



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8695/91**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper



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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Referring in your answer to **two** or **three** poems, discuss ways in which Sujata Bhatt explores personal relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing Bhatt's exploration of the writer's art.

*The Writer*

The best story, of course,  
 is the one you can't write,  
                   you won't write.  
 It's something that can only live  
                   in your heart, 5  
 not on paper.

Paper is dry, flat.  
 Where is the soil  
 for the roots, and how do I lift out  
 entire trees, a whole forest 10  
 from the earth of the spirit  
 and transplant it on paper  
 without disturbing the birds?

And what about the mountain  
 on which this forest grows? 15  
 The waterfalls  
                   making rivers,  
 rivers with throngs of trees  
 elbowing each other aside  
 to have a look 20  
 at the fish.

Beneath the fish  
                   there are clouds.  
 Here, the sky ripples,  
 the river thunders. 25  
 How would things move on paper?

Now watch                   the way  
                                   the tigers' walking  
                                   shreds the paper.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets explore the relationship between human beings and the world around them in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which it expresses a view of human life.

*He Never Expected Much*

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,  
 Kept faith with me;  
 Upon the whole you have proved to be  
 Much as you said you were. 5  
 Since as a child I used to lie  
 Upon the leaze and watch the sky,  
 Never, I own, expected I  
 That life would all be fair.

'Twas then you said, and since have said,  
 Times since have said, 10  
 In that mysterious voice you shed  
 From clouds and hills around:  
 'Many have loved me desperately,  
 Many with smooth serenity,  
 While some have shown contempt of me 15  
 Till they dropped underground.

'I do not promise overmuch,  
 Child; overmuch;  
 Just neutral-tinted haps and such,'  
 You said to minds like mine. 20  
 Wise warning for your credit's sake!  
 Which I for one failed not to take,  
 And hence could stem such strain and ache  
 As each year might assign.

Thomas Hardy

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) Wordsworth wrote that the subject matter of his poems should be 'situations from common life' which he would present to the reader as interesting or unusual. Discuss the effects of this presentation in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, focusing in particular on how it expresses the development of Wordsworth's view of the natural world.

from *Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey*

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
 With many recognitions dim and faint,  
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
 The picture of the mind revives again:  
 While here I stand, not only with the sense 5  
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
 That in this moment there is life and food  
 For future years. And so I dare to hope  
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first 10  
 I came among these hills; when like a roe  
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
 Wherever nature led; more like a man  
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then 15  
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
 And their glad animal movements all gone by,  
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
 What then I was. The sounding cataract  
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock, 20  
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
 An appetite: a feeling and a love,  
 That had no need of a remoter charm,  
 By thought supplied, or any interest 25  
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
 And all its aching joys are now no more,  
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts  
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe, 30  
 Abundant recompence. For I have learned  
 To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power 35  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, 40  
 And the round ocean, and the living air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still 45

A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

50

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

4 **Either** (a) 'That is *my wife*... Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know'.

In her portrayal of Rochester's first wife, what sympathy does Brontë evoke for Rochester and Bertha?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, exploring Brontë's presentation of St John's proposal and Jane's response.

I looked towards the knoll: there he lay, still as a prostrate column; his face turned to me: his eye beaming, watchful, and keen. He started to his feet and approached me.

'I am ready to go to India, if I may go free.'

'Your answer requires a commentary,' he said; 'it is not clear.'

'You have hitherto been my adopted brother – I, your adopted sister: let us continue as such: you and I had better not marry.' 5

He shook his head. 'Adopted fraternity will not do in this case. If you were my real sister it would be different: I should take you, and seek no wife. But as it is, either our union must be consecrated and sealed by marriage, or it cannot exist: practical obstacles oppose themselves to any other plan. Do you not see it, Jane? Consider a moment – your strong sense will guide you.' 10

I did consider; and still my sense, such as it was, directed me only to the fact that we did not love each other as man and wife should: and therefore it inferred we ought not to marry. I said so. 'St John,' I returned, 'I regard you as a brother – you, me as a sister: so let us continue.' 15

'We cannot – we cannot,' he answered, with short sharp determination: 'it would not do. You have said you will go with me to India: remember – you have said that.'

'Conditionally.'

