

Section A: Poetry

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss **two** poems, commenting on ways in which Heaney develops the significance of particular objects.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Heaney uses the blackbird to prompt memories.

The Blackbird of Glanmore

On the grass when I arrive,

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In the ivy when I leave.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems in detail, discuss ways in which Owen's poetry seeks to 'destroy the heartless complacency of those at home'.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents different views of the 'dead-beat' soldier.

The Dead-Beat

He dropped – more sullenly than wearily,
 Lay stupid like a cod, heavy like meat,
 And none of us could kick him to his feet;
 Just blinked at my revolver, blearily;
 – Didn't appear to know a war was on, 5
 Or see the blasted trench at which he stared.
 'I'll do 'em in,' he whined. 'If this hand's spared,
 I'll murder them, I will.'

A low voice said,
 'It's Blighty, p'raps, he sees; his pluck's all gone, 10
 Dreaming of all the valiant, that aren't dead:
 Bold uncles, smiling ministerially;
 Maybe his brave young wife, getting her fun
 In some new home, improved materially.
 It's not these stiffs have crazed him; nor the Hun.' 15

We sent him down at last, out of the way.
 Unwounded; – stout lad, too, before that strafe.
 Malingering? Stretcher-bearers winked, 'Not half.'
 Next day I heard the Doc's well-whiskied laugh:
 'That scum you sent last night soon died. Hooray!' 20

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems treat the loss of love.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it explores the relationship between writer and reader.

A Farewell To The Reader

Good reader, now you tasted have
 And smelt of all my flowers,
 The which to get some pain I took,
 And travailed many hours.
 I must request you spoil them not, 5
 Nor do in pieces tear them;
 But if thyself do loathe the scent,
 Give others leave to wear them.
 I shall no whit be discontent,
 For nothing is so pure 10
 But one or other will mislike,
 Thereof we may be sure.
 If he for whom I gathered them
 Take pleasure in the same,
 And that for my presumption 15
 My friends do not me blame;
 And that the savour take effect
 In such as I do know,
 And bring no harm to any else,
 In place where it shall go; 20
 And that when I am distant far,
 It worn be for my sake;
 That some may say, 'God speed her well
 That did this nosegay make.'

Isabella Whitney

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

4 Either (a) “*The World Was Silent When We Died*. It is a good title.”

Discuss the significance to the novel of the title for Richard’s book.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Ugwu’s growing unease.

Ugwu shivered. A shadow hung over the house.

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One baby had been stung and almost died.

Chapter 19

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The caves are more than the place where Aziz is said to have assaulted Miss Quested.'

What do you consider to be the significance to the novel of the Marabar Caves?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the argument between Fielding and Aziz in the following passage, considering its significance as the ending of the novel.

Aziz grew more excited. He rose in his stirrups and pulled at his horse's head in the hope it would rear. Then he should feel in a battle. He cried: 'Clear out, all you Turtons and Burtons. We wanted to know you ten years back – now it's too late. If we see you and sit on your committees, it's for political reasons, don't you make any mistake.' His horse did rear. 'Clear out, clear out, I say. Why are we put to so much suffering? We used to blame you, now we blame ourselves, we grow wiser. Until England is in difficulties we keep silent, but in the next European war – aha, aha! Then is our time.' He paused, and the scenery, though it smiled, fell like a gravestone on any human hope. They cantered past a temple to Hanuman – God so loved the world that he took monkey's flesh upon him – and past a Saivite temple, which invited to lust, but under the semblance of eternity, its obscenities bearing no relation to those of our flesh and blood. They splashed through butterflies and frogs; great trees with leaves like plates rose among the brushwood. The divisions of daily life were returning, the shrine had almost shut. 5

'Who do you want instead of the English? The Japanese?' jeered Fielding, drawing rein. 10

'No, the Afghans. My own ancestors.'

'Oh, your Hindu friends will like that, won't they?'

'It will be arranged – a conference of oriental statesmen.'

