



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

**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (HALF CREDIT)**

**8695/09**  
**0397/01**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

Paper 1 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2009**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper



**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.

This document consists of **16** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'The other night  
I dreamt English  
Was my middle name.'

Referring to **two** or **three** poems you have studied, discuss ways in which Bhatt's poetry explores different cultural influences.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which it presents the vibrancy of life in India.

*The Doors Are Always Open*

Everywhere you turn there are goats,  
some black and lumpy.  
Others, with oily mushroom-soft hair,  
sticky yellow in Muslim sand  
shaded by the mosque. 5  
Next door  
there's a kerosene smeared kitchen.  
We share a window  
with the woman who lives with goats.  
Now she unwraps some cheese 10  
now she beats and kneads  
a little boy and screams  
'Idiot! Don't you tease that pregnant goat again!'  
I look away: outside  
the rooster runs away 15  
from his dangling sliced head  
while the pregnant goat lies with mourning hens.  
Her bleating consolations  
make the children spill  
cheesy milk and run outside. 20  
Wet soccer ball bubbles roll out  
from a hole beneath the lifted tail.  
The goat licks her kids free,  
pushing, pushing  
until they all wobble about. 25  
We've counted five.  
Hopping up and down, we push each other  
until we see  
the goat pushing her kids  
to stand up, until 30  
mothers call us back  
to thick milk.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which poets explore family relationships, referring to **two** of the poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language and form of the following poem, paying particular attention to the ways in which Hopkins expresses his response to the natural world.

*Pied Beauty*

Glory be to God for dappled things –  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough; 5  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.  
All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change: 10  
Praise him.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

3 **Either** (a) 'The Child is Father of the Man.'

Discuss ways in which Wordsworth explores the value of childhood experiences in **two** of the poems you have studied.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry that you have studied.

*London 1802*

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea; 10  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In chearful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

Turn to page 6 for Question 4.

## Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) Ikem suggests that imperialism and Africans themselves are equally to blame for Kangan's problems. To what extent do you find this view borne out in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on the presentation of politics and power.

The Attorney-General was perched on the edge of his chair, his left elbow on the table, his neck craning forward to catch His Excellency's words which he had chosen to speak with unusual softness as if deliberately to put his hearer at a disadvantage; or on full alert on pain of missing a life and death password. As he watched his victim straining to catch the vital message he felt again that glow of quiet jubilation that had become a frequent companion especially when as now he was disposing with consummate ease of some of those troublesome people he had thought so formidable in his apprentice days in power. It takes a lion to tame a leopard, say our people. How right they are!

As he savoured this wonderful sense of achievement gained in so short a time spreading over and soaking into the core of his thinking and his being like fresh-red tasty palm-oil melting and diffusing itself over piping hot roast yam he withdrew his voice still further into his throat and, for good measure, threw his head back on his huge, black, leather chair so that he seemed to address his words at the high, indifferent ceiling rather than the solicitous listener across the table.

Suddenly suspicious like a quarry sniffing death in the air but uncertain in what quarter it might lurk the Attorney-General decided to stall. For a whole minute almost, he stood on one spot, making no move, offering no reply.

'Well?' His Excellency was stung into loudness by the other's delay and silence. He was also now sitting bolt upright. 'Did you hear what I said or should I repeat?'

'No need to repeat, Your Excellency. I heard you perfectly. You see, Your Excellency, your humble servant is a lawyer. My profession enjoins me to trust only hard evidence and to distrust personal feeling and mere suspicion.'

'Attorney-General, I sent for you not to read me a lecture but to answer my question. You may be the Attorney but don't forget I am the General.'

The Attorney-General exploded into peals of laughter, uncontrollable and beer-bellied. Through it he repeated again and again whenever he could: 'That's a good one, Your Excellency, that's a good one!' His Excellency, no doubt pleased with the dramatic result his wit had produced but not deigning to show it, merely fixed a pair of immobile but somewhat indulgent eyes on his Attorney-General, patiently waiting for his mirth to run its course. Finally it began to as he took the neatly-folded silk handkerchief out of his breast-pocket and dabbed his eyes daintily like a fat clown.

'You will now answer my question?' said His Excellency in a slightly amused tone.

'I am sorry, Your Excellency. Don't blame me; blame your Excellency's inimitable sense of humour ... To speak the truth, Your Excellency, I have no evidence of disloyalty on the part of my honourable colleague.' He paused for effect. But nothing showed on His Excellency's face. 'But lawyers are also human. I have a personal feeling which may not stand up in court, I agree, but I hold it very strongly and if Chris were here I would say it to his face. I don't think Chris is one hundred per cent behind you.'

