



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/51

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre-20th Century Texts

October/November 2013

2 hours

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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Rosalind is not a simple heroine; she remains an ambiguous figure throughout the play.'

Discuss your own response to Rosalind in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, discuss the following passage, showing how it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Touchstone in the play.

<i>Corin:</i>	And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself; it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is nought. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?	5 10
<i>Corin:</i>	No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.	15
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?	20
<i>Corin:</i>	No, truly.	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Then thou art damn'd.	
<i>Corin:</i>	Nay, I hope.	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.	25
<i>Corin:</i>	For not being at court? Your reason.	
<i>Touchstone:</i>	Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.	30

- Corin:* Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.
- Touchstone:* Instance, briefly; come, instance.
- Corin:* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy. 40
- Touchstone:* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come. 45
- Corin:* Besides, our hands are hard.
- Touchstone:* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.
- Corin:* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet. 50
- Touchstone:* Most shallow man! thou worm's meat in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar – the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 55
- Corin:* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.
- Touchstone:* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.
- Corin:* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. 60
- Touchstone:* That is another simple sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 65 70

Act 3, Scene 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what dramatic effects is Coriolanus contrasted with Aufidius?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following scenes unfold.

SCENE 3. *A highway between Rome and Antium.**Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

- Roman:* I know you well, sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is Adrian.
- Volsce:* It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you. 5
- Roman:* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?
- Volsce:* Nicanor? No!
- Roman:* The same, sir.
- Volsce:* You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey. 10
- Roman:* There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles. 15
- Volsce:* Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.
- Roman:* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out. 20 25
- Volsce:* Coriolanus banish'd!
- Roman:* Banish'd, sir.
- Volsce:* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.
- Roman:* The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fall'n out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country. 30
- Volsce:* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you; you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home. 35
- Roman:* I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you? 40
- Volsce:* A most royal one: the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Roman: I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man,
I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir,
heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Volsce: You take my part from me, sir. I have the most cause to
be glad of yours.

Roman: Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

SCENE 4. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.* 50

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Coriolanus: A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices fore my wars 55
Have I heard groan and drop. Then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, Sir. 60

Citizen: And you.

Coriolanus: Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Citizen: He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night. 65

Coriolanus: Which is his house, beseech you?

Citizen: This here before you.

Coriolanus: Thank you, sir; farewell.
[Exit Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, 70
Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out 75
To bitterest enmity; so fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends 80
And interjoin their issues. So with me:

My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit. 85

Act 4, Scenes 3 & 4

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Austen paints a bleak picture of marriage – no couple seems to be at all well matched.'

Discuss Austen's presentation of marriage and married couples in *Sense and Sensibility* in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing in particular what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Colonel Brandon.

'In short, I could learn nothing but that she was gone; all the rest, for eight long months, was left to conjecture. What I thought, what I feared, may be imagined; and what I suffered too.'

'Good heavens!' cried Elinor, 'could it be – could Willoughby!' –

'The first news that reached me of her,' he continued, 'came in a letter from herself, last October. It was forwarded to me from Delaford, and I received it on the very morning of our intended party to Whitwell; and this was the reason of my leaving Barton so suddenly, which I am sure must at the time have appeared strange to every body, and which I believe gave offence to some. Little did Mr Willoughby imagine, I suppose, when his looks censured me for incivility in breaking up the party, that I was called away to the relief of one, whom he had made poor and miserable; but *had* he known it, what would it have availed? Would he have been less gay or less happy in the smiles of your sister? No, he had already done that, which no man who *can* feel for another, would do. He had left the girl whose youth and innocence he had seduced, in a situation of the utmost distress, with no creditable home, no help, no friends, ignorant of his address! He had left her promising to return; he neither returned, nor wrote, nor relieved her.'

'This is beyond every thing!' exclaimed Elinor.

'His character is now before you; expensive, dissipated, and worse than both. Knowing all this, as I have now known it many weeks, guess what I must have felt on seeing your sister as fond of him as ever, and on being assured that she was to marry him; guess what I must have felt for all your sakes. When I came to you last week and found you alone, I came determined to know the truth; though irresolute what to do when it was known. My behaviour must have seemed strange to you then; but now you will comprehend it. To suffer you all to be so deceived; to see your sister – but what could I do? I had no hope of interfering with success; and sometimes I thought your sister's influence might yet reclaim him. But now, after such dishonourable usage, who can tell what were his designs on her? Whatever they may have been, however, she may now, and hereafter doubtless *will*, turn with gratitude towards her own condition, when she compares it with that of my poor Eliza, when she considers the wretched and hopeless situation of this poor girl, and pictures her to herself, with an affection for him as strong, still as strong as her own, and with a mind tormented by self-reproach, which must attend her through life. Surely this comparison must have its use with her. She will feel her own sufferings to be nothing. They proceed from no misconduct, and can bring no disgrace. On the contrary, every friend must be made still more her friend by them. Concern for her unhappiness, and respect for her fortitude under it, must strengthen every attachment. Use your own discretion, however, in communicating to her what I have

