



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0476/01**

Paper 1

**October/November 2011**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**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.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked \*) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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## SECTION A: DRAMA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

Either \*1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Leonato:</i>	What would you with me, honest neighbour?	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Marry, this it is, sir.	5
<i>Verges:</i>	Yes, in truth it is, sir.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	What is it, my good friends?	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter – an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.	10
<i>Verges:</i>	Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	Neighbours, you are tedious.	15
<i>Dogberry:</i>	It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	All thy tediousness on me, ah?	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.	20
<i>Verges:</i>	And so am I.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	I would fain know what you have to say.	
<i>Verges:</i>	Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.	25
<i>Dogberry:</i>	A good old man, sir, he will be talking; as they say 'When the age is in the wit is out'. God help us, it is a world to see! Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges; well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!	30
<i>Leonato:</i>	Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.	35
<i>Dogberry:</i>	Gifts that God gives.	
<i>Leonato:</i>	I must leave you.	
<i>Dogberry:</i>	One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.	40
<i>Leonato:</i>	Take their examination yourself, and bring it to me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.	

*Dogberry:* It shall be suffigance.

*Leonato:* Drink some wine ere you go; fare you well.

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

*Messenger:* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leonato:* I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

*[Exeunt LEONATO and MESSENGER.]*

*Dogberry:* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men. 50

*Verges:* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogberry:* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. 55

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so amusing and so deeply serious at the same time?

- Or †2 *A loving and devoted father*  
*A weak and snobbish man*

Which of these views more accurately describes Shakespeare's portrayal of Leonato for you? Support your answer by close reference to Shakespeare's writing.

- Or 3 You are Benedick. Beatrice has just asked you to kill Claudio and you have agreed to challenge him.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Benedick at this moment in the play.



What do you think makes this such a moving moment in the play? Support your answer with details from Shakespeare's writing.

- Or** †5 What do you find interesting about Shakespeare's portrayal of Richard in the last part of the play after he has become king? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or** 6 You are Lord Stanley (the Earl of Derby). You are on the battlefield of Bosworth but you have not yet ordered your soldiers to join the battle.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Lord Stanley at this moment in the play.

## SECTION B: POETRY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Either \*7 Read this extract from *Mariana*, and then answer the question that follows it:

With blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all:  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the pear to the gable-wall.  
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange: 5  
 Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
 Upon the lonely moated grange.  
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said; 10  
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;  
 She could not look on the sweet heaven, 15  
 Either at morn or eventide.  
 After the flitting of the bats,  
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
 She drew her casement-curtain by,  
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats. 20  
 She only said, 'The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said;  
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!'

How does Tennyson gain your sympathy for Mariana here and elsewhere in the poem?

- Or †8 In what ways does Tennyson capture your interest in his poem, *The Lady of Shalott*? Support your answer with details from the poem.
- Or †9 Explore how Tennyson powerfully makes poem CVI from *In Memoriam* ('Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky . . .') a prayer of hope for the future.

## SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 3

Either \*10 Read these poems, and then answer the question that follows them:

*Marrysong*

He never learned her, quite. Year after year  
 that territory, without seasons, shifted  
 under his eye. An hour he could be lost  
 in the walled anger of her quarried hurt  
 on turning, see cool water laughing where 5  
 the day before there were stones in her voice.  
 He charted. She made wilderness again.  
 Roads disappeared. The map was never true.  
 Wind brought him rain sometimes, tasting of sea –  
 and suddenly she would change the shape of shores 10  
 faultlessly calm. All, all was each day new;  
 the shadows of her love shortened or grew  
 like trees seen from an unexpected hill,  
 new country at each jaunty helpless journey.  
 So he accepted that geography, constantly strange. 15  
 Wondered. Stayed home increasingly to find  
 his way among the landscapes of her mind.

(by Dennis Scott)

*Sonnet 43*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! –  
 I love thee to the depth & breadth & height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of everyday's 5  
 Most quiet need, by sun & candlelight –  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, –  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;  
 I love thee with the passion, put to use  
 In my old griefs, . . . and with my childhood's faith: 10  
 I love thee with the love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost Saints, – I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after my death.

(by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Choose some lines from these poems which you find especially moving in their description of love. Explore the ways in which the poets make your chosen lines so moving.

