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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2019**

**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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**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:

*Anthem For Doomed Youth*

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
 Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
 Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
 Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
 No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,  
 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, –  
 The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
 And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

5

What candles may be held to speed them all?  
 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
 Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
 The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
 Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
 And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

10

(*Wilfred Owen*)

How does Owen powerfully express his thoughts and feelings in this poem?

Or 2 What impressions of the speaker does Bishop's writing create for you in *One Art*?

*One Art*

The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent. 5  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went. 10  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent. 15  
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

– Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

(*Elizabeth Bishop*)

**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:

*Cetacean*

Out of Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, Sunday, early,  
our vessel, bow to stern, some sixty-three feet,  
to observe Blue Whales – and we did, off the Farallones.

They were swimming slowly, and rose at a shallow angle  
(they were grey as slate with white mottling, dorsals tiny and stubby,  
with broad flat heads one quarter their overall body-lengths). 5

They blew as soon as their heads began to break the surface.  
The blows were as straight and slim as upright columns  
rising to thirty feet in vertical sprays.

Then their heads disappeared underwater, and the lengthy, rolling  
expanse of their backs hove into our view – about twenty feet longer  
than the vessel herself. 10

And then the diminutive dorsals  
showed briefly, after the blows had dispersed and the heads had  
gone under. 15

Then they arched their backs, then arched their tail stocks ready  
for diving.

Then the flukes were visible just before the creatures vanished,  
slipping into the deep again, at a shallow angle.

*(Peter Reading)*

How does Peter Reading vividly convey the experience of seeing the whales in this poem?

- Or 4 Explore the ways in which Keats uses words and images to vivid effect in *Ode on Melancholy*.

*Ode on Melancholy*

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries, 5  
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul. 10

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies;  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes. 20

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight 25  
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 30

(John Keats)

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:

*Lunchtime Lecture*

And this from the second or third millenium  
 B.C., a female, aged about twenty-two.  
 A white, fine skull, full up with darkness  
 As a shell with sea, drowned in the centuries. 5  
 Small, perfect. The cranium would fit the palm  
 Of a man's hand. Some plague or violence  
 Destroyed her, and her whiteness lay safe in a shroud  
 Of silence, undisturbed, unraind on, dark  
 For four thousand years. Till a tractor in summer 10  
 Biting its way through the longcairn for supplies  
 Of stone, broke open the grave and let a crowd of light  
 Stare in at her, and she stared quietly back.

As I look at her I feel none of the shock  
 The farmer felt as, unprepared, he found her.  
 Here in the Museum, like death in hospital, 15  
 Reasons are given, labels, causes, catalogues.  
 The smell of death is done. Left, only her bone  
 Purity, the light and shade beauty that her man  
 Was denied sight of, the perfect edge of the place  
 Where the pieces join, with no mistakes, like boundaries. 20

She's a tree in winter, stripped white on a black sky,  
 Leafless formality, brow, bough in fine relief.  
 I, at some other season, illustrate the tree  
 Fleshed, with woman's hair and colours and the rustling  
 Blood, the troubled mind that she has overthrown. 25  
 We stare at each other, dark into sightless  
 Dark, seeing only ourselves in the black pools,  
 Gulping the risen sea that booms in the shell.

How does Clarke strikingly convey her experience in this poem?



Or 6 Explore the ways in which Clarke makes *Baby-sitting* such a memorable poem.

*Baby-sitting*

<p>I am sitting in a strange room listening          For the wrong baby. I don't love          This baby. She is sleeping a snuffly          Roseate, bubbling sleep; she is fair;          She is a perfectly acceptable child.</p>	<p>5</p>
<p>I am afraid of her. If she wakes          She will hate me. She will shout          Her hot midnight rage, her nose          Will stream disgustingly and the perfume          Of her breath will fail to enchant me.</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>To her I will represent absolute          Abandonment. For her it will be worse          Than for the lover cold in lonely          Sheets; worse than for the woman who waits          A moment to collect her dignity          Beside the bleached bone in the terminal ward.          As she rises sobbing from the monstrous land          Stretching for milk-familiar comforting,          She will find me and between us two          It will not come. It will not come.</p>	<p>15</p> <p>20</p>

## 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:

Sir Thomas listened most politely, but found much to offend his ideas of decorum and confirm his ill opinion of Mr Yates's habits of thinking from the beginning to the end of the story; and when it was over, could give him no other assurance of sympathy than what a slight bow conveyed.

