think.”
Ralph turned.

“What are we hiding for?”
He stepped through the screen of grass on to the little open space that led to the narrow neck.

“You two follow behind. I’ll go first, then Piggy a pace behind me. Keep your spears ready.”

Piggy peered anxiously into the luminous veil that hung between him and the world.

“Is it safe? Ain’t there a cliff? I can hear the sea.”

“You keep right close to me.”
Ralph moved forward on to the neck. He kicked a stone and it bounded into the water. Then the sea sucked down, revealing a red, weedy square forty feet beneath Ralph’s left arm.

“Am I safe?” quavered Piggy. “I feel awful——”
High above them from the pinnacles came a sudden shout and then an imitation war-cry that was answered by a dozen voices from behind the rock.

“Give me the conch and stay still.”

“Halt! Who goes there?”
Ralph bent back his head and glimpsed Roger’s dark face at the top.

“You can see who I am!” he shouted. “Stop being silly!”

He put the conch to his lips and began to blow. Savages appeared, painted out of recognition, edging round the ledge towards the neck. They carried spears and disposed themselves to defend the entrance. Ralph went on blowing and ignored Piggy’s terrors.

(a) Who has come with Ralph and Piggy on this visit to Castle Rock?  

(b) What has happened to cause Ralph and his friends to come here? Suggest two reasons why they have no choice but to do this.

(c) Explain briefly why you think that the boys are silent as they pass the place referred to in lines 1 and 2.

(d) Suggest two reasons why Ralph and his companions are in a dangerous situation here. Support your answer by close reference to the passage.

(e) Why is the reference to the ‘red, weedy square’ (line 27) so significant?

(f) Suggest three emotions which Ralph might be feeling in lines 11 to 39. In each case support your answer by close reference to the text.
5 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

At length Ralph got up and went to the conch. He took the shell caressingly with both hands and knelt, leaning against the trunk.

“Piggy.”
“Uh?”
“What we going to do?”
Piggy nodded at the conch.
“You could—”
“Call an assembly?”
Ralph laughed sharply as he said the word and Piggy frowned.
“You're still Chief.”
Ralph laughed again.
“You are. Over us.”
“I got the conch.”
“Ralph! Stop laughing like that. Look there ain’t no need, Ralph! What’s the others going to think?”
At last Ralph stopped. He was shivering.
“Piggy.”
“Uh?”
“That was Simon.”
“You said that before.”
“Piggy.”
“Uh?”
“That was murder.”
“You stop it!” said Piggy, shrilly. “What good’re you doing talking like that?”
He jumped to his feet and stood over Ralph.
“It was dark. There was that—that bloody dance. There was lightning and thunder and rain. We was scared!”
“I wasn’t scared,” said Ralph slowly, “I was—I don’t know what I was.”
“We was scared!” said Piggy excitedly. “Anything might have happened. It wasn’t — what you said.”
He was gesticulating, searching for a formula.
“Oh Piggy!”
Ralph’s voice, low and stricken, stopped Piggy’s gestures. He bent down and waited. Ralph, cradling the conch, rocked himself to and fro.
“Don’t you understand, Piggy? The things we did—”
“He may still be—”
“No.”
“P’raps he was only pretending—”
Piggy’s voice tailed off at the sight of Ralph’s face.
“You were outside. Outside the circle. You never really came in. Didn’t you see what we — what they did?”
There was loathing, and at the same time a kind of feverish excitement in his voice.

(a) What are your feelings for Ralph and Piggy as you read this passage? Refer closely to the passage in support of your answer. [10]

(b) By close reference, show that the events that took place during the storm are of great significance in the novel. [10]

6 Why do you feel that the conch is such an important feature of Lord of the Flies? Refer closely to relevant incidents in support of your ideas. [20]
To renounce her for ever – that was then the end of it for him, after all. There was no longer any question about suitability, or room for tiffs on petty tastes. The curtain had fallen again between them. She could not be his. The cruelty of their late revived hope was now terrible. How could they all have been so simple as to suppose this thing could be done?

