



## SECTION A: DRAMA

Answer **ONE** question from this section.

## 1 William Shakespeare: JULIUS CAESAR

## EITHER

(a) Read the passage below, and then answer the question that follows:

CASSIUS: Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear  
 And since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of. 5  
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.  
 Were I a common laughter, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oath my love  
 To every new protester; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard 10  
 And after scandal them, or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and shout within*

BRUTUS: What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
 choose Caesar for their king. 15

CASSIUS: Ay, do you fear it?  
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS: I would not Cassius; yet I love him well.  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
 What is it that you would impact to me? 20  
 If it be aught toward the general good,  
 Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other  
 And I will look on both indifferently;  
 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death. 25

CASSIUS: I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
 I cannot tell what you and other men  
 Think of this life; but, for my single self, 30  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Caesar; so were you.  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he. 35  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Caesar said to me "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word, 40  
 Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in  
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy. 45  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
 Caesar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"  
 I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 50  
 Did I the tired Caesar. And the man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature and must bend his body  
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain, 55  
 And when the fit was on him I did mark  
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan: 60  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans  
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
 "Alas", it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius",  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me  
 A man of such a feeble temper should 65  
 So get the start of the majestic world  
 And bear the palm alone.

**By closely referring to the passage, how far do you think Cassius is responsible for turning Brutus against Caesar?**

[25]





- ANTONY: So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on, 35  
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:  
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth,  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On abjects, orts and imitations, 40  
Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him  
But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers. We must straight make head. 45  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
Our best friends made, our means stretched,  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
And open perils surest answered. 50
- OCTAVIUS: Let us do so: for we are at the stake  
And bayed about with many enemies;  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs.

**How is Mark Antony presented to us in this passage?**

[25]



## 2 Arthur Miller: DEATH OF A SALESMAN

## EITHER

(a) Read the passage below, and then answer the question that follows:

- BIFF: I tell ya, Hap, I don't know what the future is. I don't know – what I'm supposed to want.
- HAPPY: What do you mean?
- BIFF: Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another. And it's a measly manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two-week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of the next fella. And still – that's how you build a future. 5  
10
- HAPPY: Well, you really enjoy it on a farm? Are you content out there?
- BIFF: *(with rising agitation)* Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of job since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it. This farm I work on, it's spring there now, see? And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring or – beautiful than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool there now, see? Texas is cool now, and it's spring. And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm not gettin' anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty-eight dollars a week! I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now, I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. *(after a pause)* I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and every time I come back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life. 15  
20  
25
- HAPPY: You're a poet, you know that, Biff? You're a – you're an idealist!
- BIFF: No, I'm mixed up very bad. Maybe I oughta get married. Maybe I oughta get stuck into something. Maybe that's my trouble. I'm like a boy. I'm not married, I'm not in business, I just – I'm like a boy. Are you content, Hap? You're a success, aren't you? Are you content? 30
- HAPPY: Hello, no!
- BIFF: Why? You're making money, aren't you?

- HAPPY: *(moving about with energy, expressiveness)* All I can do now is wait for the merchandise manager to die. And suppose I get to be merchandise manager? He's a good friend of mine, and he just built a terrific estate on Long Island. And he lived there about two months and sold it, and now he's building another one. He can't enjoy it once it's finished. And I know that's just what I would do. I don't know what the hell I'm workin' for. Sometimes I sit in my apartment – all alone. And I think of the rent I'm paying. And it's crazy. But then, what I always wanted. My own apartment, a car, and plenty of women. And still, goddamnit, I'm lonely. 35
- BIFF: *(with enthusiasm)* Listen, why don't you come out West with me? *(moving about with energy, expressiveness)* 40
- HAPPY: You and I, heh?
- BIFF: Sure, maybe we could buy a ranch. Raise cattle, use our muscles. Men built like we are should be working out in the open.
- HAPPY: *(avidly)* The Loman Brothers, heh?
- BIFF: *(with vast affection)* Sure, we'd be known all over the countries! 45
- HAPPY: *(enthralled)* That's what I dream about, Biff. Sometimes I want to just rip my clothes off in the middle of the store and outbox that goddam merchandise manager. I mean I can outbox, ourun, and outlift anybody in that store, and I have to take orders from those common, petty son-of-bitches till I can't stand it anymore. 50
- BIFF: I'm tellin' you, kid, if you were with me I'd be happy out there.
- HAPPY: *(enthused)* See, Biff, everybody around me is so false that I'm constantly lowering my ideals . . . 55

**How does this passage vividly reveal the Loman brothers' sense of failure?** [25]



OR

(b) Read the passage below, and then answer the question that follows:

HAPPY: Hey, what're you doing up? (*LINDA says nothing but moves toward him implacably.*) Where's Pop? (*He keeps backing to the right, and now LINDA is in full view in the doorway to the living-room.*) Is he sleeping?

