



1 hour 30 minutes

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

Actually, his aged nudity was a marvel to behold. His gold-and-copper-colored limbs showed no sign of slackness, and above his piercing eyes and stubborn forehead his white hair bristled wildly like the mane of a lion. His chest was a ruddy red from many years of heavy drinking, providing an impressive contrast for his white hair. His bulging muscles had become hardened through long disuse, reinforcing the impression of a crag that has become all the more precipitous under the pounding of the waves.

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It might be better to say that Terukichi was the personification of all Uta-jima's toil and determination and ambition and strength. Full of the somewhat uncouth energy of a man who had raised his family from nothing to wealth in a single generation, he was also narrow-minded enough never to have accepted any public office in the village, a fact that made him all the more respected by the leading people of the village. The uncanny accuracy of his weather predictions, his matchless experience in matters of fishing and navigation, and the great pride he took in knowing all the history and traditions of the island were often offset by his uncompromising stubbornness, his ludicrous pretensions, and his pugnacity, which abated not a whit with the years. But in any case he was an old man who, while still living, could act like a bronze statue erected to his own memory—and without appearing ridiculous.

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He slid open the glass door leading from the dressing-room into the bath.

The bathroom was fairly crowded, and through the clouds of steam there appeared the vague outlines of people moving about. The ceiling resounded with the sounds of water, the light tapping noises of wooden basins, and laughing conversation; the room was filled with abundant hot water and a feeling of release after the day's labor.

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Terukichi never rinsed his body before entering the pool. Now as always he walked in long, dignified strides directly from the door to the pool and, without further ado, thrust his legs into the water. It made no difference to him how hot the water might be. Terukichi had no more interest in such things as the possible effect of heat upon his heart and the blood vessels in his brain than he had in, say, perfume or neckties.

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Even though their faces got splashed with water, when the bathers realized it was Terukichi they nodded to him courteously. Terukichi immersed himself up to his arrogant chin.

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There were two young fishermen who were washing themselves beside the pool and had not noticed Terukichi's arrival. In loud voices they went right on with their unrestrained gossip about Terukichi.

"Uncle Teru Miyata really must be in his second childhood. He doesn't even know his girl's become a cracked pitcher."

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"That Shinji Kubo—didn't he pull a fast one though? While everybody was thinking he was such a kid, there he went and stole her right from under Uncle Teru's nose."

The people in the pool were fidgety and kept their eyes turned away from Terukichi.

Terukichi was boiling red, but his face was outwardly composed as he got out of the pool. Taking a wooden basin in each hand, he went and filled them from the cold-water tank. Then he walked over to the two youths, poured the icy water over their heads without warning, and kicked them in the back.

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The boys, their eyes half closed with soap, immediately started to strike back. But then they realized it was Terukichi they were up against and hesitated.

The old man next caught them both by the scruff of the neck, and, even though their soapy skin was slippery under his fingers, dragged them to the edge of the pool. There he gave them a tremendous shove, burying their heads in the hot water. Still grasping their necks tightly in his big hands, the old man shook the two heads in the water and knocked them together, just as though he were rinsing out laundry.

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Then, to top it all, without even washing himself, Terukichi stalked from the room with his long strides, not giving so much as a glance at the backsides of the other bathers, who had now risen to their feet and were left staring after him in blank amazement.

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How does Mishima strikingly portray Terukichi at this moment in the novel?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

2 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

Yerma:	Sit down.	
Victor:	Thanks, I'm fine.	
Yerma	[calling]: Juan!	
Victor:	I've come to say goodbye. [<i>He is rather edgy but quickly recovers his composure.</i>]	5
Yerma:	You are going with your brothers then?	
Victor:	It's what my father wants.	
Yerma:	He must be very old.	
Victor:	Yes, he is.	
	[Pause.]	10
Yerma:	It's best for you to move somewhere else.	
Victor:	One place is just like another.	
Yerma:	If I were you, I'd go as far away as you can from here.	
Victor:	It makes no difference. The sheep and the wool are the same wherever you go.	15
Yerma:	That's the way men think. Women are different. I never heard any man say: 'Oh, these apples are nice.' You go about your work blind to any kind of nicety. For myself I can honestly say I hate the taste of the water in our wells.	
Victor:	Maybe you're right.	20
	[<i>The stage is in soft shadow.</i>]	
Yerma:	Victor.	
Victor:	What is it?	
Yerma:	Why are you really going? Everyone here likes you.	
Victor:	I've always done the right thing.	25
	[Pause.]	
Yerma:	Oh, yes, you've always acted properly. Do you remember, when you were young and strong, you carried me in your arms? We can never tell how things will turn out.	
Victor:	Things change.	30
Yerma:	Some things don't. There are things hidden away that never change because no one else knows.	
Victor:	True enough.	
	[<i>Enter the SECOND SISTER-IN-LAW. She goes slowly to the door and stands there, silhouetted against the fading light.</i>]	35
Yerma:	And if they came to light and cried out, they'd fill the world with their sound.	
Victor:	But nothing would be gained. The stream where it flows, sheep in their pens, the moon in the sky, a man with his plough.	40
Yerma:	If only we paid attention to the teaching of the old and wise!	
	[<i>The long, melancholy sound of shepherds' horns is heard.</i>]	

