



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2015**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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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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 **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.



## CONTENTS

## Section A: Poetry

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

## Section B: Prose

<b>text</b>	<b>question numbers</b>	<b>page[s]</b>
Jane Austen: <i>Northanger Abbey</i>	7, 8	pages 10–11
Tsitsi Dangarembga: <i>Nervous Conditions</i>	9, 10	pages 12–13
Anita Desai: <i>Fasting, Feasting</i>	11, 12	pages 14–15
Helen Dunmore: <i>The Siege</i>	13, 14	pages 16–17
George Eliot: <i>Silas Marner</i>	15, 16	pages 18–19
Susan Hill: <i>I'm the King of the Castle</i>	17, 18	pages 20–21
Robert Louis Stevenson: <i>The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	19, 20	pages 22–23
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	21, 22	pages 24–25

**SECTION A: POETRY**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**THOMAS HARDY: from *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 Darkling Thrush*

I leant upon a coppice gate When Frost was spectre-gray, And Winter's dregs made desolate The weakening eye of day. The tangled bine-stems scored the sky Like strings of broken lyres, And all mankind that haunted nigh Had sought their household fires.	5
The land's sharp features seemed to be The Century's corpse outleant, His crypt the cloudy canopy, The wind his death-lament. The ancient pulse of germ and birth Was shrunken hard and dry, And every spirit upon earth Seemed fervourless as I.	10  15
At once a voice arose among The bleak twigs overhead In a full-hearted evensong Of joy illimited; An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small, In blast-beruffled plume, Had chosen thus to fling his soul Upon the growing gloom.	20
So little cause for carolings Of such ecstatic sound Was written on terrestrial things Afar or nigh around, That I could think there trembled through His happy good-night air Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew And I was unaware.	25  30

Explore the ways in which Hardy's words and images create feelings of sadness in *The Darkling Thrush*.

Or 2 How does Hardy make memories so vivid in *The Going*?

*The Going*

Why did you give no hint that night  
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,  
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,  
You would close your term here, up and be gone  
Where I could not follow 5  
With wing of swallow  
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye,  
Or lip me the softest call,  
Or utter a wish for a word, while I 10  
Saw morning harden upon the wall,  
Unmoved, unknowing  
That your great going  
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house 15  
And think for a breath it is you I see  
At the end of the alley of bending boughs  
Where so often at dusk you used to be;  
Till in darkening dankness  
The yawning blankness 20  
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode  
By those red-veined rocks far West,  
You were the swan-necked one who rode  
Along the beetling Beeny Crest, 25  
And, reining nigh me,  
Would muse and eye me,  
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,  
Did we not think of those days long dead, 30  
And ere your vanishing strive to seek  
That time's renewal? We might have said,  
'In this bright spring weather  
We'll visit together  
Those places that once we visited.' 35

Well, well! All's past amend,  
Unchangeable. It must go.  
I seem but a dead man held on end  
To sink down soon ... O you could not know  
That such swift fleeing 40  
No soul foreseeing –  
Not even I – would undo me so!

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:

*Shall I Compare Thee ...?*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade, 10  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;  
     So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

(*William Shakespeare*)

In what ways does Shakespeare's writing make *Shall I Compare Thee ...?* such a powerful love poem?

Or 4 How does Heaney make this memory of childhood in *Follower* so vivid for you?

*Follower*

My father worked with a horse-plough,  
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung  
Between the shafts and the furrow.  
The horses strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing  
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock.  
The sod rolled over without breaking.  
At the headrig, with a single pluck

5

Of reins, the sweating team turned round  
And back into the land. His eye  
Narrowed and angled at the ground,  
Mapping the furrow exactly.

10

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,  
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;  
Sometimes he rode me on his back  
Dipping and rising to his plod.

15

I wanted to grow up and plough,  
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.  
All I ever did was follow  
In his broad shadow round the farm.

20

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,  
Yapping always. But today  
It is my father who keeps stumbling  
Behind me, and will not go away.

(*Seamus Heaney*)

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4**

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

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

*Horses*

Those lumbering horses in the steady plough,  
On the bare field – I wonder why, just now,  
They seemed terrible, so wild and strange,  
Like magic power on the stony grange.

