

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**0486/11**

**October/November 2016**

**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.

The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **26** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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## CONTENTS

### Section A: Poetry

<i>text</i>	<i>question numbers</i>	<i>page[s]</i>
Thomas Hardy: from <i>Selected Poems</i>	1, 2	pages 4–6
from Jo Phillips ed: <i>Poems Deep &amp; Dangerous</i>	3, 4	pages 7–8
<i>Songs of Ourselves Volume 2</i> : from Part 1	5, 6	pages 9–10

### Section B: Prose

<i>text</i>	<i>question numbers</i>	<i>page[s]</i>
Chinua Achebe: <i>No Longer at Ease</i>	7, 8	pages 12–13
Jane Austen: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	9, 10	pages 14–15
George Eliot: <i>Silas Marner</i>	11, 12	pages 16–17
Michael Frayn: <i>Spies</i>	13, 14	pages 18–19
Susan Hill: <i>I'm the King of the Castle</i>	15, 16	pages 20–21
R. K. Narayan: <i>The English Teacher</i>	17, 18	pages 22–23
Robert Louis Stevenson: <i>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	19, 20	pages 24–25
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	21, 22	pages 26–27

## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

### **THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems***

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

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

#### *The Pine Planters*

*(Marty South's Reverie)*

I

We work here together  
In blast and breeze;  
He fills the earth in,  
I hold the trees.

He does not notice  
That what I do  
Keeps me from moving  
And chills me through.

He has seen one fairer  
I feel by his eye,  
Which skims me as though  
I were not by.

And since she passed here  
He scarce has known  
But that the woodland  
Holds him alone.

I have worked here with him  
Since morning shine,  
He busy with his thoughts  
And I with mine.

I have helped him so many,  
So many days,  
But never win any  
Small word of praise!

Shall I not sigh to him  
That I work on  
Glad to be nigh to him  
Though hope is gone?

Nay, though he never  
Knew love like mine,  
I'll bear it ever  
And make no sign!

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From the bundle at hand here  
 I take each tree,  
 And set it to stand, here  
 Always to be;  
 When, in a second,  
 As if from fear  
 Of Life unreckoned  
 Beginning here,  
 It starts a sighing  
 Through day and night,  
 Though while there lying  
 'Twas voiceless quite.

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It will sigh in the morning,  
 Will sigh at noon,  
 At the winter's warning,  
 In wafts of June;  
 Grieving that never  
 Kind Fate decreed  
 It should for ever  
 Remain a seed,  
 And shun the welter  
 Of things without,  
 Unneeding shelter  
 From storm and drought.

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Thus, all unknowing  
 For whom or what  
 We set it growing  
 In this bleak spot,  
 It still will grieve here  
 Throughout its time,  
 Unable to leave here,  
 Or change its clime;  
 Or tell the story  
 Of us to-day  
 When, halt and hoary,  
 We pass away.

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Explore the ways in which Hardy's writing creates such moving effects in *The Pine Planters*.

- Or      2     Explore the ways in which Hardy makes *Neutral Tones* such a sad poem.

*Neutral Tones*

We stood by a pond that winter day,  
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,  
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;  
– They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove  
Over tedious riddles of years ago;        5  
And some words played between us to and fro  
On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing  
Alive enough to have strength to die;  
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby        10  
Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,  
And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me  
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,  
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.        15

from JO PHILLIPS ed: *Poems Deep & Dangerous*

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

**Either 3** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Poem for My Sister*

My little sister likes to try my shoes,  
to strut in them,  
admire her spindle-thin twelve-year-old legs  
in this season's styles.  
She says they fit her perfectly,  
but wobbles  
on their high heels, they're  
hard to balance.

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I like to watch my little sister  
playing hopscotch, admire the neat hops-and-skips of her,  
their quick peck,  
never-missing their mark, not  
over-stepping the line.  
She is competent at peever.