'This was in fact the origin of *our* acting,' said Tom after a moment's thought. 'My friend Yates brought the infection from Ecclesford, and it spread, as those things always spread you know, Sir—the faster probably from *your* having so often encouraged the sort of thing in us formerly. It was like treading old ground again.'

5

Mr Yates took the subject from his friend as soon as possible, and immediately gave Sir Thomas an account of what they had done and were doing, told him of the gradual increase of their views, the happy conclusion of their first difficulties, and present promising state of affairs; relating every thing with so blind an interest as made him not only totally unconscious of the uneasy movements of many of his friends as they sat, the change of countenance, the fidget, the hem! of unquietness, but prevented him even from seeing the expression of the face on which his own eyes were fixed—from seeing Sir Thomas's dark brow contract as he looked with inquiring earnestness at his daughters and Edmund, dwelling particularly on the latter, and speaking a language, a remonstrance, a reproof, which *he* felt at his heart. Not less acutely was it felt by Fanny, who had edged back her chair behind her aunt's end of the sofa, and screened from notice herself, saw all that was passing before her. Such a look of reproach at Edmund from his father she could never have expected to witness; and to feel that it was in any degree deserved, was an aggravation indeed. Sir Thomas's look implied, 'On your judgment, Edmund, I depended; what have you been about?'—She knelt in spirit to her uncle, and her bosom swelled to utter, 'Oh! not to *him*. Look so to all the others, but not to *him*!'

10

15

20

25

Mr Yates was still talking. 'To own the truth, Sir Thomas, we were in the middle of a rehearsal when you arrived this evening. We were going through the three first acts, and not unsuccessfully upon the whole. Our company is now so dispersed, from the Crawfords being gone home, that nothing more can be done to-night; but if you will give us the honour of your company to-morrow evening I should not be afraid of the result. We bespeak your indulgence you understand as young performers; we bespeak your indulgence.'

30

35

'My indulgence shall be given, Sir,' replied Sir Thomas gravely, 'but without any other rehearsal.'—And with a relenting smile he added, 'I come home to be happy and indulgent.' Then turning away towards any or all of the rest, he tranquilly said, 'Mr and Miss Crawford were mentioned in my last letters from Mansfield. Do you find them agreeable acquaintance?'

40

Tom was the only one at all ready with an answer, but he being entirely without particular regard for either, without jealousy either in love or acting,

could speak very handsomely of both. 'Mr Crawford was a most pleasant gentleman-like man;—his sister a sweet, pretty, elegant, lively girl.' 45

Mr Rushworth could be silent no longer. 'I do not say he is not gentleman-like, considering; but you should tell your father he is not above five feet eight, or he will be expecting a well-looking man.'

Sir Thomas did not quite understand this, and looked with some surprise at the speaker. 50

'If I must say what I think,' continued Mr Rushworth, 'in my opinion it is very disagreeable to be always rehearsing. It is having too much of a good thing. I am not so fond of acting as I was at first. I think we are a great deal better employed, sitting comfortably here among ourselves, and doing nothing.' 55

Sir Thomas looked again, and then replied with an approving smile, 'I am happy to find our sentiments on this subject so much the same. It gives me sincere satisfaction. That I should be cautious and quick-sighted, and feel many scruples which my children do *not* feel, is perfectly natural; and equally so that *my* value for domestic tranquillity, for a home which shuts out noisy pleasures, should much exceed theirs. But at your time of life to feel all this, is a most favourable circumstance for yourself and for every body connected with you; and I am sensible of the importance of having an ally of such weight.' 60

*[from Chapter 19]*

Explore how Austen vividly conveys the impact of Sir Thomas's return at this moment in the novel.

