Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/42**

Paper 4 **May/June 2014**

2 hours 15 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 **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.
Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

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: DRAMA

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

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

Chris: I know all about the world. I know the whole crap story.

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Shhh … [*As she reaches porch steps she begins sobbing.*]

CURTAIN

[*from Act 3*]

How does Miller make this such a powerful ending to the play?

Or **†2** The setting of Miller's play is 'the back yard of the Keller home in the outskirts of an American town'. What do you think this setting contributes to the power of the drama? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **3** You are Kate Keller. You have just heard that Ann Deever is coming to visit.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

Either ***4** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Casca: You pull'd me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

Brutus: Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad?

Casca: Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus: I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca: Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus: What was the second noise for?

Casca: Why, for that too.

Cassius: They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca: Why, for that too.

Brutus: Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca: Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius: Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca: Why, Antony.

Brutus: Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca: I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown – yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets – and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius: But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

Casca: He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brutus: 'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

Cassius: No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca: I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus: What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca: Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet,

and offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus: And after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca: Ay.

Cassius: Did Cicero say anything?

Casca: Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius: To what effect?

Casca: Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius: Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca: No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassius: Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca: Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius: Good; I will expect you.

Casca: Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

[*from Act 1 Scene 2*]

In what ways does Shakespeare vividly convey the atmosphere in Rome at this moment in the play?

Or **†5** How does Shakespeare make Calphurnia **and** Portia so significant in the play? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **6** You are Brutus in your tent the night before the battle at Philippi. You have seen Caesar's Ghost.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

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

Ferdinand: O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Prospero: Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's pow'rs; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Ferdinand*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me; thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Ferdinand: No, as I am a man.

Miranda: There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Prospero: Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Ferdinand: No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*.

Miranda: O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Prospero: What, I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Miranda: Beseech you, father!

Prospero: Hence! Hang not on my garments.

Miranda: Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Prospero: Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Miranda: My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Prospero: Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Ferdinand: So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Prospero: [*Aside*] It works. [*To Ferdinand*] Come on. –
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Ferdinand*] Follow me.
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Miranda: Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prospero: [*To Ariel*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariel: To th' syllable.

Prospero: [*To Ferdinand*] Come, follow.
[*To Miranda*] Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

[*from Act 1 Scene 2*]

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes Prospero's behaviour at this moment in the play so dramatic.

Or **†8** How does Shakespeare make Sebastian and Antonio such memorable villains? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **9** You are Stephano. Caliban has just suggested the plot to overthrow Prospero.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Either *10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Jack: How can you sit there, calmly eating muffins when we are in this horrible trouble, I can't make out. You seem to me to be perfectly heartless.

Algernon: Well, I can't eat muffins in an agitated manner. The butter would probably get on my cuffs. One should always eat muffins quite calmly. It is the only way to eat them.

Jack: I say it's perfectly heartless your eating muffins at all, under the circumstances.

Algernon: When I am in trouble, eating is the only thing that consoles me. Indeed, when I am in really great trouble, as any one who knows me intimately will tell you, I refuse everything except food and drink. At the present moment I am eating muffins because I am unhappy. Besides, I am particularly fond of muffins. [*Rising*.

Jack: [*Rising*.] Well, that is no reason why you should eat them all in that greedy way. [*Takes muffins from Algernon*.

Algernon: [*Offering tea-cake*.] I wish you would have tea-cake instead. I don't like tea-cake.

Jack: Good heavens! I suppose a man may eat his own muffins in his own garden.

Algernon: But you have just said it was perfectly heartless to eat muffins.

Jack: I said it was perfectly heartless of you, under the circumstances. That is a very different thing.

Algernon: That may be. But the muffins are the same.
[*He seizes the muffin-dish from Jack*.

Jack: Algy, I wish to goodness you would go.

Algernon: You can't possibly ask me to go without having some dinner. It's absurd. I never go without my dinner. No one ever does, except vegetarians and people like that. Besides I have just made arrangements with Dr. Chasuble to be christened at a quarter to six under the name of Ernest.

