Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2015**

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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 **26** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

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Section A: Poetry

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1** Explore the ways in which Hardy creates a vivid picture of the natural world in **either** *The Darkling Thrush* **or** *The Convergence of the Twain*.

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.

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.

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.

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.

The Convergence of the Twain
(*Lines on the loss of the 'Titanic'*)

I

In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls – grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear
And query: 'What does this vaingloriousness down here?' …

VI

Well: while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate
For her – so gaily great –
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said 'Now!' And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

Or **2** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

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
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
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
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,
And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

How do Hardy's words and images make the poem *Neutral Tones* so sad?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

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:

Poem for My Sister

My little sister likes to try my shoes,
to strut in them,
admire her spindle-thin twelve-year-old legs
in this season's styles.
She says they fit her perfectly,
but wobbles
on their high heels, they're
hard to balance.

I like to watch my little sister
playing hopscotch, admire the neat hops-and-skips of her,
their quick peck,
never-missing their mark, not
over-stepping the line.
She is competent at peever.

I try to warn my little sister
about unsuitable shoes,
point out my own distorted feet, the callouses,
odd patches of hard skin.
I should not like to see her
in my shoes.
I wish she could stay
sure footed,
sensibly shod.

(Liz Lochhead)

How does Lochhead vividly convey her feelings about her sister in *Poem for My Sister*?

Or **4** In what ways does Shakespeare powerfully portray ideas about love in *The Marriage of True Minds*?

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,
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
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: *from Part 4*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A Different History

Great Pan is not dead;
he simply emigrated
to India.
Here, the gods roam freely,
disguised as snakes or monkeys;
every tree is sacred
and it is a sin
to be rude to a book.
It is a sin to shove a book aside
with your foot,
a sin to slam books down
hard on a table,
a sin to toss one carelessly
across a room.
You must learn how to turn the pages gently
without disturbing Sarasvati,
without offending the tree
from whose wood the paper was made.

Which language
has not been the oppressor's tongue?
Which language
truly meant to murder someone?
And how does it happen
that after the torture,
after the soul has been cropped
with a long scythe swooping out
of the conqueror's face –
the unborn grandchildren
grow to love that strange language.

(*Sujata Bhatt*)

Explore the ways in which Bhatt vividly conveys feelings about oppression in *A Different History*.

Or **6** How does Rossetti strikingly express the speaker's state of mind in the poem *The Woodspurge*?

The Woodspurge

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will, –
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, –
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me, –
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*)

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

"Have you ever read Udolpho, Mr. Thorpe?"

"Udolpho! Oh, Lord! not I; I never read novels; I have something else to do."

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologise for her question, but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff; there has not been a tolerably decent one come out since Tom Jones, except the Monk; I read that t'other day; but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

"I think you must like Udolpho, if you were to read it; it is so very interesting."

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any it shall be Mrs. Radcliff's; her novels are amusing enough; they are worth reading; some fun and nature in *them*."

"Udolpho was written by Mrs. Radcliff," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

"No sure; was it? Aye, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman they make such a fuss about, she who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean Camilla?"

"Yes, that's the book; such unnatural stuff!—An old man playing at see-saw! I took up the first volume once and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it: as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

"You had no loss I assure you; it is the horridest nonsense you can imagine; there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul there is not."

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of Camilla gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. Thorpe, who had descried them from above, in the passage. "Ah, mother! how do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand: "where did you get that quiz of a hat, it makes you look like an old witch? Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you, so you must look out for a couple of good beds some where near." And this address seemed to satisfy all the fondest wishes of the mother's heart, for she received him with the most delighted and exulting affection. On his two younger sisters he then bestowed an equal portion of his fraternal tenderness, for he asked each of them how they did, and observed that they both looked very ugly.

[*from Chapter 7*]

How does Austen's writing entertainingly portray John Thorpe at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** To what extent does Austen's writing persuade you that Catherine deserves to marry Henry Tilney?

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'But, Mother,' I protested mildly, wanting to stop the conversation because Nyasha was with us. 'But Mother, Maiguru was only speaking plainly, telling us what she thinks.'

