
LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

0486/11

May/June 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 **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.

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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:

On the Departure Platform

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
She left me, and moment by moment got
Smaller and smaller, until to my view
She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
That down the diminishing platform bore
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
Behind dark groups from far and near,
Whose interests were apart from ours,
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
That flexible form, that nebulous white;
And she who was more than my life to me
Had vanished quite ...

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
And in season she will appear again –
Perhaps in the same soft white array –
But never as then!

– ‘And why, young man, must eternally fly
A joy you’ll repeat, if you love her well?’
– O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
I cannot tell!

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How does Hardy movingly capture a moment in time in *On the Departure Platform*?

- Or 2 Explore the ways in which Hardy vividly conveys the bitter feelings of the speaker in *Neutral Tones*.

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 5
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;
 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 10
 Alive enough to have strength to die;
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby
 Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

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

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:

First Love

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet.
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete. 5
 My face turned pale as deadly pale,
 My legs refused to walk away,
 And when she looked 'what could I ail?'
 My life and all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my sight away. 10
 The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noonday.
 I could not see a single thing,
 Words from my eyes did start;
 They spoke as chords do from the string 15
 And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter's choice?
 Is love's bed always snow?
 She seemed to hear my silent voice
 And love's appeal to know. 20
 I never saw so sweet a face
 As that I stood before:
 My heart has left its dwelling-place
 And can return no more.

(John Clare)

How does Clare make *First Love* such a moving poem?

Or 4 How does Laskey vividly convey the feelings of the speaker for his son in *Registers*?

Registers

Out of the warm primordial cave
of our conversations, Jack's gone.
No more chit-chat under the blankets
pegged over chairs and nipped in drawers.

Throughout his first five years an ear
always open, at worst ajar, 5
I catch myself still listening out
for sounds of him in the sensible house

where nothing stirs but the washing machine
which clicks and churns. I'm loosening his arms 10
clasped round my neck, detaching myself
from his soft protracted kiss goodbye.

Good boy, diminishing down the long
corridors into the huge unknown
assembly hall, each word strange, 15
even his name on Miss Cracknell's tongue.

(*Michael Laskey*)

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:

For My Grandmother Knitting

There is no need they say
but the needles still move
their rhythms in the working of your hands
as easily
as if your hands 5
were once again those sure and skilful hands
of the fisher-girl.

You are old now
and your grasp of things is not so good
but master of your moments then 10
deft and swift
you slit the still-ticking quick silver fish.
Hard work it was too
of necessity.

But now they say there is no need 15
as the needles move
in the working of your hands
once the hands of the bride
with the hand-span waist
once the hands of the miner's wife 20
who scrubbed his back
in a tin bath by the coal fire
once the hands of the mother
of six who made do and mended
scraped and slapped sometimes 25
when necessary.

But now they say there is no need
the kids they say grandma
have too much already
more than they can wear 30
too many scarves and cardigans –
gran you do too much
there's no necessity.

(Liz Lochhead)

How does Lochhead create a moving and affectionate portrait of her grandmother in *For My Grandmother Knitting*?

- Or 6 Explore the ways in which Wordsworth uses imagery to striking effect in ‘*She was a Phantom of Delight*’.

‘She was a Phantom of Delight’

She was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment’s ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5
 Like Twilight’s, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the chearful Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature’s daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath;
 A Traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
 A perfect Woman; nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light. 30

(William Wordsworth)

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:

Obi seemed to look over the shoulders of everyone who came out to welcome him home.

'Where is Mother?' his eyes kept asking. He did not know whether she was still in hospital or at home, and he was afraid to ask.

'Your mother returned from hospital last week,' said his father as they entered the house. 5

'Where is she?'

'In her room,' said Eunice, his youngest sister.