**Or 8** How far does Austen's writing persuade you to sympathise with Fanny Price?

WILLA CATHER: *My Ántonia*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

What a tableful we were at supper: two long rows of restless heads in the lamplight, and so many eyes fastened excitedly upon Ántonia as she sat at the head of the table, filling the plates and starting the dishes on their way. The children were seated according to a system; a little one next an older one, who was to watch over his behaviour and to see that he got his food. Anna and Yulka left their chairs from time to time to bring fresh plates of *kolaches* and pitchers of milk. 5

After supper we went into the parlour, so that Yulka and Leo could play for me. Ántonia went first, carrying the lamp. There were not nearly chairs enough to go round, so the younger children sat down on the bare floor. Little Lucie whispered to me that they were going to have a parlour carpet if they got ninety cents for their wheat. Leo, with a good deal of fussing, got out his violin. It was old Mr. Shimerda's instrument, which Ántonia had always kept, and it was too big for him. But he played very well for a self-taught boy. Poor Yulka's efforts were not so successful. While they were playing, little Nina got up from her corner, came out into the middle of the floor, and began to do a pretty little dance on the boards with her bare feet. No one paid the least attention to her, and when she was through she stole back and sat down by her brother. 10 15

Ántonia spoke to Leo in Bohemian. He frowned and wrinkled up his face. He seemed to be trying to pout, but his attempt only brought out dimples in unusual places. After twisting and screwing the keys, he played some Bohemian airs, without the organ to hold him back, and that went better. The boy was so restless that I had not had a chance to look at his face before. My first impression was right; he really was faun-like. He hadn't much head behind his ears, and his tawny fleece grew down thick to the back of his neck. His eyes were not frank and wide apart like those of the other boys, but were deep-set, gold-green in colour, and seemed sensitive to the light. His mother said he got hurt oftener than all the others put together. He was always trying to ride the colts before they were broken, teasing the turkey gobbler, seeing just how much red the bull would stand for, or how sharp the new axe was. 20 25

After the concert was over, Ántonia brought out a big boxful of photographs: she and Anton in their wedding clothes, holding hands; her brother Ambrosch and his very fat wife, who had a farm of her own, and who bossed her husband, I was delighted to hear; the three Bohemian Marys and their large families. 30 35

'You wouldn't believe how steady those girls have turned out,' Ántonia remarked. 'Mary Svoboda's the best butter-maker in all this country, and a fine manager. Her children will have a grand chance.' 40

As Ántonia turned over the pictures the young Cuzaks stood behind her chair, looking over her shoulder with interested faces. Nina and Jan, after trying to see round the taller ones, quietly brought a chair, climbed up on it, and stood close together, looking. The little boy forgot his shyness and grinned delightedly when familiar faces came into view. In the group about Antonia I was conscious of a kind of physical harmony. They leaned this way and that, and were not afraid to touch each other. They contemplated the photographs with pleased recognition; looked at some admiringly, as 45

if these characters in their mother's girlhood had been remarkable people. The little children, who could not speak English, murmured comments to each other in their rich old language.

50

*[from Book 5 Chapter 1]*

In what ways does Cather create such vivid impressions of *Ántonia's* family life at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10** How far does Cather's writing make you feel surprised that Jim never marries?

ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Deven had helped him to carry the various pieces of equipment up the tiled staircase which smelt unpleasantly of both urine and cheap perfume, to the top of the house, past doors hung with flowered curtains through which he glimpsed beds, sleeping figures, mirrors and toilet articles — but of course he did not stop to investigate. Chiku, on the other hand, mounted the stairs slowly, stopping before every door and staring in with open curiosity, his mouth slightly open, breathing heavily in his adenoidal way. Outside the doors were shoes, or empty glasses, littered trays. Was this a hotel? Deven gave a slight twitch of apprehension at the thought that there might be a bill to be paid. 5

‘Come on, come on,’ he snapped at Chiku, ‘we must have everything ready by the time Nur Sahib arrives — we can’t waste time — it is to be done in three days flat.’ 10

Three days.

‘How long will it take you, Deven-*bhai*?’ Murad asked, reflectively chewing a wad of *paan* while his eyes swivelled around, taking in the scene — the bolsters and cushions scattered on the mattress laid out with white sheets, the spittoon, the silver box of *paan*, the glasses and jars of water in one corner, the recording equipment piled in another, the garlanded oleograph of a shock-headed saint from the South hanging on the wall, beneath a tube of blue fluorescent lighting, and the idle figures seated on the mats, slouching or sprawling as they waited for the poet to make his appearance. 15

Deven frowned a little, as though he had a slight headache. He did not care to answer. He could not. The days were slipping by like some kind of involuntary exudation, oozing past. He seemed to have no control over them, or what occurred during them. ‘This is not something that can be done to a timetable,’ he muttered and was enraged by the way Murad slowly nodded his head as though his suspicions had been confirmed. ‘Coming in?’ he asked testily. 20

Murad gave a snort. ‘Don’t often come to such places,’ he leered. ‘Not in this quarter of the city anyway.’