It was at this moment that, hearing some one coming behind him, he turned and saw her hastening on between the thickets. He perceived in an instant that she did not know the blighting news.

‘Giles, why didn’t you come across to me?’ she asked with arch reproach.

‘Didn’t you see me sitting there ever so long?’

‘O, yes,’ he said in unprepared, provisional tones, for her unexpected presence caught him without the slightest plan of behaviour in the conjuncture. His manner made her think that she had been too chiding in her speech; and a mild scarlet wave passed over her as she resolved to soften it.

‘I have had another letter from my father,’ she hastened to continue. ‘He thinks he may come home this evening. And – in view of his hopes – it will grieve him if there is any little difference between us, Giles.’

‘There is none,’ he said, sadly regarding her from the face downwards as he pondered how to lay the cruel truth bare.

‘Still – I fear you have not quite forgiven me about my being uncomfortable at the inn.’

‘I have, I’m sure.’

‘But you speak in quite an unhappy way,’ she returned, coming up quite close to him with the most winning of the many pretty airs that appertained to her. ‘Don’t you think you will ever be happy, Giles?’

He did not reply for some instants. ‘When the sun shines on the north front of Sherton Abbey – that’s when my happiness will come to me!’ said he, staring as it were into the earth.

‘But – then that means that there is something more than my offending you in not liking the Sherton tavern. If it is because I – did not like to let you kiss me in the Abbey – well, you know, Giles, that it was not on account of my cold feelings, but because I did certainly, just then, think it was rather premature, in spite of my poor father. That was the true reason – the sole one. But I do not want to be hard – God knows I do not,’ she said, her voice fluctuating. ‘And perhaps – as I am on the verge of freedom – I am not right, after all, in thinking there is any harm in your kissing me.’

‘Oh, Heaven!’ groaned Winterborne to himself. His head was turned askance as he still resolutely regarded the ground. For the last several minutes he had seen this great temptation approaching him in regular siege; and now it had come. The wrong, the social sin, of now taking advantage of her lips, had a magnitude, in the eyes of one whose life had been so primitive, so ruled by purest household laws as Giles's, which can hardly be explained.

(a) ‘She could not be his.’ (line 3) How has Giles just been made aware that he will never be able to marry Grace? [2]

(b) Describe briefly the incident to which Grace is referring when she says she fears Giles has not forgiven her for ‘being uncomfortable at the inn’. (lines 20 and 21) [3]

(c) On what other occasion earlier in the novel did Grace feel uncomfortable in Giles’s company? What were the reasons for her discomfort then? [4]
(d) What has Grace been told in the letter she has received from her father (line 15)? [2]

(e) What does Giles mean when he says that happiness will come to him ‘When the sun shines on the north front of Sherton Abbey’ (lines 26 and 27)? [1]

(f) Explain the irony of the situation when Grace offers to allow Giles to kiss her (lines 34-36). [4]

(g) Make clear two different feelings the reader has towards Giles in the course of this passage. In each case support your answer by referring closely to the passage. [4]
Answer Question 8 or Question 9.

8 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

Nature was bountiful, she thought. No sooner had she been cast aside by Edred Fitzpiers than another being, impersonating bare and undiluted manliness, had arisen out of the earth ready to hand. This, however, was an excursion of the imagination which she did not wish to encourage, and she said suddenly, to disguise the confused regard which had followed her thoughts, ‘Did you meet my husband?’

Winterborne, with some hesitation: ‘Yes.’

‘Where did you meet him?’

‘Near Reveller’s Inn. I come from Middleton Abbey: I have been making there for the last week.’

‘Haven’t they a mill of their own?’

‘Yes, but it’s out of repair.’

‘I think – I heard that Mrs Charmond had gone there to stay?’