'It will indeed be arranged.' 15

'Old story of "We will rob every man and rape every woman from Peshawar to Calcutta", I suppose, which you get some nobody to repeat and then quote every week in the *Pioneer* in order to frighten us into retaining you! We know!' Still he couldn't quite fit in Afghans at Mau, and, finding he was in a corner, made his horse rear again until he remembered that he had, or ought to have, a mother-land. Then he shouted: 'India shall be a nation! No foreigners of any sort! Hindu and Moslem and Sikh and all shall be one! Hurrah! Hurrah for India! Hurrah! Hurrah!' 20

India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab nineteenth-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour of the world to take her seat! She, whose only peer was the Holy Roman Empire, she shall rank with Guatemala and Belgium perhaps! Fielding mocked again. And Aziz in an awful rage danced this way and that, not knowing what to do, and cried: 'Down with the English anyhow. That's certain. Clear out, you fellows, double quick, I say. We may hate one another, but we hate you most. If I don't make you go, Ahmed will, Karim will, if it's fifty or five hundred years we shall get rid of you, yes, we shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then' – he rode against him furiously – 'and then,' he concluded, half kissing him, 'you and I shall be friends.' 25

'Why can't we be friends now?' said the other, holding him affectionately. 'It's what I want. It's what you want.' 30

But the horses didn't want it – they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single-file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not there.' 35

Turn to page 10 for Question 6

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories present fear.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the relationship between the mother and her son.

One day she kept me home. She said, 'No school for you today. I just sick of tying your shoe-laces for you. Today you go have to learn that!'

I didn't think she was being fair. After all, in the country none of us wore shoes and I wasn't used to them.

That day she beat me and beat me and made me tie knot after knot and in the end I still couldn't tie my shoe-laces. For years afterwards it was a great shame to me that I couldn't do a simple thing like that, just as how I couldn't peel an orange. But about the shoes I made up a little trick. I never made my mother buy shoes the correct size. I pretended that those shoes hurt, and I made her get me shoes a size or two bigger. Once the attendant had tied the laces up for me, I never undid them, and merely slipped my feet in and out of the shoes. To keep them on my feet, I stuck paper in the toes. 5 10

To hear my mother talk, you would think I was a freak. Nearly every little boy she knew was better and more intelligent. There was one boy she knew who helped his mother paint her house. There was another boy who could mend his own shoes. There was still another boy who at the age of thirteen was earning a good twenty dollars a month, while I was just idling and living off her blood. 15

Still, there were surprising glimpses of kindness.

There was the time, for instance, when I was cleaning some tumblers for her one Saturday morning. I dropped a tumbler and it broke. Before I could do anything about it my mother saw what had happened. 20

She said, 'How you break it?'

I said, 'It just slip off. It smooth smooth.'

She said, 'Is a lot of nonsense drinking from glass. They break up so easy.'

And that was all. I got worried about my mother's health. 25

She was never worried about mine.

She thought that there was no illness in the world a stiff dose of hot Epsom Salts couldn't cure. That was a penance I had to endure once a month. It completely ruined my weekend. And if there was something she couldn't understand, she sent me to the Health Officer in Tragarete Road. That was an awful place. You waited and waited and waited before you went in to see the doctor. 30

Before you had time to say, 'Doctor, I have a pain'—he would be writing out a prescription for you. And again you had to wait for the medicine. All the Health Office medicines were the same. Water and pink sediment half an inch thick.

Hat used to say of the Health Office, 'The Government taking up faith healing.' 35

My mother considered the Health Office a good place for me to go to. I would go there at eight in the morning and return any time after two in the afternoon. It kept me out of mischief, and it cost only twenty-four cents a year.

But you mustn't get the impression that I was a saint all the time. I wasn't. I used to have odd fits where I just couldn't take an order from anybody, particularly my mother. I used to feel that I would dishonour myself for life if I took anybody's orders. And life is a funny thing, really. I sometimes got these fits just when my mother was anxious to be nice to me. 40

The day after Hat rescued me from drowning at Docksie I wrote an essay for my schoolmaster on the subject, 'A Day at the Seaside'. I don't think any schoolmaster ever got an essay like that. I talked about how I was nearly drowned and how calmly I was facing death, with my mind absolutely calm, thinking, 'Well, boy, this is the end.' The teacher was so pleased he gave me ten marks out of twelve. 45