Or †11 In *Lament* (by Gillian Clarke) explore how the poet's words vividly convey feelings of bitterness.

Or †12 Explore some of the ways in which Allen Curnow describes Time in his poem 'Time'

## SECTION C: PROSE

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

Either \*13 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<p>‘Ah! you are come, are you, Edgar Linton?’ she said with angry animation . . . ‘You are one of those things that are ever found when least wanted, and when you are wanted, never! I suppose we shall have plenty of lamentations, now . . . I see we shall . . . but they can’t keep me from my narrow home out yonder – My resting place where I’m bound before Spring is over! There it is, not among the Lintons, mind, under the chapel-roof; but in the open air with a head-stone, and you may please yourself, whether you go to them, or come to me!’</p>	5
<p>‘Catherine, what have you done?’ commenced the master. ‘Am I nothing to you, any more? Do you love that wretch, Heath –’</p>	10
<p>‘Hush!’ cried Mrs Linton. ‘Hush, this moment! You mention that name and I end the matter, instantly, by a spring from the window! What you touch at present, you may have; but my soul will be on that hill-top before you lay hands on me again. I don’t want you, Edgar; I’m past wanting you . . . Return to your books . . . I’m glad you possess a consolation, for all you had in me is gone.’</p>	15
<p>‘Her mind wanders, sir,’ I interposed. ‘She has been talking nonsense the whole evening; but, let her have quiet and proper attendance, and she’ll rally . . . Hereafter, we must be cautious how we vex her.’</p>	20
<p>‘I desire no further advice from you,’ answered Mr Linton. ‘You knew your mistress’s nature, and you encouraged me to harass her. And not to give me one hint of how she has been these three days! It was heartless! months of sickness could not cause such a change!’</p>	25
<p>I began to defend myself, thinking it too bad to be blamed for another’s wicked waywardness!</p>	30
<p>‘I knew Mrs Linton’s nature to be headstrong and domineering,’ cried I; ‘but I didn’t know that you wished to foster her fierce temper! I didn’t know that, to humour her, I should wink at Mr Heathcliff. I performed the duty of a faithful servant in telling you, and I have got a faithful servant’s wages! Well, it will teach me to be careful next time. Next time you may gather intelligence for yourself!’</p>	35
<p>‘The next time you bring a tale to me, you shall quit my service, Ellen Dean,’ he replied.</p>	40
<p>‘You’d rather hear nothing about it, I suppose, then, Mr Linton?’ said I. ‘Heathcliff has your permission to come a courting to Miss and to drop in at every opportunity your absence offers, on purpose to poison the mistress against you?’</p>	45
<p>Confused as Catherine was, her wits were alert at applying our conversation.</p>	50
<p>‘Ah! Nelly has played traitor,’ she exclaimed, passionately. ‘Nelly is my hidden enemy – you witch! So you do seek elf-bolts to hurt us! Let me go, and I’ll make her rue! I’ll make her howl a recantation!’</p>	55
<p>A maniac’s fury kindled under her brows; she struggled desperately to disengage herself from Linton’s arms. I felt no inclination to tarry the event; and resolving to seek medical aid on my own responsibility, I quitted the chamber.</p>	60

Explain how Brontë makes this such a vivid and revealing moment in the novel.

- Or** †14 How do you think Brontë makes the moors such a memorable setting for the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** 15 You are Catherine Earnshaw. It is the morning of your marriage to Edgar Linton. Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Catherine Earnshaw at this moment in the novel.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

Either \*16 Read this extract from *Studies in the Park*, and then answer the question that follows.

– Turn it off, turn it off, turn it off! First he listens to the news in Hindi. Directly after, in English. Broom – brroom – brrroom – the voice of doom roars. Next, in Tamil. Then in Punjabi. In Gujarati. What next, my god, what next? Turn it off before I smash it onto his head, fling it out of the window, do nothing of the sort of course, nothing of the sort.

5

– And my mother. She cuts and fries, cuts and fries. All day I hear her chopping and slicing and the pan of oil hissing. What all does she find to fry and feed us on, for God's sake? Eggplants, potatoes, spinach, shoe soles, newspapers, finally she'll slice me and feed me to my brothers and sisters. Ah, now she's turned on the tap. It's roaring and pouring, pouring and roaring into a bucket without a bottom.