'Well – well. To the main point – the departure with me from England, the co-operation with me in my future labours – you do not object. You have already as good as put your hand to the plough: you are too consistent to withdraw it. You have but one end to keep in view – how the work you have undertaken can best be done. Simplify your complicated interests, feelings, thoughts, wishes, aims; merge all considerations in one purpose: that of fulfilling with effect – with power – the mission of your great Master. To do so, you must have a coadjutor: not a brother – that is a loose tie – but a husband. I, too, do not want a sister: a sister might any day be taken from me. I want a wife: the sole helpmeet I can influence efficiently in life, and retain absolutely till death.' 20

I shuddered as he spoke: I felt his influence in my marrow – his hold on my limbs.

'Seek one elsewhere than in me, St John: seek one fitted to you.' 30

'One fitted to my purpose, you mean – fitted to my vocation. Again I tell you it is not the insignificant private individual – the mere man, with the man's selfish senses – I wish to mate: it is the missionary.'

'And I will give the missionary my energies – it is all he wants – but not myself: that would be only adding the husk and shell to the kernel. For them he has no use: I retain them.' 35

'You cannot – you ought not. Do you think God will be satisfied with half an oblation? Will He accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate: it is under His standard I enlist you. I cannot accept on His behalf a divided allegiance: it must be entire.' 40

'Oh! I will give my heart to God,' I said. 'You do not want it.'

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'But what I didn't like was the way all the conflicts came back to this question of femaleness. Femaleness as opposed and inferior to maleness.'

How far and in what ways does *Nervous Conditions* explore these ideas?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Tambu's perception of the changes in Nhamo.

Then when Nhamo came home at the end of his first year with Babamukuru, you could see he too was no longer the same person. The change in his appearance was dramatic. He had added several inches to his height and many to his width, so that he was not little and scrawny any more but fit and muscular. Vitamins had nourished his skin to a shiny smoothness, several tones lighter in complexion than it used to be. His hair was no longer arranged in rows of dusty, wild cucumber tufts but was black, shiny with oil and smoothly combed. All this was good, but there was one terrible change. He had forgotten how to speak Shona. A few words escaped haltingly, ungrammatically and strangely accented when he spoke to my mother, but he did not speak to her very often any more. He talked most fluently with my father. They had long conversations in English, which Nhamo broke into small, irregular syllables and which my father chopped into smaller and even rougher phonemes. Father was pleased with Nhamo's command of the English language. He said it was the first step in the family's emancipation since we could all improve our language by practising on Nhamo. But he was the only one who was impressed by this inexplicable state my brother had developed. The rest of us spoke to Nhamo in Shona, to which, when he did answer, he answered in English, making a point of speaking slowly, deliberately, enunciating each syllable clearly so that we could understand. This restricted our communication to mundane insignificant matters. 5

But the situation was not entirely hopeless. When a significant issue did arise so that it was necessary to discuss matters in depth, Nhamo's Shona – grammar, vocabulary, accent and all – would miraculously return for the duration of the discussion, only to disappear again mysteriously once the issue was settled. The more time Nhamo spent at Babamukuru's, the more aphasic he became and the more my father was convinced that he was being educated. My mother was alarmed. She knew that the mission was a Christian place. Nevertheless she maintained that the people there were ordinary people. She thought someone on the mission was bewitching her son and was all for making an appointment with the medium. My father reassured her: 'How will the boy remember his English without speaking it? Doesn't he speak with us when he wants? He is dedicated to his studies. Like *Mukoma*. Dedicated. That's all.' Mother did not say anything against Nhamo's language after that, but she was still unhappy. She did want him to be educated, she confided to me, but even more, she wanted to talk to him. 10 15 20 25 30

This Nhamo I have described is the Nhamo we were expecting home that November afternoon in 1968. These things I have recounted are the reasons why I was not disappointed when he did not arrive. Mother, as usual, was upset. 'That son of mine!' she sighed. 'If he could avoid it, he would never come home.' Spitefully, I agreed. 35

*Chapter 3*

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways that **two** stories explore loss.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to ways Poe creates a sense of fear.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch – while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room – of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened – I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me – to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavoured to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment. 5

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan – but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes – an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanour. His air appalled me – but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief. 10

‘And you have not seen it?’ he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence – ‘you have not then seen it? – but, stay! you shall.’ Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm. 15

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this – yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars – nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapour, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion. 20

‘You must not – you shall not behold this!’ said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. ‘These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon – or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; – the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favourite romances. I will read, and you shall listen, – and so we will pass away this terrible night together.’ 25

*The Fall of the House of Usher*



**9**  
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**Turn to page 10 for Question 7.**

## Section C: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 7 **Either** (a) Eddie is convinced that Rodolpho 'ain't right'. In what ways does Miller explore views of masculinity in the play?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the ways the following passage presents the relationships between Eddie, Beatrice and Catherine at the beginning of the play.