Perhaps some childish hour has come again, 5  
When I watched fearful, through the blackening rain,  
Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill  
Move up and down, yet seem as standing still.

Their conquering hooves which trod the stubble down 10  
Were ritual that turned the field to brown,  
And their great hulks were seraphim of gold,  
Or mute ecstatic monsters on the mould.

And oh the rapture, when, one furrow done,  
They marched broad-breasted to the sinking sun!  
The light flowed off their bossy sides in flakes; 15  
The furrows rolled behind like struggling snakes.

But when at dusk with steaming nostrils home  
They came, they seemed gigantic in the gloam,  
And warm and glowing with mysterious fire  
That lit their smouldering bodies in the mire. 20

Their eyes as brilliant and as wide as night  
Gleamed with a cruel apocalyptic light.  
Their manes the leaping ire of the wind  
Lifted with rage invisible and blind.

Ah, now it fades! It fades! and I must pine 25  
Again for that dread country crystalline,  
Where the black field and the still-standing tree  
Were bright and fearful presences to me.

(Edwin Muir)

Explore the ways in which Muir vividly conveys a sense of mystery in *Horses*.



Or 6 How does Rossetti strikingly create a sense of wonder in *A Birthday*?

*A Birthday*

My heart is like a singing bird  
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
 My heart is like an apple-tree  
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
 My heart is like a rainbow shell 5  
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
 My heart is gladder than all these  
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes; 10  
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
 Because the birthday of my life 15  
 Is come, my love is come to me.

*(Christina Rossetti)*

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey***

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

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

This was the first time of her brother's openly siding against her, and anxious to avoid his displeasure, she proposed a compromise. If they would only put off their scheme till Tuesday, which they might easily do, as it depended only on themselves, she could go with them, and everybody might then be satisfied. But 'No, no, no!' was the immediate answer; that could not be, for Thorpe did not know that he might not go to town on Tuesday.' Catherine was sorry, but could do no more; and a short silence ensued, which was broken by Isabella; who in a voice of cold resentment said, 'Very well, then there is an end of the party. If Catherine does not go, I cannot. I cannot be the only woman. I would not, upon any account in the world, do so improper a thing.' 5

'Catherine, you must go,' said James.

'But why cannot Mr Thorpe drive one of his other sisters? I dare say either of them would like to go.'

'Thank ye,' cried Thorpe, 'but I did not come to Bath to drive my sisters about, and look like a fool. No, if you do not go, d— me if I do. I only go for the sake of driving you.' 10

'That is a compliment which gives me no pleasure.' But her words were lost on Thorpe, who had turned abruptly away.

The three others still continued together, walking in a most uncomfortable manner to poor Catherine; sometimes not a word was said, sometimes she was again attacked with supplications or reproaches, and her arm was still linked within Isabella's, though their hearts were at war. At one moment she was softened, at another irritated; always distressed, but always steady. 15

'I did not think you had been so obstinate, Catherine,' said James; 'you were not used to be so hard to persuade; you once were the kindest, best-tempered of my sisters.'

'I hope I am not less so now,' she replied, very feelingly; 'but indeed I cannot go. If I am wrong, I am doing what I believe to be right.' 20

'I suspect,' said Isabella, in a low voice, 'there is no great struggle.'

Catherine's heart swelled; she drew away her arm, and Isabella made no opposition. Thus passed a long ten minutes, till they were again joined by Thorpe, who coming to them with a gayer look, said, 'Well, I have settled the matter, and now we may all go tomorrow with a safe conscience. I have been to Miss Tilney, and made your excuses.' 25

'You have not!' cried Catherine.

'I have, upon my soul. Left her this moment. Told her you had sent me to say, that having just recollected a prior engagement of going to Clifton with us tomorrow, you could not have the pleasure of walking with her till Tuesday. She said very well, Tuesday was just as convenient to her; so there is an end of all our difficulties. — A pretty good thought of mine — hey?' 30

Isabella's countenance was once more all smiles and good-humour, and James too looked happy again.

