Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2016**

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

THOMAS HARDY: from *Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1** Read these poems, and then answer the question that follows them:

'I Look Into My Glass'

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, 'Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Nobody Comes

Tree-leaves labour up and down,
And through them the fainting light
Succumbs to the crawl of night.
Outside in the road the telegraph wire
To the town from the darkening land
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,
That flash upon a tree:
It has nothing to do with me,
And whangs along in a world of its own,
Leaving a blacker air;
And mute by the gate I stand again alone,
And nobody pulls up there.

How does Hardy movingly convey the feelings of the speakers in *'I Look Into My Glass'* **and** *Nobody Comes*?

Or **2** Explore the ways in which Hardy movingly conveys the grief of the speaker in *The Voice.*

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

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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:

The Gift

After the accident, the hospital,
they brought me aching home
mouth pumped up like a tyre
black stitches tracking the wound
over my lip, the red slit signalling
the broken place. And my son
my tall, cool son of sixteen
kissed the top of my head
and over the curve of my shoulder
laid his arm, like the broad wing
of a mother bird guarding its young.

Anyone who has known tenderness
thrown like a lifeline into the heart of pain
anyone who has known pain bleed into tenderness
knows how the power of the two combine.
And if I am a fool to give thanks
for pain as well as tenderness
and even if, as some would say
there are no accidents –

Still. I am grateful for the gift.

(*Chris Banks*)

Explore the ways in which Banks powerfully portrays the relationship between mother and son in *The Gift.*

Or **4** How does Lochhead vividly depict the atmosphere of the laundrette in *Laundrette*?

Laundrette

We sit nebulous in steam.
It calms the air and makes the windows stream
rippling the hinterland's big houses to a blur
of bedsits – not a patch on what they were before.

We stuff the tub, jam money in the slot,
sit back on rickle chairs not
reading. The paperbacks in our pockets curl.
Our eyes are riveted. Our own colours whirl.

We pour in smithereens of soap. The machine sobs
through its cycle. The rhythm throbs
and changes. Suds drool and slobber in the churn.
Our duds don't know which way to turn.

The dark shoves one man in,
lugging a bundle like a wandering Jew. Linen
washed in public here.
We let out of the bag who we are.

This youngwife has a fine stack of sheets, each pair
a present. She admires their clean cut air
of colourschemes and being chosen. Are the dyes fast?
This christening lather will be the first test.

This woman is deadpan before the rinse and sluice
of the family in a bagwash. Let them stew in their juice
to a final fankle, twisted, wrung out into rope,
hard to unravel. She sees a kaleidoscope

For her to narrow her eyes and blow smoke at, his overalls
and pants ballooning, tangling with her smalls
and the teeshirts skinned from her wriggling son.
She has a weather eye for what might shrink or run.

This dour man does for himself. Before him,
half lost, his small possessions swim.
Cast off, random
they nose and nudge the porthole glass like flotsam.

(*Liz Lochhead*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Lost Woman…

My mother went with no more warning
than a bright voice and a bad pain
Home from school on a June morning
And where the brook goes under the lane
I saw the back of a shocking white
Ambulance drawing away from the gate.

She never returned and I never saw
Her buried. So a romance began.
The ivy-mother turned into a tree
That still hops away like a rainbow down
The avenue as I approach.
My tendrils are the ones that clutch.

I made a life for her over the years.
Frustrated no more by a dull marriage
She ran a canteen through several wars.
The wit of a cliché-ridden village
She met her match at an extra-mural
Class and the OU summer school.

Many a hero in his time
And every poet has acquired
A lost woman to haunt the home,
To be compensated and desired,
Who will not alter, who will not grow
A corpse they need never get to know.

She is nearly always benign. Her habit
Is not to stride at dead of night.
Soft and crepuscular in rabbit-
Light she comes out. Hear how they hate
Themselves for losing her as they did.
Her country is bland and she does not chide.

But my lost woman evermore snaps
From somewhere else: 'you did not love me.
I sacrificed too much perhaps,
I showed you the way to rise above me
And you took it. You are the ghost
With the bat-voice, my dear. I am not lost.'

(*Patricia Beer*)

How does Beer strikingly convey the complex relationship the speaker has with her mother in *The Lost Woman…*?

Or **6** How does Wordsworth vividly communicate feelings of joy in *'She Was a Phantom of Delight'*?