told you. You must know best what will be its effect; but had I not seriously, and in my heart believed it might be of service, might lessen her regrets, I would not have suffered myself to trouble you with this account of my family afflictions, with a recital which may seem to have been intended to raise myself at the expense of others.'

Elinor's thanks followed this speech with grateful earnestness; attended too with the assurance of her expecting material advantage to Marianne, from the communication of what had passed.

'I have been more pained,' said she, 'by her endeavours to acquit him than by all the rest; for it irritates her mind more than the most perfect conviction of his unworthiness can do. Now, though at first she will suffer much, I am sure she will soon become easier. Have you,' she continued, after a short silence, 'ever seen Mr Willoughby since you left him at Barton?'

'Yes,' he replied gravely, 'once I have. One meeting was unavoidable.'

Chapter 31

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Chaucer's presentation of attitudes to money and wealth in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*.

And now that I have spoken of glotonye,
 Now wol I yow deffenden hasardrye.
 Hasard is verray mooder of lesynges,
 And of deceite, and cursed forswerynges,
 Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughter, and wast also 5
 Of catel and of tyme; and forthermo,
 It is repreeve and contrarie of honour
 For to ben holde a commune hasardour.
 And ever the hyer he is of estaat,
 The moore is he yholden desolaat. 10
 If that a prynce useth hasardrye,
 In alle governaunce and policye
 He is, as by commune opinioun,
 Yholde the lasse in reputacioun.
 Stilboun, that was a wys embassadour, 15
 Was sent to Corynthe, in ful greet honour,
 Fro Lacidomye, to make hire alliaunce.
 And whan he cam, hym happede, par chaunce,
 That alle the gretteste that were of that lond,
 Pleyynge atte hasard he hem fond. 20
 For which, as soon as it myghte be,
 He stal hym hoom agayn to his contree,
 And seyde, "Ther wol I nat lese my name,
 Ne I wol nat take on me so greet defame,
 Yow for to allie unto none hasardours. 25
 Sendeth othere wise embassadours;
 For, by my trouthe, me were levere dye
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
 For ye, that been go glorious in honours,
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours 30
 As by my wyl, ne as by my treetee."
 This wise philosophre, thus seyde hee.
 Looke eek that to the kyng Demetrius,
 The kyng of Parthes, as the book seith us,
 Sente him a paire of dees of gold in scorn, 35
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
 For which he heeld his glorie or his renoun
 At no value or reputacioun.
 Lordes may fynden oother maner pley
 Honest ynough to dryve the day away. 40

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets*, ed. Gardner)

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The similarities between Donne's religious poetry and his love poetry are greater than the differences.'

How far do you agree with this view? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Donne's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

Aire and Angels

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee, Before I knew thy face or name; So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame, <i>Angells</i> affect us oft, and worship'd bee;	5
Still when, to where thou wert, I came, Some lovely glorious nothing I did see. But since my soule, whose child love is, Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe, More subtile than the parent is, Love must not be, but take a body too,	10
And therefore what thou wert, and who, I bid Love aske, and now That it assume thy body, I allow, And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.	
Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, And so more steddily to have gone, With wares which would sinke admiration, I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught, Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;	15
For, nor in nothing, nor in things Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere; Then as an Angell, face, and wings Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare, So thy love may be my loves speare;	20
Just such disparitie As is twixt Aire and Angels puritie, 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.	25

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects created by Eliot's presentation of families and family life in *Marner*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Silas and Eppie.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and 'make her remember'. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole – a small closet near the hearth. 5

'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes – 'naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.' 10

He half-expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, 'Opy, opy!' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go into the coal-hole – a black naughty place.' 15

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future – though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more. 20

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, 'Eppie in de toal-hole!' 25

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. 'She'd take it all for fun,' he observed to Dolly, 'if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of.' 30

'Well, that's partly true, Master Marner,' said Dolly, sympathetically; 'and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw – worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em; it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is.' 35

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience: and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials. 40

Turn to Page 12 for Question 7

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Hardy's use of coincidence and chance in *The Return of The Native*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Diggory Venn.