10

– The bell rings. Voices clash, clatter and break. The tin-and-bottle man? The neighbours? The police? The Help-the-Blind man? Thieves and burglars? All of them, all of them, ten or twenty or a hundred of them, marching up the stairs, hammering at the door, breaking in and climbing over me – ten, twenty or a hundred of them.

15

– Then, worst of all, the milk arrives. In the tallest glass in the house. 'Suno, drink your milk. Good for you, Suno. You need it. Now, before the exams. Must have it, Suno. Drink.' The voice wheedles its way into my ear like a worm. I shudder. The table tips over. The milk runs. The tumbler clangs on the floor. 'Suno, Suno, how will you do your exams?'

20

– That is precisely what I ask myself. All very well to give me a room – Uncle's been pushed off on a pilgrimage to Hardwar to clear a room for me – and to bring me milk and say, 'Study, Suno, study for your exam.' What about the uproar around me? These people don't know the meaning of the word Quiet. When my mother fills buckets, sloshes the kitchen floor, fries and sizzles things in the pan, she thinks she is being Quiet. The children have never even heard the word, it amazes and puzzles them. On their way back from school they fling their satchels in at my door, then tear in to snatch them back before I tear them to bits. Bawl when I pull their ears, screech when mother whacks them. Stuff themselves with her fries and then smear the grease on my books.

25

30

So I raced out of my room, with my fingers in my ears, to scream till the roof fell down about their ears. But the radio suddenly went off, the door to my parents' room suddenly opened and my father appeared, bathed and shaven, stuffed and set up with the news of the world in six different languages – his white *dhoti* blazing, his white shirt crackling, his patent leather pumps glittering. He stopped in the doorway and I stopped on the balls of my feet and wavered. My fingers came out of my ears, my hair came down over my eyes. Then he looked away from me, took his watch out of his pocket and enquired, 'Is the food ready?' in a voice that came out of his nose like the whistle of a punctual train. He skated off towards his meal, I turned and slouched back to my room.

35

40

Explore the ways in which Desai memorably portrays Suno's feelings here and elsewhere in the story.

Or †17 Explore how Desai vividly portrays the lives of women in Indian society in short stories.

Or 18 You are Bina in *The Farewell Party*. The party has not yet begun.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for Bina at this moment in the story.

**BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather***

**Either \*19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

They had just tucked away their mugs when Makhaya appeared. He walked to his own hut to remove a blue overall and then approached the women. They all stood up and said, 'Good-day, sir,' together. Makhaya paused, looked at them, smiled and said, 'Good-morning,' in a friendly, natural voice as though he was long accustomed to receiving people as his guests. Then he said, 'Follow me,' and led the way to a part of the yard where a small plot of tobacco had been cultivated.

5

The experimental plot was forty-eight square yards. It had been scaled down to this size by Gilbert, as being the most manageable area for each individual woman to cultivate in her own yard. But one hundred such plots were needed to produce the quantity of tobacco that would be profitable to market, and this also meant that a hundred or more women had to become involved in the project.

10

The small group of women, including Paulina, at first felt a little inhibited. They were unaccustomed to a man speaking to them as an equal. They stood back awhile, with uneasy expressions, but once it struck them that he paid no attention to them as women, they also forgot he was a man and became absorbed in following his explanations. And this was really part of the magic of Makhaya's personality. He could make people feel at ease. He could change a whole attitude of mind merely in the way he raised his hand or smiled. But he never exerted himself, seeming to leave it to the other party with whom he was communicating to do all the exerting and changing.

15

He stood and pointed to the plot on which a foot high of tobacco was already growing. It was growing on a gently sloping mound, and this had been created by building up the soil in a heap, the same as when one constantly pitches ash in one place. The need for this mound was to assist in draining the soil, as well-drained soil was needed for the tobacco. He also broke off a tobacco leaf and explained the very dark blue-green colouring meant that it was an unripe leaf, but once the leaf had matured it changed to a pale, light olive green.

20

25

He stopped talking awhile and turned and looked at the women to ask them a few direct questions. The experimental plot would be ready for harvesting in about three months' time. If the women harvested, cured and dried this first batch together, they would gain the necessary experience and be able that much sooner to cultivate, harvest and process their own tobacco. Therefore, it had been decided by him and Gilbert that the first tobacco curing shed be built in the yard of someone who lived nearest the farm.

