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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2017**

**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:

Song: *Tears, Idle Tears*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

(*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*)

Explore the ways in which Tennyson creates deep feelings of sadness in this poem.

Or 2 How does Sassoon vividly depict his experience of war in *Attack*?

*Attack*

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun  
In the wild purple of the glowering sun,  
Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud  
The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,  
Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire. 5  
The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed  
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,  
Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.  
Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,  
They leave their trenches, going over the top, 10  
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,  
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,  
Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

(*Siegfried Sassoon*)

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

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

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

*Stabat Mater*

My mother called my father 'Mr Hunt'  
For the first few years of married life.  
I learned this from a book she had inscribed:  
'To dear Mr Hunt, from his loving wife.'

She was embarrassed when I asked her why  
But later on explained how hard it had been  
To call him any other name at first, when he –  
Her father's elder – made her seem so small.

5

Now in a different way, still like a girl,  
She calls my father every other sort of name;  
And guiding him as he roams old age  
Sometimes turns to me as if it were a game ...

10

That once I stand up straight, I too must learn  
To walk away and know there's no return.

*(Sam Hunt)*

How does Hunt create moving impressions of the family relationships in this poem?

Or 4 How does Donne strikingly convey ideas about love in *Lovers' Infiniteness*?

*Lovers' Infiniteness*

If yet I have not all thy love,  
 Dear, I shall never have it all,  
 I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,  
 Nor can entreat one other tear to fall.  
 All my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5  
 Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,  
 Yet no more can be due to me,  
 Than at the bargain made was meant.  
 If then thy gift of love were partial,  
 That some to me, some should to others fall, 10  
 Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,  
 All was but all, which thou hadst then;  
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall  
 New love created be, by other men, 15  
 Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,  
 In sighs, in oaths, and letters outbid me,  
 This new love may beget new fears,  
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.  
 And yet it was, thy gift being general, 20  
 The ground, thy heart is mine; whatever shall  
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,  
 He that hath all can have no more,  
 And since my love doth every day admit 25  
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;  
 Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,  
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:  
 Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,  
 It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it: 30  
 But we will have a way more liberal,  
 Than changing hearts, to join them, so we shall  
 Be one, and one another's all.

*(John Donne)*

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:

*Neighbours*

That spring was late. We watched the sky  
and studied charts for shouldering isobars.  
Birds were late to pair. Crows drank from the lamb's eye.

Over Finland small birds fell: song-thrushes  
steering north, smudged signatures on light,  
migrating warblers, nightingales.

5

Wing-beats failed over fjords, each lung a sip of gall.  
Children were warned of their dangerous beauty.  
Milk was spilt in Poland. Each quarrel

the blowback from some old story,  
a mouthful of bitter air from the Ukraine  
brought by the wind out of its box of sorrows.

10

This spring a lamb sips caesium on a Welsh hill.  
A child, lifting her face to drink the rain,  
takes into her blood the poisoned arrow.

15

Now we are all neighbourly, each little town  
in Europe twinned to Chernobyl, each heart  
with the burnt fireman, the child on the Moscow train.

In the democracy of the virus and the toxin  
we wait. We watch for bird migrations,  
one bird returning with green in its voice,

20

glasnost  
golau glas,  
a first break of blue.

Explore the ways in which Clarke vividly conveys the effects of the Chernobyl disaster in this poem.



Or 6 How does Clarke movingly convey feelings about friendship in *Still Life*?

*Still Life*

It was good tonight To polish brass with you, Our hands slightly gritty With Brasso, as they would feel If we'd been in the sea, salty.	5
It was as if we burnished Our friendship, polished it Until all the light-drowning Tarnish of deceit Were stroked away. Patterns Of incredible honesty Delicately grew, revealed Quite openly to the pressure Of the soft, torn rag.	10
We made a yellow-gold Still-life out of clocks, Candlesticks and kettles. My sadness puzzled you. I rubbed the full curve Of an Indian goblet, Feeling its illusory Heat. It cooled beneath My fingers and I read In the braille formality Of pattern, in the leaf	15
And tendril and stylised tree, That essentially each Object remains cold, Separate, only reflecting The other's warmth.	20
	25
	30

**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 was silent, signing his name in the dust on the table.

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Obi used the very words that his father might have used in talking to his heathen kinsmen.