While he darned the stocking his face became rigid with thought. Softer expressions followed this, and then again recurred the tender sadness which had sat upon him during his drive along the highway that afternoon. Presently his needle stopped. He laid down the stocking, arose from his seat, and took a leather pouch from a hook in the corner of the van. This contained among other articles a brown-paper packet, which, to judge from the hinge-like character of its worn folds, seemed to have been carefully opened and closed a good many times. He sat down on a three-legged milking-stool that formed the only seat in the van, and, examining his packet by the light of a candle, took thence an old letter and spread it open. The writing had originally been traced on white paper, but the letter had now assumed a pale red tinge from the accident of its situation; and the black strokes of writing thereon looked like the twigs of a winter hedge against a vermillion sunset. The letter bore a date some two years previous to that time, and was signed 'Thomasin Yeobright'. It ran as follows: –

DEAR DIGGORY VENN, – The question you put when you overtook me coming home from Pond-close gave me such a surprise that I am afraid I did not make you exactly understand what I meant. Of course, if my aunt had not met me I could have explained all then at once, but as it was there was no chance. I have been quite uneasy since, as you know I do not wish to pain you, yet I fear I shall be doing so now in contradicting what I seemed to say then. I cannot, Diggory, marry you, or think of letting you call me your sweetheart. I could not, indeed, Diggory. I hope you will not much mind my saying this, and feel in a great pain. It makes me very sad when I think it may, for I like you very much, and I always put you next to my cousin Clym in my mind. There are so many reasons why we cannot be married that I can hardly name them all in a letter. I did not in the least expect that you were going to speak on such a thing when you followed me, because I had never thought of you in the sense of a lover at all. You must not becall me for laughing when you spoke; you mistook when you thought I laughed at you as a foolish man. I laughed because the idea was so odd, and not at you at all. The great reason with my own personal self for not letting you court me is, that I do not feel the things a woman ought to feel who consents to walk with you with the meaning of being your wife. It is not as you think, that I have another in my mind, for I do not encourage anybody, and never have in my life. Another reason is my aunt. She would not, I know, agree to it, even if I wished to have you. She likes you very well, but she will want me to look a little higher than a small dairy-farmer, and marry a professional man. I hope you will not set your heart against me for writing plainly, but I felt you might try to see me again, and it is better that we should not meet. I shall always think of you as a good man, and be anxious for your well-doing. I send this by Jane Orchard's little maid, – And remain Diggory, your faithful friend,

THOMASIN YEOBRIGHT

TO MR VENN, DAIRY-FARMER

Since the arrival of that letter, on a certain autumn morning long ago, the reddleman and Thomasin had not met till today. During the interval he had shifted his position even further from hers than it had originally been, by adopting the redde

trade; though he was really in very good circumstances still. Indeed, seeing that his expenditure was only one-fourth of his income, he might have been called a prosperous man.

Chapter 9, Book 1

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MIDDLETON: *The Changeling*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Middleton's use of deception and disguise in *The Changeling*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterisation of Beatrice.

[Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO.

Diaphanta: The place is my charge, you have kept your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
I hear my lady coming; complete gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
Th'are dangerous things to deal with. [Exit. 5

Alsemero: This goes well;
These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.
[Enter BEATRICE. 10

Beatrice: I have within mine eye all my desires;
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects,
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes. 15

Alsemero: W'are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals. [Kisses her.

Beatrice: How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! This poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't: how well were I now
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
I should be but too much blessed. 20
25

Alsemero: One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it too,
Since you are so distress'd; remove the cause,
The command ceases, so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast. 30

Beatrice: Pray let me find you, sir.
What might that service be so strangely happy?

Alsemero: The honourablest piece 'bout man, valour.
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beatrice: How? Call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are not you ventured in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray, no more, sir.
Say you prevail'd, y'are danger's and not mine then;
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive. 35
40
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh keep not one
Of this condition, sir; here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:

The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em.
 Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,
 [*Aside.*]—And now I think on one: I was to blame,
 I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn;
 'T had been done questionless; the ugliest creature
 Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
 I could not mark so much where it should be!

50

Alsemero: Lady—

Beatrice: [*aside.*] Why, men of art make much of poison,
 Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

Alsemero: Lady, you hear not me.

55

Beatrice: I do especially, sir;
 The present times are not so sure of our side
 As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then
 As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
 Till the time opens.

60

Alsemero: You teach wisdom, lady.

Beatrice: Within there; Diaphanta!

[*Enter DIAPHANTA.*]

Diaphanta: Do you call, madam?

Beatrice: Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
 The private way you brought him.

65

Act 2, Scene 2

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