



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**0486/12**

**February/March 2016**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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

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

*Drummer Hodge*

I

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest  
 Uncoffined – just as found:  
 His landmark is a kopje-crest  
 That breaks the veldt around;  
 And foreign constellations west  
 Each night above his mound.

5

II

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –  
 Fresh from his Wessex home –  
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,  
 The Bush, the dusty loam,  
 And why uprose to nightly view  
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

10

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain  
 Will Hodge for ever be;  
 His homely Northern breast and brain  
 Grow to some Southern tree,  
 And strange-eyed constellations reign  
 His stars eternally.

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How does Hardy so movingly depict the death of an ordinary soldier in *Drummer Hodge*?

Or 2 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes *The Voice* such a sad poem.

*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!

5

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?

10

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

15

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:

*Follower*

My father worked with a horse-plough,

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Behind me, and will not go away.

(*Seamus Heaney*)

Explore the ways in which Heaney vividly conveys his feelings for his father in *Follower*.

Or 4 Explore the ways in which Arnold creates a feeling of great sadness in *To Marguerite*.

*To Marguerite*

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the enclasping flow, 5  
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing; 10  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and channels pour –

Oh! then a longing like despair  
Is to their farthest caverns sent;  
For surely once, they feel, we were 15  
Parts of a single continent!  
Now round us spreads the watery plain –  
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd? 20  
Who renders vain their deep desire? –  
A God, a God their severance ruled;  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(*Matthew Arnold*)

**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:

*Father Returning Home*

<p>My father travels on the late evening train          Standing among silent commuters in the yellow light          Suburbs slide past his unseeing eyes          His shirt and pants are soggy and his black raincoat          Stained with mud and his bag stuffed with books          Is falling apart. His eyes dimmed by age          fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.          Now I can see him getting off the train          Like a word dropped from a long sentence.          He hurries across the length of the grey platform,          Crosses the railway line, enters the lane,          His chappals are sticky with mud, but he hurries onward.          Home again, I see him drinking weak tea,          Eating a stale chapati, reading a book.          He goes into the toilet to contemplate          Man's estrangement from a man-made world.          Coming out he trembles at the sink,          The cold water running over his brown hands,          A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists.          His sullen children have often refused to share          Jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep          Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming          Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking          Of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p>
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(*Dilip Chitre*)

How does Chitre create a moving portrait of his father in *Father Returning Home*?





## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *No Longer At Ease*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Obi was disposed to like the Hon. Sam Okoli from the moment he learnt that he had no designs on Clara. In fact he was getting married shortly to Clara's best friend and Clara had been asked to be chief bridesmaid.

'Come in, Clara. Come in, Obi,' he said as if he had known both of them all his life. 'That is a lovely car. How is it behaving? Come right in. You are looking very sweet, Clara. We haven't met, Obi, but I know all about you. I'm happy you are getting married to Clara. Sit down. Anywhere. And tell me what you will drink. Lady first; that is what the white man has brought. I respect the white man although we want them to go. Squash? God forbid! Nobody drinks squash in my house. Samson, bring sherry for Miss.'

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'Yes, sah,' said Samson in immaculate white and brass buttons.

'Beer? Why not try a little whisky?'

'I don't touch spirits,' said Obi.

'Many young people from overseas start that way,' said Sam Okoli. 'O.K., Samson, one beer, whisky and soda for me.'

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Obi looked round the luxurious sitting-room. He had read the controversy in the Press when the Government had decided to build these ministers' houses at a cost of thirty-five thousand each.

'A very good house this,' he said.

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'It's not too bad,' said the Minister.

'What an enormous radiogram!' Obi rose from his seat to go and have a closer look.

'It has a recording machine as well,' explained the owner. As if he knew what Obi was thinking, he added: 'It was not part of the house. I paid two-seventy-five pounds for it.' He walked across the room and switched on the tape-recorder.