Mother's room was the most distinctive in the whole house, except perhaps for Father's. The difficulty in deciding arose from the fact that one could not compare incomparable things. Mr Okonkwo believed utterly and completely in the things of the white man. And the symbol of the white man's power was the written word, or better still, the printed word. Once before he went to England, Obi heard his father talk with deep feeling about the mystery of the written word to an illiterate kinsman: 10

'Our women made black patterns on their bodies with the juice of the *uli* tree. It was beautiful, but it soon faded. If it lasted two market weeks it lasted a long time. But sometimes our elders spoke about *uli* that never faded, although no one had ever seen it. We see it today in the writing of the white man. If you go to the native court and look at the books which clerks wrote twenty years ago or more, they are still as they wrote them. They do not say one thing today and another tomorrow, or one thing this year and another next year. Okoye in the book today cannot become Okonkwo tomorrow. In the Bible Pilate said: "What is written is written." It is *uli* that never fades.' 15

The kinsman had nodded his head in approval and snapped his fingers.

The result of Okonkwo's mystic regard for the written word was that his room was full of old books and papers – from Blackie's Arithmetic which he used in 1908 to Obi's Durrell, from obsolete cockroach-eaten translations of the Bible into the Onitsha dialect to yellowed Scripture Union Cards of 1920 and earlier. Okonkwo never destroyed a piece of paper. He had two boxes full of them. The rest were preserved on top of his enormous cupboard, on tables, on boxes and on one corner of the floor. 20

Mother's room, on the other hand, was full of mundane things. She had her box of clothes on a stool. On the other side of the room were pots of solid palm-oil with which she made black soap. The palm-oil was separated from the clothes by the whole length of the room, because, as she always said, clothes and oil were not kinsmen, and just as it was the duty of clothes to try and avoid oil it was also the duty of the oil to do everything to avoid clothes. 25

Apart from these two, Mother's room also had such things as last year's coco yams, kola nuts preserved with banana leaves in empty oil pots, palm-ash preserved in an old cylindrical vessel which, as the older children told Obi, had once contained biscuits. In the second stage of its life it had 30

served as a water vessel until it sprang about five leaks which had to be carefully covered with paper before it got its present job. 45

As he looked at his mother on her bed, tears stood in Obi's eyes. She held out her hand to him and he took it – all bone and skin like a bat's wing.

'You did not see me when I was ill,' she said. 'Now I am as healthy as a young girl.' She laughed without mirth. 'You should have seen me three weeks ago. How is your work? Are Umuofia people in Lagos all well? How is Joseph? His mother came to see me yesterday and I told her we were expecting you ...' 50

Obi answered: 'They are well, yes, yes and yes.' But his heart all the while was bursting with grief. 55

[from Chapter 13]

How does Achebe's writing make this moment in the novel so moving?

- Or** **8** Explore the ways in which Achebe portrays the relationship between Obi and Miss Marie Tomlinson.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

They passed briskly down Pulteney-street, and through Laura-place, without the exchange of many words. Thorpe talked to his horse, and she meditated, by turns, on broken promises and broken arches, phaetons and false hangings, Tilneys and trap-doors. As they entered Argyle-buildings, however, she was roused by this address from her companion, ‘Who is that girl who looked at you so hard as she went by?’ 5

‘Who?—where?’