'She Was a Phantom of Delight'

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

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

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

(*William Wordsworth*)

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *No Longer at Ease*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The rest of the journey had passed without incident. It was getting dark when Obi arrived in Lagos. The big signboard which welcomes motorists to the federal territory of Lagos woke in him a feeling of panic. During the last night he spent at home he had worked out how he was going to tell Clara. He would not go to his flat first and then return to tell her. It would be better to stop on his way and take her with him. But when he got to Yaba where she lived he decided that it was better to get home first and then return. So he passed.

He had a wash and changed his clothes. Then he sat down on the sofa and for the first time felt really tired. Another thought occurred to him. Christopher might be able to give him useful advice. He got into the car and drove off, not knowing definitely whether he was going to Christopher's or Clara's. But in the end it was to Clara that he went.

On his way he ran into a long procession of men, women and children in white flowing gowns gathered at the waist with red and yellow sashes. The women, who were in the majority, wore white head-ties that descended to their back. They sang and clapped their hands and danced. One of the men kept beat with a hand-bell. They held up all traffic, for which Obi was inwardly grateful. But impatient taxi-drivers serenaded them with long and deafening blasts of their horns as they slowly parted for them to pass. In front two white-clad boys carried a banner which proclaimed the Eternal Sacred Order of Cherubim and Seraphim.

Obi had done his best to make the whole thing sound unimportant. Just a temporary set-back and no more. Everything would work out nicely in the end. His mother's mind had been affected by her long illness but she would soon get over it. As for his father, he was as good as won over. 'All we need do is lie quiet for a little while,' he said.

Clara had listened in silence, rubbing her engagement ring with her right fingers. When he stopped talking, she looked up at him and asked if he had finished. He did not answer.

'Have you finished?' she asked again.

'Finished what?'

'Your story.'

Obi drew a deep breath by way of answer.

'Don't you think … Anyway, it doesn't matter. There is only one thing I regret. I should have known better anyway. It doesn't really matter.'

'What are you talking about, Clara? … Oh, don't be silly,' he said as she pulled off her ring and held it out to him.

'If you don't take it, I shall throw it out of the window.'

'Please do.'

She didn't throw it away, but went outside to his car and dropped it in the glove-box. She came back and, holding out her hand in mock facetiousness, said: 'Thank you very much for everything.'

'Come and sit down, Clara. Let's not be childish. And please don't make things more difficult for me.'

'You are making things difficult for yourself. How many times did I tell you that we were deceiving ourselves? But I was always told I was being childish. Anyway, it doesn't matter. There is no need for long talk.'

Obi sat down again. Clara went to lean on the window and look outside. Once Obi began to say something, but gave it up after the first three words or so. After another ten minutes of silence Clara asked, hadn't he better be going?

'Yes,' he said, and got up.

'Good night.' She did not turn from her position. She had her back to him.

'Good night,' he said.

'There was something I wanted to tell you, but it doesn't matter. I ought to have been able to take care of myself.'

Obi's heart flew into his mouth. 'What is it?' he asked in great alarm.

'Oh, nothing. Forget about it. I'll find a way out.'

[from Chapter 15]

How does Achebe make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or **8** To what extent does Achebe's writing suggest that Obi is responsible for his own downfall?

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

They made their appearance in the Lower Rooms; and here fortune was more favourable to our heroine. The master of the ceremonies introduced to her a very gentlemanlike young man as a partner;—his name was Tilney. He seemed to be about four or five and twenty, was rather tall, had a pleasing countenance, a very intelligent and lively eye, and, if not quite handsome, was very near it. His address was good, and Catherine felt herself in high luck. There was little leisure for speaking while they danced; but when they were seated at tea, she found him as agreeable as she had already given him credit for being. He talked with fluency and spirit—and there was an archness and pleasantry in his manner which interested, though it was hardly understood by her. After chatting some time on such matters as naturally arose from the objects around them, he suddenly addressed her with—'I have hitherto been very remiss, madam, in the proper attentions of a partner here; I have not yet asked you how long you have been in Bath; whether you were ever here before; whether you have been at the Upper Rooms, the theatre, and the concert; and how you like the place altogether. I have been very negligent—but are you now at leisure to satisfy me in these particulars? If you are I will begin directly.'

'You need not give yourself that trouble, sir.'

'No trouble I assure you, madam.' Then forming his features into a set smile, and affectedly softening his voice, he added, with a simpering air, 'Have you been long in Bath, madam?'