'And why does she think differently from the rest of us? She thinks she is different. She thinks she's perfect so she can do what she likes. First she kills my son –'

'Mother!' I gasped and turned to Nyasha before I could stop myself, and wished I hadn't, because I did not want Nyasha to see the shame in my eyes. Nor did I want to see the pain and confusion in hers.

'Sisi!' remonstrated Lucia, 'Contain yourself! Why do you want to hurt yourself by saying such painful things? Especially when you know they are not true!'

But my mother was in a bad way and there was no holding her. The things that were coming out had been germinating and taking root in her mind for a long time.

'Ha! You!' mocked my mother, raving at her sister. 'You think you can tell me to contain myself, you! He-he-e-e! Now this is something to make a woman laugh! When, Lucia, just tell me, when, did you ever contain yourself? Do you even know what it means, you who were in the blankets with my husband the moment you arrived? And with Takesure. You were probably there, the three of you together, Jeremiah having his ride, enjoying himself, and then Takesure, and so it carried on. So don't tell me about containing myself. You know nothing about it.' We thought she had finished, but she was only pausing to breathe. 'And anyway,' she continued, 'in what way am I not restraining myself? I am only saying what I think, just like she did. She did tell us, didn't she, what she thinks, and did anyone say anything! No. Why not? Because Maiguru is educated. That's why you all kept quiet. Because she's rich and comes here and flashes her money around, so you listen to her as though you want to eat the words that come out of her mouth. But me, I'm not educated, am I? I'm just poor and ignorant, so you want me to keep quiet, you say I mustn't talk. Ehe! I am poor and ignorant, that's me, but I have a mouth and it will keep on talking, it won't keep quiet. Today I have said it and I am saying it again: she is a witch, a witch. Have you heard me properly? She-is-a-witch. She steals other women's children because she could only produce two of her own, and you can't call those two people. They're a disgrace to decent parents, except that Maiguru is not decent because first she killed my son and now she has taken Tambudzai away from me. Oh, yes, Tambudzai. Do you think I haven't seen the way you follow her around,' she spat at me fiercely, 'doing all her dirty work for her, anything she says? You think your mother is so stupid she won't see Maiguru has turned you against me with her money and her white ways? You think I am dirt now, me, your mother. Just the other day you told me that my toilet is dirty. "It disgusts me," that's what you said. If it is meat you want that I cannot provide for you, if you are so greedy you would betray your own mother for meat, then go to your Maiguru. She will give you meat. I will survive on vegetables as we all used to do. And we have survived, so what more do you want? You have your life. Go to your Maiguru and

eat sausage.' And she sat there with her arms tightly folded across her chest, her mouth thrust out in a defiant pout, defying us to change her mind. *50*

[*from Chapter 7*]

How does Dangarembga make this a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore the ways in which Dangarembga strikingly presents nervous conditions in **two** characters in the novel.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Come, come,' Uma cries. 'Come up here. Mama, Papa, look who has come!'

Mama and Papa are looking, but with such pinched expressions, such tight-lipped disapproval, that it is clear they do not share Uma's delight in seeing the black sheep of the family who has the bad manners to turn up without notice. Both the parents draw their feet together as if to avoid a gutter that runs too close.

But Ramu beams at them as if he does not recognise the signs of a cold welcome, or is entirely used to them and accepting of them. He has a club foot and wears an orthopaedic boot to steady him so he clomps across the terrace towards them. The bag weighs him down at one arm so his progress is slow. Uma rushes to take it from him.

'No, no,' he says, slapping her hand away. 'Ladies cannot carry bags for gents.'

She titters with pleasure: ladies! gents! 'Shall I get some tea?' she asks eagerly.

'We have just finished tea,' Mama says, unsticking her lips with some difficulty. 'You will have to order more.'

'I will get it,' Uma volunteers cheerfully, and lifts the teapot by its handle, swinging it so that she nearly knocks the spout off against the swing.

'Be *careful*, Uma,' Mama snaps.