‘On the right-hand pavement—she must be almost out of sight now.’ Catherine looked round and saw Miss Tilney leaning on her brother’s arm, walking slowly down the street. She saw them both looking back at her. ‘Stop, stop, Mr. Thorpe, she impatiently cried, it is Miss Tilney; it is indeed.—How could you tell me they were gone?—Stop, stop, I will get out this moment and go to them.’ But to what purpose did she speak?—Thorpe only lashed his horse into a brisker trot; the Tilneys, who had soon ceased to look after her, were in a moment out of sight round the corner of Laura-place, and in another moment she was herself whisked into the Marketplace. Still, however, and during the length of another street, she intreated him to stop. ‘Pray, pray stop, Mr. Thorpe.—I cannot go on.—I will not go on.—I must go back to Miss Tilney.’ But Mr. Thorpe only laughed, smacked his whip, encouraged his horse, made odd noises, and drove on; and Catherine, angry and vexed as she was, having no power of getting away, was obliged to give up the point and submit. Her reproaches, however, were not spared. ‘How could you deceive me so, Mr. Thorpe?—How could you say, that you saw them driving up the Lansdown-road?—I would not have had it happen so for the world.—They must think it so strange; so rude of me! to go by them, too, without saying a word! You do not know how vexed I am.—I shall have no pleasure at Clifton, nor in any thing else. I had rather, ten thousand times rather get out now, and walk back to them. How could you say, you saw them driving out in a phaeton?’ Thorpe defended himself very stoutly, declared he had never seen two men so much alike in his life, and would hardly give up the point of its having been Tilney himself. 10
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Their drive, even when this subject was over, was not likely to be very agreeable. Catherine’s complaisance was no longer what it had been in their former airing. She listened reluctantly, and her replies were short. Blaize Castle remained her only comfort; towards *that*, she still looked at intervals with pleasure; though rather than be disappointed of the promised walk, and especially rather than be thought ill of by the Tilneys, she would willingly have given up all the happiness which its walls could supply—the happiness of a progress through a long suite of lofty rooms, exhibiting the remains of magnificent furniture, though now for many years deserted—the happiness of being stopped in their way along narrow, winding vaults, by a low, grated door; or even of having their lamp, their only lamp, extinguished by a sudden gust of wind, and of being left in total darkness. In the meanwhile, they proceeded on their journey without any mischance; and were within view of the town of Keynsham, when a halloo from Morland, who was behind them, made his friend pull up, to know what was the matter. The others then came close enough for conversation, and 35
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Morland said, 'We had better go back, Thorpe; it is too late to go on to-day; your sister thinks so as well as I. We have been exactly an hour coming from Pulteney-street, very little more than seven miles; and, I suppose, we have at least eight more to go. It will never do. We set out a great deal too late. We had much better put it off till another day, and turn round.' 50

'It is all one to me,' replied Thorpe rather angrily; and instantly turning his horse, they were on their way back to Bath. 55

'If your brother had not got such a d—beast to drive,' said he soon afterwards, 'we might have done it very well. My horse would have trotted to Clifton within the hour, if left to himself, and I have almost broke my arm with pulling him in to that cursed broken-winded jade's pace. Morland is a fool for not keeping a horse and gig of his own.' 60

'No, he is not,' said Catherine warmly, 'for I am sure he could not afford it.'

'And why cannot he afford it?'

'Because he has not money enough.'

'And whose fault is that?'

'Nobody's, that I know of.' Thorpe then said something in the loud, incoherent way to which he had often recourse, about its being a d— thing to be miserly; and that if people who rolled in money could not afford things, he did not know who could; which Catherine did not even endeavour to understand. Disappointed of what was to have been the consolation for her first disappointment, she was less and less disposed either to be agreeable herself, or to find her companion so; and they returned to Pulteney-street without her speaking twenty words. 70

[from Chapter 11]

How does Austen make you feel sorry for Catherine at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** Does Austen make it possible for you to have any respect for General Tilney as a father?

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Sit down, Nancy – there,’ he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. ‘I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody’s telling you but me. I’ve had a great shock – but I care most about the shock it’ll be to you.’

‘It isn’t father and Priscilla?’ said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap. 5

‘No, it’s nobody living,’ said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. ‘It’s Dunstan – my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We’ve found him – found his body – his skeleton.’

The deep dread Godfrey’s look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on: 10

‘The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly – from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies – has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There’s his watch and seals, and there’s my gold-handled hunting-whip, with my name on: he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen.’ 15

Godfrey paused: it was not so easy to say what came next. ‘Do you think he drowned himself?’ said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured. 20

‘No, he fell in,’ said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: ‘Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner.’

The blood rushed to Nancy’s face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonour. 25

‘Oh Godfrey!’ she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonour must be felt still more keenly by her husband. 30

‘There was the money in the pit,’ he continued – ‘all the weaver’s money. Everything’s been gathered up, and they’re taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you: there was no hindering it; you must know.’