‘Oh, what is *your* quarter then?’ Deven challenged him, infuriated at having his so painfully made arrangements derided. 25

Murad looked momentarily surprised at such a show of spirit. ‘Well, my friend, I had no idea it was yours,’ he said, shifting the wad of betel leaves around his mouth and starting to chomp on them again. 30

‘It isn’t mine — it is Nur Sahib’s,’ said Deven defensively, ‘and we are occupying it only till the recording is done.’

‘Yes,’ said Murad, putting one foot into the room at last after having debated the matter for so long. He was dressed in white leggings and a loose *kurta* already mapped with perspiration. ‘That is just what I came to see — how it is getting on — so I can get an idea how long it will take.’ 35

Deven waved his hand with a fine carelessness he did not really feel. The gesture faded on the air from lack of conviction. ‘How long? What does it matter? Can a poet be pinned down by time? He can’t be expected to keep an eye on his watch, Murad-*bhai* — he is immortal and belongs to all time.’ 40

45

Murad made a disgusted face. 'What's the matter — are you drunk — at this time of the morning?'

50

But Deven did not need to drink in order to feel this hazardous euphoria trickling through him — it was not drink that caused it, but Nur.

*[from Chapter 9]*

In what ways does Desai make this moment in the novel both entertaining and revealing?

- Or**      **12** How does Desai's portrayal of Deven suggest to you that he will always be disappointed in life?

**Do not use the extract printed for Question 11 when answering this question.**

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

She knew that he only feigned to be asleep, but she said nothing to him.

He started by and by as if he were just then awakened, and asked who that was, and what was the matter?

‘Tom, have you anything to tell me? If ever you loved me in your life, and have anything concealed from every one besides, tell it to me.’ 5

‘I don’t know what you mean, Loo. You have been dreaming.’

‘My dear brother:’ she laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from every one but herself: ‘is there nothing that you have to tell me? Is there nothing you can tell me, if you will? You can tell me nothing that will change me. O Tom, tell me the truth!’ 10

‘I don’t know what you mean, Loo!’

‘As you lie here alone, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, when even I, if I am living then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undistinguishable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of my decay, until I am dust. In the name of that time, Tom, tell me the truth now!’ 15

‘What is it you want to know?’

‘You may be certain:’ in the energy of her love she took him to her bosom as if he were a child: ‘that I will not reproach you. You may be certain that I will be compassionate and true to you. You may be certain that I will save you at whatever cost. O Tom, have you nothing to tell me? Whisper very softly. Say only ‘yes,’ and I shall understand you!’ 20

She turned her ear to his lips, but he remained doggedly silent.

‘Not a word, Tom?’ 25

‘How can I say Yes, or how can I say No, when I don’t know what you mean? Loo, you are a brave, kind girl, worthy I begin to think of a better brother than I am. But I have nothing more to say. Go to bed, go to bed.’ 30

‘You are tired,’ she whispered presently, more in her usual way.

‘Yes, I am quite tired out.’

‘You have been so hurried and disturbed today. Have any fresh discoveries been made?’

‘Only those you have heard of, from – him.’ 35

‘Tom, have you said to any one that we made a visit to those people, and that we saw those three together?’

‘No. Didn’t you yourself particularly ask me to keep it quiet, when you asked me to go there with you?’

‘Yes. But I did not know then what was going to happen.’ 40

‘Nor I neither. How could I?’

He was very quick upon her with this retort.

‘Ought I to say, after what has happened,’ said his sister, standing by the bed – she had gradually withdrawn herself and risen, ‘that I made that visit? Should I say so? Must I say so?’ 45

‘Good Heavens, Loo,’ returned her brother, ‘you are not in the habit of asking my advice. Say what you like. If you keep it to yourself, I shall keep it to myself. If you disclose it, there’s an end of it.’



It was too dark for either to see the other's face; but each seemed very attentive, and to consider before speaking. 50

'Tom, do you believe the man I gave the money to, is really implicated in this crime?'