Jack: My dear fellow, the sooner you give up that nonsense the better. I made arrangements this morning with Dr. Chasuble to be christened myself at 5.30, and I naturally will take the name of Ernest. Gwendolen would wish it. We can't both be christened Ernest. It's absurd. Besides, I have a perfect right to be christened if I like. There is no evidence at all that I have ever been christened by anybody. I should think it extremely probable I never was, and so does Dr. Chasuble. It is entirely different in your case. You have been christened already.

Algernon: Yes, but I have not been christened for years.

Jack: Yes, but you have been christened. That is the important thing.

Algernon: Quite so. So I know my constitution can stand it. If you are not quite sure about your ever having been christened, I must say I think it rather dangerous your venturing on it now. It might make you very unwell. You can hardly have forgotten that

some one very closely connected with you was very nearly carried off this week in Paris by a severe chill.

Jack: Yes, but you said yourself that a severe chill was not hereditary.

Algernon: It usen't to be, I know—but I dare say it is now. Science is always making wonderful improvements in things.

Jack: [*Picking up the muffin-dish.*] Oh, that is nonsense; you are always talking nonsense.

Algernon: Jack, you are at the muffins again! I wish you wouldn't. There are only two left. [*Takes them.*] I told you I was particularly fond of muffins.

Jack: But I hate tea-cake.

Algernon: Why on earth then do you allow tea-cake to be served up for your guests? What ideas you have of hospitality!

Jack: Algernon! I have already told you to go. I don't want you here. Why don't you go!

Algernon: I haven't quite finished my tea yet! and there is still one muffin left.

[*Jack groans, and sinks into a chair. Algernon still continues eating.*]

[*from Act 2*]

How does Wilde make this such an amusing ending to Act 2?

Or **†11** Explore the ways in which Wilde makes Cecily such an amusing character. Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **12** You are Miss Prism. You are returning from the vestry where you have been waiting for Dr. Chasuble. You are on your way to the room where everyone is assembled.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

SECTION B: POETRY

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

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

The Going

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow
With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye,
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time's renewal? We might have said,
'In this bright spring weather
We'll visit together
Those places that once we visited.'

Well, well! All's past amend,
Unchangeable. It must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon … O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing –
Not even I – would undo me so!

How does Hardy make this such a moving portrayal of despair?

Or **†14** Explore the ways in which Hardy memorably conveys feelings about the passage of time in *In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'*.

Or **†15** How does Hardy powerfully convey feelings about growing old in **either** '*I Look into My Glass'* **or** *During Wind and Rain*?

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

Either ***16** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

(*by Christina Rossetti*)

How does Rossetti vividly convey a sense of happiness here?

Or **†17** Explore the ways in which Judith Wright conveys her admiration of the snake in *Hunting Snake*.

Or **†18** How do the poets communicate a vivid sense of the past to you in **both** *Horses* (by Edwin Muir) **and** *The Planners* (by Boey Kim Cheng)?

TURN OVER FOR SECTION C.

SECTION C: PROSE

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Seeing my father cry, seeing my mother moan and rock in Maiguru's arms, hearing Netsai cry in fear as well as in grief, and Rambanai, waking, whimper and whine, a little of my armour cracked. I was sad for them rather than anguished over any loss of mine, because my brother had become a stranger to me. I was not sorry that he had died, but I was sorry for him because, according to his standards, his life had been thoroughly worth living.

'There is nothing to be done,' my aunt was saying to my mother, 'except to bear the pain until it passes. You must endure the pain of his passing as you endured the pain of his coming.'

'I cannot endure it,' my mother moaned. 'Maiguru, hold me. I too am going to die.'

The body was fetched the next day from the mission and buried in the family burial ground beside my grandmother and other ancestors. After a decent length of time had passed, Babamukuru again raised the question of the emancipation of my father's branch of the family. 'It is unfortunate', he said, 'that there is no male child to take this duty, to take this job of raising the family from hunger and need, Jeremiah.'

'It is as you say,' my father agreed. 'Tambudzai's sharpness with her books is no use because in the end it will benefit strangers.'

'You are correct, Jeremiah', observed my uncle, 'but I will not feel that I have done my duty if I neglect the family for that reason. Er – this girl – heyo, Tambudzai – must be given the opportunity to do what she can for the family before she goes into her husband's home.'