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I try to warn my little sister  
about unsuitable shoes,  
point out my own distorted feet, the callouses,  
odd patches of hard skin.  
I should not like to see her  
in my shoes.  
I wish she could stay  
sure footed,  
sensibly shod.

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(by Liz Lochhead)

How does Lochhead create vivid impressions of the speaker and her sister in *Poem for My Sister*?

- Or 4 In what ways does Arnold movingly convey the speaker's sadness in *To Marguerite*?

*To Marguerite*

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,  
 With echoing straits between us thrown,  
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
 We mortal millions live *alone*.  
 The islands feel the enclasping flow, 5  
 And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,  
 And they are swept by balms of spring,  
 And in their glens, on starry nights,  
 The nightingales divinely sing; 10  
 And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
 Across the sounds and channels pour –

Oh! then a longing like despair  
 Is to their farthest caverns sent;  
 For surely once, they feel, we were  
 Parts of a single continent!  
 Now round us spreads the watery plain – 15  
 Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire  
 Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?  
 Who renders vain their deep desire? –  
 A God, a God their severance ruled;  
 And bade betwixt their shores to be 20  
 The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(by Matthew Arnold)

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1**

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

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

*Passion*

Full of desire I lay, the sky wounding me,  
Each cloud a ship without me sailing, each tree  
Possessing what my soul lacked, tranquillity.

Waiting for the longed-for voice to speak  
Through the mute telephone, my body grew weak  
With the well-known and mortal death, heartbreak. 5

The language I knew best, my human speech  
Forsook my fingers, and out of reach  
Were Homer's ghosts, the savage conches of the beach.

Then the sky spoke to me in language clear,  
Familiar as the heart, than love more near.  
The sky said to my soul, 'You have what you desire. 10

'Know now that you are born along with these  
Clouds, winds, and stars, and ever-moving seas  
And forest dwellers. This your nature is. 15

Lift up your heart again without fear,  
Sleep in the tomb, or breathe the living air,  
This world you with the flower and with the tiger share.'

Then I saw every visible substance turn  
Into immortal, every cell new born  
Burned with the holy fire of passion. 20

This world I saw as on her judgment day  
When the war ends, and the sky rolls away,  
And all is light, love and eternity.

(by Kathleen Raine)

How does Raine vividly convey the speaker's changing feelings in *Passion*?

- Or      6 How does Chitre create a moving portrayal of old age in *Father Returning Home*?

*Father Returning Home*

My father travels on the late evening train  
 Standing among silent commuters in the yellow light  
 Suburbs slide past his unseeing eyes  
 His shirt and pants are soggy and his black raincoat  
 Stained with mud and his bag stuffed with books  
 Is falling apart. His eyes dimmed by age  
 fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.  
 Now I can see him getting off the train  
 Like a word dropped from a long sentence.  
 He hurries across the length of the grey platform,  
 Crosses the railway line, enters the lane,  
 His chappals are sticky with mud, but he hurries onward.  
 Home again, I see him drinking weak tea,  
 Eating a stale chapati, reading a book.  
 He goes into the toilet to contemplate  
 Man's estrangement from a man-made world.  
 Coming out he trembles at the sink,  
 The cold water running over his brown hands,  
 A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists.  
 His sullen children have often refused to share  
 Jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep  
 Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming  
 Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking  
 Of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.

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(by Dilip Chitre)

**Turn to page 12 for Question 7.**

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**CHINUA ACHEBE: *No Longer at Ease***

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

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

'Please, Mr Okonkwo, you must help me. I'll do whatever you ask.' She avoided his eyes. Her voice was a little unsteady, and Obi thought he saw a hint of tears in her eyes.

'I'm sorry, terribly sorry, but I don't see that I can make any promises.'

Another car drew up outside with a screech of brakes, and Clara rushed in, as was her fashion, humming a popular song. She stopped abruptly on seeing the girl. 5

'Hello, Clara. This is Miss Mark.'