Victor:	The sheep!	
	[Enter JUAN.]	45
Juan:	So, you're off?	
Victor:	I want to reach the pass by dawn.	
Juan:	No complaints then.	
Victor:	No. The price was fair enough.	
Juan	[to YERMA]: I've bought his sheep.	50
Yerma:	What?	
Victor	[to YERMA]: They are yours now.	
Yerma:	I didn't know.	
Juan	[satisfied]: Just so.	
Victor:	Your husband's going to make a fortune.	55
Yerma:	The man who works hard reaps what he sows.	
	[The SISTER-IN-LAW at the door comes in.]	
Juan:	We don't have room enough for all these sheep.	
Yerma	[darkly]: You've land enough.	
	[Pause.]	60
Juan:	I'll come as far as the stream.	
Victor:	I wish this house every happiness.	
	[He holds out his hand to YERMA.]	
Yerma:	God willing! Health and happiness to you!	
	[VICTOR starts to leave. YERMA makes a slight movement. VICTOR turns.]	65
Victor:	Yes?	
Yerma	[strongly]: Nothing. Just happiness!	
Victor:	Thank you.	
	[Exit both men. YERMA is greatly upset, staring at the hand which VICTOR has just held. She moves quickly stage left and picks up a shawl.]	70
Second Girl	[entering silently, covering YERMA's head with the shawl]: Let's go.	
Yerma:	I'm coming.	75
	[They leave furtively.]	

In what ways does Lorca make this moment in the play so dramatic and significant?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

3 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

There had been some question of a person of this name at dinner; but Laura had paid no great heed to what was said. Now she sat up sharply, for Evelyn exclaimed: 'There he is!'

It was a man, a real man—not a boy—with a drooping, fair moustache, a single eyeglass in one eye, and a camellia-bud in his buttonhole. For the space of a breathless second, Laura connected him with the pink satin; then he dropped into a vacant seat at Evelyn's side.

From this moment on, Laura's pleasure in her expensive seat, in the pretty blue theatre and its movable roof, in the gay trickeries of *The Mikado*, slowly fizzled out. Evelyn had no more thought for her. Now and then, it is true, she would turn, in her affectionate way, and ask Laura if she were all right—just as one satisfies oneself that a little child is happy—but her real attention was for the man at her side. The two kept up a perpetual buzz of chat, broken only by Evelyn's low laughs. Laura sat neglected, sat stiff and cold with disappointment, a great bitterness welling up within her. Before the performance had dragged to an end, she would have liked to put her head down and cry.

'Tired?' queried Evelyn, noticing her pinched look, as they drove home in the wagonette. But the mother was there, too, so Laura said no.

Directly, however, the bedroom door shut behind them, she fell into a tantrum, a fit of sullen rage, which she accentuated till Evelyn could not but notice it.

'What's the matter with you? Didn't you enjoy yourself?'

'No, I hated it,' returned Laura passionately.

Evelyn laughed a little at this, but with an air of humorous dismay. 'I must take care, then, not to ask you out again.'

'I wouldn't go. Not for anything!'

'What on earth's the matter with you?'

'Nothing's the matter.'

'Well, if that's all, make haste and get into bed. You're overtired.'

'Go to bed yourself!'

'I am, as fast as I can. I can hardly keep my eyes open,' and Evelyn yawned heartily.

When Laura saw that she meant it, she burst out: 'You're nothing but a story-teller—that's what you are! You said you didn't like them...that they were mostly fools...and then...then, to go on as you did tonight!' Her voice was shaky with tears.

'Oh, that's it, is it?—Come now, go to bed. We'll talk about it in the morning.'

'I never want to speak to you again!'

'You're a silly child. But I'm really too sleepy to quarrel with you tonight.'

'I hate you—hate you!'

'I shall survive it.'

She turned out the gas as she spoke, settled herself on her pillow, and composedly went to sleep.

Laura's rage redoubled. Throwing herself on the floor, she burst into angry tears, and cried as loudly as she dared, in the hope of keeping her companion awake. But Evelyn was a magnificent sleeper and remained undisturbed. So, after a time, Laura rose, drew up the blind, opened the window, and sat down on the sill.

It was a bitterly cold night, of milky-white moonlight; each bush and shrub carved its jet-black shadow on paths and grass. Across Evelyn's bed fell a great patch of light: this, or the chill night air, would, it was to be trusted, wake her. Meanwhile, Laura sat in her thin nightgown and shivered, feeling the cold intensely, after the burning heat of the day. She hoped with all her heart that she would be lucky enough to get an inflammation of the lungs. Then Evelyn would be sorry she had been so cruel to her.