'Exactly!' agreed my father. 'She must be given the opportunity.'

My mother was grief stricken when my father told her what he and Babamukuru had decided.

'You, Jeremiah,' she said, and she called him Jeremiah infrequently. 'You, Jeremiah, are you mad? Have you eaten some wild shrub that has gone to your head? I think so, otherwise how could you stand there and tell me to send my child to a place of death, the place where my first living child died! Today you are raving! She will not go. Unless you want me to die too. The anxiety will kill me. I will not let her go.'

'But what will she do?' persuaded my father. 'She has finished her Standard Three. Tell me, is there a Standard Four at Rutivi? Kuedza is too far to walk. Where will she do her Standard Four?'

'Don't try to make a fool out of me,' my mother retorted. 'Do you think I haven't heard that they are starting the Standard Four at that school? Enrol her at Rutivi, Jeremiah, because I am telling you, I will not let her go.'

My father did not pursue the matter, but I went to the mission all the same. My mother's anxiety was real. In the week before I left she ate hardly anything, not for lack of trying, and when she was able to swallow something it lay heavy in her stomach. By the time I left she was so haggard and gaunt she could hardly walk to the fields, let alone work in them.

'Is Mother ill?' whispered Netsai, frightened. 'Is she going to die too?'

Netsai was frightened. I, I was triumphant. Babamukuru had approved of my direction. I was vindicated!

[*from Chapter 3*]

How does Dangarembga make this moment so sad and yet so hopeful at the same time?

Or **†20** Which of the male characters in the book do you find most admirable? Support your answer with details from Dangarembga's writing.

Or **21** You are Tambu's mother. Babamukuru has just driven you back to your home after the birth of your son Dambudzo.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

Either ***22** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

There followed an embarrassing scene, but it did not have to do with the shade:

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'Oh, oh,' he tried to laugh. 'Oh no, Mrs Patton, you don't have to do that –'

[*from Chapter 18*]

What does Desai make you feel towards Mrs Patton at this moment in the novel?

Or **†23** 'Useless parents.'

Do you think this is a fair comment about MamaPapa? Support your ideas with details from Desai's writing.

Or **24** You are Uma. You have just said goodbye to Aruna and her children Aisha and Dinesh after their visit.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Either ***25** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

In desperation, the family called upon Dr Banerjee from the clinic in the bazaar,

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'Arrange a marriage for him. Then you can rest in peace. You will have no further problems.'

[*from Chapter 7*]

How does Desai make the 'experts' consulted by the family seem so ridiculous?

Or **†26** Explore the ways in which Desai makes fun of Mr. Chawla. Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or **27** You are Sampath. Your father has just attempted – and failed – to introduce you to the girl he wants you to marry.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Either ***28** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The Squire had laid down his knife and fork, and was staring at his son in amazement, not being sufficiently quick of brain to form a probable guess as to what could have caused so strange an inversion of the paternal and filial relations as this proposition of his son to pay him a hundred pounds.

'The truth is, sir—I'm very sorry—I was quite to blame,' said Godfrey. 'Fowler did pay that hundred pounds. He paid it to me, when I was over there one day last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay it you before this.'

The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and found utterance difficult. 'You let Dunsey have it, sir? And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue* with him to embezzle my money? Are you turning out a scamp? I tell you, I won't have it. I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house together, and marry again. I'd have you to remember, sir, my property's got no entail on it;—since my grandfather's time the Casses can do as they like with their land. Remember that, sir. Let Dunsey have the money! Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it.'

'There's no lie, sir,' said Godfrey. 'I wouldn't have spent the money myself, but Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not. That's the whole story. I never meant to embezzle money, and I'm not the man to do it. You never knew me do a dishonest trick, sir.'

'Where's Dunsey, then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give account of what he wanted the money for, and what he's done with it. He shall repent it. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him.'

'Dunsey isn't come back, sir.'

'What! did he break his own neck then?' said the Squire, with some disgust at the idea that, in that case, he could not fulfil his threat.

'No, he wasn't hurt, I believe, for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off. I daresay we shall see him again by and by. I don't know where he is.'

'And what must you be letting him have my money for? Answer me that,' said the Squire, attacking Godfrey again, since Dunsey was not within reach.