When she leaves, there is silence for a bit because both parents seem to have decided to use silence as a weapon against an unwelcome guest and insufficiently respectful nephew. In that silence, Ramu lowers himself into a creaking basket chair and spreads out his legs and throws back his head. A mynah on the neem tree that overhangs the terrace is watching his movements and lets out a series of whistles as if in comment upon them. Ramu-bhai returns a whistle to it.

'Thirty-six hours on the train – third class,' he tells them. 'I feel I'm made of soot.' He slaps at his thighs and shoulders to show them what he means. Then he stamps his orthopaedic boot and more dust flies. The mynah takes off with a squawk of alarm.

Mama looks as if she would like to do so too. Her lips have narrowed till they almost disappear into her chin. 'And where are you coming from?' she asks. 'Bombay?'

'Oh *no*, I have been travelling all over. I went to Trivandrum with a friend. His guru lives there and was having a birthday celebration at his ashram, but the food was so *awful*, I left him to it and went on my own to Cochin. It was much better – a port, sailors coming off the boats, everyone having a whale of a time. Then I took the boat to Goa where I ran into –'

'You need a bath,' Mama interrupts.

'Oh, I need a long, hot bath. In good time. But first tea, please, tea!'

Uma is hurrying back with a refilled pot. She is humming. 'I've told cook to heat some bath water,' she cries, 'and he is going to make puris for breakfast.'

'Puris for breakfast?' Papa exclaims, breaking his silence. 'Puris? Puris? Did you say puris?' The words explode from him with both

excitement and horror: it is what they have on special occasions. Uma must be out of her mind if she thinks this is one.

Uma looks at him, then at Mama. 'We haven't had any for so long,' she says apologetically. 'Ramu has come after such a long time –'

Ramu beams at her as she bends to pour his tea. 'Yes, but I will stay a long time to make up for that,' he assures her and, in the manner in which he glances at his elderly relatives, it is hard not to detect a certain mischief.

Certainly they believe it is out of mischief that he uses up all the hot water in the hamam for his bath, then asks if there aren't any chops or cutlets for breakfast in addition to the puris, and insists on telling them ribald stories about respected aunts and uncles that neither Mama or Papa want to hear, till he falls asleep on the divan in the drawing room and lies there all morning without thought for the guests that might drop in – even if they do not. In the evening, instead of settling down on the veranda to play a game of cards with his uncle and aunt, he shows a restlessness that is almost like a physical itch. He clumps up and down the terrace in his heavy boots, with a tense air, clasping and unclasping his hands behind his back, now and then running his fingers through his hair and making it stand on end, wiry and streaked with premature grey.

[*from Chapter 5*]

How does Desai make this moment in the novel so amusing?

Or **12** Explore **two** moments in the novel in which Desai most vividly conveys to you some of the difficulties of family life.

(Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 11 in answering this question.)

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The sacks of flour are tightly packed, but even so they judder as the trucks judder.

These are not sacks of flour, but days of life. If a truck rolls into a crevasse, this number of people will die. If a truck gets through, this number will live. Kolya will grab his bread. Anna will give it to him bit by bit, to make sure that he chews it properly instead of swallowing it like a dog. He must chew, in order to extract every morsel of goodness from the bread. She will smear it with a few drops of the sunflower oil she bartered for her mother's sheepskin coat. Kolya's whole life is in his mouth.

The bread queue surges. It's arrived, the bread which is still called bread even when it's mostly cellulose and warehouse sweepings. The smell of it drifts out as if from the lips of heaven. In front of Anna the woman in the fox-furs begins to cry and laugh, crossing herself over and over. She had believed there would be no bread today. That today the ration would simply cease to be. It would disappear, like the last little circle of water that a wild duck struggles to keep open in winter, by constantly swimming round and round in the same spot.

