

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**0486/11**

**May/June 2019**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.



**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

### ***SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 5***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 1** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

#### *Reservist*

Time again for the annual joust, the regular fanfare,  
 a call to arms, the imperative letters stern  
 as clarion notes, the king's command, upon  
 the pain of court-martial, to tilt  
 at the old windmills. With creaking bones  
 and suppressed grunts, we battle-weary knights  
 creep to attention, ransack the wardrobes  
 for our rusty armour, tuck the pot bellies  
 with great finesse into the shrinking gear,  
 and with helmets shutting off half our world,  
 report for service. We are again united  
 with sleek weapons we were betrothed to  
 in our active cavalier days.

We will keep charging up the same hills, plod  
 through the same forests, till we are too old,  
 too ill-fitted for life's other territories.  
 The same trails will find us time and again,  
 and we quick to obey, like children placed  
 on carousels they cannot get off from, borne  
 along through somebody's expensive fantasyland,  
 with an oncoming rush of tedious rituals, masked threats  
 and monsters armed with the same roar.

In the end we will perhaps surprise ourselves  
 and emerge unlikely heroes with long years  
 of braving the same horrors  
 pinned on our tunic fronts.  
 We will have proven that Sisyphus is not a myth.  
 We will play the game till the monotony  
 sends his lordship to sleep.  
 We will march the same paths till they break  
 onto new trails, our lives stumbling  
 onto the open sea, into daybreak.

(Boey Kim Cheng)

What impressions of the speaker does Boey create for you in this poem?

- Or      2 How does Brontë use words and images to powerful effect in *Cold In The Earth*?

*Cold In The Earth*

Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee!  
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
 Have I forgot, my Only Love, to love thee,  
 Severed at last by Time's all-wearing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
 Over the mountains on Angora's shore;  
 Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover  
 That noble heart for ever, ever more? 5

Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers  
 From those brown hills have melted into spring –  
 Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers  
 After such years of change and suffering! 10

Sweet Love of youth, forgive if I forget thee  
 While the World's tide is bearing me along:  
 Sternier desires and darker hopes beset me,  
 Hopes which obscure but cannot do thee wrong. 15

No other Sun has lightened up my heaven;  
 No other Star has ever shone for me:  
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given –  
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee. 20

But when the days of golden dreams had perished  
 And even Despair was powerless to destroy,  
 Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
 Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy;

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,  
 Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;  
 Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
 Down to that tomb already more than mine! 25

And even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
 Dare not indulge in Memory's rapturous pain;  
 Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
 How could I seek the empty world again? 30

(Emily Brontë)

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2****Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 3** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:*Afternoon with Irish Cows*

There were a few dozen who occupied the field

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above the wall with one wild, shocking eye.

(*Billy Collins*)

How does Collins create vivid impressions of the cows in this poem?

- Or      4 How does Tennyson make *The Kraken* such a disturbing poem?

*The Kraken*

Below the thunders of the upper deep;  
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee  
About his shadowy sides: above him swell  
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;      5  
And far away into the sickly light,  
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell  
Unnumbered and enormous polypi  
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.      10  
There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,  
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;  
Then once by man and angels to be seen,  
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.      15

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

GILLIAN CLARKE: from *Collected Poems*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 5** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Musician*

*for Owain*

His carpet splattered like a Jackson Pollock  
with clothes, books, instruments, the *NME*,  
he strummed all day, read Beethoven sonatas.  
He could hear it, he said, ‘like words.’

That bitterest winter, he took up the piano, obsessed,  
playing Bartok in the early hours. Snow fell,  
veil after veil till we lost the car in the drive.

I slept under two duvets and my grandmother’s fur,  
and woke, suffocating, in the luminous nights  
to hear the Hungarian Dances across moonlit snow.  
The street cut off, immaculate, the house  
glacial, suburbs hushed in wafery whiteness.  
At dawn, hearing Debussy, I’d find him,  
hands in fingerless gloves against the cold,  
overcoat on. He hadn’t been to bed.

Snows banked the doors, rose to the sills,  
silted the attic, drew veils across the windows.  
Scent, sound, colour, detritus lay buried.