'Well, sir, I don't know,' said Godfrey, hesitatingly. That was a feeble evasion, but Godfrey was not fond of lying, and not being sufficiently aware that no sort of duplicity can long flourish without the help of vocal falsehoods, he was quite unprepared with invented motives.

'You don't know? I tell you what it is, sir. You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell,' said the Squire, with a sudden acuteness which startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess. The sudden alarm pushed him on to take the next step—a very slight impulse suffices for that on a downward road.

'Why, sir,' he said, trying to speak with careless ease, 'it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries: it wouldn't have made any difference to you, sir, if I'd not had the bad luck to lose Wildfire. I should have paid you the money.'

'Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know, sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em,' said the Squire, frowning and

casting an angry glance at his son. 'Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house too, and in worse times, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all—that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir.' *55*

[*from Chapter 9*]

How does Eliot vividly reveal the relationship between Squire Cass and his sons here?

Or **†29** How does Eliot make Dolly Winthrop so memorable for you? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or **30** You are Nancy Cass. You are on your way to see Silas about adopting Eppie.

Write your thoughts.

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

Either ***31** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Kingshaw leaped up, maddened by Hooper's voice, going on and on. He stood over him, yelling. 'Shut up, Hooper, *shut up*. I'll kick you, I'll bash your head in, if you don't shut up, you needn't think I won't.'

Hooper cringed back suddenly, caught by surprise. He half got to his knees, trying to move away. Kingshaw straddled him.

'Are you going to shut up now?'

'Yes. I …'

'If you say anything else at all, I'll kick you. I could hurt you because you're ill, I'd win easily. Now shut up.'

'You won't, you mustn't …' Hooper began to cry again, loudly, out of fear.

Kingshaw watched him for a second, wanting to beat him. Then, abruptly, he turned and walked away. He was frightened by what he had done, and of the voice that had come out of himself. He had been ready to kick and punch Hooper, anything to stop him from whining and nagging and blaming. His own violence astounded him.

He wandered off a little way into the clearing, kicking his feet against the tree roots, stirring up the leaves. Not far away, some animal grunted, and then yelped out a warning.

After a bit, he went slowly back and lay down again beside the fire, staring into its red heart until his eyes smarted. He felt oddly numb, but himself again, calm. He wouldn't touch Hooper now. The fire sputtered and glowed. He felt safe with it. That and the water. He wasn't comfortable, though, because he'd given Hooper all the extra clothes, and twigs and dry bits of leaf were sticking into him, through his shirt and jeans.

He said, 'Hooper?'

Silence.

'Are you O.K.?'

'Shut up.'

Kingshaw hesitated. He was ashamed of himself. He remembered how Hooper had screamed out 'Mummy, Mummy'. That had surprised him more than anything.

'I wouldn't really have hit you.'

He knew he was letting whatever advantage he might have won leak away again, playing back into Hooper's hands. But he thought that whatever happened he had something, an inner strength or resolution that Hooper lacked. It would carry him through things. He felt that he no longer needed to run away, at least as far as Hooper was concerned. Their roles had not been reversed, but still, something had changed. Kingshaw felt aware of himself, and of his own resources.

Aloud, he said, 'Look, you needn't worry, Hooper, we've both got to stay here till they come for us.'

Hooper lay absolutely still, beyond him in the darkness. But Kingshaw could feel him, listening.

He tried not to think what would happen if nobody did come for them. *45*

[*from Chapter 8*]

In what ways do you think Hill makes this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **†32** How does Hill make Hooper such a terrifying figure in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **33** You are Fielding on the evening after you have shown Hooper the farm.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either ***34** Read this extract from *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie), and then answer the question that follows it:

Now let me properly introduce my father, a great scoffer. In those pre-television days, he had absolutely nothing to do in the evening but to walk past my room and look in and say, 'Nu? They sent you the money yet?' Fifty times a night, at least. And when the letter came from *Boy Magazine*, did he change his tune? Not one bit.

'I don't see a cheque,' he said.

'Of *course* there's no cheque,' I said. 'How can there be? We haven't even discussed it yet. Maybe I'll decide not to sell it to them. Which I will, if their price isn't right.'

