
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

2010/12

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. Your answers must be on **two** different set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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

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SECTION A: POETRY

THOMAS HARDY: from *Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Darkling Thrush

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

How does Hardy vividly depict the harshness of winter in *The Darkling Thrush*?

- Or 2 Explore the ways in which Hardy movingly conveys the feelings of the speaker in *At the Word 'Farewell'*.

At the Word 'Farewell'

She looked like a bird from a cloud
 On the clammy lawn,
 Moving alone, bare-browed
 In the dim of dawn. 5

The candles alight in the room
 For my parting meal
 Made all things withoutdoors loom
 Strange, ghostly, unreal.

The hour itself was a ghost,
 And it seemed to me then 10
 As of chances the chance furthestmost
 I should see her again.
 I beheld not where all was so fleet
 That a Plan of the past
 Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet 15
 Was in working at last:

No prelude did I there perceive
 To a drama at all,
 Or foreshadow what fortune might weave
 From beginnings so small; 20
 But I rose as if quickened by a spur
 I was bound to obey,
 And stepped through the casement to her
 Still alone in the gray.

'I am leaving you ... Farewell!' I said 25
 As I followed her on
 By an alley bare boughs overspread;
 'I soon must be gone!'
 Even then the scale might have been turned
 Against love by a feather, 30
 – But crimson one cheek of hers burned
 When we came in together.

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:

Football after School
(to Kerry)

You'll be one of them in a few years,
warpaint slicked over your face –
your common language jeers,
dribbling the sun about the place
with the premature swagger 5
of manhood, butting it with your head:
your school tie a stiff striped dagger.

Yes, soon you'll be picking scabs
of kisses off your skin as each kick
makes you dwarf a tree, and stab 10
a flower; the unset homework
between margins of this makeshift pitch
teaching you more than a textbook
how to survive any monster's switch.

Yet as I look at your porcelain skin, 15
their granite jowls, I wonder if you'll ever
know how to dodge bruises on your shins
from studded boots, be clever
enough to tackle fouls with something
more than inkstained fists and feet. Perhaps 20
you'll be too vulnerable for living –

not hooligan enough to trample
into the sod your shadow that grows
twice as fast as yourself, to sample
punches below the belt from one you know 25
without flinching. I can't prevent
crossbones on your knees
turn bullies into cement –

or confiscate the sun
they'll puncture and put out. 30
In their robust world I'm no Amazon.
I can only scream inside without a shout
for you not to inherit my fragility:
never to love too much or be aged
as I was by youth's anxiety. 35

(Patricia McCarthy)

How does McCarthy movingly depict the mother's feelings for her son in *Football after School*?

- Or 4 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes the sonnet *The Marriage of True Minds* such a powerful expression of what love means.

The Marriage of True Minds

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark, 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

(*William Shakespeare*)

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either** 5 How do the poets write memorably about love in *The Clod and the Pebble* (by William Blake) **and** *Song* (by Lady Mary Wroth)?

The Clod and the Pebble

‘Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell’s despair.’

So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle’s feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

5

‘Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another’s loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven’s despite.’

10

(William Blake)

Song

Love a child is ever crying;
Please him, and he straight is flying;
Give him he the more is craving,
Never satisfied with having.

His desires have no measure; 5
Endless folly is his treasure;
What he promiseth he breaketh.
Trust not one word that he speaketh.

He vows nothing but false matter, 10
And to cozen you he'll flatter.
Let him gain the hand, he'll leave you,
And still glory to deceive you.

He will triumph in your wailing, 15
And yet cause be of your failing.
These his virtues are, and slighter
Are his gifts, his favours lighter.

Feathers are as firm in staying, 20
Wolves no fiercer in their preying.
As a child then leave him crying,
Nor seek him so given to flying.

(Lady Mary Wroth)

Or 6 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Tiger in the Menagerie

No one could say how the tiger got into the menagerie.

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when the tiger came inside to wait.

(Emma Jones)

Explore the ways in which Jones creates a sense of mystery in *Tiger in the Menagerie*.

Turn to page 12 for SECTION B.