*[from Chapter 13]*

How does Austen make you feel about the way James, Isabella and John behave towards Catherine at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **8**      In what ways does Austen strikingly portray the desire for wealth in the novel?

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

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

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

Slowly the cavalcade progressed towards the yard, which by now was full of rejoicing relatives. My father jumped out of Babamukuru's car and, brandishing a staff like a victory spear, bounded over the bumpy road, leaping into the air and landing on one knee, to get up and leap again and pose like a warrior inflicting a death wound. 'Hezvo!' he cried 'Do you see him? Our returning prince. Do you see him? Observe him well. He has returned. Our father and benefactor has returned appeased, having devoured English letters with a ferocious appetite! Did you think degrees were indigestible? If so, look at my brother. He has digested them! If you want to see an educated man, look at my brother, big brother to us all!' The spear aimed high and low, thrust to the right, to the left. All was conquered. 5

The cars rolled to a stop beneath the mango trees. Tete Gladys disembarked with difficulty, with false starts and strenuous breathing; because she was so large, it was not altogether clear how she had managed to insert herself into her car in the first place. But her mass was not frivolous. It had a ponderous presence which rendered any situation, even her attempts to remove herself from her car, weighty and serious. We did not giggle, did not think of it. On her feet at last, Tete straightened herself, planted herself firmly, feet astride, in the dust. Clenched fists settling on hips, elbows jutting aggressively, she defied any contradiction of my father's eulogy. 'Do you hear?' she demanded, 'what Jeremiah is saying? If you have not heard, listen well. It is the truth he is speaking! Truly our prince has returned today! Full of knowledge. Knowledge that will benefit us all! Purururu!' she ululated, shuffling with small gracious jumps to embrace my mother. 'Purururu!' They ululated. 'He has returned. Our prince has returned!' 10 15

Babamukuru stepped out of his car, paused behind its open door, removed his hat to smile graciously, joyfully, at us all. Indeed, my Babamukuru had returned. I saw him only for a moment. The next minute he was drowned in a sea of bodies belonging to uncles, aunts and nephews; grandmothers, grandfathers and nieces; brothers and sisters of the womb and not of the womb. The clan had gathered to welcome its returning hero. His hand was shaken, his head was rubbed, his legs were embraced. I was there too, wanting to touch Babamukuru, to talk, to tell him I was glad that he had returned. Babamukuru made his fair-sized form as expansive as possible, holding his arms out and bending low so that we all could be embraced, could embrace him. He was happy. He was smiling. 'Yes, yes,' he kept saying. 'It is good, it is good.' We moved, dancing and ululating and kicking up a fine dust-storm from our stamping feet, to the house. 20 25 30

Babamukuru stepped inside, followed by a retinue of grandfathers, uncles and brothers. Various paternal aunts, who could join them by virtue of their patriarchal status and were not too shy to do so, mingled with the men. Behind them danced female relatives of the lower strata. Maiguru entered last and alone, except for her two children, smiling quietly and inconspicuously. Dressed in flat brown shoes and a pleated polyester dress very much like the one Babamukuru bought for my mother the Christmas before he left, she did not look as though she had been to England. My cousin Nyasha, pretty bright Nyasha, on the other hand, obviously had. 35 40 45

There was no other explanation for the tiny little dress she wore, hardly enough of it to cover her thighs. She was self-conscious though, constantly clasping her hands behind her buttocks to prevent her dress from riding up, and observing everybody through veiled vigilant eyes to see what we were thinking. Catching me examining her, she smiled slightly and shrugged. 'I shouldn't have worn it,' her eyes seemed to say. Unfortunately, she had worn it. I could not condone her lack of decorum. I would not give my approval. I turned away.

50

55

*[from Chapter 3]*

How does Dangarembga make this an amusing and revealing moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10** Explore the ways in which Dangarembga shows the importance of food in the novel.

**ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting***

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

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

It is summer. Arun makes his way slowly through the abundant green of Edge Hill as if he were moving cautiously through massed waves of water under which unknown objects lurked. Greenness hangs, drips and sways from every branch and twig and frond in the surging luxuriance of July. In such profusion, the houses seem as lost, as stranded, as they might have been when this was primeval forest. White clapboard is most prominent but there are houses painted dark with red oxide, some a military grey with white trim, and a few have yellow doors and shutters, or blue. These touches of colour seem both brave and forlorn, picturebook dreams pitted against the wilderness, without conviction. 5

Outside many of them the starred and striped American flag flies on a post with all the bravado of a new frontier. In direct contradiction, there are the more domestic signs of habitation that imply settlement by generations – the rubber paddling pools left outdoors by children who have gone in, moulded plastic tricycles and steel bicycles, go-carts and skateboards. There is garden furniture and garden statuary – pink plastic flamingoes poised beside a birdbath, spotted deer or hatted gnomes crouched amongst the rhododendrons like decoys set out by homesteaders, conveying some message to the threatening hinterland. 10

Arun keeps his chin lowered, as nervous as someone venturing alone across the border, but his eyes glance from side to side into all the windows. None of them are curtained. Most are very large. He can look in directly at the kitchen sinks, the pots of busily flowering busy-lizzies, the lamps and the dangling glass decorations. There are so many objects, so rarely any people. Only occasionally a woman crosses one of these illuminated rooms, withdraws. There seems to be more happening in the darkened rooms where the uncertain light of television sets flickers. Here he might see undefined shapes huddled upon a couch, sprawled on the floor. And there is the multicoloured life of the screen, jiggling and jumping with a mechanical animation that has no natural equivalent. The windows are shut, he cannot hear a sound. 20

Now and then a car turns into the road, very slowly because it is a residential area and there are mountainous speedbreakers, then turns into its assigned driveway. A garage door slides up with an obedient, even obsequious murmur, and the car disappears. Where? 25

Arun knows nothing. He peers around him for footprints, for signs, for markers. He studies the mailboxes that line the drive, leaning into each other, for some indications or evidence. He notes which ones have names written upon them, which ones only numbers. If the mail has not been collected, he squints to find the name on the newspapers and the mail order catalogues stuffed into them. 30

Shambling along, he notes which house has a large clutter of children's toys – spades, buckets, bats, balls – and which have carefully constructed gardens: the small beds of bright flowers, stone-edged and stranded in huge stretches of immaculate lawn, the clipped hedges, the bird-feeders watched over by murderously patient cats that seem painted onto the scene in black and white. 40

Tucking his chin into his collar, he ponders these omens and indicators. 45

A car drives up suddenly behind him, very close, as if with intention. He climbs hastily onto a grass verge. It passes. Why had it done that? Are pedestrians against the law in this land of the four-wheeled? 50

He turns into Bayberry Lane and walks past more trimmed lawns, more swept drives, till the road slopes down to the last house in the lane, on the edge of the woods below the hill. Here, too, a red-white-and-blue flag flies upon its pole, its rope slack in the summer stillness, and the mailbox holds its measure of junk mail, too voluminous to merit collection. Here, too, the big picture-windows are lit, and the rooms empty, like stage sets before the play begins: is there or is there not to be a play? 55

He walks around to the side of the house where a basketball hoop holds its ring over his head in speechless invitation to play. As he slouches past the manicured shrubs, he glances into the kitchen window and sees the aluminium sink, the wall cupboards, the tea towels on their rack. 60

Mrs Patton is there.

*[from Chapter 14]*

How does Desai vividly convey Arun's thoughts and feelings to you at this moment in the novel?

- Or**      **12** How does Desai make the suffering of women in their marriages so vivid in the Indian part (Part One) of the novel?

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Anna takes the two children by the hands. Girls aged three and five, they were pushed into her arms by their mother.

'I can't go with them, I'm an essential worker. Here, take them. Remember, Nyusha, keep a hold of her hand, don't let her run around or gobble up all her sandwiches before you even get on the train. Do what the lady tells you and you'll soon be back home again. Quick now.'

5

You would have thought she felt nothing, but for the staring pallor of her face. The children, too, seemed numb. They were stuffed into their winter coats, as round as little cabbages. The little one held a bit of grey cloth, and stroked its silky edge against her face.

10

'Put that back in your pocket. *Only when you're in bed*, remember, or they'll take it off you.'