*[from Chapter 14]*

How does Achebe vividly convey the difficulty of Obi's conversation with his father at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **8**      What impressions does Achebe's writing give you of Obi's friend, Christopher?

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Fanny was right enough in not expecting to hear from Miss Crawford now, at the rapid rate in which their correspondence had begun; Mary's next letter was after a decidedly longer interval than the last, but she was not right in supposing that such an interval would be felt a great relief to herself.—Here was another strange revolution of mind!—She was really glad to receive the letter when it did come. In her present exile from good society, and distance from every thing that had been wont to interest her, a letter from one belonging to the set where her heart lived, written with affection, and some degree of elegance, was thoroughly acceptable.—

The usual plea of increasing engagements was made in excuse for not having written to her earlier, "and now that I have begun," she continued, "my letter will not be worth your reading, for there will be no little offering of love at the end, no three or four lines passionées from the most devoted H. C. in the world, for Henry is in Norfolk; business called him to Everingham ten days ago, or perhaps he only pretended the call, for the sake of being travelling at the same time that you were. But there he is, and, by the bye, his absence may sufficiently account for any remissness of his sister's in writing, for there has been no 'well Mary, when do you write to Fanny?—is not it time for you to write to Fanny?' to spur me on. At last, after various attempts at meeting, I have seen your cousins, 'dear Julia and dearest Mrs. Rushworth;' they found me at home yesterday, and we were glad to see each other again. We *seemed* very glad to see each other, and I do really think we were a little.—We had a vast deal to say.—Shall I tell you how Mrs. Rushworth looked when your name was mentioned? I did not use to think her wanting in self possession, but she had not quite enough for the demands of yesterday. Upon the whole Julia was in the best looks of the two, at least after you were spoken of. There was no recovering the complexion from the moment that I spoke of 'Fanny,' and spoke of her as a sister should.—But Mrs. Rushworth's day of good looks will come; we have cards for her first party on the 28th.—Then she will be in beauty, for she will open one of the best houses in Wimpole Street. I was in it two years ago, when it was Lady Lascelles's, and prefer it to almost any I know in London, and certainly she will then feel—to use a vulgar phrase—that she has got her pennyworth for her penny. Henry could not have afforded her such a house. I hope she will recollect it, and be satisfied, as well she may, with moving the queen of a palace, though the king may appear best in the back ground, and as I have no desire to teize her, I shall never *force* your name upon her again. She will grow sober by degrees.—From all that I hear and guess, Baron Wildenheim's attentions to Julia continue, but I do not know that he has any serious encouragement. She ought to do better. A poor honourable is no catch, and I cannot imagine any liking in the case, for, take away his rants, and the poor Baron has nothing. What a difference a vowel makes!—if his rents were but equal to his rants!—Your cousin Edmund moves slowly; detained, perchance, by parish duties. There may be some old woman at Thornton Lacey to be converted. I am unwilling to fancy myself neglected for a *young* one. Adieu, my dear sweet Fanny, this is a long letter from London; write me a pretty one in reply to gladden Henry's eyes, when he

comes back—and send me an account of all the dashing young captains whom you disdain for his sake.”

50

*[from Chapter 40]*

How does Austen reveal Mary Crawford’s character so vividly at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10** In what ways does Austen memorably portray Fanny’s parents?

WILLA CATHER: *My Ántonia*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The little girl was pretty, but Án-tonia — they accented the name thus, strongly, when they spoke to her — was still prettier. I remembered what the conductor had said about her eyes. They were big and warm and full of light, like the sun shining on brown pools in the wood. Her skin was brown, too, and in her cheeks she had a glow of rich, dark colour. Her brown hair was curly and wild-looking. The little sister, whom they called Yulka (Julka), was fair, and seemed mild and obedient. While I stood awkwardly confronting the two girls, Krajiek came up from the barn to see what was going on. With him was another Shimerda son. Even from a distance one could see that there was something strange about this boy. As he approached us, he began to make uncouth noises, and held up his hands to show us his fingers, which were webbed to the first knuckle, like a duck's foot. When he saw me draw back, he began to crow delightedly, 'Hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!' like a rooster. His mother scowled and said sternly, 'Marek!' then spoke rapidly to Krajiek in Bohemian.