SECTION B: PROSE

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:

Some years later as Obi, newly returned from England, stood beside his car at night in one of the less formidable of Lagos slum areas waiting for Clara to take yards of material to her seamstress, his mind went over his earlier impressions of the city. He had not thought places like this stood side by side with the cars, electric lights and brightly dressed girls. 5

His car was parked close to a wide-open storm drain from which came a very strong smell of rotting flesh. It was the remains of a dog which had no doubt been run over by a taxi. Obi used to wonder why so many dogs were killed by cars in Lagos, until one day the driver he had engaged to teach him driving went out of his way to run over one. In shocked amazement Obi asked why he had done it. 'Na good luck,' said the man. 'Dog bring good luck for new car. But duck be different. If you kill duck you go get accident or kill man.' 10

Beyond the storm drain there was a meat-stall. It was quite empty of meat or meat-sellers. But a man was working a little machine on one of the tables. It looked like a sewing-machine except that it ground maize. A woman stood by watching the man turn the machine to grind her maize. 15

On the other side of the road a little boy wrapped in a cloth was selling bean cakes or *akara* under a lamp-post. His bowl of *akara* was lying in the dust and he seemed half asleep. But he really wasn't, for as soon as the night-soilman passed swinging his broom and hurricane lamp and trailing clouds of putrefaction the boy quickly sprang to his feet and began calling him names. The man made for him with his broom but the boy was already in flight, his bowl of *akara* on his head. The man grinding maize burst into laughter, and the woman joined in. The night-soilman smiled and went his way, having said something very rude about the boy's mother. 20

Here was Lagos, thought Obi, the real Lagos he hadn't imagined existed until now. During his first winter in England he had written a callow, nostalgic poem about Nigeria. It wasn't about Lagos in particular, but Lagos was part of the Nigeria he had in mind. 25

'How sweet it is to lie beneath a tree
At eventime and share the ecstasy
Of jocund birds and flimsy butterflies;
How sweet to leave our earthbound body in its mud,
And rise towards the music of the spheres,
Descending softly with the wind,
And the tender glow of the fading sun.' 30

He recalled this poem, and then turned and looked at the rotting dog in the storm drain and smiled. 'I have tasted putrid flesh in the spoon,' he said through clenched teeth. 'Far more apt.' At last Clara emerged from the side street and they drove away. 35

They drove for a while in silence through narrow overcrowded streets. ‘I can’t understand why you should choose your dressmaker from the slums.’ Clara did not reply. Instead she started humming ‘*Che sarà sarà.*’ 45

The streets were now quite noisy and crowded, which was to be expected on a Saturday night at nine o’clock.

Every few yards one met bands of dancers often wearing identical dress or ‘*aso ebi*’. Gay temporary sheds were erected in front of derelict houses and lit with brilliant fluorescent tubes for the celebration of an engagement or marriage or birth or promotion or success in business or the death of an old relative. 50

Obi slowed down as he approached three drummers and a large group of young women in damask and velvet swivelling their waists as effortlessly as oiled ball-bearings. A taxi driver hooted impatiently and overtook him, leaning out at the same time to shout: ‘*Ori oda*, your head no correct!’ ‘*Ori oda* – bloody fool!’ replied Obi. Almost immediately a cyclist crossed the road without looking back or giving any signal. Obi jammed on his brakes and his tyres screamed on the tarmac. Clara let out a little scream and gripped his left arm. The cyclist looked back once and rode away, his ambition written for all to see on his black bicycle-bag – FUTURE MINISTER. 55 60

[from Chapter 2]

Explore the ways in which Achebe creates vivid impressions of life in Lagos here.

Or 8 How does Achebe make Obi’s meetings with Mr Mark and his sister so significant?

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:

My mother's room is very commodious, is it not? Large and cheerful-looking, and the dressing closets so well disposed! It always strikes me as the most comfortable apartment in the house, and I rather wonder that Eleanor should not take it for her own. She sent you to look at it, I suppose? 5

'No.'