The little girl whipped the cloth into her pocket, and huddled against Nyusha.

'What's this lady going to think of you, carrying round a bit of dirty old rag?'

15

The mother spat on her handkerchief, bent down, and briskly polished her daughters' faces. 'There. There's good girls. Now then —'

But as she straightened up, Anna saw her face, tight with anguish.

She whispered, 'Is it true what they say, that they're bombing the railways the kids are going on?'

20

'I don't know. We haven't heard anything.'

'But our kids'll get out safe, won't they? I mean, you won't be sending them anywhere there's bombs?'

'They'll be safer out of the city, away from air-raids.'

25

The mother nodded convulsively, putting her hand up to her throat.

'Please, don't worry. We'll look after them.'

The mother seemed about to speak again, but instead she made a gesture with her hand, as if pushing something away, grabbed both children in a clumsy hug that knocked their heads together, then turned and rushed out of the room.

30

The little one began to wail. Her sister scabbled in the child's pocket, and fetched out the rag. Flushing, she explained to Anna, 'Mum lets her have it when she cries.'

'It's the best thing, Nyusha. Your mother wouldn't want her to be crying all the time. Give her the rag whenever she wants it.'

35

The little girl had stopped crying. She was rubbing the silky edge rhythmically over her lips, slipping away into safety, her eyes wide, dark and unfocused.

'Now, let's get you two sorted out. You'll be going into that room first, with all the others, so you can be divided into groups for the journey. We'll make sure you stay together. You'll be going on a train, you know that, and we're sending plenty of food with you, so you don't need to worry.'

40

'Mum's made our sandwiches.'

'I know. But maybe there are children who haven't brought anything. We have to look after everyone. What's your little sister's name?'

45

'Olenka. She doesn't talk.'



‘But you can tell when she’s hungry and when she wants to go to the toilet?’

Nyusha nods importantly. ‘Yeah, I can tell. She sort of pulls me when she wants things.’

‘That’s good. Now, in here, just wait on these benches and we’ll be as quick as we can. Move up a bit, the rest of you, there are two more here who want to sit down.’

*[from Chapter 11]*

50

How does Dunmore’s writing make this moment in the novel so sad?

**Or**      **14** How, in your view, does Dunmore make Andrei such an admirable character?

**GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner***

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

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

Dunstan Cass, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane, which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stonepit, where stood the cottage, once a stone-cutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was, that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head towards home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion: he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire. But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure: he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover, Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and, possibly, taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.

Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be – he was such a lucky fellow.

'Hey-day,' said Bryce, who had long had his eye on Wildfire, 'you're on your brother's horse today: how's that?'

'O, I've swopped with him,' said Dunstan, whose delight in lying, grandly independent of utility, was not to be diminished by the likelihood that his hearer would not believe him – 'Wildfire's mine now.'

'What! has he swopped with you for that big-boned hack of yours?' said Bryce, quite aware that he should get another lie in answer.

'O, there was a little account between us,' said Dunsey, carelessly, 'and Wildfire made it even. I accommodated him by taking the horse, though it was against my will, for I'd got an itch for a mare o' Jortin's – as rare a bit o' blood as ever you threw your leg across. But I shall keep Wildfire, now I've got him; though I'd a bid of a hundred and fifty for him the other day, from a man over at Flitton – he's buying for Lord Cromleck – a fellow with a cast in his eye, and a green waistcoat. But I mean to stick to Wildfire: I shan't get a better at a fence in a hurry. The mare's got more blood, but she's a bit too weak in the hind-quarters.'

