LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Ruth:* What did you call that man for, Walter Lee?

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.
Just write the cheque and – the house is yours.’

(from Act 3)

In what ways does Hansberry make this a powerfully dramatic moment in the play?

Or 1(b)

How does Hansberry strikingly portray different hopes and ambitions in the play?

Do not use the passage printed in Question 1(a) in answering this question.
ARThUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 2(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.
I am not blind; there is a faction and a party. (from Act 1)

How does Miller vividly portray Reverend Parris at this early moment in the play?

Or 2(b)

How does Miller’s writing make you feel about the way Danforth controls the witch trials?
R C SHERRIFF: Journey’s End

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Trotter* [stifling a hiccup]: Just a cup o’ tea – then I’ll go and relieve young Raleigh.
Get out of my sight!

(Stanhope: from Act 3 Scene 2)

How does Sherriff make this such a tense moment in the play?

Or 3(b)

Explore two moments in the play where Sherriff’s writing makes you feel particularly sad.

Do not use the passage printed in Question 3 (a) in answering this question.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Romeo and Juliet

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 4(a)

Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Mantua. A street.*

[Enter ROMEO]

**Romeo:** If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath’d such life with kisses in my lips
That I reviv’d, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d,
When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy!

[Enter BALTHASAR, Romeo’s man.]

**Balthasar:** News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

**Romeo:** Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels’ monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

**Balthasar:** Is it e’en so? Then I defy you, stars.
Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

**Romeo:** I do beseech you, sir, have patience;
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

**Balthasar:** Tush, thou art deceiv’d;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

**Balthasar:** No, my good lord.
Romeo: No matter; get thee gone, And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight. [Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary, And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted In tatt'red weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks; Sharp misery had worn him to the bones; And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd, and other skins Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, Were thinly scattered, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said 'An if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him'.

(from Act 5 Scene 1)

In what ways does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so upsetting?

Or 4(b)

How does Shakespeare strikingly contrast Mercutio and Benvolio in the play?
A street.

[Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

Sebastian: I would not by my will have troubled you;  
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.  

Antonio: I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you – though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage –  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.  

Sebastian: My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns  
Are shuffl’d off with such uncurrent pay;  
But were my worth as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What’s to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?  

Antonio: To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.  

Sebastian: I am not weary, and ’tis long to night;  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.  

Antonio: Would you’d pardon me.  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once in a sea-fight ’gainst the Count his galleys  
I did some service; of such note, indeed,  
That, were I ta’en here, it would scarce be answer’d.  

Sebastian: Belike you slew great number of his people.
Antonio: Th’ offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer’d in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic’s sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.  

Sebastian: Do not then walk too open.

(from Act 3 Scene 3)

How does Shakespeare make this a memorable and significant moment in the play?

Or 5(b)

To what extent does Shakespeare’s portrayal of Malvolio make you sympathise with him?