30

35

'Who lives near the farm?' he asked.

40

The women all turned and looked at Paulina Sebeso, Makhaya also followed the direction of their glance, and a faint, quizzical expression flitted across his face, as though he knew the woman but could not remember under what circumstances he had met her. Certainly, the gaudy-hued skirt was familiar. Certainly, he remembered the big, bold eyes. Paulina bent her head in alarm and embarrassment.

45

'I live near the farm,' she muttered.

How does Head's writing make this such a significant moment in the novel?

- Or †20 Explore **one** moment in the novel which Head makes particularly dramatic.
- Or 21 You are George Appleby-Smith. You have just told Makhaya that you will support her over his residence in Botswana.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for George Appleby-Smith at this moment in the novel.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Either \*22 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau – Gatsby with his head thrown back defiantly – taken apparently when he was about eighteen.

‘I adore it,’ exclaimed Daisy. ‘The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour – or a yacht.’

5

‘Look at this’ said Gatsby quickly. ‘Here’s a lot of clippings – about you.’

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang, and Gatsby took up the receiver.

‘Yes . . . well, I can’t talk now . . . I can’t talk now, old sport . . . I said a *small* town . . . he must know what a small town is . . . well, he’s no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town . . .’

10

He rang off.

‘Come here *quick!*’ cried Daisy at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

15

‘Look at that,’ she whispered, and then after a moment: ‘I’d like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.’

I tried to go then, but they wouldn’t hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

20

‘I know what we’ll do,’ said Gatsby ‘we’ll have Klipspringer play the piano.’

He went out of the room calling ‘Ewing!’ and returned in a few minutes accompanied by an embarrassed, slightly worn young man, with shell-rimmed glasses and scanty blond hair. He was now decently clothed in a ‘sport shirt,’ open at the neck, sneakers, and duck trousers of a nebulous hue.

25

‘Did we interrupt your exercises?’ inquired Daisy politely.

‘I was asleep,’ cried Mr. Klipspringer, in a spasm of embarrassment. ‘That is, I’d BEEN asleep. Then I got up . . .’

‘Klipspringer plays the piano,’ said Gatsby, cutting him off. Don’t you, Ewing, old sport?’

30

‘I don’t play well. I don’t – I hardly play at all. I’m all out of prac—’

‘We’ll go down-stairs,’ interrupted Gatsby. He flipped a switch. The gray windows disappeared as the house glowed full of light.

In the music-room Gatsby turned on a solitary lamp beside the piano. He lit Daisy’s cigarette from a trembling match, and sat down with her on a couch far across the room, where there was no light save what the gleaming floor bounced in from the hall.

35

When Klipspringer had played ‘The Love Nest’ he turned around on the bench and searched unhappily for Gatsby in the gloom.

40

‘I’m all out of practice, you see. I told you I couldn’t play. I’m all out of prac—’

‘Don’t talk so much, old sport,’ commanded Gatsby. ‘Play!’

‘In the morning,  
In the evening,  
Ain’t we got fun—’

45

Outside the wind was loud and there was a faint flow of thunder along the Sound. All the lights were going on in West Egg now; the electric trains, men carrying were plunging home through the rain from New York. It was

the hour of a profound human change, and excitement was generating on the air.

‘One thing’s sure and nothing’s surer  
The rich get richer and the poor get – children.  
In the meantime,  
In between time –’

55

As I went over to say good-bye I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby’s face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams – not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man can store up in his ghostly heart.

60

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn’t be over-dreamed – that voice was a deathless song.

65

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn’t know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

70

Explore the ways in which Fitzgerald portrays the relationship between Gatsby and Daisy here and elsewhere in the novel.

**Or** †23 How far does Fitzgerald’s presentation of Myrtle Wilson encourage you to feel sympathy for her? Support your answer by close reference to Fitzgerald’s writing.

**Or** 24 You are Tom Buchanan on hearing of the deaths of Gatsby and Wilson.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for the occasion.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Either \*25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

As he reached the door he met Zeena coming back into the room, her lips twitching with anger, a flush of excitement on her sallow face. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders and was dragging at her down-trodden heels, and in her hands she carried the fragments of the red glass pickle-dish.