I dreamed the house vaulted and pillared with snow,  
a drowned cathedral, waiting for the thaw,  
and woke to hear the piano’s muffled bells,  
a first pianissimo slip of snow from the roof.

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In what ways does Clarke vividly portray the musician in this poem?

- Or      6 How does Clarke vividly convey her thoughts and feelings in *Miracle on St David's Day*?

*Miracle on St David's Day*

'They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude'

*The Daffodils by W Wordsworth*

An afternoon yellow and open-mouthed  
with daffodils. The sun treads the path  
among cedars and enormous oaks.  
It might be a country house, guests strolling,  
the rumps of gardeners between nursery shrubs.

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I am reading poetry to the insane.  
An old woman, interrupting, offers  
as many buckets of coal as I need.  
A beautiful chestnut-haired boy listens  
entirely absorbed. A schizophrenic

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on a good day, they tell me later.  
In a cage of first March sun a woman  
sits not listening, not seeing, not feeling.  
In her neat clothes the woman is absent.  
A big, mild man is tenderly led

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to his chair. He has never spoken.  
His labourer's hands on his knees, he rocks  
gently to the rhythms of the poems.  
I read to their presences, absences,  
to the big, dumb labouring man as he rocks.

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He is suddenly standing, silently,  
huge and mild, but I feel afraid. Like slow  
movement of spring water or the first bird  
of the year in the breaking darkness,  
the labourer's voice recites 'The Daffodils'.

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The nurses are frozen, alert; the patients  
seem to listen. He is hoarse but word-perfect.  
Outside the daffodils are still as wax,  
a thousand, ten thousand, their syllables  
unspoken, their creams and yellows still.

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Forty years ago, in a Valleys school,  
the class recited poetry by rote.  
Since the dumbness of misery fell  
he has remembered there was a music  
of speech and that once he had something to say.

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When he's done, before the applause, we observe  
the flowers' silence. A thrush sings  
and the daffodils are flame.

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 7** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Mr Rushworth was from the first struck with the beauty of Miss Bertram, and being inclined to marry, soon fancied himself in love. He was a heavy young man, with not more than common sense, but as there was nothing disagreeable in his figure or address, the young lady was well pleased with her conquest. Being now in her twenty-first year, Maria Bertram was beginning to think matrimony a duty; and as a marriage with Mr Rushworth would give her the enjoyment of a larger income than her father's, as well as ensure her the house in town, which was now a prime object, it became by the same rule of moral obligation, her evident duty to marry Mr Rushworth if she could. Mrs Norris was most zealous in promoting the match, by every suggestion and contrivance, likely to enhance its desirableness to either party; and among other means by seeking an intimacy with the gentleman's mother, who at present lived with him, and to whom she even forced Lady Bertram to go through ten miles of indifferent road, to pay a morning visit. It was not long before a good understanding took place between this lady and herself. Mrs Rushworth acknowledged herself very desirous that her son should marry, and declared that of all the young ladies she had ever seen, Miss Bertram seemed, by her amiable qualities and accomplishments, the best adapted to make him happy. Mrs Norris accepted the compliment, and admired the nice discernment of character which could so well distinguish merit. Maria was indeed the pride and delight of them all—perfectly faultless—an angel; and of course, so surrounded by admirers, must be difficult in her choice; but yet as far as Mrs Norris could allow herself to decide on so short an acquaintance, Mr Rushworth appeared precisely the young man to deserve and attach her.

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After dancing with each other at a proper number of balls, the young people justified these opinions, and an engagement, with a due reference to the absent Sir Thomas, was entered into, much to the satisfaction of their respective families, and of the general lookers-on of the neighbourhood, who had, for many weeks past, felt the expediency of Mr Rushworth's marrying Miss Bertram.

It was some months before Sir Thomas's consent could be received; but in the mean while, as no one felt a doubt of his most cordial pleasure in the connection, the intercourse of the two families was carried on without restraint, and no other attempt made at secrecy, than Mrs Norris's talking of it every where as a matter not to be talked of at present.

Edmund was the only one of the family who could see a fault in the business; but no representation of his aunt's could induce him to find Mr Rushworth a desirable companion. He could allow his sister to be the best judge of her own happiness, but he was not pleased that her happiness should centre in a large income; nor could he refrain from often saying to himself, in Mr Rushworth's company, 'If this man had not twelve thousand a year, he would be a very stupid fellow.'