‘Yes, I have seen her at the windows once or twice.’

Grace waited an interval before she went on, ‘Did Mr Fitzpiers take the way to Middleton?’

‘Yes... I met him on Darling.’ As she did not reply, he added with a gentler inflection, ‘You know why the mare was called that?’

‘O yes – of course,’ she answered quickly.

With their minds on these things they had risen so far over the crest of the hill that the whole west sky was revealed. Between the broken clouds they could see far into the recesses of heaven as they mused and walked, the eye journeying on under a species of golden arcades, and past fiery obstructions, fancied cairns, logan-stones, stalactites and stalagmites of topaz. Deeper than this their gaze passed thin flakes of incandescence, till it plunged into a bottomless medium of soft green fire.

Her abandonment to the seductive hour and scene after her sense of ill-usage, her revolt for the nonce against social law, her passionate desire for primitive life may have showed in her face. Winterborne was looking at her, his eyes lingering on a flower that she wore in her bosom. Almost with the abstraction of a somnambulist he stretched out his hand and gently caressed the flower.

She drew back. ‘What are you doing, Giles Winterborne?’ she exclaimed with a look of severe surprise.

The evident absence of all premeditation from the act, however, speedily led her to think that it was not necessary to stand upon her dignity here and now. ‘You must bear in mind, Giles,’ she said kindly, ‘that we are not as we were; and some people might have said that what you did was taking a liberty.’

It was more than she need have told him; his action of forgetfulness had made him so angry with himself that he flushed through his tan.

‘I don’t know what I am coming to!’ he exclaimed savagely. ‘Ah – I was not once like this!’ Tears of vexation were in his eyes.

‘No, now – it was nothing! I was too reproachful.’

‘It would not have occurred to me if I had not seen something like it done elsewhere – at Middleton lately,’ he said thoughtfully after a while.

(a) By close examination of this passage, make clear what impressions you form of Grace and of her relationship with Giles at this stage in the novel. [10]

(b) In what ways are your feelings for Mrs Charmond affected by her behaviour towards Grace? Remember to refer to relevant incidents in your answer. [10]

9 What do you find to admire and what to pity in the character of Marty South? Remember to refer to relevant incidents in the novel in support of your answer. [20]
Section B

Answer three questions from at least two books in this section.

*The Calling of Kindred* (Section D)

N.B. Do not use the same poem twice in answering these questions.

10 Read this poem carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

*Tomorrow and*

*(For J.R. who reads Cowper while dying of cancer)*

Was and will be are both uneasy ground;
*Now* is the safest tense.

*Terminal Care* rests among recipes
On the kitchen table.

We choke the future back down our throats like
Incipient vomit,

With so much time ahead, for all we know,
For turning out cupboards,

Pottery courses, Greek holidays, Brahms,
Grandchildren, greenhouses,

Getting at last to the end of *Decline And Fall of the Roman*

It's all indifferent to him. He won't
Be here. Our small concerns

Balk us with their familiarity.
His perspectives are strict.

Library fines and income tax returns
Have lost their sting. The huge
Ghouls that shadow old age have excused him.
His exacting lover

Arrogates all of him. He'll never grow
Senile, tiresome, lonely.

With stoic courtesy, unfortified
By rites of holy church,

He watches each tomorrow, appraises
Contour, climate, colour,
As if it were a new world, while his books
(Which he won’t read again,
He says) rest idle on their shelves, and nights
Grow longer, and contain

More symptoms, and his friends come, go, come, go,
Swallowing hereafters,

And he transacts the same
Miniature feats of gallantry with which
Cowper restrained the dark

Once, as far as we know

U.A. Fanthorpe

(a) Explain what the writer of the poem feels about her dying friend and what she makes you feel. You should examine closely the ideas and words of the poem in your answer. [10]

(b) In Easter Monday the poet is writing about a friend who has died. By close examination, explain what you find interesting and effective about that poem. [10]

11 Choose two of the following poems and, by close examination, show how they deal with the subject of love:

Loch, Black Rock, Beautiful Boat
Waikiki
To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time
The Sailor’s Sweetheart

[20]

12 The mood of many of the poems in this section is one of regret. Choose any two of these poems and, in each case, explain in detail how the poet conveys his or her feelings to you.

