
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (US)

9276/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and other pre 20th-Century Texts

May/June 2015

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 1 **Either** (a) *Lodovico*: 'O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a damned slave...'

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the role and characterization of Othello in the light of Lodovico's comment.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and action, consider the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role and characterization of Iago.

Othello: Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cassio: Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't. 5

Othello: Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. [*To Desdemona*]
Come, my dear love, 10
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come twixt me and you. –
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona
and Attendants.*]

Enter IAGO. 15

Cassio: Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago: Not this hour, Lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten a clock.
Our general cast us thus early for the love of his
Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame. He
hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and
she is sport for Jove. 20

Cassio: She is a most exquisite lady.

Iago: And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cassio: Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago: What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to
provocation. 25

Cassio: An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago: And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cassio: She is indeed perfection.

Iago: Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, Lieutenant,
I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace
of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure
to the health of the black Othello. 30

Cassio: Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and
unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish 35

courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

- Iago:* O, they are our friends – but one cup; I'll drink for you.
- Cassio:* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 40
- Iago:* What man! 'Tis a night of revels. The gallants desire it. 45
- Cassio:* Where are they?
- Iago:* Here at the door; I pray you call them in.
- Cassio:* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.
- Iago:* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already, 50
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool
Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side
outward, 55
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus – noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle – 60
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle – but here they come. 65
- Re-enter CASSIO with MONTANO, and Gentlemen,
followed by Servant with wine.*
- If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.
- Cassio:* Fore God, they have given me a rouse already. 70
- Montano:* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
- Iago:* Some wine, ho!
[Sings] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink. 75
A soldier's a man;
O, man's life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink –
Some wine, boys.
- Cassio:* Fore God, an excellent song! 80

Act 2 Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*

- 2 **Either** (a) *Volumnia:* 'Thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.'

Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the character Coriolanus in the light of his mother's comment about him.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the role of Tullus Aufidius.

<i>Aufidius:</i>	Read it not, noble lords; But tell the traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your powers.	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Traitor! How now?	
<i>Aufidius:</i>	Ay, traitor, Marcius.	5
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Marcus!	
<i>Aufidius:</i>	Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus! Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus, in Corioli? You lords and heads o' th' state, perfidiously He has betray'd your business and given up, For certain drops of salt, your city Rome – I say your city – to his wife and mother; Breaking his oath and resolution like A twist of rotten silk; never admitting Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears He whin'd and roar'd away your victory, That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wond'ring each at others.	10 15
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Hear'st thou, Mars?	20
<i>Aufidius:</i>	Name not the god, thou boy of tears –	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Ha!	
<i>Aufidius:</i>	– no more.	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave! Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords, Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion – Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that Must bear my beating to his grave – shall join To thrust the lie unto him.	25 30
<i>1 Lord:</i>	Peace, both, and hear me speak.	
<i>Coriolanus:</i>	Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads, Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' False hound! If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli. Alone I did it. 'Boy!'	35
<i>Aufidius:</i>	Why, noble lords,	

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
Fore your own eyes and ears?

- Conspirators:* Let him die for't.
- All The People:* Tear him to pieces. Do it presently. He kill'd my son.
My daughter. He kill'd my cousin Marcus. He kill'd my father. 45
- 2 Lord:* Peace, ho! No outrage – peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace. 50
- Coriolanus:* O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more – his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
- Aufidius:* Insolent villain! 55
- Conspirators:* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators draw and kill Coriolanus, who falls. Aufidius stands on him.*]
- Lords:* Hold, hold, hold, hold!
- Aufidius:* My noble masters, hear me speak. 60
- 1 Lord:* O Tullus!
- 2 Lord:* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
- 3 Lord:* Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.
- Aufidius:* My lords, when you shall know – as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot – the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure. 65
- 1 Lord:* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn. 75
- 2 Lord:* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.
- Aufidius:* My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up. 80
Help, three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. 85
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.
A dead march sounded.*]

Act 5 Scene 6

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss Austen's presentation of different attitudes to marriage in *Pride and Prejudice*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following passage, showing in particular what it contributes to your understanding of the relationship between Elizabeth and Darcy.

He was struggling for the appearance of composure, and would not open his lips, till he believed himself to have attained it. The pause was to Elizabeth's feelings dreadful. At length, in a voice of forced calmness, he said,

'And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance.' 5

'I might as well inquire', replied she, 'why with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my own feelings decided against you, had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?' 10

As she pronounced these words, Mr Darcy changed colour; but the emotion was short, and he listened without attempting to interrupt her while she continued. 15

'I have every reason in the world to think ill of you. No motive can excuse the unjust and ungenerous part you acted *there*. You dare not, you cannot deny that you have been the principal, if not the only means of dividing them from each other, of exposing one to the censure of the world for caprice and instability, the other to its derision for disappointed hopes, and involving them both in misery of the acutest kind.' 20

She paused, and saw with no slight indignation that he was listening with an air which proved him wholly unmoved by any feeling of remorse. He even looked at her with a smile of affected incredulity. 25

'Can you deny that you have done it?' she repeated.