'It has been your own doing entirely?'—Catherine said nothing—After a short silence, during which he had closely observed her, he added, 'As there is nothing in the room in itself to raise curiosity, this must have proceeded from a sentiment of respect for my mother's character, as described by Eleanor, which does honour to her memory. The world, I believe, never saw a better woman. But it is not often that virtue can boast an interest such as this. The domestic, unpretending merits of a person never known, do not often create that kind of fervent, venerating tenderness which would prompt a visit like yours. Eleanor, I suppose, has talked of her a great deal?' 10 15

'Yes, a great deal. That is—no, not much, but what she did say, was very interesting. Her dying so suddenly,' (slowly, and with hesitation it was spoken,) 'and you—none of you being at home—and your father, I thought—perhaps had not been very fond of her.' 20

'And from these circumstances,' he replied, (his quick eye fixed on her's,) 'you infer perhaps the probability of some negligence—some—(involuntarily she shook her head)—or it may be—of something still less pardonable.' She raised her eyes towards him more fully than she had ever done before. 'My mother's illness,' he continued, 'the seizure which ended in her death was sudden. The malady itself, one from which she had often suffered, a bilious fever—its cause therefore constitutional. On the third day, in short as soon as she could be prevailed on, a physician attended her, a very respectable man, and one in whom she had always placed great confidence. Upon his opinion of her danger, two others were called in the next day, and remained in almost constant attendance for four-and-twenty hours. On the fifth day she died. During the progress of her disorder, Frederick and I (we were both at home) saw her repeatedly; and from our own observation can bear witness to her having received every possible attention which could spring from the affection of those about her, or which her situation in life could command. Poor Eleanor was absent, and at such a distance as to return only to see her mother in her coffin.' 25 30

'But your father,' said Catherine, 'was *he* afflicted?' 35

'For a time, greatly so. You have erred in supposing him not attached to her. He loved her, I am persuaded, as well as it was possible for him to—We have not all, you know, the same tenderness of disposition—and I will not pretend to say that while she lived, she might not often have had much to bear, but though his temper injured her, his judgment never did. His value of her was sincere; and, if not permanently, he was truly afflicted by her death.' 40 45

'I am very glad of it,' said Catherine, 'it would have been very shocking!'—

‘If I understand you rightly, you had formed a surmise of such horror as I have hardly words to—Dear Miss Morland, consider the dreadful nature of the suspicions you have entertained. What have you been judging from? Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English, that we are Christians. Consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you—Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at them? Could they be perpetrated without being known, in a country like this, where social and literary intercourse is on such a footing; where every man is surrounded by a neighbourhood of voluntary spies, and where roads and newspapers lay every thing open? Dearest Miss Morland, what ideas have you been admitting?’

They had reached the end of the gallery; and with tears of shame she ran off to her own room.

[from Chapter 24]

How does Austen make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

- Or** **10** How does Austen vividly portray a character behaving foolishly on **two** occasions in the novel? It could be the same character or two different ones.

Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 9 when answering this question.

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:

‘What do you think o’ *these* gowns, aunt Osgood?’ said Priscilla, while Nancy helped her to unrobe.

‘Very handsome indeed, niece,’ said Mrs Osgood, with a slight increase of formality. She always thought niece Priscilla too rough.

‘I’m obliged to have the same as Nancy, you know, for all I’m five years older, and it makes me look yallow; for she never *will* have anything without I have mine just like it, because she wants us to look like sisters. And I tell her, folks ’ull think it’s my weakness makes me fancy as I shall look pretty in what she looks pretty in. For I *am* ugly – there’s no denying that: I feature my father’s family. But, law! I don’t mind, do you?’ Priscilla here turned to the Miss Gunns, rattling on in too much preoccupation with the delight of talking, to notice that her candour was not appreciated. ‘The pretty uns do for flycatchers – they keep the men off us. I’ve no opinion o’ the men, Miss Gunn – I don’t know what *you* have. And as for fretting and stewing about what *they*’ll think of you from morning till night, and making your life uneasy about what they’re doing when they’re out o’ your sight – as I tell Nancy, it’s a folly no woman need be guilty of, if she’s got a good father and a good home: let her leave it to them as have got no fortin, and can’t help themselves. As I say, Mr Have-your-own-way is the best husband, and the only one I’d ever promise to obey. I know it isn’t pleasant, when you’ve been used to living in a big way, and managing hogsheads and all that, to go and put your nose in by somebody else’s fireside, or to sit down by yourself to a scrag or a knuckle; but, thank God! my father’s a sober man and likely to live; and if you’ve got a man by the chimney-corner, it doesn’t matter if he’s childish – the business needn’t be broke up.’