'Show me again the letter,' my father said, 'Ha, listen, listen. "We are very interested in your comic and would like you to phone Miss Gordon to make an appointment to see the editor." An appointment? That means they don't want it. If they wanted it, believe me, there'd be a cheque.'

It serves no purpose to put down the rest of this pointless conversation, which included such lines as 'How many comics have *you* sold in your life?' and, 'Who paid for the paper? The ink?' other than to say that I made the phone call to Miss Gordon from a public phone and not from home. I wasn't going to have my father listening to every word.

My voice, when I was thirteen, and standing on tiptoe and talking into a public phone, was, I must admit, unnecessarily loud, but Miss Gordon didn't say anything about it. 'And what day will be most convenient for you, Mr Lurie?' she asked. 'Oh, any day at all!' I shouted. 'Any day will suit me fine!' 'A week from Thursday then?' she asked. 'Perfect!' I yelled, trying to get a piece of paper and a pencil out of my trouser pocket to write it down, and at the same time listening like mad in case Miss Gordon said something else. And she did. 'Ten o'clock?' 'I'll be there!' I shouted, and hung up with a crash.

It hadn't occurred to me to mention to Miss Gordon that I was thirteen and at school and would have to take a day off to come and see the editor. I didn't think these things were relevant to our business. But my mother did. A day missed from school could never be caught up, that was her attitude. My father's attitude you know. A cheque or not a cheque. Was I rich or was I a fool? (No, that's wrong. Was I a poor fool or a rich fool? Yes, that's better.) But my problem was something else. What to wear?

My school suit was out of the question because I wore it every day and I was sick of it and it just wasn't right for a business appointment. Anyway, it had ink stains round the pocket where my fountain pen leaked (a real fountain, ha ha), and the seat of the trousers shone like a piece of tin. And my Good Suit was a year old and too short in the leg. I tried it on in front of the mirror, just to make sure, and I was right. It was ludicrous. My father offered to lend me one of his suits. He hadn't bought a new suit since 1934. There was enough material in the lapels alone to make three suits and have enough left over for a couple of caps. Not only that, but my father was shorter than me and twice the weight. So I thanked him and said that I had decided to wear my Good Suit after all. I would wear dark socks and the shortness of trousers would hardly be noticed. Also, I would wear my eye-dazzling pure silk corn yellow tie, which, with the proper Windsor knot, would so ruthlessly rivet attention that no one would even look to see if I was wearing shoes.

'A prince,' my father said.

Now, as the day of my appointment drew nearer and nearer, a great question had to be answered, a momentous decision made. For my father had been right. If all they wanted to do was to buy my comic, they would have sent a cheque. So there was something else. A full-time career as a comic-strip artist on the permanent staff of *Boy Magazine*! It had to be that. But that would mean giving up school and was I prepared to do that?

'Yes,' I said with great calmness and great authority to my face in the bathroom mirror. 'Yes.'

There were three days to go.

Then there occurred one of those things that must happen every day in the world of big business, but when you're thirteen it knocks you for a loop. *Boy Magazine* sent me a telegram. It was the first telegram I had ever received in my life, and about the third that had ever come to our house. My mother opened it straight away. She told everyone in our street about it. She phoned uncles, aunts, sisters, brothers, and finally, when I came home from school, she told me.

I was furious. I shouted, 'I told you never under *any* circumstances to open my mail!'

'But a telegram,' my mother said.

'A telegram is mail,' I said. 'And mail is a personal, private thing. Where is it?'

My mother had folded it four times and put it in her purse and her purse in her bag and her bag in her wardrobe which she had locked. She stood by my side and watched me while I read it.

'Nu?' she said.

'It's nothing,' I said.

And it wasn't. Miss Gordon had suddenly discovered that the editor was going to be out of town on my appointment day, and would I kindly phone and make another appointment?

I did, standing on tiptoe and shouting as before.

Explore the ways in which Lurie makes this extract so amusing.

Or **†35** What makes *The Rain Horse* (by Ted Hughes) so shocking? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or **36** You are Lord Emsworth in *The Custody of the Pumpkin*. You have just finished talking with Mr Donaldson of Donaldson's Dog-Biscuits.

Write your thoughts.

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