'About a week, sir,' replied Catherine, trying not to laugh.

'Really!' with affected astonishment.

'Why should you be surprized, sir?'

'Why, indeed!' said he, in his natural tone—'but some emotion must appear to be raised by your reply, and surprize is more easily assumed, and not less reasonable than any other.—Now let us go on. Were you never here before, madam?'

'Never, sir.'

'Indeed! Have you yet honoured the Upper Rooms?'

'Yes, sir, I was there last Monday.'

'Have you been to the theatre?'

'Yes, sir, I was at the play on Tuesday.'

'To the concert?'

'Yes, sir, on Wednesday.'

'And are you altogether pleased with Bath?'

'Yes—I like it very well.'

'Now I must give one smirk, and then we may be rational again.'

Catherine turned away her head, not knowing whether she might venture to laugh.

'I see what you think of me,' said he gravely—'I shall make but a poor figure in your journal to-morrow.'

'My journal!'

'Yes, I know exactly what you will say: Friday, went to the Lower Rooms; wore my sprigged muslin robe with blue trimmings—plain black shoes—appeared to much advantage; but was strangely harassed by a queer,

half-witted man, who would make me dance with him, and distressed me by his nonsense.'

'Indeed I shall say no such thing.'

'Shall I tell you what you ought to say?'

'If you please.'

'I danced with a very agreeable young man, introduced by Mr. King; had a great deal of conversation with him—seems a most extraordinary genius—hope I may know more of him. *That,* madam, is what I *wish* you to say.'

'But, perhaps, I keep no journal.'

'Perhaps you are not sitting in this room, and I am not sitting by you. These are points in which a doubt is equally possible. Not keep a journal! …'

[from Chapter 3]

How does Austen's writing make this such an entertaining introduction to Henry Tilney?

Or **10** How does Austen make Catherine's obsession with Gothic novels such a memorable and significant part of the novel?

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:

It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favoured mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in 'setting up' a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself – had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling 'Eppie!' and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope – that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanour must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoofmark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and

had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and 'make her remember.' The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time be determined to try the coal-hole – a small closet near the hearth.

'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes – 'naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.'

He half-expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, 'Opy, opy!' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole – a black naughty place.'

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future – though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

[from Chapter 14]

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

Or **12** 'Godfrey deserves to be unhappy.'

To what extent does Eliot make you agree with this judgement?

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:

He suddenly raises the bayonet, and holds it in front of my face. He looks straight into my eyes, no longer smiling or nodding. 'Swear again,' he says.

I place my hand on the flat of the blade as I did before. And as I did before, I feel in my skin the electric sharpness that surrounds it. 'I swear,' I say.

'That I didn't break the solemn oath I swore never to reveal our secret things.'

I drop my eyes as I repeat the words. But I *didn't* break the oath! I *didn't* reveal our things!

'So help me God,' I repeat after him, still not looking at him. 'Or cut my throat and hope to die.'

I manage to raise my eyes at last, and find that he's taking something out of the trunk and holding it up for me to see. It's the flattened Players cigarette packet. His eyes are still fixed on me. My face is burning with the heat of my shame.

'It wasn't … I didn't …' I stammer. 'She must have found the key.'

Suddenly his face is just in front of mine, though, smiling again, and I can feel the point of the bayonet against my throat. 'You swore,' he whispers. 'You double-swore.'

I can't speak. Something, either terror or the pressure of the blade on my windpipe, seems to be constricting my voice. I try to move my head back a little. The bayonet follows the movement, and presses harder.

'You said, "So help me God,"' he whispers. 'You said "Cut my throat and hope to die."'

I can't speak. I can't move. All I can do is to remain frozen with fear as the pressure of the blade against my windpipe gradually increases. He's not actually going to cut my throat, I understand that. He's going to go on until he breaks the skin, though, and lets the germs on the blade into my bloodstream. I can't take my eyes off that smile six inches in front of my face. It comes slowly closer and closer, as Barbara Berrill's face did when she kissed me. His eyes look into mine. They're the eyes of a stranger.

The blade presses slowly harder. And now suddenly I'm not sure after all that it *is* ever going to stop.