The delicate process of getting her narrow gown over her head without injury to her smooth curls, obliged Miss Priscilla to pause in this rapid survey of life, and Mrs Osgood seized the opportunity of rising and saying –

‘Well, niece, you’ll follow us. The Miss Gunns will like to go down.’

‘Sister,’ said Nancy, when they were alone, ‘you’ve offended the Miss Gunns, I’m sure.’

‘What have I done, child?’ said Priscilla, in some alarm.

‘Why, you asked them if they minded about being ugly – you’re so very blunt.’

‘Law, did I? Well, it popped out: it’s a mercy I said no more, for I’m a bad un to live with folks when they don’t like the truth. But as for being ugly, look at me, child, in this silver-coloured silk – I told you how it ’ud be – I look as yallow as a daffadil. Anybody ’ud say you wanted to make a mawkin of me.’

‘No, Priscy, don’t say so. I begged and prayed of you not to let us have this silk if you’d like another better. I was willing to have *your* choice, you know I was,’ said Nancy, in anxious self-vindication.

‘Nonsense, child! you know you’d set your heart on this; and reason good, for you’re the colour o’ cream. It ’ud be fine doings for you to dress yourself to suit *my* skin. What I find fault with, is that notion o’ yours as I must dress myself just like you. But you do as you like with me – you always did, from when first you begun to walk. If you wanted to go the

field's length, the field's length you'd go; and there was no whipping you, for you looked as prim and innocent as a daisy all the while.' 50

'Priscy,' said Nancy, gently, as she fastened a coral necklace, exactly like her own, round Priscilla's neck, which was very far from being like her own, 'I'm sure I'm willing to give way as far as is right, but who shouldn't dress alike if it isn't sisters? Would you have us go about looking as if we were no kin to one another – us that have got no mother and not another sister in the world? I'd do what was right, if I dressed in a gown dyed with cheese-colouring; and I'd rather you'd choose, and let me wear what pleases you.' 55

'There you go again! You'd come round to the same thing if one talked to you from Saturday night till Saturday morning. It'll be fine fun to see how you'll master your husband and never raise your voice above the singing o' the kettle all the while. I like to see the men mastered!' 60

'Don't talk *so*, Priscy,' said Nancy, blushing. 'You know I don't mean ever to be married.'

'Oh, you never mean a fiddlestick's end!' said Priscilla, as she arranged her discarded dress, and closed her bandbox. 'Who shall *I* have to work for when father's gone, if you are to go and take notions in your head and be an old maid, because some folks are no better than they should be? I haven't a bit o' patience with you – sitting on an addled egg for ever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world. One old maid's enough out o' two sisters; and I shall do credit to a single life, for God A'mighty meant me for it. Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin *can* be – there's nothing awanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my ear-droppers in.' 65 70

[from Chapter 11]

How does Eliot's writing make Priscilla such an entertaining character at this moment in the novel?

- Or** **12** Explore the ways in which Eliot creates such a striking contrast between Godfrey and Dunstan Cass.

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:

She's not carrying a basket, though; she's holding a plate.

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Simple words like 'yes' and 'no' seem to be superimposed upon my tongue so that they cancel each other out.

[from Chapter 5]

How does Frayn vividly convey Stephen's feelings at this moment in the novel?

- Or** **14** Stephen describes his family as 'unsatisfactory'. To what extent does Frayn make you agree with Stephen?

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:

Kingshaw stood about in the hall. Hooper did not come. Perhaps it was all right, and he had forgotten or changed his mind, perhaps he would not come. Kingshaw turned away.

‘I’ve got the key now,’ Hooper said, coming up behind him.

It was very dark inside the Red Room. Beyond the windows, the sky was steely grey, the rain teemed down. The branches of the yew trees were bent against them.

Kingshaw went only a little way into the room, and then stopped. He had known that it would be like this, that he would not like it. There was a dead smell and his shoes screeched faintly on the polished wood floor. Hooper stayed beside the doors, the keys in his hand.