'She wants me to tell you he won't hurt nobody, Mrs. Burden. He was born like that. The others are smart. Ambrosch, he make good farmer.' He struck Ambrosch on the back, and the boy smiled knowingly.

At that moment the father came out of the hole in the bank. He wore no hat, and his thick, iron-grey hair was brushed straight back from his forehead. It was so long that it bushed out behind his ears, and made him look like the old portraits I remembered in Virginia. He was tall and slender, and his thin shoulders stooped. He looked at us understandingly, then took grandmother's hand and bent over it. I noticed how white and well-shaped his own hands were. They looked calm, somehow, and skilled. His eyes were melancholy, and were set back deep under his brow. His face was ruggedly formed, but it looked like ashes — like something from which all the warmth and light had died out. Everything about this old man was in keeping with his dignified manner. He was neatly dressed. Under his coat he wore a knitted grey vest, and, instead of a collar, a silk scarf of a dark bronze-green, carefully crossed and held together by a red coral pin. While Krajiek was translating for Mr. Shimerda, Ántonia came up to me and held out her hand coaxingly. In a moment we were running up the steep drawside together, Yulka trotting after us.

When we reached the level and could see the gold tree-tops, I pointed toward them, and Ántonia laughed and squeezed my hand as if to tell me how glad she was I had come. We raced off toward Squaw Creek and did not stop until the ground itself stopped — fell away before us so abruptly that the next step would have been out into the tree-tops. We stood panting on the edge of the ravine, looking down at the trees and bushes that grew below us. The wind was so strong that I had to hold my hat on, and the girls' skirts were blown out before them. Ántonia seemed to like it; she held her little sister by the hand and chattered away in that language which seemed to me spoken so much more rapidly than mine. She looked at me, her eyes fairly blazing with things she could not say.

'Name? What name?' she asked, touching me on the shoulder. I told her my name, and she repeated it after me and made Yulka say it. She pointed

into the gold cottonwood tree behind whose top we stood and said again, 'What name?' 50

We sat down and made a nest in the long red grass. Yulka curled up like a baby rabbit and played with a grasshopper. Antonia pointed up to the sky and questioned me with her glance. I gave her the word, but she was not satisfied and pointed to my eyes. I told her, and she repeated the word, making it sound like 'ice'. She pointed up to the sky, then to my eyes, then back to the sky, with movements so quick and impulsive that she distracted me, and I had no idea what she wanted. She got up on her knees and wrung her hands. She pointed to her own eyes and shook her head, then to mine and to the sky, nodding violently. 55

'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'blue; blue sky.' 60

She clapped her hands and murmured, 'Blue sky, blue eyes,' as if it amused her. While we snuggled down there out of the wind, she learned a score of words. She was quick, and very eager. We were so deep in the grass that we could see nothing but the blue sky over us and the gold tree in front of us. It was wonderfully pleasant. After Antonia had said the new words over and over, she wanted to give me a little chased silver ring she wore on her middle finger. When she coaxed and insisted, I repulsed her quite sternly. I didn't want her ring, and I felt there was something reckless and extravagant about her wishing to give it away to a boy she had never seen before. No wonder Krajiek got the better of these people, if this was how they behaved. 65 70

*[from Book 1 Chapter 3]*

How does Cather make this such a striking introduction to the Shimerda family?

**Or** 12 What vivid impressions does Cather create of the Burdens' life in Black Hawk?

**GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner***

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

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

‘You’ve done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It ’ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn’t it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships: she doesn’t look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You’d like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she’s more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few years’ time.’ 5

A slight flush came over Marner’s face, and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality, but Silas was hurt and uneasy. 10

‘I don’t take your meaning, sir,’ he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr Cass’s words.

‘Well, my meaning is this, Marner,’ said Godfrey, determined to come to the point. ‘Mrs Cass and I, you know, have no children – nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have – more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us – we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It ’ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you’ve been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it’s right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I’m sure, will always love you and be grateful to you: she’d come and see you very often, and we should all be on the look-out to do everything we could towards making you comfortable.’ 15  
20  
25

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas’s head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly: she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr Cass had ended – powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie’s heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly – 30  
35

‘Eppie, my child, speak. I won’t stand in your way. Thank Mr and Mrs Cass.’