N.B. You must not use ‘Tomorrow and’ in answering this question. [20]
GEORGE ORWELL: Animal Farm

13 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

It was just after the sheep had returned, on a pleasant evening when the animals had finished work and were making their way back to the farm buildings, that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. Startled, the animals stopped in their tracks. It was Clover's voice. She neighed again, and all the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, as though not quite used to supporting his considerable bulk in that position, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. Some did it better than others, one or two were even a trifle unsteady and looked as though they would have liked the support of a stick, but every one of them made his way right round the yard successfully. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and a shrill crowing from the black cockerel, and out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard. It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, in spite of everything – in spite of their terror of the dogs, and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticizing, no matter what happened – they might have uttered some word of protest. But just at that moment, as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of –

‘Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better!’

It went on for five minutes without stopping. And by the time the sheep had quieted down, the chance to utter any protest had passed, for the pigs had marched back into the farmhouse.

Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked round. It was Clover. Her old eyes looked dimmer than ever. Without saying anything, she tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written. For a minute or two they stood gazing at the tarred wall with its white lettering.

‘My sight is failing,’ she said finally. ‘Even when I was young I could not have read what was written there. But it appears to me that that wall looks different. Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?’

For once Benjamin consented to break his rule, and he read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran:

ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL
BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE
MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS
(a) What are your feelings as you read this passage? Refer closely to the passage in support of your answer. [10]

(b) Why is the reader less surprised than the animals at what has happened here? Refer closely to relevant parts of the novel in your answer to this question. [10]

How do your feelings towards Boxer develop as you read the novel? Remember to refer closely to specific incidents in support of your answer. [20]

What aspects of Napoleon’s character and of the way he behaves do you think help him to seize power and to maintain control on Animal Farm? Remember to refer closely to the text in support of your answer. [20]
Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

She went home.

Petrus came again on the Friday and asked her straight out and in front of Selling what was wrong on Wolwekraal.

‘What do you mean, Master Petrus?’ she asked. Her body had not yet recovered from the walk, her heart was in shreds and she did not know how she would ever recover.

‘There’s something wrong here and you’re covering it up. Have you got into trouble with the Laghaans again?’ Selling’s head started drooping. She did not answer. ‘Is it money, Fiela? Forget your pride and tell me.’ She just looked at him. ‘Is one of the children in trouble?’ Selling’s head rolled over his chest like a drunk and she wanted to shout to him, lift your head! Don’t let them see we have been beaten!

‘Fiela,’ Petrus was losing his patience, ‘don’t push away my hand when I’m trying to help. I’m asking you again, is one of the children in trouble?’

Selling’s head came up. ‘Tell Master Petrus, Fiela, tell him,’ he pleaded, ignoring her restraint and pride.

‘Then I’m right, there is something wrong.’

She could no longer hide it. If you poke about in an ant-hill, you do not stop before everything is exposed. She shrugged her shoulders and said, with undisguised bitterness, ‘Yes, Petrus Zondagh, there is something wrong. The Komoeties have been crushed!’

‘Fiela!’

‘Quiet, Selling! The world seemed unsteady around her. ‘Go and tell the Kloof they can talk now and be damned to them. They came and took Benjamin away from us.’

She saw Petrus stiffen, she saw him sitting there, dumbfounded and trying to find words to say. Then she started telling him. Everything. From the day the two peace-breakers had come, the whole story poured out of her until she was hoarse and the shadows were creeping up the wall.