'I don't know. I don't see why he shouldn't be.'

'He seemed to me an honest man.'

'Another person may seem to you dishonest, and yet not be so.' 55

There was a pause, for he had hesitated and stopped.

'In short,' resumed Tom, as if he had made up his mind, 'if you come to that, perhaps I was so far from being altogether in his favour, that I took him outside the door to tell him quietly, that I thought he might consider himself very well off to get such a windfall as he had got from my sister, and that I hoped he would make good use of it. You remember whether I took him out or not. I say nothing against the man; he may be a very good fellow, for anything I know; I hope he is.' 60

*[from Book 2 Chapter 8]*

How does Dickens make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel?

**Or**      **14** In what ways does Dickens make Mrs Pegler 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:

Thornhill thought he might have heard enough stories about how dangerous it was to be a white man on the lower Hawkesbury, but Blackwood's slow way could drive a man mad, and silence was threatening to take hold around the words again.

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*I better have  
got that right, Will Thornhill, and if I ain't, by Jesus your life ain't worth a  
brass farthing.*

*[from Part 4]*

How does Grenville make this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the novel?

- Or**    **16** In what ways does Grenville powerfully convey the fear felt by the Thornhills at any **two** moments in the novel?

**Do not use the extract printed for Question 15 when answering this question.**

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:

Phineas looked down here and there, at the exercise bar over a sand pit next to the wall, at a set of weights on the floor, at the rolled-up wrestling mat, at a pair of spiked shoes kicked under a locker.

‘Same old place, isn’t it?’ he said, turning to me and nodding slightly. 5

After a moment I answered in a quiet voice, ‘Not exactly.’

He made no pretense of not understanding me. After a pause he said, ‘You’re going to be the big star now,’ in an optimistic tone, and then added with some embarrassment, ‘You can fill any gaps or anything.’ He slapped me on the back, ‘Get over there and chin yourself a few dozen times. What did you finally go out for anyway?’ 10

‘I finally didn’t go out.’

‘You aren’t,’ his eyes burned at me from his grimacing face, ‘still the assistant senior crew manager!’

‘No, I quit that. I’ve just been going to gym classes. The ones they have for guys who aren’t going out for anything.’ 15

He wrenched himself around on the bench. Joking was past; his mouth widened irritably. ‘What in hell,’ his voice bounded on the word in a sudden rich descent, ‘did you do that for?’

‘It was too late to sign up for anything else,’ and seeing the energy to blast this excuse rushing to his face and neck I stumbled on, ‘and anyway with the war on there won’t be many trips for the teams. I don’t know, sports don’t seem so important with the war on.’ 20

‘Have you swallowed all that war stuff?’

‘No, of course I—’ I was so committed to refuting him that I had half-denied the charge before I understood it; now my eyes swung back to his face. ‘All what war stuff?’ 25

‘All that stuff about there being a war.’

‘I don’t think I get what you mean.’

‘Do you really think that the United States of America is in a state of war with Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan?’ 30

‘Do I really think ...’ My voice trailed off.

He stood up, his weight on the good leg, the other resting lightly on the floor in front of him. ‘Don’t be a sap,’ he gazed with cool self-possession at me, ‘there isn’t any war.’ 35

‘I know why you’re talking like this,’ I said, struggling to keep up with him. ‘Now I understand. You’re still under the influence of some medicinal drug.’

‘No, you are. Everybody is.’ He pivoted so that he was facing directly at me. ‘That’s what this whole war story is. A medicinal drug. Listen, did you ever hear of the ‘Roaring Twenties’?’ I nodded very slowly and cautiously. ‘When they all drank bathtub gin and everybody who was young did just what they wanted?’ 40

‘Yes.’

‘Well what happened was that they didn’t like that, the preachers and the old ladies and all the stuffed shirts. So then they tried Prohibition and everybody just got drunker, so then they really got desperate and arranged the Depression. That kept the people who were young in the thirties in 45

their places. But they couldn't use that trick forever, so for us in the forties they've cooked up this war fake.' 50

'Who are 'they,' anyway?'