He said, 'I think you are a genius.'
 When I went home I told my mother, 'That essay I write today, I get ten out of 50
 twelve for it.'
 My mother said, 'How you so bold-face to lie brave brave so in front of my face?
 You want me give you a slap to turn your face?'
 In the end I convinced her.
 She melted at once. She sat down in the hammock and said. 'Come and sit 55
 down by me, son.'
 Just then the crazy fit came on me.
 I got very angry for no reason at all and I said, 'No, I not going to sit by you.'
 She laughed and coaxed,
 And the angrier she made me. 60
 Slowly the friendliness died away. It had become a struggle between two wills. I
 was prepared to drown rather than dishonour myself by obeying.
 'I ask you to come and sit down here.'
 'I not sitting down.'
 'Take off your belt.' 65
 I took it off and gave it to her. She belted me soundly, and my nose bled, but still
 I didn't sit in the hammock.
 At times like these I used to cry, without meaning it, 'If my father was alive you
 wouldn't be behaving like this.'

The Enemy

Section C: Drama

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Albee dramatise changes in the relationship between Nick and Honey during the course of the play?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Albee's dramatic presentation of George at this point in the play.

Martha [to NICK]: Georgie-boy, here, says you're terrifying. Why are you terrifying?

Nick [with a small smile]: I didn't know I was.

Honey [a little thickly]: It's because of your chromosomes, dear.

Nick: Oh, the chromosome business... 5

Martha [to NICK]: What's all this about chromosomes?

Nick: Well, chromosomes are ...

Martha: I know what chromosomes are, sweetie, I love 'em.

Nick: Oh... Well, then.

George: Martha eats them ... for breakfast ... she sprinkles them on her cereal. [To MARTHA, now] It's very simple, Martha, this young man is working on a system whereby chromosomes can be altered ... well not all by himself – he probably has one or two co-conspirators – the genetic make-up of a sperm cell changed, reordered ... to order, actually ... for hair and eye colour, stature, potency ... I imagine ... hairiness, features, health ... and *mind*. Most important ... Mind. All imbalances will be corrected, sifted out ... propensity for various diseases will be gone, longevity assured. We will have a race of men ... test-tube-bred ... incubator-born ... superb and sublime. 10
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Martha [impressed]: Hunh!

Honey: How exciting!

George: *But!* Everyone will tend to be rather the same... Alike. Everyone ... and I'm sure I'm not wrong here ... will tend to look like this young man *here*. 25

Martha: *That's* not a bad idea.

Nick [impatient]: All right, now...

George: It will, on the surface of it, be all rather pretty ... quite jolly. But of course there will be a dank side to it, too. A certain amount of regulation will be necessary ... uh ... for the experiment to succeed. A certain number of sperm tubes will have to be cut. 30

Martha: Hunh! ...

George: Millions upon millions of them ... millions of tiny little slicing operations that will leave just the smallest scar, on the underside of the scrotum [MARTHA *laughs*.] but which will assure the sterility of the imperfect ... the ugly, the stupid ... the ... unfit. 35

Nick [grimly]: Now look ... !

George: ... with this, we will have, in time, a race of glorious men.

Martha: Hunh!

George: I suspect we will not have much music, much painting, but we will have a civilization of men, smooth, blond, and right at the middleweight limit. 40

Martha: Awww...

George: ... a race of scientists and mathematicians, each dedicated to and working for the greater glory of the super-civilization. 45

Martha: Goody.

George: There will be a certain ... loss of liberty, I imagine, as a result of this experiment ... but diversity will no longer be the goal. Cultures and races will eventually vanish ... the ants will take over the world. 50

Nick: Are you finished?

George [*ignoring him*]: And I, naturally, am rather opposed to all this.

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of Queen Margaret for the play as a whole.
- Or** (b) How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare dramatise Richard's state of mind at this point in the play? You should make close reference to both language and action.

[*The GHOSTS vanish. RICHARD starts out of his dream.*]

King Richard: Give me another horse. Bind up my wounds.
 Have mercy, Jesu! Soft! I did but dream.
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
 The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight. 5
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No – yes, I am.
 Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why – 10
 Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself!
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good.
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no! Alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself! 15
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain. 20
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me; 25
 And if I die no soul will pity me:
 And wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat 30
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.
 [*Enter RATCLIFF.*]

Ratcliff: My lord!

King Richard: Zounds, who is there?

Ratcliff: Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock 35
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up and buckle on their armour.