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind – that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said – 35

‘Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I’ve lived with a secret on my mind, but I’ll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn’t have you know it by somebody else, and not by me – I wouldn’t have you find it out after I’m dead. I’ll tell you now. It’s been “I will” and “I won’t” with me all my life – I’ll make sure of myself now.’ 40

Nancy’s utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection. 45

‘Nancy,’ said Godfrey, slowly, ‘when I married you, I hid something from you – something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow – Eppie’s mother – that wretched woman – was my wife: Eppie is my child.’ 50

He paused, dreading the effect of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

‘You’ll never think the same of me again,’ said Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice. 55

She was silent.

‘I oughtn’t to have left the child unowned: I oughtn’t to have kept it from you. But I couldn’t bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her – I suffered for it.’ 60

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father’s. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice – only deep regret. 65

‘Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I’d have refused to take her in, if I’d known she was yours?’

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. 70

[from Chapter 18]

How does Eliot make this moment in the novel so powerful?

- Or** **12** Explore the ways in which Eliot makes the relationship between Silas and Dolly so moving.

MICHAEL FRAYN: *Spies*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The sound of the train has died away.

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We walk on past the mouldering boot, past the nettles and the little field of dock and sorrel, past the sycamore with the rope hanging from it, until at last we are out of that skulking, ancient land beyond the tunnel.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Frayn make this such a tense moment in the novel?

Or 14 How does Frayn make Barbara such a memorable character?

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:

At once, Kingshaw went to the window, averting his eyes from the moths. The rain was driving across the lawn now, into the yew trees, battering against the window. It was gone nine o'clock, and already dusk, because of the heavy clouds.

The windows were bolted. It took him a long time to ram back the stiff metal, and he split his thumbnail down one side. The window-ledges were filthy. He dared not turn round and look back into the room, at the stiff, animal bodies and the dead fish, and the rows of outstretched moths underneath their glass lids. He tugged and heaved at both the tall windows, until his arms felt wrenched from their sockets, and his chest ached. He could not move them, nobody had opened them for years. He went on trying, though, long after he knew that it was useless, because, as long as he pulled desperately at the windows, he was not having to turn and face the silent room. But in the end, he let go, and began to cry with frustration.

After a time he thought, it's only about eight o'clock, everybody's up, if I shout and shout they'll come for me. But he knew that he would not shout, he would not do anything to make Hooper feel that he had won. Eventually, his mother would go up to bed, and then he could bang on the door, someone would come to him. He just had to wait, that was all.

He sat on the window ledge. If Hooper had come back now, he would have ... but he could not imagine what he might do. The fight with Hooper on the first day had shocked him, though he had not been hurt himself.

A burst of rain spattered against the window.

Looking out onto the lawn, he could see the shadows of the yew trees, tossing in the wind. He thought suddenly of the figures of men, hiding out there, watching him, lying in wait. The rhododendrons were bunched together in peculiar shapes, on either side of the long drive. He dared not go on looking, he turned his back on the garden and walked forward a little way, into the room.

He thought, I ought to switch on the standard lamp and look in the cupboards for a book to read, I ought not to be a baby. When they come past, I shall call out, that's all. He would not tell them about Hooper.

He knew that the lamp would cast shadows, but only in this one small corner, by the bookcases, the rest of the room would be in darkness. He did not think he would mind, if he sat up close to the books, in the circle of the lamp ...

It was very important to stand up to Hooper, even if only he himself knew that he had done so. It was the most important thing of all.

Kingshaw lifted his arm up to the standard lamp. As the light came on, a moth emerged from inside the shade, brushing against his hand as it flew, and began to beat about the glow.

In the end, they did come, through the hall on their way upstairs, laughing together. He called out. They opened the door.

He said stiffly, 'I got locked in.'

His mother stood, frowning, looking to Mr Hooper for guidance. Mr Hooper took a few steps nearer to Kingshaw.

'I'm all right,' he said. 'It's O.K. I just got locked in. Goodnight,' and raced

for the stairs, before the questions could begin. In the lavatory he was violently sick.

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Hooper said the next morning, 'He's stupid. Why didn't he shout, then? I didn't know he was in there, I never know what Kingshaw does.'

[from Chapter 3]

How does Hill's writing vividly convey Kingshaw's state of mind at this moment in the novel?