LINDA: Where were you?

HAPPY: (*trying to laugh it off*) We met two girls, Mom, very fine types. Here, we brought you some flowers. (*Offering them to her.*) Put them in your room, Ma. *She knocks them to the floor at BIFF's feet. He has now come inside and closed the door behind him. She stares at BIFF, silent.*

5

HAPPY: Now what'd you do that for? Mom, I want you to have some flowers –

LINDA: (*cutting HAPPY off, violently to BIFF*) Don't you care whether he lives or dies?

10

HAPPY: (*going to the stairs*) come upstairs, Biff.

BIFF: (*with a flare of disgust, to HAPPY*) Go away from me! (*To LINDA.*) What do you mean, lives or dies? Nobody's dying around here, pal.

HAPPY: Get out of my sight! Get out of here!

15

BIFF: I wanna see the boss.

HAPPY: You're not going near him!

BIFF: Where is he? (*He moves into the living-room and LINDA follows.*)

LINDA: (*shouting after BIFF*) You invite him to dinner. He looks forward to it all day – (*BIFF appears in his parents' bedroom, looks around, and exits*) – and then you desert him there. There's no stranger you'd do that to!

20

HAPPY: Why? He had a swell time with us. Listen, when I – (*LINDA comes back into the kitchen*) – desert him I hope I don't outlive the day!

LINDA: Get out of here!

HAPPY: Now look, Mom . . .

25

LINDA: Did you have to go to women tonight? You and your lousy rotten whores!

BIFF: (*re-enters the kitchen*)

HAPPY: Mom, all we did was follow Biff around trying to cheer him up! (*to BIFF*) Boy, what a night you gave me!



- LINDA: Get out of here, both of you, and don't come back! I don't want you tormenting him anymore. Go on now, get your things together! *(to BIFF)* You can sleep in his apartment. *(She starts to pick up the flowers and stops herself.)* Pick up this stuff, I'm not your maid any more. Pick it up, you bum, you! *(HAPPY turns his back to her in refusal. BIFF slowly moves over and gets down on his knees, picking up the flowers.)* 30 35
- LINDA: You're a pair of animals! Not one, not another living soul would have had the cruelty to walk out on that man in a restaurant!
- BIFF: *(not looking at her)* Is that what he said?
- LINDA: He didn't have to say anything. He was so humiliated he nearly limped when he came in. 40
- HAPPY: But, Mom, he had a great time with us –
- BIFF: *(cutting him off violently)* – Shut up!  
*Without another word, HAPPY goes upstairs.*
- LINDA: You! You didn't even go in to see if he was all right!
- BIFF: *(still on the floor in front of LINDA, the flowers in his hand; with self-loathing)* No. Didn't. Didn't do a damned thing. How do you like that, heh? Left him babbling in a toilet. 45
- LINDA: You louse. You . . .
- BIFF: Now you hit it on the nose! *(He gets up, throws the flowers in the wastebasket.)* The scum of the earth, and you're looking at him! 50
- LINDA: Get out of here!
- BIFF: I gotta talk to the boss, Mom. Where is he?
- LINDA: You're not going near him. Get out of this house!
- BIFF: *(with absolute assurance, determination)* No. We're gonna have an abrupt conversation, him and me. 55

**What kind of a person is Linda, as revealed in this passage?**

[25]



**SECTION B: NOVEL**

Answer **ONE** question from this section.

**3 George Orwell: ANIMAL FARM****EITHER**

- (a) You are Snowball. You have just introduced the idea of the windmill to other animals.

Write your thoughts.

[25]

**OR**

- (b) You are Mollie just after Clover has confronted you about your meeting with Mr. Pilkington's man.

Write your thoughts.

[25]

**4 Tsitsi Dangarembga: NERVOUS CONDITIONS****EITHER**

- (a) You are Tambudzai. The preparations for your parents' wedding are underway.

Write your thoughts.

[25]

**OR**

- (b) You are Lucia. Babamukuru has just found you a job.

Write your thoughts.

[25]



**SECTION C: SHORT STORIES**

Answer **ONE** question from this section.

**5 Barrie Wade: INTO THE WIND****EITHER**

- (a) 'A Man Called Horse' by Dorothy M. Johnson.

How does Johnson make vivid for you the changes in Horse's life when he moves from Boston to the land of the Crow Indians? [25]

**OR**

- (b) 'Sapphire' by Patrick O'Brian

How does O'Brian make Lacey a dislikeable character in the story? [25]

**6 Cambridge University Press: STORIES OF OURSELVES****EITHER**

- (a) 'Sandpiper' by Ahdaf Soueif

In what ways does the writer evoke your sympathy for the woman in the story? [25]

**OR**

- (b) 'The Rain Horse' by Ted Hughes.