Bryce of course divined that Dunstan wanted to sell the horse, and Dunstan knew that he divined it (horse-dealing is only one of many human transactions carried on in this ingenious manner); and they both considered

that the bargain was in its first stage, when Bryce replied ironically –  
 ‘I wonder at that now; I wonder you mean to keep him; for I never heard of  
 a man who didn’t want to sell his horse getting a bid of half as much again  
 as the horse was worth. You’ll be lucky if you get a hundred.’ 50

Keating rode up now, and the transaction became more complicated.  
 It ended in the purchase of the horse by Bryce for a hundred and twenty,  
 to be paid on the delivery of Wildfire, safe and sound, at the Batherley  
 stables. It did occur to Dunsey that it might be wise for him to give up the  
 day’s hunting, proceed at once to Batherley, and, having waited for Bryce’s  
 return, hire a horse to carry him home with the money in his pocket. But  
 the inclination for a run, encouraged by confidence in his luck, and by a  
 draught of brandy from his pocket-pistol at the conclusion of the bargain,  
 was not easy to overcome, especially with a horse under him that would  
 take the fences to the admiration of the field. 55 60

*[from Chapter 4]*

How does Eliot vividly reveal Dunstan’s character to you at this moment in the novel?

- Or**      **16** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Eliot’s writing makes particularly moving for you.

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

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

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

Hooper was standing a couple of yards away, scraping at the leaf mould with his toe.

‘Come *on*, Kingshaw.’

‘I don’t want to play this game now.’

Hooper’s face puckered with scorn. ‘What *game*? We’re tracking deer, aren’t we? I am, anyway. You can do what you like.’ 5

‘I want to go. It’s about time I was getting out.’

‘Out where?’

‘Of here. I’m going through the fields behind the wood, and then ...’

‘Then what?’ 10

‘Never mind. Nowhere. You’ll have to go back, though.’

Hooper shook his head.

‘I’m off.’

Kingshaw had stuffed his sweater inside the satchel. Behind him were the bushes, through which they had just come. He went straight on. 15

‘Where are you going?’

‘I told you, I’ve got to go out of here now.’

‘Home?’

‘Mind your own business. No.’

‘Out the other side of the wood, then?’ 20

‘Yes.’

‘That’s not the way.’

‘It is.’

‘It’s not, we were over there. We turned round.’

Kingshaw hesitated. There were clumps of undergrowth all round. He tried to get his bearings. If he went into that clearing to his left, then he would be heading out of Hang Wood. He must be almost on the edge, by now. He walked on, for some way. After a bit, he heard Hooper coming behind him. 25

The clearing narrowed, but there were none of the tangled bushes here, it was possible to walk upright. The branches of the trees locked closely together, overhead. It was very dim. Kingshaw stopped. It went on being dark for as far as he could see. If it were near the edge of the wood, it would be getting light. 30

He turned round slowly. But it was the same. Everywhere looked the same. 35

‘What’s the matter now?’

Kingshaw heard, for the first time, a note of fear in Hooper’s voice, and knew that he was leader, again, now.

‘What have you stopped for?’ 40

Very deliberately, Kingshaw inserted his forefingers under the string, and pulled the satchel off his back. He untied his anorak from it, and spread it out on the ground, and then sat down. Hooper stood above him, his eyes flicking about nervously, his face as pale as his limbs in the dim light. 45

Kingshaw said, ‘We’re lost. We’d better stay here and think what to do.’

Hooper crumpled. He knelt down on the ground some way off, and began to poke restlessly about among the foliage, his head bent. ‘It’s your

fault,' he said, 'your bloody stupid fault, Kingshaw. You should have done what I said.'

50

'Oh, shut up.'

There was a sudden screeching cry, and a great flapping of wings, like wooden clappers. Kingshaw looked up. Two jays came flying straight through the wood, their wings whirring on the air. When they had gone, it went very still again at once, and it seemed darker, too. Then, a faint breeze came through the wood towards them, and passed, just stirring the warm air. Silence again. A blackbird began to sing, a loud, bright, warning song. Hooper looked up in alarm. From somewhere, far away, came the first rumble of thunder.

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*[from Chapter 6]*

How does Hill strikingly convey the emotions of the two boys at this moment in the novel?

- Or**      **18** Explore the ways in which Hill shows how the relationship between Mr Hooper and Mrs Kingshaw makes matters worse for Charles Kingshaw.