- Or** **16** Explore the ways in which Hill makes the visit to Leydell Castle so memorable and significant.

R. K. NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The first thing that woke me in the morning was the cold hands of my daughter placed on my forehead and the shout "Appa" (father), or sometimes she just sat, with her elbows on the ground and her chin between her palms, gazing into my face as I lay asleep. Whenever I opened my eyes in the morning, I saw her face close to mine, and her eyes scrutinizing my face. I do not know what she found so fascinating there. Her eyes looked like a pair of dark butterflies dancing with independent life, at such close quarters. 5

"Oh, father has woken up!" she cried happily. I looked at her with suspicion and asked: "What have you been trying to do so close to me?" "I only wanted to watch, that is all. I didn't wake you up." 10

"Watch what?"

"I wanted to watch if any ant or fly was going to get into you through your nose, that is all... ."

"Did any get in?" 15

"No. Because I was watching." There was a hint in her tone as if a sentry had mounted guard against a formidable enemy.

"What do you do when you sleep, father?" Once again a question that could not be answered by an adult; perhaps only another child could find an answer for it. "I was saying something close to you and yet you didn't reply." 20

"What were you saying?"

"I said: There is a peppermint, open your mouth!"

After these preambles we left the bed. I rolled her about a little on the mattress and then she sat up and picked a book from my table and commanded: "Read this story." I had no story book on my table. She usually picked up some heavy critical work and brought it to me. When I put it back on the table, she brought out her usual catalogue of the Calcutta mail order firm, and asked me to read out of it. This happened almost every morning. I had to put away the book gently and say to her: "Not now. We must first wash." 25

"Why?"

"That is how it must be done."

"No. We must first read stories," she corrected me.

"We must first wash, and then read stories," I persisted. 35

"Why?"

"Because it is Goddess Saraswathi and we must never touch her without washing."

"What will she do if we touch her without washing?"

"She will be very unhappy, and she is the Goddess of Learning, you see, and if you please her by washing and being clean, she will make you very learned." 40

"Why should I be learned?"

"You can read a lot of stories yourself without my help."

"Oh! What will you do then?" she asked, as if pitying a man who would lose his only employment in life. 45

It was as a matter of fact my chief occupation in life. I cared for little else. I felt a thrill of pride whenever I had to work and look after the child. It seemed a noble and exciting occupation—the sole responsibility for a growing creature.

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[from Chapter 4]

Explore the ways in which Narayan vividly portrays the relationship between father and daughter at this moment in the novel.

- Or** **18** How far does Narayan persuade you that the Headmaster whose school Leela attends is an admirable character?

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:

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. ‘And now, Poole, let us get to ours,’ he said; and taking the poker under his arm, he led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sound of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor. 5

‘So it will walk all day, sir,’ whispered Poole; ‘ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there’s a bit of a break. Ah, it’s an ill conscience that’s such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there’s blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer – put your heart in your ears, Mr Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor’s foot?’ 10

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. ‘Is there never anything else?’ he asked. 15

Poole nodded. ‘Once,’ he said. ‘Once I heard it weeping!’

‘Weeping? how that?’ said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror. 20

‘Weeping like a woman or a lost soul,’ said the butler. ‘I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too.’

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down in the quiet of the night. 25

‘Jekyll,’ cried Utterson, with a loud voice, ‘I demand to see you.’ He paused a moment, but there came no reply. ‘I give you fair warning, our suspicions are aroused, and I must and shall see you,’ he resumed; ‘if not by fair means, then by foul – if not of your consent, then by brute force!’ 30

‘Utterson,’ said the voice, ‘for God’s sake, have mercy!’

‘Ah, that’s not Jekyll’s voice – it’s Hyde’s!’ cried Utterson. ‘Down with the door, Poole!’

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth that the lock burst in sunder, and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet. 35

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London. 45

Right in the midst there lay the body of a man sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on its back, and beheld the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness; the cords of his face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer. 50

[from Chapter 8, 'The Last Night'] 55

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

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Stevenson makes Hyde such a hateful character.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21** Read this extract from *The Prison* (by Bernard Malamud), and then answer the question that follows it:

He cursed the candy store and Rosa, and cursed, from its beginning, his unhappy life.