5

"I'd like to know who done this," she said, looking sternly from Ethan to Mattie.

There was no answer, and she continued in a trembling voice: "I went to get those powders I'd put away in father's old spectacle-case, top of the china-closet, where I keep the things I set store by, so's folks shan't meddle with them —" Her voice broke, and two small tears hung on her lashless lids and ran slowly down her cheeks. "It takes the step-ladder to get at the top shelf, and I put Aunt Philura Maple's pickle-dish up there o' purpose when we was married, and it's never been down since, 'cept for the spring cleaning, and then I always lifted it with my own hands, so's 't shouldn't get broke." She laid the fragments reverently on the table. "I want to know who done this," she quavered.

10

At the challenge Ethan turned back into the room and faced her. "I can tell you, then. The cat done it."

"The *cat*?"

20

"That's what I said."

She looked at him hard, and then turned her eyes to Mattie, who was carrying the dish-pan to the table.

"I'd like to know how the cat got into my china-closet," she said.

"Chasin' mice, I guess," Ethan rejoined. "There was a mouse round the kitchen all last evening."

25

Zeena continued to look from one to the other; then she emitted her small strange laugh. "I knew the cat was a smart cat," she said in a high voice, "but I didn't know he was smart enough to pick up the pieces of my pickle-dish and lay 'em edge to edge on the very shelf he knocked 'em off of."

30

Mattie suddenly drew her arms out of the steaming water. "It wasn't Ethan's fault, Zeena! The cat *did* break the dish; but I got it down from the china-closet, and I'm the one to blame for its getting broken."

Zeena stood beside the ruin of her treasure, stiffening into a stony image of resentment, "*You* got down my pickle-dish – what for?"

35

A bright flush flew to Mattie's cheeks. "I wanted to make the supper-table pretty," she said.

"You wanted to make the supper-table pretty; and you waited till my back was turned, and took the thing I set most store by of anything I've got, and wouldn't never use it, not even when the minister come to dinner, or Aunt Martha Pierce come over from Bettsbridge —" Zeena paused with a gasp, as if terrified by her own evocation of the sacrilege. "You're a bad girl, Mattie Silver, and I always known it. It's the way your father begun, and I was warned of it when I took you, and I tried to keep my things where you couldn't get at 'em — and now you've took from me the one I cared for most of all — She broke off in a short spasm of sobs that passed and left her more than ever like a shape of stone.

40

45

"If I'd 'a' listened to folks, you'd 'a' gone before now, and this wouldn't 'a' happened," she said; and gathering up the bits of broken glass she went out of the room as if she carried a dead body. . . .

50

What does Wharton make you feel about Zeena and the way she behaves on one other occasion in the novel?

**Or** †26 Explore how Wharton makes Ethan's and Mattie's episode with the sled such a memorable and significant moment in the novel. Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or** 27 You are the narrator at the end of novel thinking about the story you have just told.

Write your thoughts, assuming a suitable voice for the occasion.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

**Either \*28** Read the following extract from *The Signalman*, and then answer the questions that follow it:

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the fieldpath near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signalman's box.

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Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

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The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft a little low hut entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

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With an irresistible sense that something was wrong – with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did – I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

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'What is the matter?' I asked the men.

'Signalman killed this morning, sir.'

'Not the man belonging to that box?'

'Yes, sir.'

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'Not the man I know?'

'You will recognise him, sir, if you knew him,' said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head, and raising an end of the tarpaulin, 'for his face is quite composed.'

'Oh, how did this happen, how did this happen?' I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

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'He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom.'

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The man who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

'Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir,' he said, 'I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call.'

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'What did you say?'

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'I said, "Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!" I started.

'Ah! It was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no

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Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the engine-driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signalman had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself – not he – had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

How does Dickens make this passage such a powerful ending to the story?

- Or †29 Explore how the writer shows that the narrator becomes wiser as a result of what happens in **either** *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal) **or** *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton).
- Or 30 You are Jenny in *The Yellow Wallpaper*. You have just failed to persuade your sister-in-law to come out of her room on her last day in the house and your brother John is on his way home.

Write your thoughts.