**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:

On the 8th of January Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. 'The doctor was confined to the house,' Poole said, 'and saw no one.' On the 15th, he tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see his friend almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night, he had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he betook himself to Doctor Lanyon's. 5

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. 'Yes,' he thought; 'he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the knowledge is more than he can bear.' And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill-looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man. 10

'I have had a shock,' he said, 'and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away.' 15

'Jekyll is ill, too,' observed Utterson. 'Have you seen him?' 20

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. 'I wish to see or hear no more of Doctor Jekyll,' he said in a loud, unsteady voice. 'I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead.' 25

'Tut-tut,' said Mr Utterson; and then after a considerable pause, 'Can't I do anything?' he inquired. 'We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others.' 30

'Nothing can be done,' returned Lanyon; 'ask himself.'

'He will not see me,' said the lawyer. 35

'I am not surprised at that,' was the reply. 'Some day, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this accursed topic, then, in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it.' 40

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. 'I do not blame our old friend,' Jekyll wrote, 'but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. 45

You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanly; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence.'

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*[from Chapter 6, 'Remarkable Incident of Doctor Lanyon']*

How does Stevenson's writing create suspense here?

- Or**     **20** Explore the ways in which Stevenson's writing makes **two** violent moments in the novel particularly gripping.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Either 21** Read this extract from *The Destructors* (by Graham Greene), and then answer the question that follows it:

‘At Old Misery’s?’ Blackie said. There was nothing in the rules against it, but he had a sensation that T. was treading on dangerous ground. He asked hopefully, ‘Did you break in?’

‘No. I rang the bell.’

‘And what did you say?’

‘I said I wanted to see his house.’

‘What did he do?’

‘He showed it me.’

‘Pinch anything?’

‘No.’

‘What did you do it for then?’

The gang had gathered round: it was as though an impromptu court were about to form and to try some case of deviation. T. said, ‘It’s a beautiful house,’ and still watching the ground, meeting no one’s eyes, he licked his lips first one way, then the other.

‘What do you mean, a beautiful house?’ Blackie asked with scorn.

‘It’s got a staircase two hundred years old like a corkscrew. Nothing holds it up.’

‘What do you mean, nothing holds it up. Does it float?’

‘It’s to do with opposite forces, Old Misery said.’

‘What else?’

‘There’s panelling.’

‘Like in the Blue Boar?’

‘Two hundred years old.’

‘Is Old Misery two hundred years old?’

Mike laughed suddenly and then was quiet again. The meeting was in a serious mood. For the first time since T. had strolled into the car-park on the first day of the holidays his position was in danger. It only needed a single use of his real name and the gang would be at his heels.

‘What did you do it for?’ Blackie asked. He was just, he had no jealousy, he was anxious to retain T. in the gang if he could. It was the word ‘beautiful’ that worried him – that belonged to a class world that you could still see parodied at the Wormsley Common Empire by a man wearing a top hat and a monocle, with a haw-haw accent. He was tempted to say, ‘My dear Trevor, old chap,’ and unleash his hell hounds. ‘If you’d broken in,’ he said sadly – that indeed would have been an exploit worthy of the gang.

‘This was better,’ T. said, ‘I found out things.’ He continued to stare at his feet, not meeting anybody’s eye, as though he were absorbed in some dream he was unwilling – or ashamed – to share.

‘What things?’

‘Old Misery’s going to be away all tomorrow and Bank Holiday.’

Blackie said with relief, ‘You mean we could break in?’

‘And pinch things?’ somebody asked.

Blackie said, ‘Nobody’s going to pinch things. Breaking in – that’s good enough, isn’t it? We don’t want any court stuff.’

‘I don’t want to pinch anything,’ T. said. ‘I’ve got a better idea.’

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'What is it?'

T. raised eyes, as grey and disturbed as the drab August day. 'We'll pull it down,' he said. 'We'll destroy it.'

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Blackie gave a single hoot of laughter and then, like Mike, fell quiet, daunted by the serious implacable gaze. 'What'd the police be doing all the time?' he said.

'They'd never know. We'd do it from inside. I've found a way in.' He said with a sort of intensity, 'We'd be like worms, don't you see, in an apple.'

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How does Greene make T. such a compelling character at this moment in the story?

- Or**      **22** Explore the ways in which the writer makes **either** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie) **or** *A Horse and Two Goats* (by R. K. Narayan) so entertaining.





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