'How do you do?' she said stiffly, with a slight nod of the head. She did not offer her hand. 'How did you like the soup?' she asked Obi. 'I'm afraid I prepared it in a hurry.' In those two short sentences she sought to establish one or two facts for the benefit of the strange girl. 10

First, by her sophisticated un-Nigerian accent she showed that she was a been-to. You could tell a been-to not only by her phonetics, but by her walk – quick, short steps instead of the normal leisurely gait. In company of her less fortunate sisters she always found an excuse for saying: 'When I was in England ...' Secondly, her proprietary air seemed to tell the girl: 'You had better try elsewhere.' 15

'I thought you were on this afternoon.'

'It was a mistake. I'm off today.'

'Why did you have to go away then, after making the soup?'

'Oh, I had such a lot of washing to do. Aren't you offering me anything to drink? O.K., I'll serve myself.'

'I'm terribly sorry, dear. Sit down. I'll get it for you.'

'No. Too late.' She went to the fridge and took out a bottle of ginger-beer. 'What's happened to the other ginger-beer?' she asked. 'There were two.' 25

'I think you had one yesterday.'

'Did I? Oh yes, I remember.' She came back and sank heavily into the sofa beside Obi. 'Gosh, it's hot!'

'I think I must be going,' said Miss Mark.

'I'm sorry I can't promise anything definite,' said Obi, getting up. She did not answer, only smiled sadly.

'How are you getting back to town?'

'Perhaps I will see a taxi.'

'I'll run you down to Tinubu Square. Taxis are very rare here. Come along, Clara, let's take her down to Tinubu.'

'I'm sorry I came at such an awkward time,' said Clara as they drove back to Ikoyi from Tinubu Square.

'Don't be ridiculous. What do you mean awkward time?'

'You thought I was on duty.' She laughed. 'I'm sorry about that. Who is she, anyway? I must say she is very good-looking. And I went and poured sand into your *garri*. I'm sorry, my dear.'

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Obi told her not to behave like a silly little girl. 'I won't say another word to you if you don't shut up,' he said.

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'You needn't say anything if you don't want to. Shall we call and say hello to Sam?'

The Minister was not in when they got to his house. It appeared there was a Cabinet meeting.

'Wetin Master and Madam go drink?' asked his steward.

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'Make you no worry, Samson. Just tell Minister say we call.'

'You go return again?' asked Samson.

'Not today.'

'You say you no go drink small sometin?'

'No, thank you. We go drink when we come again. Bye-bye.'

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When they got back to Obi's flat he said: 'I had a very interesting experience today.' And he told her of Mr Mark's visit to his office and gave her a detailed account of all that transpired between Miss Mark and himself before her arrival.

When he finished, Clara said nothing for a little while.

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'Are you satisfied?' asked Obi.

'I think you were too severe on the man,' she said.

'You think I should have encouraged him to talk about bribing me?'

'After all, offering money is not as bad as offering one's body. And yet you gave her a drink and a lift back to town.' She laughed. 'Na so this world be.'

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Obi wondered.

*[from Chapter 9]*

How does Achebe vividly convey the tensions between the characters at this moment in the novel?

Or

- 8 To what extent does Achebe's writing make you feel that Mr Green is an admirable character?

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

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

Scarcely had they worked themselves into the quiet possession of a place, however, when her attention was claimed by John Thorpe, who stood behind her. ‘Hey-day, Miss Morland!’ said he, ‘what is the meaning of this?—I thought you and I were to dance together.’

‘I wonder you should think so, for you never asked me.’ ‘That is a good one, by Jove!—I asked you as soon as I came into the room, and I was just going to ask you again, but when I turned round, you were gone!—this is a cursed shabby trick! I only came for the sake of dancing with *you*, and I firmly believe you were engaged to me ever since Monday. Yes; I remember, I asked you while you were waiting in the lobby for your cloak. And here have I been telling all my acquaintance that I was going to dance with the prettiest girl in the room; and when they see you standing up with somebody else, they will quiz me famously.’

‘Oh, no; they will never think of *me*, after such a description as that.’