In what ways does the author show the relationship between man and nature in 'The Rain Horse'? [25]

## SECTION D: POETRY

Choose **ONE** question from this section.

7 Thomas Hardy: **SELECTED POEMS****EITHER**

(a) Read the poem below, and then answer the question that follows.

**'No Buyers'**

## A STREET SCENE

A load of brushes and baskets and cradles and chairs  
 Labours along the street in the rain:  
 With it a man, a woman, a pony with whiteybrown hairs. –  
 The man foots in front of the horse with a shambling  
 sway

At a slower tread than a funeral train,

5

While to a dirge-like tune he chants his wares,  
 Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-major's way  
 When the bandsmen march and play).

A yard from the back of the man is the whiteybrown  
 pony's nose:

10

He mirrors his master in every item of pace and pose:

He stops when the man stops, without being told,  
 And seems to be eased by a pause; too plainly he's old,  
 Indeed, not strength enough shows

15

To steer the disjointed wagon straight,  
 Which wriggles left and right in a rambling line,  
 Deflected thus by its own warp and weight,  
 And pushing the pony with it in each incline.

The woman walks on the pavement verge,  
 Parallel to the man:

20

She wears an apron white and wide in span,  
 And carries a like Turk's-head, but more in nursing-wise:

Now and then she joins in his dirge,  
 But as if her thoughts were on distant things.

25

The rain clams her apron till it clings. –  
 So, step by step, they move with their merchandize,  
 And nobody buys.

**In what ways does Hardy arouse our feeling of sympathy in this poem?**

[25]



You should consider:

- The portrayal of the man and the woman
- The description of their horse
- The tune they chant
- Words and images used by the poet
- Anything else you think is important.

OR

(b) Read the poem below, and then answer the question that follows:

*'The Darkling Thrush'*

I leant upon a coppice gate  
 When Frost was spectre-gray,  
 And Winter's dregs made desolate  
 The weakening eye of day.  
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
 Like strings of broken lyres, 5  
 And all mankind that haunted nigh  
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10  
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
 The wind his death-lament.  
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
 Was shrunken hard and dry,  
 And every spirit upon earth 15  
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
 The bleak twigs overhead  
 In a full-hearted evensong  
 Of joy illimited; 20  
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
 In blast-beruffled plume,  
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings  
 Of such ecstatic sound 25  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
 Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled through  
 His happy good-night air 30  
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
 And I was unaware.

**Explore Hardy's portrayal of the evening and the thrush in this poem.**

[25]



You should consider:

- The atmosphere created by the poet in the first and second stanzas
- The descriptions of the thrush in the third and fourth stanzas
- Figurative language used by the poet
- Your own interpretation of the poem
- Anything else you feel is important.

## 8 Cambridge University Press: SONGS OF OURSELVES

### EITHER

(a) Read the poem below, and then answer the question that follows.

**'Hunting Snake'**  
by Judith Wright

Sun-warmed in this late season's grace  
under the autumn's gentlest sky  
we walked, and froze half-through a pace.  
The great black snake went reeling by.

Head-down, tongue flickering on the trail  
he quested through the parting grass;  
sun glazed his curves of diamond scale,  
and we lost breath to watch him pass.

5

What track he followed, what small food  
fled living from his fierce intent,  
we scarcely thought; still as we stood  
our eyes went with him as he went.

10

Cold, dark and splendid he was gone  
into the grass that hid his prey.  
We took a deeper breath of day,  
looked at each other, and went on.

15

**How do you think the poet makes an encounter with the snake dramatic in the poem?**  
[25]

You should consider:

- The description of the weather
- The description of the snake
- The effects of the snake on the poet
- Words and images used
- Anything else you think is important.

OR

(b) Read the poem below, and then answer the question that follows:

**'The Planners'**  
by Boey Kim Cheng

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,  
filled with permutations of possibilities.  
The buildings are in alignment with the roads  
which meet at desired points  
linked by bridges all hang 5  
in the grace of mathematics.  
They build and will not stop.  
Even the sea draws back  
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws, 10  
the blemishes of the past, knock off  
useless blocks with dental dexterity.  
All gaps are plugged  
with gleaming gold. 15  
The country wears perfect rows  
of shining teeth. 15  
Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.  
They have the means.  
They have it all so it will not hurt,  
so history is new again. 20  
The piling will not stop. 20  
The drilling goes right through  
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed  
poetry. Not a single drop 25  
to stain the blueprint  
of our past's tomorrow.

**In what ways does the poet convey his attitude towards progress in this poem? [25]**

You should consider:

- The poet's feelings in the entire poem
- The descriptions of buildings in the poem
- Important words and figurative language used by the poet
- Your own interpretation of the poem
- Anything else you feel is important.