Sir Thomas, however, was truly happy in the prospect of an alliance so unquestionably advantageous, and of which he heard nothing but the perfectly good and agreeable. It was a connection exactly of the right sort; in the same county, and the same interest; and his most hearty concurrence was conveyed as soon as possible. He only conditioned that the marriage should not take place before his return, which he was again looking eagerly forward to. He wrote in April, and had strong hopes of settling every thing to his entire satisfaction, and leaving Antigua before the end of the summer.

*[from Chapter 4]*

How does Austen amusingly present the engagement of Maria Bertram and Mr Rushworth at this moment in the novel?

- Or      8 Does Austen's writing encourage you to have any sympathy for Mary and Henry Crawford?

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 9** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

It was pleasant there in the kitchen. The sun shone into my bath-water through the west half-window, and a big Maltese cat came up and rubbed himself against the tub, watching me curiously. While I scrubbed, my grandmother busied herself in the dining-room until I called anxiously, 'Grandmother, I'm afraid the cakes are burning!' Then she came laughing, waving her apron before her as if she were shooing chickens. 5

She was a spare, tall woman, a little stooped, and she was apt to carry her head thrust forward in an attitude of attention, as if she were looking at something, or listening to something, far away. As I grew older, I came to believe that it was only because she was so often thinking of things that were far away. She was quick-footed and energetic in all her movements. Her voice was high and rather shrill, and she often spoke with an anxious inflection, for she was exceedingly desirous that everything should go with due order and decorum. Her laugh, too, was high, and perhaps a little strident, but there was a lively intelligence in it. She was then fifty-five years old, a strong woman, of unusual endurance. 10 15

After I was dressed, I explored the long cellar next the kitchen. It was dug out under the wing of the house, was plastered and cemented, with a stairway and an outside door by which the men came and went. Under one of the windows there was a place for them to wash when they came in from work. 20

While my grandmother was busy about supper, I settled myself on the wooden bench behind the stove and got acquainted with the cat — he caught not only rats and mice, but gophers, I was told. The patch of yellow sunlight on the floor travelled back toward the stairway, and grandmother and I talked about my journey, and about the arrival of the new Bohemian family; she said they were to be our nearest neighbours. We did not talk about the farm in Virginia, which had been her home for so many years. But after the men came in from the fields, and we were all seated at the supper table, then she asked Jake about the old place and about our friends and neighbours there. 25 30

My grandfather said little. When he first came in he kissed me and spoke kindly to me, but he was not demonstrative. I felt at once his deliberateness and personal dignity, and was a little in awe of him. The thing one immediately noticed about him was his beautiful, crinkly, snow-white beard. I once heard a missionary say it was like the beard of an Arabian sheik. His bald crown only made it more impressive. 35

Grandfather's eyes were not at all like those of an old man; they were bright blue, and had a fresh, frosty sparkle. His teeth were white and regular — so sound that he had never been to a dentist in his life. He had a delicate skin, easily roughened by sun and wind. When he was a young man his hair and beard were red; his eyebrows were still coppery. 40

As we sat at the table, Otto Fuchs and I kept stealing covert glances at each other. Grandmother had told me while she was getting supper that he was an Austrian who came to this country a young boy and had led an adventurous life in the Far West among mining-camps and cow outfits. His iron constitution was somewhat broken by mountain pneumonia, and he 45

had drifted back to live in a milder country for a while. He had relatives in Bismarck, a German settlement to the north of us, but for a year now he had been working for grandfather.

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*[from Book 1 Chapter 2]*

How does Cather make this such a vivid introduction to Jim's grandparents?

- Or **10** Explore the ways in which Cather strikingly portrays the relationship between Mr and Mrs Shimerda.