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'How do you like your work on the Scholarship Board? If you press this thing down, it begins to record. If you want to stop, you press this one. This is for playing records and this one is the radio. If I had a vacancy in my Ministry, I would have liked you to come and work there.' He stopped the tape-recorder, wound back and then pressed the play-back knob. 'You will hear all our conversation, everything.' He smiled with satisfaction as he listened to his own voice, adding an occasional commentary in pidgin.

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'White man don go far. We just de shout for nothing,' he said. Then he seemed to realize his position. 'All the same they must go. This no be them country.' He helped himself to another whisky, switched on the radio and sat down.

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'Do you have just one Assistant Secretary in your Ministry?' asked Obi.

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'Yes, at present. I hope to get another one in April. I used to have a Nigerian as my A.S., but he was an idiot. His head was swollen like a

soldier ant because he went to Ibadan University. Now I have a white man who went to Oxford and he says “sir” to me. Our people have a long way to go.’

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*[from Chapter 7]*

How does Achebe’s writing make this conversation so revealing?

- Or**      **8**      How does Achebe memorably convey the significance of the Umuofia Progressive Union in this novel?

**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:

Catherine cheerfully complied; and being properly equipped, was more impatient than ever to be at the Pump-room, that she might inform herself of General Tilney's lodgings, for though she believed they were in Milsom-street, she was not certain of the house, and Mrs. Allen's wavering convictions only made it more doubtful. To Milsom-street she was directed; and having made herself perfect in the number, hastened away with eager steps and a beating heart to pay her visit, explain her conduct, and be forgiven; tripping lightly through the church-yard, and resolutely turning away her eyes, that she might not be obliged to see her beloved Isabella and her dear family, who, she had reason to believe, were in a shop hard by. She reached the house without any impediment, looked at the number, knocked at the door, and inquired for Miss Tilney. The man believed Miss Tilney to be at home, but was not quite certain. Would she be pleased to send up her name? She gave her card. In a few minutes the servant returned, and with a look which did not quite confirm his words, said he had been mistaken, for that Miss Tilney was walked out. Catherine, with a blush of mortification, left the house. She felt almost persuaded that Miss Tilney *was* at home, and too much offended to admit her; and as she retired down the street, could not withhold one glance at the drawing-room windows, in expectation of seeing her there, but no one appeared at them. At the bottom of the street, however, she looked back again, and then, not at a window, but issuing from the door, she saw Miss Tilney herself. She was followed by a gentleman, whom Catherine believed to be her father, and they turned up towards Edgar's-buildings. Catherine, in deep mortification, proceeded on her way. She could almost be angry herself at such angry incivility; but she checked the resentful sensation; she remembered her own ignorance. She knew not how such an offence as her's might be classed by the laws of worldly politeness, to what a degree of unforgivingness it might with propriety lead, nor to what rigours of rudeness in return it might justly make her amenable.

Dejected and humbled, she had even some thoughts of not going with the others to the theatre that night; but it must be confessed that they were not of long continuance: for she soon recollected, in the first place, that she was without any excuse for staying at home; and, in the second, that it was a play she wanted very much to see. To the theatre accordingly they all went; no Tilneys appeared to plague or please her; she feared that, amongst the many perfections of the family, a fondness for plays was not to be ranked; but perhaps it was because they were habituated to the finer performances of the London stage, which she knew, on Isabella's authority, rendered every thing else of the kind 'quite horrid.' She was not deceived in her own expectation of pleasure; the comedy so well suspended her care, that no one, observing her during the first four acts, would have supposed she had any wretchedness about her. On the beginning of the fifth, however, the sudden view of Mr. Henry Tilney and his father, joining a party in the opposite box, recalled her to anxiety and distress. The stage could no longer excite genuine merriment—no longer keep her whole attention. Every other look upon an average was directed towards the opposite box; and, for the space of two entire scenes, did she thus watch

