

Section A: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Miller shapes an audience's response to Chris Keller in *All My Sons*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Miller's presentation of Ann's relationship with the Keller family in the following passage. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

Keller: Goddam, if Larry was alive he wouldn't act like this.

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that?

What's

(from Act 3)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 2** **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present women's attitudes to men in the play? [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Don John and Borachio in the following scene. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

[Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.]

Don John: It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borachio: Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

Don John: Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be med'cinable to me. I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage? 5

Borachio: Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

Don John: Show me briefly how.

Borachio: I think I told your lordship a year since how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

Don John: I remember.

Borachio: I can at any unseasonable instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window. 15

Don John: What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Borachio: The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio – whose estimation do you mightily hold up – to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero. 20

Don John: What proof shall I make of that?

Borachio: Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 25

Don John: Only to despite them I will endeavour anything.

Borachio: Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio – as in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid – that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding – for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent – and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 30
35
40

Don John: Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice.
Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand
ducats.

Borachio: Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not
shame me. 45

Don John: I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

(Act 2 Scene 2)

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 3** **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Soyinka presents religion in these plays. [25]
- Or** (b) How does Soyinka shape an audience's response to Jero in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*? In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

[*The Beach*.

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temptation. Pray for strength against

(from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 3)

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the exploration of crime and its punishment in *The Changeling*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of the relationship between De Flores and Beatrice in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

[Enter DE FLORES.]

- De Flores* [aside.]: Yonder's she.
 Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
 I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;
 Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little, 5
 Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses
 To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
 And less encouragement; for she baits me still
 Every time worse than other, does profess herself
 The cruellest enemy to my face in town, 10
 At no hand can abide the sight of me,
 As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks.
 I must confess my face is bad enough,
 But I know far worse has better fortune,
 And not endur'd alone, but doted on: 15
 And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',
 Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
 As if they grew in fear one of another,
 Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
 The tears of perjury that lie there like wash 20
 Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye, –
 Yet such a one pluck'd sweets without restraint,
 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
 I tumbled into th'world a gentleman. 25
 She turns her blessed eye upon me now,
 And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.
- Beatrice* [aside.]: Again!
 – This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
 Than all my other passions. 30
- De Flores* [aside.]: Now't begins again;
 I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.
- Beatrice*: Thy business? What's thy business?
- De Flores* [aside.]: Soft and fair,
 I cannot part so soon now. 35
- Beatrice* [aside.]: The villain's fix'd –
 [To DE FLORES] Thou standing toad-pool!
- De Flores* [aside.]: The shower falls amain now.
- Beatrice*: Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight.
- De Flores*: My lord your father charg'd me to deliver
 A message to you. 40
- Beatrice*: What, another since?
 Do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee.

<i>De Flores:</i>	True service merits mercy.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	What's thy message?	45
<i>De Flores:</i>	Let beauty settle but in patience, You shall hear all.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	A dallying, trifling torment!	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady, Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo –	50
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Slave, when wilt make an end?	
<i>De Flores</i>	[<i>aside.</i>]: Too soon I shall.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	What all this while of him?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	The said Alonzo, With the foresaid Tomazo –	55
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Yet again?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Is new alighted.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Vengeance strike the news! Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this To bring thee to my sight?	60
<i>De Flores:</i>	My lord your father Charg'd me to seek you out.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Is there no other To send his errand by?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	It seems 'tis my luck To be i' th'way still.	65
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Get thee from me.	
<i>De Flores</i>	[<i>aside.</i>]: So; Why, am not I an ass to devise ways Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still! I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again, I know't, and like a common Garden-bull, I do but take breath to be lugg'd again. What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less, Because there's daily precedents of bad faces Belov'd beyond all reason; these foul chops May come into favour one day 'mongst his fellows: Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime; As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen Women have chid themselves abed to men.	70
	[<i>Exit DE FLORES.</i>]	75
<i>Beatrice:</i>	I never see this fellow, but I think Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still; I scarce leave trembling of an hour after. The next good mood I find my father in, I'll get him quite discarded: oh, I was Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes To bear down all my comforts.	80
		85

(from Act 2 Scene 1)

Section B: Poetry

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Browning present human relationships in **two** poems from your selection? [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the effects of the music in the following extract from *A Toccata of Galuppi's*. [25]

from *A Toccata of Galuppi's*

I

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

II

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where Saint Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

5

III

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 't is arched by ... what you call
... Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival:
I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

10

IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

15

V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

20

VI

Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off and afford
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword,
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can but try!'

25

VIII

'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?'—'Yes. And you?'
—'Then, more kisses!'—'Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!

30

11

IX

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay! 35
'I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!'