‘Why didn’t you tell me sooner, Fiela?’ Petrus reproached her. ‘What could you expect to gain by hiding it?’

‘They said they would bring him back that Saturday. I, fool that I was, believed it because that was all I could do!’

Selling’s head was back on his chest again, his whole body was limp. Down in the valley the plovers were screaming and at the pigsty the goat was asking to be milked.

‘Fiela,’ – there was pity in Petrus’ voice – ‘this is very hard. I would have done everything in my power to prevent it from happening the way it did. But one thing cannot be denied – it would have happened sooner or later.’

‘Why?’ she challenged him.

‘Benjamin was a foundling.’

(a) What impressions do you form of Selling, Fiela and Petrus as you read this passage? [10]

(b) By close reference to what Petrus does immediately after this and to other incidents in which he is involved, show what further impressions you form of his character and of his importance to Fiela. [10]

17 What makes Elias van Rooyen such a dislikeable character? Is it possible to have any sympathy for him? Remember to refer closely to the text in support of your answer. [20]

18 Why is Benjamin’s journey to the sea such a turning point in his life? You should support your answer by close reference to the text. [20]
Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

Our father didn’t do anything. He worked in an office, not in a drugstore. Atticus did not drive a dump-truck for the county, he was not the sheriff, he did not farm, work in a garage, or do anything that could possibly arouse the admiration of anyone.

Besides that, he wore glasses. He was nearly blind in his left eye, and said left eyes were the tribal curse of the Finch. Whenever he wanted to see something well, he turned his head and looked from his right eye.

He did not do the things our schoolmates’ fathers did; he never went hunting, he did not play poker or fish or drink or smoke. He sat in the living-room and read.

With these attributes, however, he would not remain as inconspicuous as we wished him to: that year, the school buzzed with talk about him defending Tom Robinson, none of which was complimentary. After my bout with Cecil Jacobs when I committed myself to a policy of cowardice, word got around that Scout Finch wouldn’t fight any more, her daddy wouldn’t let her. This was not entirely correct: I wouldn’t fight publicly for Atticus, but the family was private ground. I would fight anyone from a third cousin upwards tooth and nail. Francis Hancock, for example, knew that.

When he gave us our air-rifles Atticus wouldn’t teach us to shoot. Uncle Jack instructed us in the rudiments thereof; he said Atticus wasn’t interested in guns. Atticus said to Jem one day, ‘I’d rather you shot at tin cans in the back yard, but I know you’ll go after birds. Shoot all the bluejays you want, if you can hit ’em, but remember it’s a sin to kill a mockingbird.’ That was the only time I ever heard Atticus say it was a sin to do something, and I asked Miss Maudie about it.

‘Your father’s right,’ she said. ‘Mockingbirds don’t do one thing but make music for us to enjoy. They don’t eat up people’s gardens, don’t nest in corncribs, they don’t do one thing but sing their hearts out for us. That’s why it’s a sin to kill a mockingbird.’

‘Miss Maudie, this is an old neighbourhood, ain’t it?’

‘Been here longer than the town.’

‘Nome, I mean the folks on our street are all old. Jem and me’s the only children around here. Mrs Dubose is close on to a hundred and Miss Rachel’s old and so are you and Atticus.’

‘I don’t call fifty very old,’ said Miss Maudie tartly. ‘Not being wheeled around yet, am I? Neither’s your father. But I must say Providence was kind enough to burn down that old mausoleum of mine, I’m too old to keep it up – maybe you’re right, Jean Louise, this is a settled neighbourhood. You’ve never been around young folks much, have you?’

‘Yessum, at school.’

‘I mean young grown-ups. You’re lucky, you know. You and Jem have the benefit of your father’s age. If your father was thirty you’d find life quite different.’

‘I sure would. Atticus can’t do anything....’

‘You’d be surprised,’ said Miss Maudie. ‘There’s life in him yet.’