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 11** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

She pointed dramatically at Nur who was huddled, whimpering, on the mattress, holding his knees to his chest and rocking from side to side in agony. ‘Do you call that a poet, or even a man? All of you – you *followers* of his – you have reduced him to that, making him eat and drink like some animal, like a pig, laughing at your jokes, singing your crude songs, when he should be at work, or resting to prepare himself for work – ’

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Deven dropped his eyes and his head sank in admission of this indubitable truth. His submission seemed to enrage her and throw her into another paroxysm. Marching across the room to a shelf where books and papers were stacked, she began to fling them at him, saying, ‘See what you’ve done to him? See what he’s done in my room? Am I to stand for this in my room, in my house? Did he marry me to make me live in a pigsty with him? Am I to live like a pig with all the rest of you?’ With each question she flung another handful of papers at Deven and when he was deep in them, turning his head from side to side to avoid their impact, growing giddy and muddled and frantic as more and more descended on him, she screamed, ‘Don’t you see? It is *there!*’ and pointed at a pool of yellow vomit in a corner of the room. He stared across it and only then noticed the crying child – the little fat boy who had thrown down the coins the poet had given him, now sitting against the wall with his legs stretched out before him and his fists thrust into his eyes, howling with sleepiness and terror. Following the direction of Deven’s eyes, she too stared at the child, then swooped down upon him and picked him up in a fierce embrace. ‘See what my child has to witness – the depths to which his father has been brought by you – you – ’

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‘No, no,’ Deven protested, and to remove any such signs of the poet’s degradation, he grabbed some handfuls of paper she had flung at him and, crawling forwards to the tell-tale stain, began to scrub the floor with them, made desperate in his movements by the sobbing of the terrified child and the retching of the poet at the other end of the room as well as the outrage that the woman exhaled as though she were a fire-eater in the middle of a performance.

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‘Take it away from here,’ she commanded, standing by the bookshelf and holding the child as if out of the swill. ‘Go fetch water. Wash the floor. I want it washed and polished. I will have my room clean, my house clean. D’you hear? D’you think I entered this house to keep company with swine?’

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‘No, *janum*, no,’ wept the poet, in between retching sounds that were tearing him to pieces. ‘I tell you – I had this pain here – my ulcers – ’

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‘Don’t talk to me!’ her voice rose hysterically. ‘Don’t talk to me about ulcers. It was drink, it was your party, your friends, your horrible, inferior life – ’

‘He is ill,’ Deven protested, and crept towards the door with the dirty sheets of paper in his hand. ‘Please, please, he is ill, and aged. I beg you – ’

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‘Ill? He is *foolish*, foolish to spend time with you, to have friends like you, to ignore his wife and child – ’ here the woman stopped her high-pitched abuse as her voice broke, and she turned her face away as if to

hide a moment of weakness. Deven took her momentary inattention as an opportunity to slip out of the room with the sopping bundle of paper, desperate to get rid of it.

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*[from Chapter 3]*

How does Desai make this moment in the novel both vivid and revealing?

Or **12** Does Desai's writing encourage you to have any sympathy for Deven?

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 11** in answering this question.

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 13** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

'It would be a fine thing to be you, Miss Louisa!' she said, one night, when Louisa had endeavoured to make her perplexities for next day something clearer to her.

'Do you think so?'

'I should know so much, Miss Louisa. All that is difficult to me now, would be so easy then.'

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'You might not be the better for it, Sissy.'

Sissy submitted, after a little hesitation, 'I should not be the worse, Miss Louisa.' To which Miss Louisa answered, 'I don't know that.'

There had been so little communication between these two – both because life at Stone Lodge went monotonously round like a piece of machinery which discouraged human interference, and because of the prohibition relative to Sissy's past career – that they were still almost strangers. Sissy, with her dark eyes wonderfully directed to Louisa's face, was uncertain whether to say more or to remain silent.

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'You are more useful to my mother, and more pleasant with her than I can ever be,' Louisa resumed. 'You are pleasanter to yourself, than I am to *my self*.'

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'But, if you please Miss Louisa,' Sissy pleaded, 'I am – O so stupid!'

Louisa, with a brighter laugh than usual, told her she would be wiser by and by.

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'You don't know,' said Sissy, half crying, 'what a stupid girl I am. All through school hours I make mistakes. Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild call me up, over and over again, regularly to make mistakes. I can't help them. They seem to come natural to me.'

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'Mr and Mrs M'Choakumchild never make any mistakes themselves, I suppose, Sissy?'

'O no!' she eagerly returned. 'They know everything.'