'Why do you think you have that feeling?'

'Why do I have it? Well let's put it this way. I have watched my colleague in question closely in the last year or so and my impression is that he does not show

any joy, any enthusiasm in matters concerning this government in general and His Excellency in particular. I was saying precisely that to him only a few minutes ago. Why do you go about with this tight face all the time, I said. Cheer up my friend. But he can't cheer up. Why? The reason is not far to seek. Two of you were after all class-mates at Lord Lugard College. He looks back to those days and sees you as the boy next door. He cannot understand how this same boy with whom he played all the boyish pranks, how he can today become this nation's Man of Destiny. You know, Your Excellency it was the same trouble Jesus had to face with his people. Those who knew him and knew his background were saying: "Is it not the same fellow who was born in a goat shed because his father had no money to pay for a chalet?" ...'

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

5 **Either (a)** 'It was *my* time to assume ascendancy. *My* powers were in play and in force.

Discuss ways in which Brontë shows Jane gaining control of her own destiny in the novel.

**Or (b)** Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the characterisation of Mr Brocklehurst and his ideals.

'Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over-dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of Our Blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, "If ye suffer hunger or thirst for My sake, happy are ye." Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!'

Mr Brocklehurst again paused – perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used –

'Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what – *what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled – curled all over?' And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

'It is Julia Severn,' replied Miss Temple very quietly.

'Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly – here in an evangelical, charitable establishment – as to wear her hair one mass of curls?'

'Julia's hair curls naturally,' returned Miss Temple still more quietly.

'Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature. I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence – that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall.'

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on



my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on the manoeuvre; it was a pity Mr Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was farther beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinized the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom –

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‘All these top-knots must be cut off.’

Chapter 7

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield portrays her characters, even within relationships, as isolated and individuals.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Mansfield's characterisation, referring to **two** stories in your answer.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of Millie's attitude to the boy.

He was not much more than a boy, with fair hair and a growth of fair down on his lips and chin. His eyes were open, rolled up, showing the whites, and his face was patched with dust caked with sweat. He wore a cotton shirt and trousers, with sandshoes on his feet. One of the trousers was stuck to his leg with a patch of dark blood. 'I *can't*,' said Millie, and then, 'You've got to.' She bent over and felt his heart. 'Wait a minute,' she stammered, 'wait a minute,' and she ran into the house for brandy and a pail of water. 'What are you going to do, Millie Evans? Oh, I don't know. I never seen anyone in a dead faint before.' She knelt down, put her arm under the boy's head and poured some brandy between his lips. It spilled down both sides of his mouth. She dipped a corner of her apron in the water and wiped his face and his hair and his throat, with fingers that trembled. Under the dust and sweat his face gleamed, white as her apron, and thin, and puckered in little lines. A strange dreadful feeling gripped Millie Evans' bosom – some seed that had never flourished there, unfolded and struck deep roots and burst into painful leaf. 'Are yer coming round? Feeling all right again?' The boy breathed sharply, half choked, his eyelids quivered, and he moved his head from side to side. 'You're better,' said Millie, smoothing his hair. 'Feeling fine now again, ain't yer?' The pain in her bosom half suffocated her. 'It's no good you crying, Millie Evans. You got to keep your head.' Quite suddenly he sat up and leaned against the wood pile, away from her, staring on the ground. 'There now!' cried Millie Evans, in a strange, shaking voice.

The boy turned and looked at her, still not speaking, but his eyes were so full of pain and terror that she had to shut her teeth and clench her hands to stop from crying. After a long pause he said, in the little voice of a child talking in his sleep, 'I'm hungry.' His lips quivered. She scrambled to her feet and stood over him. 'You come right into the house and have a sit-down meal,' she said. 'Can you walk?' 'Yes,' he whispered, and swaying he followed her across the glaring yard to the veranda. At the bottom step he paused, looking at her again. 'I'm not coming in,' he said. He sat on the veranda step in the little pool of shade that lay round the house. Millie watched him. 'When did yer last 'ave anything to eat?' He shook his head. She cut a chunk off the greasy corned beef and a round of bread plastered with butter; but when she brought it he was standing up, glancing round him, and paid no attention to the plate of food. 'When are they coming back?' he stammered.