(a) Why do Scout and Miss Maudie seem to have such conflicting opinions about Atticus? To help you in your answer you should use your knowledge of these three characters and also look closely at what is said in the passage.

(b) Why do you feel that Miss Maudie is so important to Scout in the course of the novel? Refer closely to the passage and to other relevant incidents.

How does the trial of Tom Robinson affect your feelings about the prejudice at the heart of Maycomb society? Refer closely to the text in support of your answer.

In what ways do your impressions of Boo Radley change in the course of the novel? In your answer you should make detailed reference to what is said about him and to what he does in the story.
Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

Pizarro: Cheat! You’ve cheated me! Cheat....
[For a moment his old body is racked with sobs; then, surprised, he feels tears on his cheek. He examines them. The sunlight brightens on his head.]
What’s this! What is it? In all your life you never made one of these, I know, and I not till this minute. Look. [He kneels to show the dead Inca.] Ah, no. You have no eyes for me now, Atahuallpa: they are dusty balls of amber I can tap on. You have no peace for me, Atahuallpa: the birds still scream in your forest. You have no joy for me, Atahuallpa, my boy: the only joy is in death. I lived between two hates: I die between two darks: blind eyes and a blind sky. And yet you saw once. The sky sees nothing, but you saw. Is there comfort there? The sky knows no feelings, but we know them, that’s sure. Martin’s hope, and de Soto’s – honour, and your trust – your trust which hunted me: we alone make these. That’s some marvel, yes, some marvel. To sit in a great cold silence and sing out sweet with just our own warm breath: that’s some marvel, surely. To make water in a sand world: surely, surely ... God’s just a name on your nail; and naming begins cries and cruelties. But to live without hope of after, and make whatever God there is, oh, that’s some immortal business surely!...I’m tired. Where are you? You’re so cold. I’d warm you if I could. But there’s no warming now, not ever now. I’m colding too. There’s a snow of death falling all round us. You can almost see it. It’s over, lad, I’m coming after you. There’s nothing but peace to come. We’ll be put into the same earth, father and son in our own land. And that sun will roam uncaught over his empty pasture.

[Enter Old Martin]

Old Martin: So fell Peru. We gave her greed, hunger and the cross: three gifts for the civilized life. The family groups that sang on the terraces are gone. In their place slaves shuffle underground and they don’t sing there. Peru is a silent country, frozen in avarice. So fell Spain, gorged with gold; distended; now dying.

Pizarro: ‘Where is her heart, O little finch?’ ...

Old Martin: And so fell you, General, my master, whom men called the Son of His Own Deeds. He was killed later in a quarrel with his partner who brought up the reinforcements. But to speak truth, he sat down that morning and never really got up again.

Pizarro: ‘Where are her plumes, O little finch?’ ...

Old Martin: I’m the only one left now of that company: landowner – slaveowner – and forty years from any time of hope. It put out a good blossom, but it was shaken off rough. After that I reckon the fruit always comes sour, and doesn’t sweeten up much with age.

Pizarro: ‘She is cut up, O little finch. For stealing grain, O little finch’...

Old Martin: General, you did for me, and now I’ve done for you. And there’s no joy in that. Or in anything now. But then there’s no joy in the world could match for me what I had when I first went with you across the water to find the gold country. And no pain like losing it. Save you all.

[He goes out. Pizarro lies beside the body of Atahuallpa and quietly sings to it.]

Pizarro: See, see the fate, O little finch, Of robber birds, O little finch.

[The sun glares at the audience.]
(a) What are your feelings for Pizarro as you read this passage? Make clear why you feel as you do. [10]

(b) In what ways does this passage make an effective ending to the play? Refer closely to the passage and to other relevant incidents in support of your answer. [10]

23 In what ways are we made to feel sympathetic towards Atahuallpa in The Royal Hunt of the Sun? Remember to support your answer by close reference to the text. [20]

24 ‘The play contrasts the dignity and contentment of the Indians with the hypocrisy and greed of the Conquistadors’. By close reference, show how far you agree with this view of the play. [20]
N.B. you must not use the same story twice in answering these questions.