'Tell me some of your mistakes.'

'I am almost ashamed,' said Sissy, with reluctance. 'But today, for instance, Mr M'Choakumchild was explaining to us about Natural Prosperity.'

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'National, I think it must have been,' observed Louisa.

'Yes, it was. – But isn't it the same?' she timidly asked.

'You had better say, National, as he said so,' returned Louisa, with her dry reserve.

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'National Prosperity. And he said, Now, this schoolroom is a Nation. And in this nation, there are fifty millions of money. Isn't this a prosperous nation? Girl number twenty, isn't this a prosperous nation, and a'n't you in a thriving state?'

'What did you say?' asked Louisa.

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'Miss Louisa, I said I didn't know. I thought I couldn't know whether it was a prosperous nation or not, and whether I was in a thriving state or not, unless I knew who had got the money, and whether any of it was mine. But that had nothing to do with it. It was not in the figures at all,' said Sissy, wiping her eyes.

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'That was a great mistake of yours,' observed Louisa.

'Yes, Miss Louisa, I know it was, now. Then Mr M'Choakumchild said he would try me again. And he said, This schoolroom is an immense town,

and in it there are a million of inhabitants, and only five-and-twenty are starved to death in the streets, in the course of a year. What is your remark on that proportion? And my remark was – for I couldn't think of a better one – that I thought it must be just as hard upon those who were starved, whether the others were a million, or a million million. And that was wrong, too.'

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'Of course it was.'

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'Then Mr M'Choakumchild said he would try me once more. And he said, Here are the stutters – '

'Statistics,' said Louisa.

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'Yes, Miss Louisa – they always remind me of stutters, and that's another of my mistakes – of accidents upon the sea. And I find (Mr M'Choakumchild said) that in a given time a hundred thousand persons went to sea on long voyages, and only five hundred of them were drowned or burnt to death. What is the percentage? And I said, Miss; here Sissy fairly sobbed as confessing with extreme contrition to her greatest error; 'I said it was nothing.'

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*[from Book 1 Chapter 9]*

How does Dickens create sympathy for both Sissy and Louisa at this moment in the novel?

- Or **14** In what ways does Dickens make the relationship between Louisa and her brother Tom so memorable?

KATE GRENVILLE: *The Secret River*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 15** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The felons were being pushed and prodded over the plank onto the wharf and stood bowed under the ferocity of light, awkward in their irons. Their heads had been recently cropped so their necks were pale like sprouted potatoes, the scabby skin showing where the shears had bitten too deep. They stood on the wharf in a tight bunch, afraid of so much space. 5

Thornhill had looked forward to this moment. He had pictured how he would stride and point at the men he wanted. But he hung back now, so he would not have to face Suckling's smirk.

The Governor's man had already creamed off the prisoners with skills: the carpenters and builders, the sawyers and farmers. Now the gentleman settlers, with their braying voices and their coats that fitted as if they had been born in them, were singling out the strong ones and the ones on whose faces life had not laid too hard a stamp. Then the emancipist settlers made their choices, and there was not much left when Suckling was beside him again out of nowhere. *Take your pick, Thornhill*, he said, and made a shopkeeper's expansive gesture. His smile was yellow in the blaze of sun. *Feel free, won't you?* he said, and gave *free* a little lingering weight. 10 15

The two that Thornhill chose were the best of a bad lot. The one who called himself Ned, no other name forthcoming, was a dim thin soul with a long jaw like the heel of a foot, and a wet red mouth and eyes too far back in his head. He reminded Thornhill of poor Rob back in London, a few bricks short of a load, but he seemed willing enough. The other had been a barrow-boy at Covent Garden, he said, although he was no longer a boy. He was haggard in the bright glare of the day. 20

They were a miserable enough pair. But his own. 25

The barrow-boy was squinting at him through the painful light. *Why, Will Thornhill, is it?* he said, coming up closer so Thornhill caught the smell of the ship on him. *Will! Dan Oldfield, remember?*

Thornhill looked at him: the gaunt face, black whiskers beneath the milky skin giving him a starved look, the mouth, starting a grin, ajar on gappy teeth. He remembered Dan Oldfield now. He had seen his father laid out dead on Herring Wharf full of river-water. He remembered the hunger they had shared together, and the cold, and the way they had stood one day pissing on their own feet, just for the moment's warmth of it. 30