Eppie took her hand from her father’s head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time: the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropt a low curtsy, first to Mrs Cass and then to Mr Cass, and said – 40

‘Thank you, ma’am – thank you, sir. But I can’t leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don’t want to be a lady – thank you all the same’ (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). ‘I couldn’t give up the folks I’ve been used to.’ 45

Eppie’s lip began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father’s chair again, and held him round the neck: while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.



The tears were in Nancy's eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband's account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband's mind. 50

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger. 55

'But I've a claim on you, Eppie – the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marnie, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child: her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other.' 60

*[from Part II Chapter 9]*

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

**Or**      **14** In what ways does Eliot make Dolly Winthrop such a likeable character?

**MICHAEL FRAYN: *Spies***

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

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

I don't want to play this game any more, I realise.

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I feel a lump coming to my throat, I'm so sorry for Uncle Peter, I'm so sorry for Milly.

*[from Chapter 4]*

How does Frayn vividly convey Stephen's childish way of thinking at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **16** How far does Frayn make it possible for you to sympathise with Keith?

KATE GRENVILLE: *The Secret River*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

They had moved the fourth piece when suddenly at the end of the lighter there was a commotion, a clattering and thumping, several pairs of feet in several pairs of boots, running along the lighter to where Thornhill and Rob stood holding the flitch of timber. *Thornhill!* Lucas's voice shouted. *Thornhill, you rogue!* In that moment all the dread he had been feeling rose up to swallow him. He should have listened! Should have listened to that cool little voice that had said, *This time they will get you.* 5

Lucas had something in his hand. Thornhill saw a glitter of metal and knew it to be the short hanger Mr Lucas carried with him everywhere. He heard it slice the air near him, the sound of the blade through the air filling him with panic. He retreated onto the skiff, stumbling on the timber, a helpless blind man. *For God's sake do not!* he heard himself call out, feeling his flesh cringe from the blade, but Lucas was shouting, *Come here you blackguard,* and Thornhill felt a hand clutching at his sleeve. 10 15

He jerked up his arm and freed it, felt hands fumbling at his collar, and stumbled along the skiff with Lucas following him, but he heard Lucas trip on the oars and crash full-length. He heard the grunt as the wind was knocked out of him, imagined that big striped belly squashed like a bladder. He got to the skiff, Rob already in it—slow, but quick enough when it came to saving his own skin—and undid the rope. As he pushed away from the lighter and began to row, he heard one of the pieces of timber slide off the gunwale into the water, sending the little boat rocking so they near capsized. 20

He was gasping with the fright of it, but also with a convulsion of the stomach that he recognised as having some relationship to laughing. 25

Rob seemed more aggrieved at the loss of his coat than the nearness of his escape, earnestly telling Thornhill, *My coat were there, my good thick coat!* And—each time remembering as if for the first time—*my wiper, how will I blow the snot, Will?* Then his phlegmy laugh came from out of the stern, his voice jumping. *My wiper, Will, think of that, Mr Lucas got my wiper for his very own.* 30

Rob's brain was a peculiar one, with pockets of sense in it like plums in a pudding.

He thought they were clean away, but there was Lucas's voice, roaring from the lighter, *Yates! Get them, man!* Turning around, Thornhill saw something moving on the shimmering blackness of the water: another skiff closing on them. He dug his oars in, so deep, so sudden, to turn the boat, that Rob was sent sprawling sideways. 35

As he had for the Doggett's race, Thornhill shrank his being down to nothing but his arms, his shoulders, his feet straining against the board. He rowed so hard he could feel his backside lifting off the thwart, and he thought he had left the skiff behind. A quick glance over his shoulder let him see the square bulk of the cathedral, and he made for Crawshay's Wharf just along from it, had got the oars shipped and was about to make fast when out of the splashing blackness another boat was upon him, and a big person scrambling from it into his own, making it rock and tilt, and there was Yates panting, *I have got you, I will shoot you if you attempt to* 40 45