25 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

As soon as he got back he was coming to tea with his aunties. Cyril to tea was one of their rare treats.

‘Now, Cyril, you mustn’t be frightened of our cakes. Your Auntie Con and I bought them at Buszard’s this morning. We know what a man’s appetite is. So don’t be ashamed of making a good tea.’

Josephine cut recklessly into the rich dark cake that stood for her winter gloves or the soling and heeling of Constantia’s only respectable shoes. But Cyril was most unmanlike in appetite.

‘I say, Aunt Josephine, I simply can’t. I’ve only just had lunch, you know.’

‘Oh, Cyril, that can’t be true! It’s after four,’ cried Josephine. Constantia sat with her knife poised over the chocolate-roll.

‘It is, all the same,’ said Cyril. ‘I had to meet a man at Victoria, and he kept me hanging about till ... there was only time to get lunch and to come on here. And he gave me—phew’ – Cyril put his hand to his forehead – ‘a terrific blow-out’, he said.

It was disappointing – today of all days. But still he couldn’t be expected to know.

‘But you’ll have a meringue, won’t you, Cyril?’ said Aunt Josephine. ‘These meringues were bought specially for you. Your dear father was so fond of them. We were sure you are, too.’

‘I am, Aunt Josephine,’ cried Cyril ardently. ‘Do you mind if I take half to begin with?’

‘Not at all, dear boy; but we mustn’t let you off with that.’

‘Is your dear father still so fond of meringues?’ asked Auntie Con gently. She winced faintly as she broke through the shell of hers.

‘Well, I don’t quite know, Auntie Con,’ said Cyril breezily. At that they both looked up.

‘Don’t know?’ almost snapped Josephine. ‘Don’t know a thing like that about your own father, Cyril?’

‘Surely,’ said Auntie Con softly.

Cyril tried to laugh it off. ‘Oh, well,’ he said, ‘it’s such a long time since—’ He faltered. He stopped. Their faces were too much for him.

‘Even so,’ said Josephine. And Auntie Con looked.

Cyril put down his teacup. ‘Wait a bit,’ he cried. ‘Wait a bit, Aunt Josephine. What am I thinking of?’

He looked up. They were beginning to brighten. Cyril slapped his knee.

‘Of course,’ he said, ‘it was meringues. How could I have forgotten? Yes, Aunt Josephine, you’re perfectly right. Father’s most frightfully keen on meringues.’

They didn’t only beam. Aunt Josephine went scarlet with pleasure; Auntie Con gave a deep, deep sigh.
(a) How does the writer make us feel both amusement and sympathy for Constantia and Josephine in this passage? Refer closely to the passage in support of your answer. [10]

(b) By close reference to the rest of the story, explain why we experience different emotions towards the sisters at different times. What are your feelings for them at the end of the story? [10]

26 Several of the characters in these stories might be described as ‘outsiders’. By close reference, show the extent to which this is true of any two of the following – and the extent to which you sympathise with them as a result:

Kuno in *The Machine Stops*
T in *The Destructors*
The Captain in *The Secret Sharer* [20]

27 Which one of these stories do you think has most to teach us about human relationships? Refer closely to the story in explaining your choice. [20]
28 Read this passage carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

_Hally_ It started off looking like another of those useless nothing-to-do afternoons. I'd already been down to Main Street looking for adventure, but nothing had happened. I didn't feel like climbing trees in the Donkin Park or pretending I was a private eye and following a stranger... so as usual: See what's cooking in Sam's room. This time it was you on the floor. You had two thin pieces of wood and you were smoothing them down with a knife. It didn't look particularly interesting, but when I asked you what you were doing, you just said, 'Wait and see, Hally. Wait... and see'..., in that secret sort of way of yours, so I knew there was a surprise coming. You teased me, you bugger, by being deliberately slow and not answering my questions!