X

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
Death stepped tacitly and took them where they never see the sun. 40

XI

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor swerve,
While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
In you come with your cold music till I creep thro' every nerve.

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned:
'Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned.
'The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned. 45

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Sheers presents the countryside in **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill*. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Sheers presents the relationship. [25]

Keyways

Strange then, that this should be our last time together.
 Standing in line at the locksmith's
 waiting for a set of your keys to be cut
 so I can visit your flat when you're out
 and take back all that's mine again. 5

The hot day outside presses to the shop window glass,
 lights the uncut sets along the wall
 like lucky charms along a bracelet.
 And I realise that's how I felt when we first met –
 an uncut key, a smooth blade, edentate, 10

waiting your impression, the milling and grooves
 of moments in time, until our keyways would fit,
 as they finally did in that chapel, our breaths
 rising and falling in unison as we listened to the *Messiah*,
 touching at elbow, shoulder and hip 15

like a pair of Siamese twins sharing one lung.
 From then on I was sure we were keyed alike.
 That our combinations matched,
 our tumblers aligned precisely to give and roll perfectly
 into the other's empty spaces. 20

And at night, when you slept facing away from me
 and I held the bow of your hip,
 again it was a coming home, my stomach, the small of your back,
 my knees in the hollows of yours, a master key fit.
 So when did the bolt slip? The blade break in the mouth? 25

Useless now, I understand, to try and unpick the months
 back to that second when, for the first time,
 one of us made a turn that failed to dock,
 went nowhere, stuck half-way, leaving us
 waiting the expected click, which never came. 30

So strange then, that we should do this now,
 this cutting of keys, just when we're changing all the locks.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems explore sadness. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract from *Darkness*, analysing ways in which Byron creates atmosphere. [25]

from *Darkness*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air; 5
 Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,
 And men forgot their passions in the dread
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones, 10
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
 The habitations of all things which dwell,
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
 And men were gathered round their blazing homes
 To look once more into each other's face; 15
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks 20
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.

(George Gordon, Lord Byron)

GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Clarke explores the effects of time passing in **two** poems. [25]
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the speaker's feelings about the baby in the following poem. [25]

Baby-sitting

I am sitting in a strange room listening
 For the wrong baby. I don't love
 This baby. She is sleeping a snuffly
 Roseate, bubbling sleep; she is fair;
 She is a perfectly acceptable child. 5

I am afraid of her. If she wakes
 She will hate me. She will shout
 Her hot midnight rage, her nose
 Will stream disgustingly and the perfume
 Of her breath will fail to enchant me. 10

To her I will represent absolute
 Abandonment. For her it will be worse
 Than for the lover cold in lonely
 Sheets; worse than for the woman who waits
 A moment to collect her dignity 15

Beside the bleached bone in the terminal ward.
 As she rises sobbing from the monstrous land
 Stretching for milk-familiar comforting,
 She will find me and between us two
 It will not come. It will not come. 20

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TURN OVER FOR SECTION C.

Section C: Prose**IAN McEWAN: *Atonement***

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects of McEwan's use of the four-part structure of the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the relationship between Robbie and Cecilia. [25]

But there was one external development, one shadow that he had to refer to.

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Cee.'

(from Part 2)

NGŪGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of the villagers' arrival in the city after the Journey. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Wanja's experience in the following passage. [25]

'At about this time a certain man came and bought a plot very near our home, and he put up a stone building with a huge iron tank for catching rainwater.

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I became a little more studious and even endured the leering triumphant laughter and snide comments of the maths teacher.

(from Chapter 2)

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 11 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories present the death of a character. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Plantation* presents Namidi and the plantation. [25]

The plantation grew from the moist underbelly of the Jesse swamps. That place where a luxuriant mesh of greenery blocked away the sun and surrounded everything in sight; just as it surrounded Namidi that morning as he moved about to inspect his trees and traps. He walked across the winding tract of grassy soil – beaten out of the forest at the onset of planting seasons by the young men of the village, with hoes and machetes, spurred on by the bullish power of the native beer. It was the *harmattan* season; the parching land breeze charged at him from the rubber trees and made the hairs on his skin bristle. 5

This place was an emblem of life to him – the high-pitched whistle of the birds; the cold drizzle of early morning dew; the soft, earthy, muskiness of the air; the endless reams of foliage and the rubber trees that glistened with sap. The plantation seemed to glow with a curious mysteriousness which followed him about as he moved abstractedly, slashing at the banners of plant-leaves that heaved across his path, his face a picture of dark brooding. 10