‘By heavens, if they do not, I will kick them out of the room for blockheads. What chap have you there?’ Catherine satisfied his curiosity. ‘Tilney,’ he repeated, ‘Hum—I do not know him. A good figure of a man; well put together.—Does he want a horse?—Here is a friend of mine, Sam Fletcher, has got one to sell that would suit any body. A famous clever animal for the road—only forty guineas. I had fifty minds to buy it myself, for it is one of my maxims always to buy a good horse when I meet with one; but it would not answer my purpose, it would not do for the field. I would give any money for a real good hunter. I have three now, the best that ever were back’d. I would not take eight hundred guineas for them. Fletcher and I mean to get a house in Leicestershire, against the next season. It is so d— uncomfortable, living at an inn.’

This was the last sentence by which he could weary Catherine’s attention, for he was just then born off by the irresistible pressure of a long string of passing ladies. Her partner now drew near, and said, ‘That gentleman would have put me out of patience, had he staid with you half a minute longer. He has no business to withdraw the attention of my partner from me. We have entered into a contract of mutual agreeableness for the space of an evening, and all our agreeableness belongs solely to each other for that time. Nobody can fasten themselves on the notice of one, without injuring the rights of the other. I consider a country-dance as an emblem of marriage. Fidelity and complaisance are the principal duties of both; and those men who do not chuse to dance or marry themselves, have no business with the partners or wives of their neighbours.’

‘But they are such very different things!—’

‘—That you think they cannot be compared together.’

‘To be sure not. People that marry can never part, but must go and keep house together. People that dance, only stand opposite each other in a long room for half an hour.’

‘And such is your definition of matrimony and dancing. Taken in that light certainly, their resemblance is not striking; but I think I could place them in such a view.—You will allow, that in both, man has the advantage of choice, woman only the power of refusal; that in both, it is an engagement between man and woman, formed for the advantage of each;

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and that when once entered into, they belong exclusively to each other till the moment of its dissolution; that it is their duty, each to endeavour to give the other no cause for wishing that he or she had bestowed themselves elsewhere, and their best interest to keep their own imaginations from wandering towards the perfections of their neighbours, or fancying that they should have been better off with any one else. You will allow all this?

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‘Yes, to be sure, as you state it, all this sounds very well; but still they are so very different.—I cannot look upon them at all in the same light, nor think the same duties belong to them.’

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‘In one respect, there certainly is a difference. In marriage, the man is supposed to provide for the support of the woman; the woman to make the home agreeable to the man; he is to purvey, and she is to smile. But in dancing, their duties are exactly changed; the agreeableness, the compliance are expected from him, while she furnishes the fan and the lavender water. *That*, I suppose, was the difference of duties which struck you, as rendering the conditions incapable of comparison.’

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*[from Chapter 10]*

How does Austen strikingly portray the contrast between John Thorpe and Henry Tilney at this moment in the novel?

Or

- 10 Explore **one** moment in the novel where Austen’s writing makes a character’s actions particularly shocking for you.

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

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

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done: he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time. 5

Any one who had looked at him as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange straining eyes, and meagre form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread, and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbours in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truthful simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves. His loom, as he wrought in it without ceasing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own. 10 15 20

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort. 25

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once – only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth. 30 35 40 45

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external

fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him – looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage – and his gold was not there.

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Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

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*[from Chapter 5]*

How does Eliot vividly portray Silas's feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or

**12** 'Too perfect.'

To what extent does Eliot make you agree with this description of Nancy?

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

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

Keith's father, on the other hand, spent the day working. Not in some unseen office, like Stephen's father and everybody else's father who wasn't away in the Services, but in the garden and the kitchen garden, and around the house, for ever digging and dunging, and trimming and pruning, for ever undercoating and painting, and wiring and rewiring, for ever making perfection yet more perfect. Even the chickens at the bottom of the garden lived irreproachably elegant lives, parading haughtily about a spacious kingdom defined by rectilinear walls of gleaming wire mesh, and retiring to lay clean brown eggs in a hen house where the familiar smells of feed and droppings mingled tastefully with the scent of fresh creosote without and fresh whitewash within.