'The fat old men who don't want us crowding them out of their jobs. They've made it all up. There isn't any real food shortage, for instance. The men have all the best steaks delivered to their clubs now. You've noticed how they've been getting fatter lately, haven't you?' 55

His tone took it thoroughly for granted that I had. For a moment I was almost taken in by it. Then my eyes fell on the bound and cast white mass pointing at me, and as it was always to do, it brought me down out of Finny's world of invention, down again as I had fallen after awakening that morning, down to reality, to the facts. 60

'Phineas, this is all pretty amusing and everything, but I hope you don't play this game too much with yourself. You might start to believe it and then I'd have to make a reservation for you at the Funny Farm.'

'In a way,' deep in argument, his eyes never wavered from mine, 'the whole world is on a Funny Farm now. But it's only the fat old men who get the joke.' 65

'And you.'

'Yes, and me.'

'What makes you so special? Why should you get it and all the rest of us be in the dark?' 70

The momentum of the argument abruptly broke from his control. His face froze. 'Because I've suffered,' he burst out.

*[from Chapter 8]*

How does Knowles make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

**Or 18** In what ways does Knowles make Brinker such a memorable and significant character?

**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:

Msimangu caught him up at the top of the hill, and took his arm, and it was like walking with a child or with one that was sick. So they came to the shop. And at the shop Kumalo turned, and closed his eyes, and his lips were moving. Then he opened his eyes and turned to Msimangu.

– Do not come further, he said. It is I who must do this.

5

And then he went into the shop.

Yes, the bull voice was there, loud and confident. His brother John was sitting there on a chair, talking to two other men sitting there like a chief. His brother he did not recognize, for the light from the street was on the back of the visitor.

10

– Good afternoon, my brother.

– Good afternoon, sir.

– Good afternoon, my own brother, son of our mother.

– Ah my brother, it is you. Well, well, I am glad to see you. Will you not come and join us?

15

Kumalo looked at the visitors. I am sorry, he said, but I come again on business, urgent business.

– I am sure my friends will excuse us. Excuse us, my friends.

So they all said stay well, and go well, and the two men left them.

– Well, well, I am glad to see you, my brother. And your business, how does it progress? Have you found the prodigal? You will see I have not forgotten my early teaching altogether.

20

And he laughed at that, a great bull laugh. But we must have tea, he said, and he went to the door and called into the place behind.

– It is still the same woman, he said. You see, I also have my ideas of – how do you say it in English? And he laughed his great laugh again, for he was only playing with his brother. Fidelity, that was the word. A good word, I shall not easily forget it. He is a clever man, our Mr Msimangu. And now the prodigal, have you found him?

25

– He is found, my brother. But not as he was found in the early teaching. He is in prison, arrested for the murder of a white man.

30

– Murder? The man does not jest now. One does not jest about murder. Still less about the murder of a white man.

– Yes, murder. He broke into a house in a place that they call Parkwold, and killed the white man who would have prevented him.

35

– What? I remember! Only a day or two since? On Tuesday?

– Yes.

– Yes, I remember.

Yes, he remembers. He remembers too that his own son and his brother's son are companions. The veins stand out on the bull neck, and the sweat forms on the brow. Have no doubt it is fear in the eyes. He wipes his brow with a cloth. There are many questions he could ask before he need come at it. All he says is, yes, indeed, I do remember. His brother is filled with compassion for him. He will try gently to bring it to him.

40

– I am sorry, my brother.

What does one say? Does one say, of course you are sorry? Does one say, of course, it is your son? How can one say it, when one knows

45

what it means? Keep silent then, but the eyes are upon one. One knows what they mean. 50

– You mean ...? he asked.

– Yes. He was there also.

John Kumalo whispers *Tixo, Tixo*. And again, *Tixo, Tixo*. Kumalo comes to him and puts his hand on his shoulders.

– There are many things I could say, he said. 55

– There are many things you could say.

– But I do not say them. I say only that I know what you suffer.

– Indeed, who could know better?

– Yes, that is one of the things I could say. There is a young white man at the Mission House, and he is waiting to take me now to the prison. Perhaps he would take you also. 60

– Let me get my coat and hat, my brother.

They do not wait for tea, but set out along the street to the Mission House. Msimangu, watching anxiously for their return, sees them coming. The old man walks now more firmly, it is the other who seems bowed and broken. 65

Father Vincent, the rosy-cheeked priest from England, takes Kumalo's hand in both his own. Anything, he says, anything. You have only to ask. I shall do anything.