'And then you showed her,' he whispers. I know my eyes are filling with tears of pain and humiliation, and I can feel another little source of wetness around the point of the bayonet, as the blood wells out and mingles with the germs. And now I'm beginning to think it's true, that I did show her our secret things, though I suddenly wonder if it's really Barbara Berrill he means or if it isn't perhaps his mother. I have the odd idea that in some strange way we're talking about both of them – that the crime he's punishing in me is not mine at all, but one that's being committed inside his own house. And even in the extremity of my terror I suddenly realise where he learnt to practise this particular form of torture with this particular instrument, and why his mother, in the heat of summer, has taken to wearing that cravat pinned high around her neck.

Slowly, slowly the pressure on my throat increases. All I have to do is take out the scarf and give it him, as I gave his father the basket …

I can't do it, though. I can't let Keith's eye fall upon those rawly private

words, sent on silk by that living ghost in the Barns to Keith's own mother. *Chemnitz … Leipzig … Zwickau …* They can't be revealed! For Keith's own sake as much as for hers. I can't show him what spying actually means – the fear, the tears, the silken, whispered words. *50*

[from Chapter 10]

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

Or **14** Explore the ways in which Frayn makes Auntie Dee a memorable character in the novel.

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:

He made plans for a long time, almost a week. Everything was worked out, except the time. He had to find the right day. But, to begin with, it was harder than he had anticipated to get the things together. He was a methodical planner, but he was feeling his way.

Just because it was not the sort of thing he had ever done before, or would be expected to do, Kingshaw knew that he would be taken seriously. Though he was doing it for himself, only, he did not care what any of the others thought about it. It did not occur to him that he might fail, though he failed regularly at other things. For, at the very least, it would be a gesture, and they would understand it as such. It did not seem to him a strange, or ridiculous thing to be planning, and certainly not a lark. It was necessary, that was all. He was neither courageous nor frivolous.

When he got hold of the things, he took them along to the room with the dolls, locking it behind him and removing the key, whenever he left. Though he was certain, now, that Hooper had discovered it. It had only been a question of time.

One day, it rained without stopping, and Mr Hooper caught him, on a bend in the main staircase.

'Ah now, I have been looking for you!'

Kingshaw stopped. His mother had said, 'You should be very, very polite to Mr Hooper. He has been so very kind to us already. He is anxious to take an interest in you, Charles, already he has been talking to me about your schooling and your future.' Her eyes had been very bright, and the bracelets went sliding up and down her arm. Do not spoil everything for me, she wanted to say, do not take away my chance. Kingshaw did not like this new eagerness and hopefulness about her, now that she was at Warings.

She had changed a good deal.

'You are to be polite to Mr Hooper.' But there was never anything he could think of to say.

'Where is Edmund?'

'He might … I don't know, I haven't seen him.'

Mr Hooper stooped a little, and wore a very dark blue suit, and kept smoothing his hand back over the receding hair. He had a small, pursed mouth.

'Now I have found two things for you, this morning. I have found the draughts and a bagatelle board. The draughts are very unusual ones, very valuable, they were … but I daresay you will not be interested in that kind of thing, you had better find Edmund and then I will bring the things to you. There is a table in the front sitting room, you can go there.'

Kingshaw went slowly on, up the stairs. He thought, Mr Hooper can tell us to do what he pleases, because my mother is paid to work for him, and this is not our house. I shall have to go into the sitting room with Hooper and play draughts.

'Oh, how kind of you! What a good idea!' said Mrs Helena Kingshaw, smiling eagerly, in the breakfast room. 'That is just right for a rainy morning. They have been so very unresourceful, these last few days, I cannot think … but now they can get together over these games, and then we shall

really see the friendship cemented. That is a clever suggestion of yours!'

Joseph Hooper smoothed back the receding hair and felt more than ever satisfied with Mrs Helena Kingshaw.

[from Chapter 4]

How does Hill vividly portray Kingshaw's relationship with the adults at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** To what extent does Hill's writing make you feel that Edmund Hooper and his father are similar?

R. K. NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The eldest asked: "Have you had your food?"

"Yes."

They looked at each other and said: "Mother went away thinking that you wouldn't have eaten, and that you would come and ask for it."

"Not I," he said. "I know your mother—well, children you may all go away now … or take this baby with you and play with her." There was consternation in my daughter's face and she muttered: "Father, don't let them call me." He saw this and said: "You don't want to go with them? Then don't. Now you may all leave us." With a great shout they ran towards the street and vanished. I couldn't help asking: "Where are they going?"