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The headquarters of Keith's father's operations, though, were the garage. The double doors at the front were never opened, but there was a small door in the side, just across the yard from the kitchen, and occasionally, standing behind Keith when he had to go and ask his father for permission to walk on the lawn, or lay out railway track on the paths, Stephen would catch a glimpse of the wonderful private kingdom inside. Keith's father would be intent upon some piece of wood or metal held fast in the great vice on his workbench, dexterously filing or sawing or planing; or sharpening his great range of chisels on a rotary grindstone; or searching in the hundred tidy drawers and pigeonholes above and around the bench for exactly the right grade of glass paper, exactly the right gauge of screw. A characteristic scent hung in the air. What was it? Sawdust, certainly, and machine oil. Swept concrete, perhaps. And car.

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The car was another perfection – a small family saloon with constellations of chromium-plated fitments glittering in the darkness of the garage, its bodywork and engine spotlessly maintained in constant readiness for the end of the war, when there would be petrol to run it again. Sometimes the only part of Keith's father to be seen was his legs, projecting from a pool of light underneath the car, as he carried out the full regular schedule of checks and oil changes. All it was missing was its wheels. It stood in perfect immobility on four carefully carpentered wooden chocks, to prevent its being commandeered, as Keith explained, by invading Germans. The wheels themselves were hung neatly on the wall, alongside a picnic hamper, tennis rackets in wooden presses, deflated airbeds and rubber rings – all the apparatus of a forgotten life of leisure which had been suspended, like so many things, for the Duration, that great overarching condition shaping all their lives in so many different ways.

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Stephen once plucked up courage to ask Keith privately if the Germans, with the evil ingenuity for which they were notorious, might not take the wheels down from the wall and put them back on the car. Keith explained to him that the wheel nuts which secured them were locked away in a secret drawer by his father's bedside, together with the revolver with which he'd been armed when he was an officer in the Great War, and with which he was going to give any invading Germans this time a nasty surprise.

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Keith's father worked and worked – and as he worked he whistled. He whistled as richly and effortlessly as a songbird, an infinitely complex,

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meandering tune that never reached a resting place any more than his work did. He rarely found a moment to speak. When he did, the words were quick and dry and impatient. ‘Door – paint – wet,’ he’d inform Keith’s mother. If he was in a good mood he’d address Keith as ‘old chap’. Sometimes this would become ‘old boy’, which had imperative overtones: ‘Bike away in the shed, old boy.’ Occasionally, though, his lips drew back to form what appeared to be a smile, and he’d call Keith ‘old bean’. ‘If that toy aeroplane of yours touches the greenhouse, old bean,’ he’d smile, ‘I’ll cane you.’ Keith evidently believed him. So did Stephen; there was a selection of canes waiting among the sticks and umbrellas on the rack in the hall. Stephen he never addressed at all – never so much as looked at. Even if it was Stephen who was threatening the damage to the greenhouse, it was Keith who was ‘old bean’ and Keith who’d get caned, because Stephen didn’t exist. But then Stephen never spoke to him either, or even looked directly at him, whether he was smiling or not; perhaps because he was too frightened to, or perhaps because if you’re non-existent you can’t.

There were other reasons why Keith’s father inspired respect. He’d won a medal in the Great War, Keith had told Stephen, for killing five Germans. He’d run them through with a bayonet, though exactly how his father had managed to attach a bayonet to the famous revolver Stephen didn’t have the courage to ask. There the bayonet still was, though, chillingly bouncing on Keith’s father’s khaki-trousered buttock every weekend as he marched off in his Home Guard uniform; though it wasn’t really the Home Guard that he was going to, as Keith had explained – it was to special undercover work for the Secret Service.

*[from Chapter 2]*

How does Frayn create such striking impressions of Keith’s father at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** ‘He was the leader and I was the led,’ says Stephen.

To what extent does Frayn convince you that Keith is the leader of the two boys?