EDDIE	Look, did I ask you for money? I supported you this long, I support you a little more. Please, do me a favour, will ya? I want you to be with different kind of people. I want you to be in a nice office. Maybe a lawyer's office someplace in New York in one of them nice buildings. I mean if you're gonna get outa here then get out; don't go practically in the same kind of neighbourhood.	5
	<i>[Pause. CATHERINE lowers her eyes.]</i>	
BEATRICE	Go, Baby, bring in the supper. <i>[CATHERINE goes out.]</i> Think about it a little bit, Eddie. Please. She's crazy to start work. It's not a little shop, it's a big company. Some day she could be a secretary. They picked her out of the whole class. <i>[He is silent, staring down at the tablecloth fingering the pattern.]</i> What are you worried about? She could take care of herself. She'll get out of the subway and be in the office in two minutes.	10
EDDIE	<i>[somehow sickened]</i> I know that neighbourhood, B., I don't like it.	15
BEATRICE	Listen, if nothin' happened to her in this neighbourhood it ain't gonna happen noplacelse. <i>[She turns his face to her.]</i> Look, you gotta get used to it, she's no baby no more. Tell her to take it. <i>[He turns his head away.]</i> You hear me? <i>[She is angering.]</i> I don't understand you; she's seventeen years old, you gonna keep her in the house all her life?	20
EDDIE	<i>[insulted]</i> What kinda remark is that?	
BEATRICE	<i>[with sympathy but insistent force]</i> Well, I don't understand when it ends. First it was gonna be when she graduated high-school, so she graduated high-school. Then it was gonna be when she learned stenographer, so she learned stenographer. So, what're we gonna wait for now? I mean it, Eddie, sometimes I don't understand you; they picked her out of the whole class, it's an honour for her. <i>[CATHERINE enters with food, which she silently sets on the table. After a moment of watching her face, EDDIE breaks into a smile, but it almost seems that tears will form in his eyes.]</i>	25 30
EDDIE	With your hair that way you look like a madonna, you know that? You're the madonna type. <i>[She doesn't look at him, but continues ladling out food on to the plates.]</i> You wanna go to work, heh, Madonna?	35
CATHERINE	<i>[softly]</i> Yeah.	
EDDIE	<i>[with a sense of her childhood, her babyhood, and the years]</i> All right, go to work. <i>[She looks at him, then rushes and hugs him.]</i> Hey, hey! Take it easy! <i>[He holds her face away from him to look at her.]</i> What're you cryin' about? <i>[He is affected by her, but smiles his emotion away.]</i>	40
CATHERINE	<i>[sitting at her place]</i> I just – <i>[Bursting out]</i> I'm gonna buy all new dishes with my first pay! <i>[They laugh warmly.]</i> I mean it. I'll fix up the whole house! I'll buy a rug!	
EDDIE	And then you'll move away.	45

- CATHERINE No, Eddie!
- EDDIE [*grinning*] Why not? That's life. And you'll come visit on Sundays, then once a month, then Christmas and New Years, finally.
- CATHERINE [*grasping his arm to reassure him and to erase the accusation*] No, please! 50
- EDDIE [*smiling but hurt*] I only ask you one thing – don't trust nobody. You got a good aunt but she's got too big a heart, you learned bad from her. Believe me.
- BEATRICE Be the way you are, Katie, don't listen to him.
- EDDIE [*to BEATRICE – strangely and quickly resentful*] You lived in a house all your life, what do you know about it? You never worked in your life. 55

*Act 1*

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

- 8 Either (a) *'Tramping is heard. Three actors playing horses rise from their places. Together they unhook three horse masks from the ladders to left and right, put them on with rigid timing, and walk with swaying movements into the square. Their metal hooves stamp on the wood.'*

What dramatic contribution to the play is made by Shaffer's presentation of the horse chorus?

- Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the significance of this debate to the play.

HESTHER	I mean he's in pain, Martin. He's been in pain for most of his life. That much, at least, you <i>know</i> .	
DYSART	Possibly.	
HESTHER	<i>Possibly?!...</i> That cut-off little figure you just described must have been in pain for years.	5
DYSART	<i>[doggedly]</i> Possibly.	
HESTHER	And you can take it away.	
DYSART	Still – possibly.	
HESTHER	Then that's enough. That simply has to be enough for you, surely?	
DYSART	No!	10
HESTHER	Why not?	
DYSART	Because it's his.	
HESTHER	I don't understand.	
DYSART	His pain. His own. He made it. <i>Pause.</i>	15
	<i>[earnestly]</i> Look... to go through life and call it yours – <i>your life</i> – you first have to get your own pain. Pain that's unique to you. You can't just dip into the common bin and say 'That's enough!'... He's done that. All right, he's sick. He's full of misery and fear. He was dangerous, and could be again, though I doubt it. But that boy has known a passion more ferocious than I have felt in any second of my life. And let me tell you something: I envy it.	20
HESTHER	You can't.	
DYSART	<i>[vehemently]</i> Don't you see? That's the Accusation! That's what his stare has been saying to me all this time. <i>'At least I galloped! When did you?'</i> ... <i>[simply]</i> I'm jealous, Hesther. Jealous of Alan Strang.	25
HESTHER	That's absurd.	
DYSART	Is it?... I go on about my wife. That smug woman by the fire. Have you thought of the fellow on the other side of it? The finicky, critical husband looking through his art books on mythical Greece. What worship has <i>he</i> ever known? Real worship! Without worship you shrink, it's as brutal as that... I shrank my <i>own</i> life. No one can do it for you. I settled for being pallid and provincial, out of my own eternal timidity. The old story of bluster, and do bugger-all... I imply that we can't have children: but actually, it's only me. I had myself tested behind her back. The lowest sperm count you could find. And I never told her. That's all I need – her sympathy mixed with resentment... I tell everyone Margaret's the puritan, I'm the pagan. Some pagan! Such wild returns I make to the womb of civilization. Three weeks a year in the Peleponnese, every bed booked in advance, every meal paid for by vouchers, cautious jaunts in hired Fiats, suitcase crammed with Kao-Pectate! Such a fantastic surrender to the primitive. And I use that word endlessly: 'primitive'. 'Oh, the primitive world,' I say.	30 35 40

‘What instinctual truths were lost with it!’ And while I sit there, baiting  
 a poor unimaginative woman with the word, that freaky boy tries to 45  
 conjure the reality! I sit looking at pages of centaurs trampling the  
 soil of Argos – and outside my window he is trying to *become one*, in  
 a Hampshire field!... I watch that woman knitting, night after night – a  
 woman I haven’t *kissed* in six years – and he stands in the dark for 50  
 an hour, sucking the sweat off his God’s hairy cheek! [*pause*] Then  
 in the morning, I put away my books on the cultural shelf, close up  
 the Kodachrome snaps of Mount Olympus, touch my reproduction  
 statue of Dionysus for luck – and go off to hospital to treat him for  
 insanity. Do you see?

HESTHER The boy’s in pain, Martin. That’s all I see. In the end... I’m sorry. 55

*Act 2, Scene 25*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part 1*

- 9 **Either** (a) What are the dramatic effects of the play's frequent contrasts between the world of the court and the world of the tavern?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, looking in particular at what it contributes to the characterisation of King Henry IV.

KING

God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied, 5  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood.  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically do forethink thy fall. 10  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession 15  
 And left me in reputeless banishment  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But, like a comet, I was wond'ered at;  
 That men would tell their children 'This is he'; 20  
 Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths, 25  
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wond'ered at, and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast 30  
 And won by rareness such solemnity.  
 The skipping King, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools; 35  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns,  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative;  
 Grew a companion to the common streets, 40  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;  
 That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much. 45  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes

As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze, 50  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;  
 But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and rend'red such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries, 55  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation. Not an eye  
 But is aweary of thy common sight, 60  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do –  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.  
 PRINCE I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
 Be more myself. 65

*Act 3, Scene 2*

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