*The old place sends its regards, Will*, Dan cried. His voice was louder than necessary. *Wapping New Stairs ain't the same without our Will Thornhill!* In the face of Thornhill's lack of response, his smile was stiffening. 35

Thornhill spoke as mildly as a man might who has nothing to prove. *Forgetting your manners are you, Dan Oldfield*, he said, and saw the grin close down. He thought of the way Suckling smiled, not showing any teeth, and tried it himself. *It is Mr Thornhill, Dan*, he said. *You would do well to remember.* 40

Dan looked away, blankly, at the headlands across Port Jackson, the thick-packed bush, the trembling silver of the water. *Mr Thornhill, then*, he said, his voice emptied of expression. Thornhill watched him staring down at the water, where shafts of sunlight sent pale fingers into the glassy green depths, saw the way he was clenching his jaw. He kept shading his eyes with one hand, then the other, his head down. The sunlight showed 45

how thin the wisps of hair were on his pointed head.

Thornhill remembered how he had stared down at the water in just that way, the day the man with the beard full of breadcrumbs had assigned him to Sal. It was a way of not being present at what was happening. Staring into the depths of the water, a man could become a fish, or the water itself.

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He knew what it was like to be Dan. That was the trouble. He might be entitled to stand in power over him, but in the eyes of men like Suckling, he and Dan Oldfield were the same. He saw what he had never seen before: that there could be no future for the Thornhills back in London.

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*[from Part 3]*

How does Grenville make this such a vivid and significant moment in the novel?

Or

- 16** In what ways does Grenville vividly depict the problems that the Thornhills face at Thornhill's Point?

**JOHN KNOWLES: A Separate Peace**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 17** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The beach was hours away by bicycle, forbidden, completely out of all bounds. Going there risked expulsion, destroyed the studying I was going to do for an important test the next morning, blasted the reasonable amount of order I wanted to maintain in my life, and it also involved the kind of long, laboured bicycle ride I hated. 'All right,' I said. 5

We got our bikes and slipped away from Devon along a back road. Having invited me Finny now felt he had to keep me entertained. He told long, wild stories about his childhood; as I pumped panting up steep hills he glided along beside me, joking steadily. He analysed my character, and he insisted on knowing what I disliked most about him ('You're too conventional,' I said). He rode backward with no hands, he rode on his own handlebars, he jumped off and back on his moving bike as he had seen trick horseback riders do in the movies. He sang. Despite the steady musical undertone in his speaking voice Finny couldn't carry a tune, and he couldn't remember the melody or the words to any song. But he loved listening to music, any music, and he liked to sing. 10 15

We reached the beach late in the afternoon. The tide was high and the surf was heavy. I dived in and rode a couple of waves, but they had reached that stage of power in which you could feel the whole strength of the ocean in them. The second wave, as it tore toward the beach with me, spewed me a little ahead of it, encroaching rapidly; suddenly it was immeasurably bigger than I was, it rushed me from the control of gravity and took control of me itself; the wave threw me down in a primitive plunge without a bottom, then there was a bottom, grinding sand, and I skidded onto the shore. The wave hesitated, balanced there, and then hissed back toward the deep water, its tentacles not quite interested enough in me to drag me with it. 20 25

I made my way up on the beach and lay down. Finny came, ceremoniously took my pulse, and then went back into the ocean. He stayed in an hour, breaking off every few minutes to come back to me and talk. The sand was so hot from the all-day sunshine that I had to brush the top layer away in order to lie down on it, and Finny's progress across the beach became a series of high, startled leaps. 30

The ocean, throwing up foaming sun-sprays across some nearby rocks, was winter cold. This kind of sunshine and ocean, with the accumulating roar of the surf and the salty, adventurous, flirting wind from the sea, always intoxicated Phineas. He was everywhere, he enjoyed himself hugely, he laughed out loud at passing sea gulls. And he did everything he could think of for me. 35

We had dinner at a hot dog stand, with our backs to the ocean and its now cooler wind, our faces toward the heat of the cooking range. Then we walked on toward the centre of the beach, where there was a subdued New England strip of honky-tonks. The Boardwalk lights against the deepening blue sky gained an ideal, starry beauty and the lights from the belt of honky-tonks and shooting galleries and beer gardens gleamed with a quiet purity in the clear twilight. 40 45

Finny and I went along the Boardwalk in our sneakers and white slacks, Finny in a light blue polo shirt and I in a T-shirt. I noticed that people were

looking fixedly at him, so I took a look myself to see why. His skin radiated a reddish copper glow of tan, his brown hair had been a little bleached by the sun, and I noticed that the tan made his eyes shine with a cool blue-green fire.