"I don't know. I can't say—perhaps to the gutter, or to some low-class den in the neighbourhood. I've no control over them. They are their mother's special care, you know." There was a hint of a terrible domestic condition. I did not wish to pursue it. But I blundered into it. "Don't they attend your school?"

"They!" he repeated: "I could sooner get the Emperor's children. My school is for all the children in the world except my own."

"Where do they study?"

"You may know better… ." At this point a fat woman of about thirty-five, with sparse hair tied into a knot at the back of her head, her face shining with oil and perspiration, strode up the steps of the house. She threw a look at him and did not seem in the least to notice me sitting in the passage, though striding past us. She walked into the house, muttering: "So you have found the way home after all!" gritting her teeth. He didn't reply but merely looked at me sadly. She stood in the doorway of the house and said: "How long must I keep dinner waiting? Do you think I'm made of stone?"

"Nobody asked you to wait."

"You are not to decide who should wait and who should not. You and your school! You don't know the way back from your school, I suppose."

"Don't speak rubbish. Here is a cultured visitor, who will laugh at us."

"Let him, what do I care? If he is big, he is a big man to you. He is not a big man to me. What do I care? Answer me first. Where were you all the time? Do you think I'm a paid watch-keeper for this house?"

I could not watch this scene any longer. I got up and said: "We will be going." He looked at his wife and said: "I can't bring a gentleman to visit me without your driving him away with your fine behaviour."

"Oh, no, it is not …" I began.

She replied: "Ah, what a fine sermon. I'm not going to be another woman than myself even if the king is here. What did I do to him?"

"Don't take it …" I began, starting up. My daughter said: "The cat. He hasn't given me the cat." He said: "Right. I never meant to forget." He looked at his wife and asked: "Where is that kitten? Is it inside?"

"I don't know," the wife said. "I have too much to do to be keeping count of the cats and dogs that pass this way." He smiled at me weakly and said: "Can't get a straight answer from her, at any time of the day! There are people in this world who have rough tongues but who are soft at heart—but this lady! I look ridiculous, speaking of my wife in this manner. But why

should I not? Children have taught me to speak plainly, without the varnish of the adult world. I don't care if it strikes anyone as odd." My daughter punctuated his narration with "Where is the cat?" I had the feeling that I ought to run away. So I said: "Perhaps it has gone out, he will bring it when it comes back home." He said, "Wait," and went in and looked about and returned shaking his head. "It used to be in the store behind that tin. Forgive me, baby. I will positively get you a cat soon." My daughter looked very disappointed. So I cheered her up with a joke or two and walked out. He followed us back to our house. He seemed to feel more at home in my house than in his.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Narayan's writing strikingly portray the home life of the Headmaster and his family at this point in the novel?

Or **18** How does Narayan make Dr Sankar such a memorable character?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.'

'Tut-tut!' said Mr Utterson.

'I see you feel as I do,' said Mr Enfield. 'Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Blackmail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all,' he added; and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr Utterson asking rather suddenly: 'And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?'

'A likely place, isn't it?' returned Mr Enfield. 'But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other.'

'And you never asked about – the place with the door?' said Mr Utterson.

'No, sir: I had a delicacy,' was the reply. 'I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden, and the family have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask.'

'A very good rule, too,' said the lawyer.

'But I have studied the place for myself,' continued Mr Enfield. 'It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one, but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut, but they're clean. And then there is a chimney, which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about that court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins.'

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then – 'Enfield,' said Mr Utterson, 'that's a good rule of yours.'

'Yes, I think it is,' returned Enfield.

'But for all that,' continued the lawyer, 'there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.'

'Well,' said Mr Enfield, 'I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.'

'Hm,' said Mr Utterson. 'What sort of a man is he to see?'

'He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.'

Mr Utterson again walked some way in silence, and obviously under a weight of consideration. 'You are sure he used a key?' he inquired at last.

'My dear sir …' began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

'Yes, I know,' said Utterson; 'I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point, you had better correct it.'

'I think you might have warned me,' returned the other, with a touch of sullenness. 'But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and, what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago.'

Mr Utterson sighed deeply, but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. 'Here is another lesson to say nothing,' said he. 'I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again.'

'With all my heart,' said the lawyer. 'I shake hands on that, Richard.'