**SUSAN HILL: *I'm the King of the Castle***

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

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

There was a great crash of thunder almost overhead, and a tearing noise, as though the sky had been ripped open. Hooper leaped to his feet, and looked about him, wild with terror.

'Come on,' Kingshaw said, matter-of-factly, 'we'd better make a shelter.' He unzipped his anorak, and carried it over to one of the bushes. Hooper watched it, trembling slightly, rooted where he stood. Lightning came, now, making the tree trunks white as it forked down.

Kingshaw draped his anorak carefully over the top of the bushes, spreading it out as much as possible. The bushes were very thick. He got down and crawled underneath.

'Come on,' he said, 'it's all right here, we might stay dry.'

Hooper hesitated, and then came in beside him, crawling on his hands and knees. He went right back into the farthest corner, where it was dark, and curled up tightly, his hands held up towards his face. When the thunder boomed through the wood again, he stuffed his fingers in his ears, and ducked down.

'It's O.K.,' Kingshaw said, 'It's only a din.'

Lightning flickered on the eyes of a bird, perched up somewhere in the branches ahead, and for a second, they shone yellow-green, like torches. The thunder came right on top of the lightning.

'Oh God, Oh God.'

Hooper was completely beside himself, wrapped up in his fear, oblivious of everything except the storm, and his terror of it. Kingshaw remembered how he himself had been, the day the crow had come after him. It must feel like that. He had wanted to tear his way out of himself, he had been so afraid.

'Look, it won't last long, it'll go in a bit,' he said, in a rush of embarrassed kindness. But Hooper could not hear him, he was hunched forward, his neck bent over, and his face buried in his knees.

The rain came down slowly at first, in great, flat drops on to the leaves. But then it was a violent downpour, Kingshaw felt it coming through the bush. The anorak covered hardly any space at all. He looked out and saw the water in a great, silvery sheet, making huge puddles on the floor of the clearing.

After a long time, it began to steady, and fell like needles, but the thunder and lightning came simultaneously again, so loudly that Kingshaw himself jumped in alarm. It sounded like a bomb landing just behind the bush, and the whole wood lit up for a long, slow second, in green-white light. Hooper whimpered, and rocked himself a little, backwards and forwards.

Kingshaw began to wonder what would happen afterwards, and whether Hooper would be ashamed. He thought, now he won't be able to frighten me, he won't be leader any more.

It seemed a long time before the light came creeping back into the wood. The thunder continued to roll slowly, on and on, in the distance. Kingshaw put a hand up to his hair. It was very wet. His clothes were wet, too.

Then, abruptly, sun filled the clearing, it was like a curtain being drawn

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back in front of a brightly lit stage. Fine steam began to rise up from the sodden ground, and the tree trunks, and the smell of it came thickly into Kingshaw's nostrils. Beads of rain glittered on the bushes.

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He crawled out and examined the anorak. It was sagging down in the middle with a great pool of water. He turned it up, and some of the water spilled through the bushes, on to Hooper.

'It's stopped,' Kingshaw said.

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He walked off a little way. The ground was spongy, and the wet foliage soaked the bottoms of his jeans again. He stood in the sunlight. High up, small chinks of blue sky showed between the leaves.

'Come on, Hooper, it's O.K.'

*[from Chapter 7]*

How does Hill make this a surprising and revealing moment in the novel?

Or

- 16 What impressions does Hill create for you of Kingshaw's life before he moved to Warings?

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

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

I walked into Brown's room that afternoon with this envelope in my hand. He was in a leisurely mood sitting back in his swivel chair, reading a book. I placed the envelope before him.

"What is this? Applying for leave?" he said, a smile spreading on his aged handsome face. ... "Be seated. ..." He read the letter. His face turned slightly red. He looked at me and said: "What is the matter?" He lit a cigarette, blew out a ring of smoke and waited for my answer, looking at me with his greenish eyes. I merely replied: "I can't go on with this work any longer, sir. ..."