- escape*. Even in this moment, Thornhill wanted to laugh and say, *Coming the high horse sits odd with you, Yates.* 50
- Rob let out a yell, the boat lurched, and there was an almighty splash. His brother had gone over the stern and no more was heard from him.
- Thornhill could see the bulk of Yates, smell the pipe he always had about him. Yates was not a bad man, had been a lighterman himself. Over the years, plenty of things had stuck to his fingers. *For God's sake have mercy, Mr Yates,* Thornhill pleaded. *You know the consequence!* He saw the bulk hesitate and he tried again. *You known me ten years, Yates, would you have me swing?* 55
- And while Yates stood, not advancing on him, saying nothing, Thornhill made a lunge aft, athwart of the boat, and sprang over the side. The tide was but half in, so the water was up to no more than his thighs, and there was Yates's skiff bobbing alongside. It was the work of an instant to feel his way to the knot, slip it free, and pull himself into the boat. As Thornhill pulled hard away there was no sound from Yates. 60
- Yates might have been a merciful man, but Lucas was not. A man who knew himself destined to be Lord Mayor of London was not one to turn a blind eye to a work of thievery. There was a reward advertised, not for Rob whose body was found washed up at Mason's Stairs, but for himself, William Thornhill. Who was going to resist ten pounds? 65
- So they came and found him where he was hiding out up the river at Acre Wharf, next to the flour mill. 70

*[from Part One]*

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

- Or**      **18**      Towards the end of the novel, Thornhill says that his success 'did not feel like triumph'. To what extent does Grenville make you understand his feelings?

**R K NARAYAN: *The English Teacher***

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

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

Next morning there was great activity. She was to be put to school. I was as excited as if I myself were to be put to school. I did little work at my table that day. I ran about the house in great excitement. I opened her trunk and picked out a shirt and skirt, fresh ones, printed cotton. When she saw them my daughter put them back and insisted upon wearing something in lace and silk. “Baby, you must not go to school wearing laced clothes. Have you ever seen me going with any lace on?” 5

“It’s because you have no lace skirts, that is all,” she said. “No, father, I want that for school. Otherwise they will not allow me in.” She threw her clothes about and picked up a deep green, with a resplendent lace three inches wide, and a red skirt studded with stars: the whole thing was too gorgeous for a school. Her mother had selected them for her on a birthday, at the Bombay Cloth Emporium. Two evenings before the birthday we had gone there, and after an hour’s search she picked up these bits for the child, who was delighted with the selection. I protested against it and was told, “Gaudy! There is nothing gaudy where children are concerned, particularly if they are girls. Whom are these for if they are not meant to be worn by children?” 10

“Go on, go on,” I said cynically. “Buy yourself two of the same pattern if you are so fond of it.” But the cynicism was lost on her. She disarmed me by taking it literally and said: “No, no. I don’t think they weave sarees of this pattern? Do they?” she asked turning to the shopman. 15

The child was excessively fond of this piece and on every occasion attempted to wear it. To-day she was so adamant that I had to yield to her. She tried to wear them immediately, but I said: “After your hair is combed and you have bathed ...” And now as I put her clothes back in the box she grew very impatient and demanded: “Bathe me, father, bathe me, father.” I turned her over to the old lady’s care and arranged the box, carefully folded and kept away her clothes. She had over forty skirts and shirts. Her mother believed in stitching clothes for her whenever she had no other work to do, and all the child’s grandparents and uncles and aunts constantly sent her silk pieces and clothes ever since the day she was born. The result was she had accumulated an unmanageable quantity of costly clothes, and it was one of my important occupations in life to keep count of them. 20

She was ready, dressed in a regalia, and stood before me, a miniature version of her mother. “Let us go,” she said, and for a moment I was unaware whether the mother or the daughter was speaking—the turn of the head and lips! 25

“I must carry books,” she insisted. 30

“No, no, not to-day ...”