[from Book 1 Chapter 14]

How does Paton make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

- Or 20 To what extent does Paton persuade you that it is possible for black people and white people in the novel to be friends?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

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

- Either 21** Read this extract from *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton), and then answer the question that follows it:

In twenty years she was only ever sacked the once, and that was over a pair of missing earrings. She came home with a week's notice and wept under the lemon tree where she thought I wouldn't hear. I tried to convince her never to return but she wouldn't hear a word of it. We argued. It was awful, and it didn't let up all week. Since the old man's disappearance we'd never raised our voices at each other. It was as though we kept the peace at all costs for fear of driving each other away. And now we couldn't stop bickering. 5

The morning she was to return we were still at it. Then, even while I took a shower, she stood in the bathroom doorway to lecture me on the subject of personal pride. It was as though I was not a twenty-year-old law student but a little boy who needed his neck scrubbed. 10

I don't care what you say, I yelled. It's outrageous and I'm not coming.

I never asked you, she said. When did I ever ask you to come?

I groaned. There was nothing I could say to that. And I knew it was a four-hour job, two if I helped out. Given what the householder had accused her of, it would be the toughest four hours she'd ever put in. But I was convinced that it was a mistake for her to go back. It was unfair, ludicrous, impossible, and while she packed the Corolla in the driveway I told her so. She came back for the mop and bucket. I stood on the verandah with my arms folded. But she must have known I'd go. She knew before I did, and not even the chassis-bending slam I gave the door could wipe the look of vindication from her face as she reversed us out into the street. 15

The car reeked of bleach and rubber gloves. I sighed and cranked down the window. She drove with both ravaged hands on the wheel, her chin up at a silly, dignified angle. Her mask of composure belied a fear of driving, and the caution with which she navigated made me crazy, but I resolved to show a bit of grace. 20

What? she said, seeing something in my face.

Nothing, I said, trying not to sound sullen. 30

You're good to come with me.

Well. Figure you need the help.

Oh, it's not help, love. It's company.

I could have opened the door and got out there and then.

What? she asked. 35

I shook my head. I couldn't launch into it all again. She was worth twice what those silvertails paid her. She was more scrupulous, more honest, than any of them. She wouldn't even open a drawer unless it was to put a clean knife or fork into it. For her to be called a thief was beyond imagining. 40

I know it's not easy, she said.

It's demeaning, Mum! I blurted despite myself. Going back like this. The whole performance. It's demeaning.

To who?

Whom. 45

Well, excuse me, constable! she said with a tart laugh. To *whom* is it demeaning, then, Victor? You?



I looked out of the window, flushing for shame.  
 You men, she said brightly. 50  
 Actually, this is about a woman, Mum. What kind of person accuses  
 you of thieving, gives you the sack and then asks you back for one week  
 while she looks for somebody to replace you?  
 Well, it's her loss, said my mother, changing lanes with excruciating  
 precision. She knows she won't find anybody better than me. 55  
 Not even as good as you. Not a chance.  
 Thank you.  
 Five-hundred-dollar earrings, Mum. She hasn't even gone to the  
 police.  
 As far as we know. 60  
 In that postcode? Believe me, we'd know.  
 She must know I didn't steal them.  
 She just wants something, some advantage over you. There'll be a  
 note there, you wait. She'll let it slide – this time – and later on, while  
 you're all guilty and grateful, she'll chip you down on the rate. Back to a  
 fiver an hour. 65  
 The Law, she said. It must make you suspicious. She's just made a  
 stupid mistake. She's probably found them by now.  
 And not called?  
 These people, they never call. Silence, that's their idea of an apology.  
 It's how they're brought up. 70  
 But she looked troubled for a few moments. Then her face cleared.  
 Oh well, she murmured. There's the waiting list. I can still fill a dance  
 card in this business.  
 Sure, I said without any enthusiasm.  
 Anyway, we'll show her. 75  
 How's that?  
 We'll clean that flat within an inch of its life.  
 Oh yeah, I muttered. That'll put her back in her box. Go, Mum.

How does Winton create such powerful impressions of the narrator's mother at this moment in the story?

- Or**     **22** Explore the ways in which the writers convey loneliness in **either** *The Bath* (by Janet Frame) **or** in *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton).





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