"Any special reason?" I remained silent. I didn't know what to say. I replied: "I am taking up work in a children's school." "Oh!" he said. ... "But I didn't know you had primary school training. ..." he replied. I looked at him in despair; his western mind, classifying, labelling, departmentalizing. ... I merely replied: "I am beginning a new experiment in education, with another friend." "Oh, that is interesting," he replied. "But look here, must you resign? Couldn't you keep it on as an extra interest. ... We do want a lot of experimenting in education, but you could always..." He went on suggesting it as a hobby. I replied: "Sir, what I am doing in the college hardly seems to me work. I mug up and repeat and they mug up and repeat in examinations. ... This hardly seems to me work, Mr. Brown. It is a fraud I am practising for a consideration of a hundred rupees a month. ... It doesn't please my innermost self. ..." Thus I rambled on.

"I do not know," he said scratching his head. "It seems to me unfortunate. However, I wouldn't make up my mind in a hurry if I were you. ..."

"I have thought it over deeply, sir." I replied, "My mind is made up."

He asked: "What does it mean to you financially?"

"About twenty-five rupees a month. ..." I replied.

"That means a cutting down. ..."

"That is so. I have no use for money. I have no family. My child is being looked after by others and they have provided for her future too. I have a few savings. I have no use for a hundred rupees a month. ..." Brown looked quite baffled. I added: "Of all persons on earth, I can afford to do what seems to me work, something which satisfies my innermost aspiration. I will write poetry and live and work with children and watch their minds unfold. ..."

"Quite," he replied. "A man like you ought to derive equal delight in teaching literature. You have done admirably as a teacher of literature. ..."

I shook my head. "I don't feel I have done anything of the kind. ..."

"Do you mean to say that all those poets and dramatists have meant nothing to you?"

I was in danger of repeating the letter I had torn up. "It is not that. I revere them. And I hope to give them to these children for their delight and enlightenment, but in a different measure and in a different manner." I rambled on thus. I could not speak clearly. Brown bore with me patiently. Our interview lasted an hour. At the end of it he said: "Take another week, if you like, to consider. I do wish you wouldn't leave us." He held out his hand. I gripped his large warm palm, and walked out of the room.

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[from Chapter 8]

How does Narayan make this conversation so memorable?

- Or**
- 18** What impressions does Narayan's writing give you of the relationship between Krishna and Susila before her illness?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

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

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

'Have you the envelope?' he asked.

'I burned it,' replied Jekyll, 'before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in.'

'Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?' asked Utterson.

'I wish you to judge for me entirely,' was the reply. 'I have lost confidence in myself.'

'Well, I shall consider,' returned the lawyer. 'And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?'

The doctor seemed seized with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

'I knew it,' said Utterson. 'He meant to murder you. You have had a fine escape.'

'I have had what is far more to the purpose,' returned the doctor solemnly: 'I have had a lesson – O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had!' And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole. 'By the by,' said he, 'there was a letter handed in today: what was the messenger like?' But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post; 'and only circulars by that,' he added.

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet; and, if that were so, it must be differently judged, and handled with the more caution. The news-boys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse along the footways: 'Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P.' That was the funeral oration of one friend and client; and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be sucked down in the eddy of the scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and, self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's: he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? and, above all, since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting,

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would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he would scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr Utterson might shape his future course.

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'This is a sad business about Sir Danvers,' he said.

'Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling,' returned Guest. 'The man, of course, was mad.'

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'I should like to hear your views on that,' replied Utterson. 'I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is; quite in your way: a murderer's autograph.'

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Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with passion. 'No, sir,' he said; 'not mad; but it is an odd hand.'

'And by all accounts a very odd writer,' added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

'Is that from Dr Jekyll, sir?' inquired the clerk. 'I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr Utterson?'

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'Only an invitation to dinner. Why? do you want to see it?'

'One moment. I thank you, sir'; and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. 'Thank you, sir,' he said at last, returning both; 'it's a very interesting autograph.'

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There was a pause, during which Mr Utterson struggled with himself. 'Why did you compare them, Guest?' he inquired suddenly.