_Sam laughs._
And whistling while you worked away! God, it was infuriating! I could have brained you! It was only when you tied them together in a cross and put that down on the brown paper that I realized what you were doing. 'Sam is making a kite?' And when I asked you and you said 'Yes' ... ![Shaking his head with disbelief.](image) The sheer audacity of it took my breath away. I mean, seriously, what the hell does a black man know about flying a kite? I'll be honest with you, Sam, I had no hopes for it. If you think I was excited and happy, you got another guess coming. In fact, I was scared that we were going to make fools of ourselves. When we left the boarding house to go up onto the hill, I was praying quietly that there wouldn't be any other kids around to laugh at us.

_Hally_ ![Enjoying the memory as much as Hally.](image) Ja, I could see that.
_Sam_ I made it obvious, did I?
_Hally_ Ja. You refused to carry it.
_Sam_ Do you blame me? Can you remember what the poor thing looked like? Tomato-box wood and brown paper! Flour and water for glue! Two of my mother's old stockings for a tail, and then all those bits and pieces of string you made me tie together so that we could fly it! Hell, no, that was now only asking for a miracle to happen.

_Sam_ Then the big argument when I told you to hold the string and run with it when I let go.
_Hally_ I was prepared to run, all right, but straight back to the boarding house.
_Sam_ ![Knowing what's coming.](image) So what happened?
_Hally_ Come on, Sam, you remember as well as I do.

(a) What do you think this passage reveals of the relationship between Hally and Sam? [10]

(b) What did happen when Hally started to run and how did the incident affect both him and Sam? What are your feelings about this incident and its importance in the play as a whole? [10]

29 Hally's parents never appear on stage. What impressions of them do you form from what the other characters say about them, and why are they important in the play? Refer closely to the text in support of your answer. [20]

30 What aspects of this play have you most enjoyed? Refer closely to relevant moments in support of your answer. [20]
31 Read this poem carefully and then answer the questions that follow it:

_The Dam_

This was our valley, yes,  
Our valley till they came  
And chose to build the dam.  
All the village worked on it  
And we were lucky of course  
All through the slump we had  
Good jobs: they were too well paid  
For the water rose ninety feet,  
And covered our houses: yes –  
In a midsummer drought  
The old church-spire pokes out  
And the weather cock treads the wind  
But we were lucky of course  
We were – most of us – laid on  
Like the water, to the town.  
Somehow, I stayed behind.

I work on the dam, yes –  
Do you think the drowned ash-trees  
Still have faint impulses  
When Spring’s up here I wonder?  
I was lucky of course  
But oh there’s a lot of me  
Feels like a stifled tree  
That went on living, under.

They turn on their taps, yes,  
In the dusty city and drink:  
Now is it that we sink  
Or that the waters rise?  
They are lucky of course  
But as they go to work  
There’s an underwater look  
In their street-shuttered eyes.

This was our valley, yes,  
And I live on the dam  
And in my sight the dream  
Still drowns the dreamer’s home  
But I am lucky of course  
For in a time of drought  
Within me and without  
I see where I came from.

_Patric Dickinson_
(a) What are the poet's feelings about the dam and its effects on his life? How does the language he uses make his feelings clear to you? [10]

(b) What feelings does the poet of *South Cumberland, 10th May 1943*, convey about the place? What similarities and differences do you find between that poem and *The Dam*? [10]

32 ‘Poetry often springs from powerful memories or emotions recollected by the writer.’ By referring closely to two of the following poems, show how the poets convey their memories or emotions to us:

   *The Lesson*
   *The Place's Fault*
   *Our History*
   *Dockery and Son* [20]

33 Choose two poems from this section which have made a lasting impression on you because of the happiness of their mood. In each case show, by close reference, how the poet has conveyed this. [20]
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