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'Everybody's staring at you,' he suddenly said to me. 'It's because of that movie-star tan you picked up this afternoon ... showing off again.'

Enough broken rules were enough that night. Neither of us suggested going into any of the honky-tonks or beer gardens. We did have one glass of beer each at a fairly respectable-looking bar, convincing, or seeming to convince the bartender that we were old enough by a show of forged draft cards. Then we found a good spot among some sand dunes at the lonely end of the beach, and there we settled down to sleep for the night. The last words of Finny's usual nighttime monologue were, 'I hope you're having a pretty good time here. I know I kind of dragged you away at the point of a gun, but after all you can't come to the shore with just anybody and you can't come by yourself, and at this teen-age period in life the proper person is your best pal.' He hesitated and then added, 'which is what you are,' and there was silence on his dune.

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It was a courageous thing to say. Exposing a sincere emotion nakedly like that at the Devon School was the next thing to suicide. I should have told him then that he was my best friend also and rounded off what he had said. I started to; I nearly did. But something held me back. Perhaps I was stopped by that level of feeling, deeper than thought, which contains the truth.

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*[from Chapter 3]*

Explore the ways in which Knowles creates such a moving portrayal of the boys' friendship at this moment in the novel.

Or **18** How does Knowles make you feel sorry for Leper?

**ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

- Where is this place? 5
  - It is not far from here. I shall take you tomorrow.
  - I have another great sorrow.
  - You may tell me.
  - I should be glad to tell you.
- But then he was silent, and tried to speak and could not, so Msimangu said to him, Take your time, my brother.
- It is not easy. It is our greatest sorrow. 10
  - A son, maybe? Or a daughter?
  - It is a son.
  - I am listening.
- Absalom was his name. He too went away, to look for my sister, but he never returned, nor after a while did he write any more. Our letters, his mother's and mine, all came back to us. And now after what you tell me, I am still more afraid. 15
- We shall try to find him, my brother. Perhaps your sister will know. You are tired, and I should take you to the room I have got for you.
  - Yes, that would be better.
- They rose, and Kumalo said, It is my habit to pray in the church. Maybe you will show me. 20
- It is on the way.
- Kumalo said humbly, Maybe you will pray for me.
- I shall do it gladly. My brother, I have of course my work to do, but so long as you are here, my hands are yours. 25
  - You are kind.
- Something in the humble voice must have touched Msimangu, for he said, I am not kind. I am a selfish and sinful man, but God put his hands on me, that is all.
- He picked up Kumalo's bag, but before they reached the door Kumalo stopped him. 30
- I have one more thing to tell you.
  - Yes.
  - I have a brother also, here in Johannesburg. He too does not write any more. John Kumalo, a carpenter.
- Msimangu smiled. I know him, he said. He is too busy to write. He is one of our great politicians. 35
- A politician? My brother?
  - Yes, he is a great man in politics.
- Msimangu paused. I hope I shall not hurt you further. Your brother has no use for the Church any more. He says that what God has not done for South Africa, man must do. That is what he says. 40
- This is a bitter journey.
  - I can believe it.
  - Sometimes I fear – what will the Bishop say when he hears? One of his priests.
  - What can a Bishop say? Something is happening that no Bishop can stop. Who can stop these things from happening? They must go on. 45
  - How can you say so? How can you say they must go on?

– They must go on, said Msimangu gravely. You cannot stop the world from going on. My friend, I am a Christian. It is not in my heart to hate a white man. It was a white man who brought my father out of darkness. But you will pardon me if I talk frankly to you. The tragedy is not that things are broken. The tragedy is that they are not mended again. The white man has broken the tribe. And it is my belief – and again I ask your pardon – that it cannot be mended again. But the house that is broken, and the man that falls apart when the house is broken, these are the tragic things. That is why children break the law, and old white people are robbed and beaten.