It was on one of these bad mornings that a ten-year-old girl from around the block came in and asked for two rolls of colored tissue paper, one red and one yellow. He wanted to tell her to go to hell and stop bothering, but instead went with bad grace to the rear, where Rosa, whose bright idea it was to keep the stuff, had put it. He went from force of habit, for the girl had been coming in every Monday since the summer for the same thing, because her rock-faced mother, who looked as if she arranged her own widowhood, took care of some small kids after school and gave them the paper to cut out dolls and such things. The girl, whose name he didn't know, resembled her mother, except her features were not quite so sharp and she had very light skin with dark eyes; but she was a plain kid and would be more so at twenty. He had noticed, when he went to get the paper, that she always hung back as if afraid to go where it was dark, though he kept the comics there and most of the other kids had to be slapped away from them; and that when he brought her the tissue paper her skin seemed to grow whiter and her eyes shone. She always handed him two hot dimes and went out without glancing back.

It happened that Rosa, who trusted nobody, had just hung a mirror on the back wall, and as Tommy opened the drawer to get the girl her paper this Monday morning that he felt so bad, he looked up and saw in the glass something that made it seem as if he were dreaming. The girl had disappeared, but he saw a white hand reach into the candy case for a chocolate bar and for another, then she came forth from behind the counter and stood there, innocently waiting for him. He felt at first like grabbing her by the neck and socking till she threw up, but he had been caught, as he sometimes was, by this thought of how his Uncle Dom, years ago before he went away, used to take with him Tony alone of all the kids, when he went crabbing to Sheepshead Bay. Once they went at night and threw the baited wire traps into the water and after a while pulled them up and they had this green lobster in one, and just then this fat-faced cop came along and said they had to throw it back unless it was nine inches. Dom said it was nine inches, but the cop said not to be a wise guy so Dom measured it and it was ten, and they laughed about that lobster all night. Then he remembered how he had felt after Dom was gone, and tears filled his eyes. He found himself thinking about the way his life had turned out, and then about this girl, moved that she was so young and a thief. He felt he ought to do something for her, warn her to cut it out before she got trapped and fouled up her life before it got started. His urge to do this was strong, but when he went forward she looked up frightened because he had taken so long. The fear in her eyes bothered him and he didn't say anything. She thrust out the dimes, grabbed at the tissue rolls and ran out of the store.

He had to sit down. He kept trying to make the desire to speak to her go away, but it came back stronger than ever. He asked himself what difference does it make if she swipes candy – so she swipes it; and the role of reformer was strange and distasteful to him, yet he could not convince

himself that what he felt he must do was unimportant. But he worried he would not know what to say to her. Always he had trouble speaking right, stumbled over words, especially in new situations. He was afraid he would sound like a jerk and she would not take him seriously. He had to tell her in a sure way so that even if it scared her, she would understand he had done it to set her straight. He mentioned her to no one but often thought about her, always looking around whenever he went outside to raise the awning or wash the window, to see if any of the girls playing in the street was her, but they never were. The following Monday, an hour after opening the store he had smoked a full pack of butts. He thought he had found what he wanted to say but was afraid for some reason she wouldn't come in, or if she did, this time she would be afraid to take the candy. He wasn't sure he wanted that to happen until he had said what he had to say. But at about eleven, while he was reading the *News*, she appeared, asking for the tissue paper, her eyes shining so he had to look away. He knew she meant to steal. Going to the rear he slowly opened the drawer, keeping his head lowered as he sneaked a look into the glass and saw her slide behind the counter. His heart beat hard and his feet felt nailed to the floor. He tried to remember what he had intended to do, but his mind was like a dark, empty room so he let her, in the end, slip away and stood tongue-tied, the dimes burning his palm.

In what ways does Malamud's writing make you feel sympathy for Tommy here?

Or 22 How does Ballard create such a horrifying vision of the future in *Billennium*?

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