There followed a small moment of prickling silence, when it seemed as if the murmur of the plantation was suspended in a state of waiting; as though giving audience to some novelty event. Namidi's nostrils picked up an odd, sickly smell that set his stomach on edge as he moved about; and with it floated an alien, trickling sound. He paused in mid-stride and cocked his ears at the trees. He stood still for a long time, listening, watching and sniffing, until, perhaps touched by an uncertain impulse, he looked behind a thicket a few feet away. 15

If the trees had started talking to him he would not have been more surprised. A stream of fluid burst forth from the ground and splashed all around in a wayward arc. It flowed across the adjoining greenery, which seemed to shrink away from the onslaught. He watched as a puddle of fluid gathered around him and washed across the plantation. With his senses invaded by the strong stench, he realized it was petrol. 20

Once, many years ago, some men from the city in khaki uniforms had come to the village with long pipes and heavy trucks. Their spectacle had held the attention of the village people for many days. They had dug across the village grounds, through the plantation and the nearby forests; buried the pipes and then left. A pipe must have broken, was the first thought that came to Namidi; he must ask the village head to do something about it. 25

But such noble thoughts soon evaporated as he turned the matter over in his mind. Yes, it was surely petrol, but of what benefit would this be to him? There was an opportunity here, if only the meddling of the villagers would let him. Then a small grin lit up his face. Yes, he knew what to do. 30

He filled the rubber gourd with some petrol and then started towards the village. When he emerged from the plantation the early morning sun was rising confidently in the skies. He walked on, scarcely responding to the greetings of the village women going to their farms. He, who usually lingered over greetings, now wished the women would all disappear and leave him alone. 35

'Greetings, Sir,' a group of women rallied at him.

'Greetings, good women,' he replied and hurried on without a glance in their direction. 40

'What is wrong with him?' one of them asked as they appraised the retreating figure. Namidi was moving briskly on the narrow path, his head thrust forward, like it was going to fall away from his neck. 45

'He looks like he has seen a ghost,' another said, clapping her hands excitedly.

'And he has this smell around him,' another one added.

'It smells like something they use with their rubber,' said another one. They stared at the departing figure and shook their heads in puzzlement.

50

(*from* The Plantation)

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents slavery in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Huck's experience in the fog in the following passage. [25]

I did wish the fool would think to beat a tin pan, and beat it all the time, but he never did, and it was the still places between the whoops that was making the trouble for me. Well, I fought along, and directly I hears the whoop *behind* me. I was tangled good, now. That was somebody else's whoop, or else I was turned around.

I threw the paddle down. I heard the whoop again; it was behind me yet, but in a different place; it kept coming, and kept changing its place, and I kept answering, till by-and-by it was in front of me again and I knowed the current had swung the canoe's head down stream and I was all right, if that was Jim and not some other raftsmen hollering. I couldn't tell nothing about voices in a fog, for nothing don't look natural nor sound natural in a fog.

The whooping went on, and in about a minute I come a booming down on a cut bank with smoky ghosts of big trees on it, and the current throwed me off to the left and shot by, amongst a lot of snags that fairly roared, the current was tearing by them so swift.

In another second or two it was solid white and still again. I set perfectly still, then, listening to my heart thump, and I reckon I didn't draw a breath while it thumped a hundred.

I just give up, then. I knowed what the matter was. That cut bank was an island, and Jim had gone down 'tother side of it. It warn't no tow-head, that you could float by in ten minutes. It had the big timber of a regular island; it might be five or six mile long and more than a half a mile wide.

I kept quiet, with my ears cocked, about fifteen minutes, I reckon. I was floating along, of course, four or five mile an hour; but you don't ever think of that. No, you *feel* like you are laying dead still on the water; and if a little glimpse of a snag slips by, you don't think to yourself how fast *you're* going, but you catch your breath and think, my! how that snag's tearing along. If you think it ain't dismal and lonesome out in a fog that way, by yourself, in the night, you try it once – you'll see.

Next, for about a half an hour, I whoops now and then; at last I hears the answer a long ways off, and tries to follow it, but I couldn't do it, and directly I judged I'd got into a nest of tow-heads, for I had little dim glimpses of them on both sides of me, sometimes just a narrow channel between; and some that I couldn't see, I knowed was there, because I'd hear the wash of the current against the old dead brush and trash that hung over the banks. Well, I warn't long losing the whoops, down amongst the tow-heads; and I only tried to chase them a little while, anyway, because it was worse than chasing a Jack-o-lantern. You never knowed a sound dodge around so, and swap places so quick and so much.

I had to claw away from the bank pretty lively, four or five times, to keep from knocking the islands out of the river; and so I judged the raft must be butting into the bank every now and then, or else it would get further ahead and clear out of hearing – it was floating a little faster than what I was.

(from Chapter 15)

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