It was nearly two o'clock, and she had several times found herself nodding, when the sleeper suddenly opened her eyes and sat bolt up in bed.

'Laura, good heavens, what are you doing at the window? Oh, you wicked child, you'll catch your death of cold!—Get into bed at once!'

And, the culprit still maintaining an immovable silence, Evelyn dragged her to bed by main force, and tucked her in as tightly as a mummy.

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Explore how Richardson makes this moment in the novel so memorable.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

4 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows:

<i>Tiresias:</i>	None of you knows— and I will never reveal my dreadful secrets, not to say your own.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	What? You know and you won't tell? You're bent on betraying us, destroying Thebes?	5
<i>Tiresias:</i>	I'd rather not cause pain for you or me. So why this ... useless interrogation? You'll get nothing from me.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Nothing! You, you scum of the earth, you'd enrage a heart of stone! You won't talk? Nothing moves you? Out with it, once and for all!	10
<i>Tiresias:</i>	You criticize my temper ... unaware of the one <i>you</i> live with, you revile me.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Who could restrain his anger hearing you? What outrage—you spurn the city!	15
<i>Tiresias:</i>	What will come will come. Even if I shroud it all in silence.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	What will come? You're bound to <i>tell</i> me that.	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	I will say no more. Do as you like, build your anger to whatever pitch you please, rage your worst—	20
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Oh I'll let loose, I have such fury in me— now I see it all. You helped hatch the plot, you did the work, yes, short of killing him with your own hands—and given eyes I'd say you did the killing single-handed!	25
<i>Tiresias:</i>	Is that so! I charge you, then, submit to that decree you just laid down: from this day onward speak to no one, not these citizens, not myself. <i>You</i> are the curse, the corruption of the land!	30
<i>Oedipus:</i>	You, shameless— aren't you appalled to start up such a story? You think you can get away with this?	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	I have already. The truth with all its power lives inside me.	35
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Who primed you for this? Not your prophet's trade.	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	You did, you forced me, twisted it out of me.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	What? Say it again—I'll understand it better.	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	Didn't you understand, just now? Or are you tempting me to talk?	40
<i>Oedipus:</i>	No, I can't say I grasped your meaning. Out with it, again!	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	I say you are the murderer you hunt.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	That obscenity, twice—by god, you'll pay.	45

<i>Tiresias:</i>	Shall I say more, so you can really rage?	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Much as you want. Your words are nothing— futile.	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	You cannot imagine ... I tell you, you and your loved ones live together in infamy, you cannot see how far you've gone in guilt.	50
<i>Oedipus:</i>	You think you can keep this up and never suffer?	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	Indeed, if the truth has any power.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	It does but not for you, old man. You've lost your power, stone-blind, stone-deaf—senses, eyes blind as stone!	55
<i>Tiresias:</i>	I pity you, flinging at me the very insults each man here will fling at you so soon.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Blind, lost in the night, endless night that nursed you! You can't hurt me or anyone else who sees the light— you can never touch me.	60
<i>Tiresias:</i>	True, it is not your fate to fall at my hands. Apollo is quite enough, and he will take some pains to work this out.	65
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Creon! Is this conspiracy his or yours?	
<i>Tiresias:</i>	Creon is not your downfall, no, you are your own.	

How does Sophocles dramatically convey the conflict between Oedipus and Tiresias here?

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

- 5 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows:

Report To Wordsworth

You should be here, Nature has need of you.
She has been laid waste. Smothered by the smog,
the flowers are mute, and the birds are few
in a sky slowing like a dying clock.
All hopes of Proteus rising from the sea
have sunk; he is entombed in the waste
we dump. Triton's notes struggle to be free,
his famous horns are choked, his eyes are dazed,
and Neptune lies helpless as a beached whale,
while insatiate man moves in for the kill.
Poetry and piety have begun to fail,
as Nature's mighty heart is lying still.
O see the wound widening in the sky,
God is labouring to utter his last cry.

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Boey Kim Cheng

In what ways does Boey Kim Cheng use words and images to powerful effect in *Report to Wordsworth*?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

From STORIES OF OURSELVES

- 6** Read this extract from *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri), and then answer the question that follows:

When I pressed the calling bell, the woman with whom I had spoken on the phone hollered from what seemed to be just the other side of the door, 'One minute, please!'

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Instead she commanded, 'Say "splendid"!'
I was both baffled and somewhat insulted by the request.

Explore how Lahiri memorably depicts the first meeting between the narrator and Mrs Croft.

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 7 In what ways does Mishima make the developing relationship between Shinji and Hatsue so striking?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 In what ways does Lorca strikingly depict the lives of women in the play?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 2** when answering this question.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore **two** moments in the novel which Richardson makes particularly entertaining.

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 3** when answering this question.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 Explore how Sophocles makes the ending of the play so powerful.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

- 11 In what ways does Rumens vividly portray the children in *Carpet-weavers, Morocco*?

From STORIES OF OURSELVES

- 12 How does Soueif create a sad portrait of married life in *Sandpiper*?

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