King Richard: O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
 What think'st thou – will our friends prove all true?

Ratcliff: No doubt, my lord. 40

King Richard: O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.

Ratcliff: Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

King Richard: By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers 45
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [Exeunt.]

Act 5, Scene 3

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 9 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Bolt present church leaders and their principles in the play?
- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to both language and dramatic action.

[*And now he faces CROMWELL his eyes sparkling with suspicion.*]

Cromwell: Now, Sir Thomas, you stand upon your silence.

More: I do.

Cromwell: But, Gentlemen of the Jury, there are many kinds of silence. 5
Consider first the silence of a man when he is dead. Let us say we go into the room where he is lying; and let us say it is in the dead of night – there's nothing like darkness for sharpening the ear; and we listen. What do we hear? Silence. What does it betoken, this silence? Nothing. This is silence, pure and simple. But consider another case. Suppose I were to draw a dagger from my sleeve and make to kill the prisoner with it, and suppose their lordships there, instead of crying out for me to stop or crying out for help to stop me, maintained their silence. That *would* betoken! It would betoken a willingness that I should do it, and under the law they would be guilty with me. So silence can, according to circumstances, speak. Consider, now, the circumstances of the prisoner's silence. The oath was put to good and faithful subjects up and down the country and they had declared His Grace's Title to be just and good. And when it came to the prisoner he refused. He calls this silence. Yet is there a man in this court, is there a man in this country, who does not *know* Sir Thomas More's opinion of this title? Of course not! But how can that be? Because this silence betokened – nay this silence *was* – not silence at all, but most eloquent denial. 10
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More [*with some of the academic's impatience for a shoddy line of reasoning*]: Not so, Mr Secretary, the maxim is 'qui tacet consentire'. [*Turns to COMMON MAN.*] The maxim of the law is: [*very carefully*] 'Silence Gives Consent'. If therefore, you wish to construe what my silence 'betokened', you must construe that I consented, not that I denied. 30

Cromwell: Is that what the world in fact construes from it? Do you pretend that is what you *wish* the world to construe from it?

More: The world must construe according to its wits. This Court must construe according to the law. 35

Cromwell: I put it to the Court that the prisoner is perverting the law – making smoky what should be a clear light to discover to the Court his own wrongdoing! [*CROMWELL's official indignation is slipping into genuine anger and MORE responds.*] 40

More: The law is not a 'light' for you or any man to see by; the law is not an instrument of any kind. [*To the FOREMAN.*] The law is a causeway upon which so long as he keeps to it a citizen may walk safely. [*Earnestly addressing him.*] In matters of conscience — 45

- Cromwell* [*bitterly smiling*]: The conscience, the conscience ...
- More* [*turning*]: The word is not familiar to you?
- Cromwell*: By God, too familiar! I am very used to hear it in the mouths of criminals!
- More*: I am used to hear bad men misuse the name of God, yet God exists. [*Turning back.*] In matters of conscience, the loyal subject is more bounden to be loyal to his conscience than to any other thing. 50
- Cromwell* [*breathing hard: straight at MORE*]: And so provide a noble motive for his frivolous self-conceit! 55
- More* [*earnestly*]: It is not so, Master Cromwell – very and pure necessity for respect of my own soul.
- Cromwell*: – Your own self you mean!
- More*: Yes, a man's soul is his self!
- Cromwell* [*thrusts his face into MORE's. They hate each other and each other's standpoint*]: A miserable thing, whatever you call it, that lives like a bat in a Sunday School! A shrill incessant pedagogue about its own salvation – but nothing to say of your place in the State! Under the King! In a great native country! 60
- More* [*not untouched*]: Can I help my King by giving him lies when he asks for truth? Will you help England by populating her with liars? 65
- Cromwell* [*backs away. His face stiff with malevolence*]: My lords, I wish to call [*raises voice*] Sir Richard Rich!
- [*Enter RICH. He is now splendidly official, in dress and bearing; even NORFOLK is a bit impressed.*] 70
- Sir Richard [*indicating CRANMER*].
- Cranmer* [*proffering Bible*]: I do solemnly swear ...
- Rich*: I do solemnly swear that the evidence I shall give before the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 75
- Cranmer* [*discreetly*]: So help me God, Sir Richard.
- Rich*: So help me God.

Act 2

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