Anna shuffles forward, feeling for the ration cards where they lie in the secret pocket she has sewn into the lining of her coat. She won't take the cards out until the moment when she's at the head of the queue. Ration cards are not like gold: they are so far above gold that you can't even make the comparison. Before she even picks up her bread, she'll hide the cards again. If there are thieves about, better lose one day's ration than the cards. You can survive a day without bread, just about, but you can't survive without ration cards until the end of the month. She and Marina have discussed over and over again the risks of Anna collecting the rations for the whole family. What if she fainted, and was robbed of the cards? It would be safer if she and Marina went together. But someone must stay with her father, and Kolya. And although Anna doesn't say it, she knows she is now the only one with the strength for the daily walk to the bakery, and for hours of queuing. Marina's cough is bad.

Anna prepares for her daily walk to the bakery as carefully as a marathon runner. She eats the quarter-slice of bread she has saved from her ration, and tucks another quarter-slice into her pocket to eat if she begins to feel dizzy. She drinks a glass of hot water with a pinch of salt. She warms her jacket, coat, gloves and scarf at the *burzhuika* before putting them on. She heats foot-cloths, wraps them around her feet, and then puts on her father's felt boots. She does everything slowly, according to a set pattern. Whenever her heart beats too fast, she stops, and rests.

She always takes her father's cherry-wood walking-stick to the bread queue. If she slipped on the uncleared ice and snow, she might never be able to get up again. And besides, the solidity of the stick in her hand is good. If someone tried to rob her, she would hit them with it. She's seen people grappling in the snow, fighting in slow-motion over a crust of bread.

[*from Chapter 20*]

How does Dunmore's writing convey vivid impressions of life in siege conditions at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore how Dunmore powerfully portrays love in **one** relationship in the novel.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'You won't be giving me away, father,' she had said before they went to church; 'you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you.'

Dolly Winthrop walked behind with her husband; and there ended the little bridal procession.

There were many eyes to look at it, and Miss Priscilla Lammeter was glad that she and her father had happened to drive up to the door of the Red House just in time to see this pretty sight. They had come to keep Nancy company today, because Mr Cass had had to go away to Lytherley, for special reasons. That seemed to be a pity, for otherwise he might have gone, as Mr Crackenthorp and Mr Osgood certainly would, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered at the Rainbow, naturally feeling a great interest in the weaver who had been wronged by one of his own family.

'I could ha' wished Nancy had had the luck to find a child like that and bring her up,' said Priscilla to her father, as they sat in the gig; 'I should ha' had something young to think of then, besides the lambs and the calves.'

'Yes, my dear, yes,' said Mr Lammeter; 'one feels that as one gets older. Things look dim to old folks: they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be.'

Nancy came out now to welcome her father and sister; and the wedding group had passed on beyond the Red House to the humbler part of the village.

Dolly Winthrop was the first to divine that old Mr Macey, who had been set in his armchair outside his own door, would expect some special notice as they passed, since he was too old to be at the wedding feast.

'Mr Macey's looking for a word from us,' said Dolly; 'he'll be hurt if we pass him and say nothing – and him so racked with rheumatiz.'

So they turned aside to shake hands with the old man. He had looked forward to the occasion, and had his premeditated speech.

'Well, Master Marner,' he said, in a voice that quavered a good deal, 'I've lived to see my words come true. I was the first to say there was no harm in you, though your looks might be again' you; and I was the first to say you'd get your money back. And it's nothing but rightful as you should. And I'd ha' said the "Amens," and willing, at the holy matrimony; but Tookey's done it a good while now, and I hope you'll have none the worse luck.'

In the open yard before the Rainbow, the party of guests were already assembled, though it was still nearly an hour before the appointed feast-time. But by this means they could not only enjoy the slow advent of their pleasure; they had also ample leisure to talk of Silas Marner's strange history, and arrive by due degrees at the conclusion that he had brought a blessing on himself by acting like a father to a lone motherless child. Even the farrier did not negative this sentiment: on the contrary, he took it up as peculiarly his own, and invited any hardy person present to contradict him. But he met with no contradiction; and all differences among the company were merged in a general agreement with Mr Snell's sentiment, that when a man had deserved his good luck, it was the part of his neighbours to wish him joy.

As the bridal group approached, a hearty cheer was raised in the Rainbow yard; and Ben Winthrop, whose jokes had retained their acceptable flavour, found it agreeable to turn in there and receive congratulations; not requiring the proposed interval of quiet at the Stone-pits before joining the company.

