

T S ELIOT: *Four Quartets*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Eliot presents the experience of ageing in *Four Quartets*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Eliot's poetic methods and concerns in *Four Quartets*.

Here is a place of disaffection

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Of time past and time future

Burnt Norton

ATHOL FUGARD: *Township Plays*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways and for what purposes does Fugard use different kinds of humour in his plays? In your answer you should refer in detail to at least **two** plays from your selection.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Fugard's methods and concerns in *Township Plays*.

Higgins: All right.

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How else does a man hope to end up?

No-Good Friday, Scene 3

KAZUO ISHIGURO: *Never Let Me Go*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Ishiguro present the relationship between Kathy and Ruth in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Ishiguro's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

'...But there were a lot of things that didn't make sense back then.

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'If I've got this right, then, well, it looks like I might have blown my chance.'

Chapter 15

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Leah remains very much her father's daughter.'

How far and in what ways would you agree with this view?

- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

Adah

BECAUSE I COULD NOT STOP FOR DEATH – He kindly stopped for me. I was not present at Ruth May's birth but I have seen it now, because I saw each step of it played out in reverse at the end of her life. The closing parenthesis, at the end of the palindrome that was Ruth May. Her final gulp of air as hungry as a baby's first breath. That last howling scream, exactly like the first, and then at the end a fixed, steadfast moving backward out of this world. After the howl, wide-eyed silence without breath. Her bluish face creased with a pressure closing in, the near proximity of the other-than-life that crowds down around the edges of living. Her eyes closed up tightly, and her swollen lips clamped shut. Her spine curved, and her limbs drew in more and more tightly until she seemed impossibly small. While we watched without comprehension, she moved away to where none of us wanted to follow. Ruth May shrank back through the narrow passage between this brief fabric of light and all the rest of what there is for us: the long waiting. Now she will wait the rest of the time. It will be exactly as long as the time that passed before she was born. 5

Because I could not stop for death he kindly stopped for me, or paused at least to strike a glancing blow with his sky-blue mouth as he passed. A lightning that cannot strike twice, our lesson learned in the hateful speed of light. A bite at light at Ruth a truth a sky-blue presentiment and oh how dear we are to ourselves when it comes, it comes, that long, long shadow in the grass. 10 15

Rachel

THERE'S A STRANGE MOMENT IN TIME, after something horrible happens, when you know it's true but you haven't told anyone yet. Of all things, that is what I remember most. It was so quiet. And I thought: Now we have to go in and tell Mother. That Ruth May is, oh, sweet Jesus. Ruth May is gone. We had to tell our parents, and they were still in bed, asleep. 20

I didn't cry at first, and then, I don't know why, but I fell apart when I thought of Mother in bed sleeping. Mother's dark hair would be all askew on the pillow and her face sweet and quiet. Her whole body just not knowing yet. Her body that had carried and given birth to Ruth May last of all. Mother asleep in her nightgown, still believing she had four living daughters. Now we were going to put one foot in front of the other, walk to the back door, go in the house, stand beside our parents' bed, wake up Mother, say to her the words *Ruth May*, say the word *dead*. Tell her, *Mother wake up!* 25 30

The whole world would change then, and nothing would ever be all right again. Not for our family. All the other people in the whole wide world might go on about their business, but for us it would never be normal again. 35

I couldn't move. None of us could. We looked at each other because we knew someone should go but I think we all had the same strange idea that if we stood there without moving forever and ever, we could keep our family the way it was. We would not wake up from this nightmare to find out it was someone's real life, and for once that someone wasn't just a poor unlucky nobody in a shack you could forget 40

about. It was *our* life, the only one we were going to have. The only Ruth May.

Until that moment I'd always believed I could still go home and pretend the Congo never happened. The misery, the hunt, the ants, the embarrassments of all we saw and endured – those were just stories I would tell someday with a laugh and a toss of my hair, when Africa was faraway and make-believe like the people in history books. The tragedies that happened to Africans were not mine. We were different, not just because we were white and had our vaccinations, but because we were simply a much, much luckier kind of person. I would get back home to Bethlehem, Georgia, and be exactly the same Rachel as before. I'd grow up to be a carefree American wife, with nice things and a sensible way of life and three grown sisters to share my ideals and talk to on the phone from time to time. This is what I believed. I'd never planned on being someone different. Never imagined I would be a girl they'd duck their eyes from and whisper about as tragic, for having suffered such a loss.

Book 4, *Bel and the Serpent*

DEREK WALCOTT: *Selected Poetry*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Walcott present ideas and feelings about the colonial history of the Caribbean? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Walcott's poetic methods and concerns in your selection.

The Flock

The grip of winter tightening, its thinned

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both for their need and for my sense of season.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 6 **Either** (a) Williams introduces Jim as 'A nice, ordinary, young man.'

How far and in what ways would you agree that this is how Williams presents Jim in the play?

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, action and tone, analyse the dramatic effects in the following extract, considering ways in which Williams shapes an audience's response to the characters here and elsewhere in the play.

The quarrel was probably precipitated by Amanda's interruption of Tom's creative labor.

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On those occasions they call me – *El Diablo!*

Scene 3

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss in what ways and with what effects Woolf presents depression and insanity in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage and consider how far it is characteristic of Woolf's narrative methods and concerns in the novel.

For they might be parted for hundreds of years, she and Peter; she never wrote a letter and his were dry sticks; but suddenly it would come over her, If he were with me now what would he say? – some days, some sights bringing him back to her calmly, without the old bitterness; which perhaps was the reward of having cared for people; they came back in the middle of St James's Park on a fine morning – indeed they did. But Peter – however beautiful the day might be, and the trees and the grass, and the little girl in pink – Peter never saw a thing of all that. He would put on his spectacles, if she told him to; he would look. It was the state of the world that interested him; Wagner, Pope's poetry, people's characters eternally, and the defects of her own soul. How he scolded her! How they argued! She would marry a Prime Minister and stand at the top of a staircase; the perfect hostess he called her (she had cried over it in her bedroom), she had the makings of the perfect hostess, he said. 5

So she would still find herself arguing in St James's Park, still making out that she had been right – and she had too – not to marry him. For in marriage a little licence, a little independence there must be between people living together day in day out in the same house; which Richard gave her, and she him. (Where was he this morning, for instance? Some committee, she never asked what.) But with Peter everything had to be shared; everything gone into. And it was intolerable, and when it came to that scene in the little garden by the fountain, she had to break with him or they would have been destroyed, both of them ruined, she was convinced; though she had borne about with her for years like an arrow sticking in her heart the grief, the anguish; and then the horror of the moment when someone told her at a concert that he had married a woman met on the boat going to India! Never should she forget all that! Cold, heartless, a prude, he called her. Never could she understand how he cared. But those Indian women did presumably – silly, pretty, flimsy nincompoops. And she wasted her pity. For he was quite happy, he assured her – perfectly happy, though he had never done a thing that they talked of; his whole life had been a failure. It made her angry still. 15

She had reached the Park gates. She stood for a moment, looking at the omnibuses in Piccadilly. 20

She would not say of anyone in the world now that they were this or were that. She felt very young; at the same time unspeakably aged. She sliced like a knife through everything; at the same time was outside, looking on. She had a perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi cabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day. Not that she thought herself clever, or much out of the ordinary. How she had got through life on the few twigs of knowledge Fräulein Daniels gave them she could not think. She knew nothing; no language, no history; she scarcely read a book now, except memoirs in bed; and yet to her it was absolutely absorbing; all this; the cabs passing; and she would not say of Peter, she would not say of herself, I am this, I am that. 25 30 35 40

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