With assumed tranquillity he then replied, 'I have no wish of denying that I did everything in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself.' 30

Elizabeth disdained the appearance of noticing this civil reflection, but its meaning did not escape, nor was it likely to conciliate her.

'But it is not merely this affair', she continued, 'on which my dislike is founded.—Long before it had taken place, my opinion of you was decided. Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr Wickham. On this subject, what can you have to say? In what imaginary act of friendship can you here defend yourself? or under what misrepresentation can you here impose upon others?' 35

'You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns,' said Darcy, in a less tranquil tone, and with a heightened colour. 40

'Who that knows what his misfortunes have been, can help feeling an interest in him?'

‘His misfortunes!’ repeated Darcy contemptuously—‘yes, his misfortunes have been great indeed.’

‘And of your infliction,’ cried Elizabeth with energy. ‘You have reduced him to his present state of poverty—comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages which you must know to have been designed for him.—You have deprived the best years of his life, of that independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this! and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule.’

50

‘And this’, cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, ‘is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps’, added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, ‘these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I, with greater policy, concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by every thing. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just.’

55

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Chapter 34

EMILY DICKINSON: *Selected Poems*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Dickinson presents death and dying. You should **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, discuss the following poem, relating it to Dickinson's methods and concerns in other poems in your selection.

I dreaded that first Robin, so,
But He is mastered, now,
I'm some accustomed to Him grown,
He hurts a little, though —

I thought if I could only live 5
Till that first Shout got by —
Not all Pianos in the Woods
Had power to mangle me —

I dared not meet the Daffodils — 10
For fear their Yellow Gown
Would pierce me with a fashion
So foreign to my own —

I wished the Grass would hurry —
So — when 'twas time to see — 15
He'd be too tall, the tallest one
Could stretch — to look at me —

I could not bear the Bees should come,
I wished they'd stay away
In those dim countries where they go,
What word had they, for me? 20

They're here, though; not a creature failed —
No blossom stayed away
In gentle deference to me —
The Queen of Calvary —

Each one salutes me, as he goes, 25
And I, my childish Plumes,
Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment
Of their unthinking Drums —

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *The Scarlet Letter*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Hawthorne uses symbols in *The Scarlet Letter*, and what they contribute to the meaning and effects of the novel.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following extract, showing what it contributes to your understanding of the characterization of Arthur Dimmesdale.

Shortly afterwards, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break and find him there. The neighbourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely-defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half-crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then—the morning light still waxing stronger—old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames, without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages, who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth, with his King James' ruff fastened askew, and Mistress Hibbins, with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a death-bed, and liking ill to be disturbed, thus early, out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither, likewise, would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolized their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms, which now, by-the-bye, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantily have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom, but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half-frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

Chapter 12

MARK TWAIN: *Huckleberry Finn*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Twain's presentation of relationships between adults and children in the novel *Huckleberry Finn*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative techniques, discuss the following passage, showing what it contributes to your understanding of Huck.

I wished I was out of that tree, but I dasn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and 'lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other young chap) would make up for this day, yet. He said his father and his two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them, in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to waited for their relations—the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia. He said they'd got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill Harney that day he shot at him—I hain't ever heard anything like it. 5

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns—the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the river—both of them hurt—and as they swum down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them, kill them!" It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I ain't agoing to tell *all* that happened—it would make me sick again if I was to do that. I wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night, to see such things. I ain't ever going to get shut of them—lots of times I dream about them. 10 15

I staid in the tree till it begun to get dark, afraid to come down. Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods; and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns; so I reckoned the trouble was still agoing on. I was mighty down-hearted; so I made up my mind I wouldn't ever go anear that house again, because I reckoned I was to blame, somehow. I judged that that piece of paper meant that Miss Sophia was to meet Harney somewheres at half-past two and run off; and I judged I ought to told her father about that paper and the curious way she acted, and then maybe he would a locked her up and this awful mess wouldn't ever happened. 20 25

When I got down out of the tree, I crept along down the river bank a piece, and found the two bodies laying in the edge of the water, and tugged at them till I got them ashore; then I covered up their faces, and got away as quick as I could. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me. 30

Chapter 18

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