Eppie had a larger garden than she had ever expected there now; and in other ways there had been alterations at the expense of Mr Cass, the landlord, to suit Silas's larger family. For he and Eppie had declared that they would rather stay at the Stone-pits than go to any new home. The garden was fenced with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness, as the four united people came within sight of them.

'O father,' said Eppie, 'what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are.'

[*from 'Conclusion'*]

How does Eliot's writing make this such a satisfying ending to the novel?

Or **16** To what extent does Eliot's writing encourage you to sympathise with Godfrey Cass?

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

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Do you want to see something else now?'
'Yes.'
'Something I bet you've never seen before.'
'O.K.'
'You might not like it, though.'
'Why?'
'You might be scared.'
Fielding looked surprised. He said, 'I'm not frightened of much.' Hooper paused, looking into his face, trying to make up his mind if this was the truth. He had not yet got the measure of Fielding, had not met anyone so honest about himself, and able to say and do anything at all.
'Kingshaw's scared of them.'
At once, Fielding turned back. 'We won't go then, if you don't want to. It's O.K.'
Kingshaw stood apart from them, hands in his pockets, proud and at the same time scornful of Fielding's kindness.
'I don't care what you do.'
'Is it something alive?'
'No,' Hooper said, 'they're dead things.'
'Oh, well, I don't mind *that*. I don't mind anything much. Only …'
'Look, I've said I don't care, haven't I? It doesn't bother me what you do with him,' Kingshaw spoke furiously, resenting everything about the way Fielding was, with Hooper.
Inside the Red Room, Fielding said, 'Hey – it's butterflies! Great!'
'Moths,' Hooper said, 'Moths are different. They're better than butterflies.'
Fielding was peering down eagerly into the first case. 'I can see them properly, now. I can see all the hairs on their bodies.'
Kingshaw stiffened.
'My grandfather collected these. He was world-famous, he wrote books and things about them. They're worth thousands of pounds.'
'Liar.'
Hooper turned on Kingshaw. 'You just stuff it, scaredy. You don't know anything.'
At once, Fielding glanced round, anxiously. Kingshaw refused to meet his eye. Hooper was moving over to the display cases, looking closely at Fielding's face again. 'Dare you *touch* one?'
Fielding looked puzzled. 'Yes. They're only dead things. They can't hurt you.'
'Go on then.'
'It's locked, though.'
'No, it isn't, you can lift the lid up.'
'Wouldn't they get damaged? We might get into trouble.'
'*I* dare touch one. I lifted one out, once.'
'Oh.'
Fielding had walked to the next case. From the doorway, watching them, Kingshaw thought, Hooper believes him, he isn't going to make him open the case and put his hand on one, he isn't going to make him

prove it, he just believes him. That's the way Fielding is, that's the way you should be.

It had been different with him. Hooper had known, from the very first moment he had looked into Fielding's face, that it would all be easy, that he would always be able to make him afraid. Why, thought Kingshaw, *why*? His eyes suddenly pricked with tears, at the unfairness of it. WHY?

[*from Chapter 16*]

How does Hill's writing make the changing relationship between the boys so compelling at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore some of the ways in which Hill makes dead creatures significant in *I'm the King of the Castle*.

(Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 17 in answering this question.)

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:

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable: his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement— the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

'Have you got it?' he cried. 'Have you got it?' And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. 'Come, sir,' said I. 'You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please.' And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

'I beg your pardon, Dr Lanyon,' he replied civilly enough. 'What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood ...' he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—'I understood, a drawer ...'

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

'There it is, sir,' said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

'Compose yourself,' said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, 'Have you a graduated glass?' he asked.