At that moment she knew. She stood, holding the plate, staring. He was Harrison. He was the English johnny who'd killed Mr Williamson. 'I know who you are,' she said, very slowly, 'yer can't fox me. That's who you are. I must have been blind in me two eyes not to 'ave known from the first.' He made a movement with his hands as though that was all nothing. 'When are they coming back?' And she meant to say, 'Any minute. They're on their way now.' Instead she said to the dreadful, frightened face, 'Not till 'arf-past ten.' He sat down, leaning against one of the veranda poles. His face broke up into little quivers. He shut his eyes, and tears streamed down his cheeks. 'Nothing but a kid. An' all them fellows after 'im. 'E don't stand any more of a chance than a kid would.' 'Try a bit of beef,' said Millie. 'It's the food you want. Something to steady your stomach.' She moved across the veranda and sat down beside him, the plate on her knees. 'Ere – try a bit.' She broke the bread and butter

into little pieces, and she thought, 'They won't ketch him. Not if I can 'elp it. Me an' all beasts. I don't care wot 'e's done, or wot 'e 'asn't done. See 'im through, Millie Evans. 'E's nothink but a sick kid.'

*Millie*



## Section C: Drama

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Township Plays*

- 7 Either (a) 'The achievement of *The Township Plays* is that they allow the people to express themselves.'

In what ways, and with what effects, do the plays express the experience of ordinary people? Refer to **two** plays in your answer.

- Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, showing how it presents relationships between employers and employees.

*Sizwe Bansi Is Dead*

- STYLES *Ja*, a Thursday morning. I walked into the plant ... 'Hey! What's this?' ... Everything was quiet! Those big bloody machines that used to make so much noise they made my head go around ... ? Silent! Went to the notice-board and read: Mr Ford's visit today!
- The one in charge of us ... [*laugh*] hey! I remember him. General Foreman Mr 'Baas' Bradley. Good man that one, if you knew how to handle him ... he called us all together: 5
- [*Styles mimics Mr 'Baas' Bradley. A heavy Afrikaans accent.*]  
'Listen, boys, don't go to work on the line. There is going to be a General Cleaning first.' 10
- I used to like General Cleaning. Nothing specific, you know, little bit here, little bit there. But that day! Yessus ... in came the big machines with hot water and brushes – sort of electric mop – and God alone knows what else. We started on the floors. The oil and dirt under the machines was thick, man. All the time the bosses were walking around watching us: 15
- [*Slapping his hands together as he urges on the 'boys'.*]  
'Come on, boys! It's got to be spotless! Big day for the plant!' Even the *big* boss, the one we only used to see lunch-times, walking to the canteen with a big cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets ... that day? Sleeves rolled up, running around us: 20
- 'Come on! Spotless, my boys! Over there, John ...' I thought: What the hell is happening? It was beginning to feel like hard work, man. I'm telling you we cleaned that place – spot-checked after fifteen minutes! ... like you would have thought it had just been built.
- First stage of General Cleaning finished. We started on the second. Mr 'Baas' Bradley came in with paint and brushes. I watched. 25
- W-h-i-t-e l-i-n-e  
[*Mr 'Baas' Bradley paints a long white line on the floor.*]  
What's this? Been here five years and I never seen a white line before. Then: 30
- [*Mr 'Baas' Bradley at work with the paint-brush.*]  
CAREFUL THIS SIDE. TOW MOTOR IN MOTION.  
[*Styles laughs.*]  
It was nice, man. Safety-precautions after six years. Then another gallon of paint. 35
- Y-e-l-l-o-w l-i-n-e-  
NO SMOKING IN THIS AREA. DANGER!  
Then another gallon:  
G-r-e-e-n l-i-n-e-  
I noticed that that line cut off the roughcasting section, where we worked 40

that. Big machines! One mistake there and you're in trouble. I watched them and thought: What's going to happen here? When the green line was finished, down they went on the floor – Mr 'Baas' Bradley, the lot! – with a big green board, a little brush, and a tin of white paint.

EYE PROTECTION AREA. Then my big moment:

'Styles!'

'Yes, sir!'

[*Mr 'Baas' Bradley's heavy Afrikaans accent*] 'What do you say in your language for this? Eye Protection Area.'

It was easy, man!

'*Gqokra Izi Khuselo Zamehlo Kule Ndawo.*'

Nobody wrote it!

'Don't bloody fool me, Styles!'

'No, sir!'

'Then spell it ... slowly.'

[*Styles has a big laugh.*]

Hey! That was my moment, man. Kneeling there on the floor ... foreman, general foreman, plant supervisor, plant manager ... and Styles? Standing!