‘Go on then,’ he said in a soft voice, ‘you’ve got to look now. You should just think yourself lucky I’ve brought you. Go on.’

Kingshaw stiffened and moved slowly towards the first of the glass cases. He drew in his breath sharply.

‘Moths.’

‘Yes, every sort of moth in the world.’

‘Who ... where did they come from?’

‘My grandfather. Haven’t you ever heard of him? You’re thick, aren’t you? My grandfather was the most famous collector in the whole world. He wrote all sorts of books about moths.’

Kingshaw did not know which were worse, moths alive, with their whirring, pattering wings, or these moths, flattened and pinned and dead. You could see the way their eyes stuck out, and the thin veins along their wings. The skin prickled across the back of his neck. Since he was very young, he had been terrified of moths. They used to come into his bedroom at night, when they lived in their own house and his father had always made him have a window open, and he had lain in bed, in the darkness, hearing the soft flap of wings against the walls and the furniture, and then silence, waiting, dreading that they were coming near him and would land on his face. Moths.

Hooper came up behind him. ‘Open one of the cases, then,’ he said. ‘I’ll let you.’ He held out a small key.

‘No.’

‘Why not?’

‘I – I can see them all right, can’t I?’

‘Yes, but you can’t touch them, can you. You’ve got to touch them.’

‘No.’

‘Why not? Scaredy-baby, scared of a moth!’

Kingshaw was silent. Hooper moved forward, inserted the key and pushed the heavy lid up.

‘Pick one up.’

Kingshaw backed away. He could not have touched one for anything, and he did not want to watch Hooper do it.

‘What’s the matter, baby?’

‘Nothing. I don’t want to touch one, that’s all.’

‘They won’t *hurt* you.’

‘No.’

‘They’re dead, aren’t they? They’ve been dead for years and years.’	
‘Yes.’	50
‘What are you scared of? Are you scared of dead things?’	
‘No.’	
Kingshaw went on moving backwards. He only wanted to get out of the room. If Hooper tried to grab him and force his hand down on to one of the moths, he would fight, he didn’t care how much he fought.	55
‘Come here and look, Kingshaw.’	
‘I don’t want to.’	
‘Well / dare touch it, I’ll pick one up and hold it. I dare do anything.’	
‘You’d better not.’	
‘Why?’ Hooper was peering curiously into his face. ‘Why?’	60
‘You might damage it. If they’re valuable you’ll get into trouble, won’t you?’	
He imagined the furry body of the moth against the pads of Hooper’s fingers. He was ashamed of being so afraid, and could not help it, he only wanted to get out, to stop having to see the terrible moths. Hooper watched him.	65
There was a moment when they both stood, quite still, waiting. Then, Hooper whipped around and pushed past Kingshaw without warning, he was out of the door, turning the key sharply in the lock. After a moment, his footsteps went away down the hall. A door closed somewhere.	70

[from Chapter 3]

How does Hill’s writing convey Kingshaw’s increasing sense of unease here?

Or **16** How does Hill make Fielding such a memorable character?

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:

It was nearing six. I looked over the wall of our next house, and saw my child playing with half a dozen children. I asked: "Come on, child, are you coming out with us for a walk." She hesitated. Her friend suggested: "Let us play here. Let father go out and return." She accepted the advice and said: "I am not coming, father, you may go." 5

I and the headmaster walked down to the river bank, sat on the sand, and watched the sunset. He told me: "Some twenty years ago when I passed my B.A. at the university, they wanted me to take law; and then wanted to rush me into an office chair, but I resisted. I loved children and wanted to start the school. How can anyone prevent me from doing what I want? I had been hustled into a marriage which did not interest me, and I was not going to be hustled into a profession I did not care for." 10

"I was the only son of my father, but he said such bitter things that I left home. We had a fine house in Lawley Extension, you wouldn't believe it. I was brought up there, it is the memory of those days which is rankling in my wife's heart and has made her so bad and mad. I walked out over the question of employment; and went back home only on the day he died. And then my wife thought I would occupy that house after his death, but not I. I don't know what he has done with it. He had married a second time after my mother died and I think she and her children or his brothers must be fighting for it. I don't want that house, I have no use for it, I don't want any of his money either. But my wife expects me to be fighting for these rights. I can't enjoy these rights even if I get them, and I think it is waste of one's precious hours of living to be engaged in a contest." 15

"But your wife and children could be in better circumstances... ." 20

"You think so? No chance of it, my friend. She will create just those surroundings for herself even in a palace." 25

"But you have not put her in a very happy locality... ."