“My teacher will be angry if I don’t take my books,” she said, and picked up her usual catalogue. She clasped it to her little bosom, and walked out with me, bubbling with anticipation and joy. 35

*[from Chapter 5]*

How does Narayan's writing vividly capture the relationship between father and daughter at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **20** In what ways does Narayan memorably depict different approaches to education in the novel?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

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

- Either 21** Read this extract from *To Da-Duh, in Memoriam* (by Paule Marshall), and then answer the question that follows it:

I did not see her at first I remember. For not only was it dark inside the crowded disembarkation shed in spite of the daylight flooding in from outside, but standing there waiting for her with my mother and sister I was still somewhat blinded from the sheen of tropical sunlight on the water of the bay which we had just crossed in the landing boat, leaving behind us the ship that had brought us from New York lying in the offing. Besides, being only nine years of age at the time and knowing nothing of islands I was busy attending to the alien sights and sounds of Barbados, the unfamiliar smells. 5

I did not see her, but I was alerted to her approach by my mother's hand which suddenly tightened around mine, and looking up I traced her gaze through the gloom in the shed until I finally made out the small, purposeful, painfully erect figure of the old woman headed our way. 10

Her face was drowned in the shadow of an ugly rolled-brim brown felt hat, but the details of her slight body and of the struggle taking place within it were clear enough – an intense, unrelenting struggle between her back which was beginning to bend ever so slightly under the weight of her eighty-odd years and the rest of her which sought to deny those years and hold that back straight, keep it in line. Moving swiftly toward us (so swiftly it seemed she did not intend stopping when she reached us but would sweep past us out the doorway which opened onto the sea and like Christ walk upon the water!), she was caught between the sunlight at her end of the building and the darkness inside – and for a moment she appeared to contain them both: the light in the long severe old-fashioned white dress she wore which brought the sense of a past that was still alive into our bustling present and in the snatch of white at her eye; the darkness in her black high-top shoes and in her face which was visible now that she was closer. 15

It was as stark and fleshless as a death mask, that face. The maggots might have already done their work, leaving only the framework of bone beneath the ruined skin and deep wells at the temple and jaw. But her eyes were alive, unnervingly so for one so old, with a sharp light that flicked out of the dim clouded depths like a lizard's tongue to snap up all in her view. Those eyes betrayed a child's curiosity about the world, and I wondered vaguely seeing them, and seeing the way the bodice of her ancient dress had collapsed in on her flat chest (what had happened to her breasts?), whether she might not be some kind of child at the same time that she was a woman, with fourteen children, my mother included, to prove it. Perhaps she was both, both child and woman, darkness and light, past and present, life and death – all the opposites contained and reconciled in her. 20

'My Da-duh,' my mother said formally and stepped forward. The name sounded like thunder fading softly in the distance. 25

'Child,' Da-duh said, and her tone, her quick scrutiny of my mother, the brief embrace in which they appeared to shy from each other rather than touch, wiped out the fifteen years my mother had been away and restored the old relationship. My mother, who was such a formidable figure in my eyes, had suddenly with a word been reduced to my status. 30

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‘Yes, God is good,’ Da-duh said with a nod that was like a tic. ‘He has spared me to see my child again.’

We were led forward then, apologetically because not only did Da-duh prefer boys but she also liked her grandchildren to be ‘white’, that is, fair-skinned; and we had, I was to discover, a number of cousins, the outside children of white estate managers and the like, who qualified. We, though, were as black as she. 50

My sister being the oldest was presented first. ‘This one takes after the father,’ my mother said and waited to be reproved. 55

Frowning, Da-duh tilted my sister’s face toward the light. But her frown soon gave way to a grudging smile, for my sister with her large mild eyes and little broad winged nose, with our father’s high-cheeked Barbadian cast to her face, was pretty. 60

‘She’s goin’ be lucky,’ Da-duh said and patted her once on the cheek. ‘Any girl child that takes after the father does be lucky.’

She turned then to me. But oddly enough she did not touch me. Instead leaning close, she peered hard at me, and then quickly drew back. I thought I saw her hand start up as though to shield her eyes. It was almost as if she saw not only me, a thin truculent child who it was said took after no one but myself, but something in me which for some reason she found disturbing, even threatening. We looked silently at each other for a long time there in the noisy shed, our gaze locked. She was the first to look away. 65

‘But Adry,’ she said to my mother and her laugh was cracked, thin, apprehensive. ‘Where did you get this one here with this fierce look?’

‘We don’t know where she came out of, my Da-duh,’ my mother said, laughing also. Even I smiled to myself. After all I had won the encounter. Da-duh had recognised my small strength – and this was all I ever asked of the adults in my life then. 70

Explore the ways in which Marshall makes this such a striking introduction to Da-duh.

- Or 22 In what ways does Mistry create a vivid impression of the narrator in *Of White Hairs and Cricket*?





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