*Sizwe Bansi is Dead*

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

8 Either (a) 'I have made all our troubles. But you have insult me too.'

Discuss the role and dramatic significance of Rodolpho in the play.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Miller's handling of Beatrice's discussion with Catherine.

- BEATRICE You still think you're a little girl, honey. But nobody else can make up your mind for you any more, you understand? You gotta give him to understand that he can't give you orders no more.
- CATHERINE Yeah, but how am I going to do that? He thinks I'm a baby.
- BEATRICE Because *you* think you're a baby. I told you fifty times already, you can't act the way you act. You still walk around in front of him in your slip – 5
- CATHERINE Well I forgot.
- BEATRICE Well you can't do it. Or like you sit on the edge of the bathtub talkin' to him when he's shavin' in his underwear. 10
- CATHERINE When'd I do that?
- BEATRICE I seen you in there this morning.
- CATHERINE Oh ... well, I wanted to tell him something and I –
- BEATRICE I know, honey. But if you act like a baby and he be treatin' you like a baby. Like when he comes home sometimes you throw yourself at him like when you was twelve years old. 15
- CATHERINE Well I like to see him and I'm happy so I –
- BEATRICE Look, I'm not tellin' you what to do honey, but –
- CATHERINE No, you could tell me, B.! Gee, I'm all mixed up. See, I – He looks so sad now and it hurts me. 20
- BEATRICE Well look, Katie, if it's goin' to hurt you so much you're gonna end up an old maid here.
- CATHERINE No!
- BEATRICE I'm tellin' you, I'm not makin' a joke. I tried to tell you a couple of times in the last year or so. That's why I was so happy you were going to go out and get work, you wouldn't be here so much, you'd be a little more independent. I mean it. It's wonderful for a whole family to love each other, but you're a grown woman and you're in the same house with a grown man. So you'll act different now, heh? 25
- CATHERINE Yeah, I will. I'll remember. 30
- BEATRICE Because it ain't only up to him, Katie, you understand? I told him the same thing already.
- CATHERINE [*quickly*] What?
- BEATRICE That he should let you go. But, you see, if only I tell him, he thinks I'm just bawlin' him out, or maybe I'm jealous or somethin', you know? 35
- CATHERINE [*astonished*] He said you was jealous?
- BEATRICE No, I'm just sayin' maybe that's what he thinks.  
[*She reaches over to Catherine's hand; with a strained smile*]  
You think I'm jealous of you, honey?
- CATHERINE: No! It's the first I thought of it. 40
- BEATRICE [*with a quiet sad laugh*] Well you should have thought of it before ... but I'm not. We'll be all right. Just give him to understand; you don't have to fight, you're just – You're a woman, that's all, and you got a nice boy, and now the time came when you said good-bye. All right?
- CATHERINE [*strangely moved at the prospect*] All right ... If I can. 45

BEATRICE Honey ... you gotta.  
[*Catherine, sensing now an imperious demand, turns with some fear, with a discovery, to Beatrice. She is at the edge of tears, as though a familiar world had shattered.*]

CATHERINE Okay.

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Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'Set honour in one eye and death i' the other  
And I will look on both indifferently.'

Discuss the importance of honour in the play.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the dramatic effectiveness of Brutus's final moments.

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

BRUTUS	Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.	
CLITUS	Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.	
BRUTUS	Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.	5
	<i>[Whispering.]</i>	
CLITUS	What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.	
BRUTUS	Peace, then, no words.	
CLITUS	I'll rather kill myself.	10
BRUTUS	Hark thee, Dardanius!	
DARDANIUS	Shall I do such a deed?	
CLITUS	O Dardanius!	
DARDANIUS	O Clitus!	
CLITUS	What ill request did Brutus make to thee?	15
DARDANIUS	To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.	
CLITUS	Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.	
BRUTUS	Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.	
VOLUMNIUS	What says my lord?	20
BRUTUS	Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night – at Sardis once, And this last night here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.	25
VOLUMNIUS	Not so, my lord.	
BRUTUS	Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes: Our enemies have beat us to the pit;	
	<i>[Low alarums.]</i>	30
	It is more worthy to leap in ourselves Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'st that we two went to school together; Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.	35
VOLUMNIUS	That's not an office for a friend, my lord.	
	<i>[Alarum still.]</i>	
CLITUS	Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.	
BRUTUS	Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius. Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day, More than Octavius and Mark Antony	40
		45



So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history.  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within 'Fly, fly, fly!']

CLITUS  
 BRUTUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO  
 BRUTUS

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.

Farewell, good Strato. Caesar, now be still.

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius,  
 and the Army.

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Act 5, Scene 5





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