"Perhaps not. But I chose it deliberately. It is where God resides. It is where we should live. And if we have any worth in us the place will change through our presence. But my wife does not believe in anything like it. She thinks my school a fool's idea; won't send the children there. I did my best. But it is no use. She has a right to send them where she likes. I think she sends them to the gutter and pig-sty: you saw what they are like. She is an impossible type. But my only hope is that there may be a miraculous transformation some day and that she may change. We should not despair for even the worst on earth." 30

"Till then don't you think you should concede to her wishes and move to a better place?" 35

"No. First because it is a duty for me, and secondly because she will carry the same surroundings wherever she goes. You see, the trouble is not external." 40

The river flowed on against the night. I listened to him; he appeared to me a man who had strayed into a wrong world.

"How did you get this idea of a school for children?" I asked. 45

"The memory of my own young days. Most of us forget that grand period. But with me it has always been there. A time at which the colours of things are different, their depths greater, their magnitude greater, a most

balanced and joyous condition of life; there was a natural state of joy over nothing in particular. And then our own schooling which put blinkers on to us; which persistently ruined this vision of things and made us into adults. It has always seemed to me that our teachers helped us to take a wrong turn. And I have always felt that for the future of mankind we should retain the original vision, and I'm trying a system of children's education. Just leave them alone and they will be all right. The Leave Alone System, which will make them wholesome human beings, and also help us, those who work along with them, to work off the curse of adulthood." He was seized with a fit of coughing. He recovered from it, paused, and said: "I will tell you a secret now. I strictly want to live according to my own plan of living and not subordinate it for anybody's sake, because the time at my disposal is very short. I know exactly when I am going to die. An astrologer, who has noted down every minute detail of my life, has fixed that for me. I know the exact hour when I shall be ... that lady will have the surprise of her life," he said and chuckled. "That's why I'm so patient with her."

We walked back home. I invited him in: "No, no, not fair. But be assured I shall make myself completely at home whenever I like. I hope you won't mind."

"Not at all, I replied. "Treat this as your own home."

"Good Lord! No. Let it always be your home," he said with a smile and bade me good night.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Narayan's writing make this conversation between Krishna and the Headmaster so revealing?

Or **18** How does Narayan make Susila's illness and death so moving?

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:

Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and the loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit awhile in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence, after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule Dr Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire – a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a slyish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness – you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr Utterson a sincere and warm affection. 5

'I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll,' began the latter. 'You know that will of yours?' 10

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. 'My poor Utterson,' said he, 'you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow – you needn't frown – an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon.' 15

'You know I never approved of it,' pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic. 20

'My will? Yes, certainly, I know that,' said the doctor, a trifle sharply. 'You have told me so.'

'Well, I tell you so again,' continued the lawyer. 'I have been learning something of young Hyde.' 25

The large handsome face of Dr Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. 'I do not care to hear more,' said he. 'This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop.'

'What I heard was abominable,' said Utterson.

'It can make no change. You do not understand my position,' returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. 'I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange – a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.' 30

'Jekyll,' said Utterson, 'you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence, and I make no doubt I can get you out of it.' 35

'My good Utterson,' said the doctor, 'this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you fancy; it is not so bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I'm sure you'll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep.' 40

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

'I have no doubt you are perfectly right,' he said at last, getting to his feet.

'Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last 45

time, I hope,' continued the doctor, 'there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise.' 50

'I can't pretend that I shall ever like him,' said the lawyer. 55

'I don't ask that,' pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm; 'I only ask for justice; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here.'

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. 'Well,' said he, 'I promise.' 60

[from Chapter 3, 'Dr Jekyll was Quite at Ease']

How does Stevenson make this conversation between Dr Jekyll and Mr Utterson so intriguing?