'Well, sir,' returned the clerk, 'there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical; only differently sloped.'

'Rather quaint,' said Utterson.

'It is, as you say, rather quaint,' returned Guest.

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'I wouldn't speak of this note, you know,' said the master.

'No, sir,' said the clerk. 'I understand.'

But no sooner was Mr Utterson alone that night than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. 'What!' he thought. 'Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!' And his blood ran cold in his veins.

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*[from Chapter 5, 'Incident of the Letter']*

Explore the ways in which Stevenson conveys Utterson's changing emotions at this moment in the novel.

- Or **20** How does Stevenson make the effect of Hyde on Dr Lanyon such a powerful part of the novel?

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

- Either 21** Read this extract from *Games at Twilight* (by Anita Desai), and then answer the question that follows it:

The children, too, felt released. They too began tumbling, shoving, pushing against each other, frantic to start. Start what? Start their business. The business of the children's day which is – play.

'Let's play hide-and-seek.'

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'Who'll be It?'

'You be It.'

'Why should I? You be—'

'You're the eldest—'

'That doesn't mean—'

The shoves became harder. Some kicked out. The motherly Mira intervened. She pulled the boys roughly apart. There was a tearing sound of cloth but it was lost in the heavy panting and angry grumbling and no one paid attention to the small sleeve hanging loosely off a shoulder.

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'Make a circle, make a circle!' she shouted, firmly pulling and pushing till a kind of vague circle was formed. 'Now clap!' she roared and, clapping, they all chanted in melancholy unison: 'Dip, dip, dip – my blue ship—' and every now and then one or the other saw he was safe by the way his hands fell at the crucial moment – palm on palm, or back of hand on palm – and dropped out of the circle with a yell and a jump of relief and jubilation.

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Raghu was It. He started to protest, to cry 'You cheated – Mira cheated – Anu cheated—' but it was too late, the others had all already streaked away. There was no one to hear when he called out, 'Only in the veranda – the porch – Ma said – Ma *said* to stay in the porch!' No one had stopped to listen, all he saw were their brown legs flashing through the dusty shrubs, scrambling up brick walls, leaping over compost heaps and hedges, and then the porch stood empty in the purple shade of the bougainvillea and the garden was as empty as before; even the limp squirrels had whisked away, leaving everything gleaming, brassy and bare.

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Only small Manu suddenly reappeared, as if he had dropped out of an invisible cloud or from a bird's claws, and stood for a moment in the centre of the yellow lawn, chewing his finger and near to tears as he heard Raghu shouting, with his head pressed against the veranda wall, 'Eighty-three, eighty-five, eighty-nine, ninety ...' and then made off in a panic, half of him wanting to fly north, the other half counselling south. Raghu turned just in time to see the flash of his white shorts and the uncertain skittering of his red sandals, and charged after him with such a blood-curdling yell that Manu stumbled over the hosepipe, fell into its rubber coils and lay there weeping, 'I won't be It – you have to find them all – all – All!'

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'I know I have to, idiot,' Raghu said, superciliously kicking him with his toe. 'You're dead,' he said with satisfaction, licking the beads of perspiration off his upper lip, and then stalked off in search of worthier prey, whistling spiritedly so that the hidlers should hear and tremble.

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Ravi heard the whistling and picked his nose in a panic, trying to find comfort by burrowing the finger deep-deep into that soft tunnel. He felt himself too exposed, sitting on an upturned flower pot behind the garage. Where could he burrow? He could run around the garage if he heard Raghu come – around and around and around – but he hadn't much faith

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in his short legs when matched against Raghu's long, hefty, hairy footballer legs. Ravi had a frightening glimpse of them as Raghu combed the hedge of crotons and hibiscus, trampling delicate ferns underfoot as he did so. Ravi looked about him desperately, swallowing a small ball of snot in his fear.

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How does Desai vividly portray the way in which the children think and behave in this extract?

- Or **22** Explore the ways in which Thorpe makes you sympathise with the narrator in *Tyres*.

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