[*from Chapter 9, 'Dr Lanyon's Narrative'*]

In what ways does Stevenson make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **20** How does Stevenson make the contrast between the characters of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde so powerful?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 21 Read this extract from *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif), and then answer the question that follows it:

Outside, there is a path. A path of beaten white stone bordered by a white wall – low but not low enough for me to see over it from here. White sands drift across the path. From my window, I used to see patterns in their drift. On my way to the beach I would try to place my foot, just the ball of my foot, for there never was much room, on those white spaces that glinted flat and free of sand. I had an idea that the patterns on the stone should be made by nature alone; I did not want one grain of sand, blown by a breeze I could not feel, to change its course because of me. What point would there be in trying to decipher a pattern that I had caused? It was not easy. Balancing, the toes of one bare foot on the hot stone, looking for the next clear space to set the other foot down. It took a long time to reach the end of the path. And then the stretch of beach. And then the sea.

I used to sit where the water rolled in, rolled in, its frilled white edge nibbling at the sand, withdrawing to leave great damp half moons of a darker, more brownish-beige. I would sit inside one of these curves, at the very midpoint, fitting my body to its contour, and wait. The sea unceasingly shifts and stirs and sends out fingers, paws, tongues to probe the shore. Each wave coming in is different. It separates itself from the vast, moving blue, rises and surges forward with a low growl, lightening as it approaches to a pale green, then turns over to display the white frill that slides like a thousand snakes down upon itself, breaks and skitters up the sandbank. I used to sit very still. Sometimes the wave would barely touch my feet, sometimes it would swirl around me then pull back, sifting yet another layer of sand from under me, leaving me wet to the waist. My heels rested in twin hollows that filled, emptied and refilled without a break. And subtle as the shadow of a passing cloud, my half moon would slip down the bank – only to be overtaken and swamped by the next leap of foaming white.

I used to sit in the curve and dig my fingers into the grainy, compact sand and feel it grow wetter as my fingers went deeper and deeper till the next rippling, frothing rush of white came and smudged the edges of the little burrow I had made. Its walls collapsed and I removed my hand, covered in wet clay, soon to revert to dry grains that I would easily brush away.

I lean against the wall of my room and count: twelve years ago, I met him. Eight years ago, I married him. Six years ago, I gave birth to his child.

For eight summers we have been coming here; to the beach-house west of Alexandria. The first summer had not been a time of reflection; my occupation then had been to love my husband in this – to me – new and different place. To love him as he walked towards my parasol, shaking the water from his black hair, his feet sinking into the warm, hospitable sand. To love him as he carried his nephew on his shoulders into the sea, threw him in, caught him and hoisted him up again; a colossus bestriding the waves. To love him as he played backgammon with his father in the evening, the slam of counters and the clatter of dice resounding on the patio while, at the dining-room table, his sister showed me how to draw their ornate, circular script. To love this new him, who had been hinted at but never revealed when we lived in my northern land, and who after a long

absence, had found his way back into the heart of his country, taking me along with him. We walked in the sunset along the water's edge, kicking at the spray, my sun-hat fallen on my back, my hand, pale bronze in his burnt brown, my face no doubt mirroring his: aglow with health and love; a young couple in a glitzy commercial for life insurance or a two-week break in the sun.

My second summer here was the sixth summer of our love – and the last of our happiness. Carrying my child and loving her father, I sat on the beach, dug holes in the sand and let my thoughts wander. I thought about our life in my country, before we were married: four years in the cosy flat, precarious on top of a roof in a Georgian square, him meeting me at the bus-stop when I came back from work, Sundays when it did not rain and we sat in the park with our newspapers, late nights at the movies. I thought of those things and missed them – but with no great sense of loss. It was as though they were all there, to be called upon, to be lived again whenever we wanted.

I looked out to sea and, now I realise, I was trying to work out my co-ordinates. I thought a lot about the water and the sand as I sat there watching them meet and flirt and touch. I tried to understand that I was on the edge, the very edge of Africa; that the vastness ahead was nothing compared to what lay behind me. But – even though I'd been there and seen for myself its never-ending dusty green interior, its mountains, the big sky, my mind could not grasp a world that was not present to my senses – I could see the beach, the waves, the blue beyond, and cradling them all, my baby.

How does Soueif make this such a striking opening to the story?

Or **22** In what ways does the writer make the central character so likeable in **either** *Her First Ball* (by Katherine Mansfield) **or** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie)?

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