Or **20** What does Stevenson's writing make you feel towards Dr Jekyll at the end of 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:

All the fight went out of her at that. The hand poised to strike me fell limp to her side, and as she stared at me, seeing not me but the building that was taller than the highest hill she knew, the small stubborn light in her eyes (it was the same amber as the flame in the kerosene lamp she lit at dusk) began to fail. Finally, with a vague gesture that even in the midst of her defeat still tried to dismiss me and my world, she turned and started back through the gully, walking slowly, her steps groping and uncertain, as if she were suddenly no longer sure of the way, while I followed triumphant yet strangely saddened behind. 5

The next morning I found her dressed for our morning walk but stretched out on the Berbice chair in the tiny drawing room where she sometimes napped during the afternoon heat, her face turned to the window beside her. She appeared thinner and suddenly indescribably old. 10

‘My Da-duh,’ I said.

‘Yes, nuh,’ she said. Her voice was listless and the face she slowly turned my way was, now that I think back on it, like a Benin mask, the features drawn and almost distorted by an ancient abstract sorrow. 15

‘Don’t you feel well?’ I asked.

‘Girl, I don’t know.’

‘My Da-duh, I goin’ boil you some bush tea,’ my aunt, Da-duh’s youngest child, who lived with her, called from the shed roof kitchen. 20

‘Who tell you I need bush tea?’ she cried, her voice assuming for a moment its old authority. ‘You can’t even rest nowadays without some malicious person looking for you to be dead. Come girl,’ she motioned me to a place beside her on the old-fashioned lounge chair, ‘give us a tune.’ 25

I sang for her until breakfast at eleven, all my brash irreverent Tin Pan Alley songs, and then just before noon we went out into the ground. But it was a short, dispirited walk. Da-duh didn’t even notice that the mangoes were beginning to ripen and would have to be picked before the village boys got to them. And when she paused occasionally and looked out across the canes or up at her trees it wasn’t as if she were seeing them but something else. Some huge, monolithic shape had imposed itself, it seemed, between her and the land, obstructing her vision. Returning to the house she slept the entire afternoon on the Berbice chair. 30

She remained like this until we left, languishing away the mornings on the chair at the window gazing out at the land as if it were already doomed; then, at noon, taking the brief stroll with me through the ground during which she seldom spoke, and afterwards returning home to sleep till almost dusk sometimes. 35

On the day of our departure she put on the austere, ankle length white dress, the black shoes and brown felt hat (her town clothes she called them), but she did not go with us to town. She saw us off on the road outside her house and in the midst of my mother’s tearful protracted farewell, she leaned down and whispered in my ear, ‘Girl, you’re not to forget now to send me the picture of that building, you hear.’ 40

By the time I mailed her the large colored picture postcard of the Empire State Building she was dead. She died during the famous ’37 strike which 45

began shortly after we left. On the day of her death England sent planes flying low over the island in a show of force – so low, according to my aunt’s letter, that the downdraft from them shook the ripened mangoes from the trees in Da-duh’s orchard. Frightened, everyone in the village fled into the canes. Except Da-duh. She remained in the house at the window so my aunt said, watching as the planes came swooping and screaming like monstrous birds down over the village, over her house, rattling her trees and flattening the young canes in her field. It must have seemed to her lying there that they did not intend pulling out of their dive, but like the hard-back beetles which hurled themselves with suicidal force against the walls of the house at night, those menacing silver shapes would hurl themselves in an ecstasy of self-immolation onto the land, destroying it utterly.

When the planes finally left and the villagers returned they found her dead on the Berbice chair at the window.

She died and I lived, but always, to this day even, within the shadow of her death. For a brief period after I was grown I went to live alone, like one doing penance, in a loft above a noisy factory in downtown New York and there painted seas of sugar cane and huge swirling Van Gogh suns and palm trees striding like brightly plumed Tutsi warriors across a tropical landscape, while the thunderous tread of the machines downstairs jarred the floor beneath my easel, mocking my efforts.

How does Marshall make this such a moving ending to the story?

Or 22 How does Saki make *Sredni Vashtar* both amusing and serious at the same time?

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