[from Chapter 1, 'Story of the Door']

How does Stevenson create a sense of mystery at this early moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Stevenson makes the relationship between Dr Lanyon and Mr Utterson such a significant part of the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *Ming's Biggest Prey* (by Patricia Highsmith), and then answer the question that follows it:

Ming took the nearest exit, which was down the outside steps that led to the garden.

The man started down the steps after him. Without reflecting, Ming dashed back up the few steps he had come, keeping close to the wall which was in shadow. The man hadn't seen him, Ming knew. Ming leapt to the terrace parapet, sat down and licked a paw once to recover and collect himself. His heart beat fast as if he were in the middle of a fight. And hatred ran in his veins. Hatred burned his eyes as he crouched and listened to the man uncertainly climbing the steps below him. The man came into view.

Ming tensed himself for a jump, then jumped as hard as he could, landing with all four feet on the man's right arm near the shoulder. Ming clung to the cloth of the man's white jacket, but they were both falling. The man groaned. Ming hung on. Branches crackled. Ming could not tell up from down. Ming jumped off the man, became aware of direction and of the earth too late and landed on his side. Almost at the same time, he heard the thud of the man hitting the ground, then of his body rolling a little way, then there was silence. Ming had to breathe fast with his mouth open until his chest stopped hurting. From the direction of the man, he could smell drink, cigar, and the sharp odour that meant fear. But the man was not moving.

Ming could now see quite well. There was even a bit of moonlight. Ming headed for the steps again, had to go a long way through the bush, over stones and sand, to where the steps began. Then he glided up and arrived once more upon the terrace.

Elaine was just coming onto the terrace.

'Teddie?' she called. Then she went back into the bedroom where she turned on a lamp. She went into the kitchen. Ming followed her. Concha had left the light on, but Concha was now in her own room, where the radio played.

Elaine opened the front door.

The man's car was still in the driveway, Ming saw. Now Ming's hip had begun to hurt, or now he had begun to notice it. It caused him to limp a little. Elaine noticed this, touched his back, and asked him what was the matter. Ming only purred.

'Teddie? – Where are you?' Elaine called.

She took a torch and shone it down into the garden, down among the great trunks of the avocado trees, among the orchids and the lavender and pink blossoms of the bougainvilleas. Ming, safe beside her on the terrace parapet, followed the beam of the torch with his eyes and purred with content. The man was not below here, but below and to the right. Elaine went to the terrace steps and carefully, because there was no rail here, only broad steps, pointed the beam of the light downward. Ming did not bother looking. He sat on the terrace where the steps began.

'Teddie!' she said. '*Teddie!*' Then she ran down the steps.

Ming still did not follow her. He heard her draw in her breath. Then she cried:

'*Concha!*'

Elaine ran back up the steps.

Concha had come out of her room. Elaine spoke to Concha. Then Concha became excited. Elaine went to the telephone, and spoke for a short while, then she and Concha went down the steps together. Ming settled himself with his paws tucked under him on the terrace, which was still faintly warm from the day's sun. A car arrived. Elaine came up the steps, and went and opened the front door. Ming kept out of the way on the terrace, in a shadowy corner, as three or four strange men came out on the terrace and tramped down the steps. There was a great deal of talk below, noises of feet, breaking of bushes, and then the smell of all of them mounted the steps, the smell of tobacco, sweat, and the familiar smell of blood. The man's blood. Ming was pleased, as he was pleased when he killed a bird and created this smell of blood under his own teeth. This was big prey. Ming, unnoticed by any of the others, stood up to his full height as the group passed with the corpse, and inhaled the aroma of his victory with a lifted nose.

Then suddenly the house was empty. Everyone had gone, even Concha. Ming drank a little water from his bowl in the kitchen, then went to his mistress' bed, curled against the slope of the pillows, and fell fast asleep. He was awakened by the rr-rr-r of an unfamiliar car. Then the front door opened, and he recognised the step of Elaine and then Concha. Ming stayed where he was. Elaine and Concha talked softly for a few minutes. Then Elaine came into the bedroom. The lamp was still on. Ming watched her slowly open the box on her dressing-table, and into it she let fall the white necklace that made a little clatter. Then she closed the box. She began to unbutton her shirt, but before she had finished, she flung herself on the bed and stroked Ming's head, lifted his left paw and pressed it gently so that the claws came forth.

'Oh Ming – Ming,' she said.

Ming recognised the tones of love.

How does Highsmith make this such a satisfying ending to the story?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Malamud makes *The Prison* such an appropriate title for his story.

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