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He passed his hand across his brow.

– It suited the white man to break the tribe, he continued gravely. But it has not suited him to build something in the place of what is broken. I have pondered this for many hours and must speak it, for it is the truth for me. They are not all so. There are some white men who give their lives to build up what is broken.

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– But they are not enough, he said. They are afraid, that is the truth. It is fear that rules this land.

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*[from Book 1 Chapter 5]*

What vivid impressions does Paton create for you of Msimangu at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** How does Paton make Mrs Lithebe such a memorable character?

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

- Either 21** Read this extract from *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton), and then answer the question that follows it:

The next Sunday I travelled down to Grancy's alone. He met me at the station and I saw at once that he had changed since our last meeting. Then he had been in fighting array, but now if he and grief still housed together it was no longer as enemies. Physically the transformation was as marked but less reassuring. If the spirit triumphed the body showed its scars. At five-and-forty he was gray and stooping, with the tired gait of an old man. His serenity, however, was not the resignation of age. I saw that he did not mean to drop out of the game. Almost immediately he began to speak of our old interests; not with an effort, as at our former meeting, but simply and naturally, in the tone of a man whose life has flowed back into its normal channels. I remembered, with a touch of self-reproach, how I had distrusted his reconstructive powers; but my admiration for his reserved force was now tinged by the sense that, after all, such happiness as his ought to have been paid with his last coin. The feeling grew as we neared the house and I found how inextricably his wife was interwoven with my remembrance of the place: how the whole scene was but an extension of that vivid presence.

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Within doors nothing was changed, and my hand would have dropped without surprise into her welcoming clasp. It was luncheon-time, and Grancy led me at once to the dining-room, where the walls, the furniture, the very plate and porcelain, seemed a mirror in which a moment since her face had been reflected. I wondered whether Grancy, under the recovered tranquillity of his smile, concealed the same sense of her nearness, saw perpetually between himself and the actual her bright unappeasable ghost. He spoke of her once or twice, in an easy incidental way, and her name seemed to hang in the air after he had uttered it, like a chord that continues to vibrate. If he felt her presence it was evidently as an enveloping medium, the moral atmosphere in which he breathed. I had never before known how completely the dead may survive.

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After luncheon we went for a long walk through the autumnal fields and woods, and dusk was falling when we re-entered the house. Grancy led the way to the library, where, at this hour, his wife had always welcomed us back to a bright fire and a cup of tea. The room faced the west, and held a clear light of its own after the rest of the house had grown dark. I remembered how young she had looked in this pale gold light, which irradiated her eyes and hair, or silhouetted her girlish outline as she passed before the windows. Of all the rooms the library was most peculiarly hers; and here I felt that her nearness might take visible shape. Then, all in a moment, as Grancy opened the door, the feeling vanished and a kind of resistance met me on the threshold. I looked about me. Was the room changed? Had some desecrating hand effaced the traces of her presence? No; here too the setting was undisturbed. My feet sank into the same deep-piled Daghestan; the book-shelves took the firelight on the same rows of rich subdued bindings; her arm-chair stood in its old place near the tea-table; and from the opposite wall her face confronted me.

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Her face – but was it hers? I moved nearer and stood looking up at the

portrait. Grancy's glance had followed mine and I heard him move to my side.

'You see a change in it?' he said. 50

'What does it mean?' I asked.

'It means – that five years have passed.'

'Over *her*?' 55

'Why not? – Look at me!' He pointed to his gray hair and furrowed temples. 'What do you think kept *her* so young? It was happiness! But now—' he looked up at her with infinite tenderness. 'I like her better so,' he said. 'It's what she would have wished.'

'Have wished?' 60

'That we should grow old together. Do you think she would have wanted to be left behind?'

I stood speechless, my gaze travelling from his worn grief-beaten features to the painted face above.

How does Wharton vividly convey the narrator's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the story?

Or

- 22** In what ways does Crane memorably portray the relationships between the men in *The Open Boat*?





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