Henry Tilney, without being once able to catch his eye. No longer could he be suspected of indifference for a play; his notice was never withdrawn from the stage during two whole scenes. At length, however, he did look towards her, and he bowed—but such a bow! no smile, no continued observance attended it; his eyes were immediately returned to their former direction. Catherine was restlessly miserable; she could almost have run round to the box in which he sat, and forced him to hear her explanation. Feelings rather natural than heroic possessed her; instead of considering her own dignity injured by this ready condemnation—instead of proudly resolving, in conscious innocence, to shew her resentment towards him who could harbour a doubt of it, to leave to him all the trouble of seeking an explanation, and to enlighten him on the past only by avoiding his sight, or flirting with somebody else, she took to herself all the shame of misconduct, or at least of its appearance, and was only eager for an opportunity of explaining its cause. 50

The play concluded—the curtain fell—Henry Tilney was no longer to be seen where he had hitherto sat, but his father remained, and perhaps he might be now coming round to their box. She was right; in a few minutes he appeared, and, making his way through the then thinning rows, spoke with like calm politeness to Mrs. Allen and her friend. —Not with such calmness was he answered by the latter: ‘Oh! Mr. Tilney, I have been quite wild to speak to you, and make my apologies. You must have thought me so rude; but indeed it was not my own fault,—was it, Mrs. Allen? Did not they tell me that Mr. Tilney and his sister were gone out in a phaeton together? and then what could I do? But I had ten thousand times rather have been with you; now had not I, Mrs. Allen?’ 55 60 65 70

*[from Chapter 12]*

In what ways does Austen vividly convey Catherine’s feelings at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10**    How does Austen vividly portray the greed of Isabella and John Thorpe?

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:

When the sisters were treading the neatly-swept garden-walks, between the bright turf that contrasted pleasantly with the dark cones and arches and wall-like hedges of yew, Priscilla said –

‘I’m as glad as anything at your husband’s making that exchange o’ land with cousin Osgood, and beginning the dairying. It’s a thousand pities you didn’t do it before; for it’ll give you something to fill your mind. There’s nothing like a dairy if folks want a bit o’ worrit to make the days pass. For as for rubbing furniture, when you can once see your face in a table there’s nothing else to look for; but there’s always something fresh with the dairy; for even in the depths o’ winter there’s some pleasure in conquering the butter, and making it come whether or no. My dear,’ added Priscilla, pressing her sister’s hand affectionately as they walked side by side, ‘you’ll never be low when you’ve got a dairy.’

‘Ah, Priscilla,’ said Nancy, returning the pressure with a grateful glance of her clear eyes, ‘but it won’t make up to Godfrey: a dairy’s not so much to a man. And it’s only what he cares for that ever makes me low. I’m contented with the blessings we have, if he could be contented.’

‘It drives me past patience,’ said Priscilla, impetuously, ‘that way o’ the men – always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they’ve got: they can’t sit comfortable in their chairs when they’ve neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths, to make ’em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they’re forced to make haste before the next meal comes in. But joyful be it spoken, our father was never that sort o’ man. And if it had pleased God to make you ugly, like me, so as the men wouldn’t ha’ run after you, we might have kept to our own family, and had nothing to do with folks as have got uneasy blood in their veins.’

‘Oh don’t say so, Priscilla,’ said Nancy, repenting that she had called forth this outburst; ‘nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey. It’s natural he should be disappointed at not having any children: every man likes to have somebody to work for and lay by for, and he always counted so on making a fuss with ’em when they were little. There’s many another man ’ud hanker more than he does. He’s the best of husbands.’

‘Oh, I know,’ said Priscilla, smiling sarcastically, ‘I know the way o’ wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise ’em as if they wanted to sell ’em. But father’ll be waiting for me; we must turn now.’

The large gig with the steady old grey was at the front door, and Mr Lammeter was already on the stone steps, passing the time in recalling to Godfrey what very fine points Speckle had when his master used to ride him.

‘I always *would* have a good horse, you know,’ said the old gentleman, not liking that spirited time to be quite effaced from the memory of his juniors.

‘Mind you bring Nancy to the Warrens before the week’s out, Mr Cass,’ was Priscilla’s parting injunction, as she took the reins, and shook them gently, by way of friendly incitement to Speckle.

‘I shall just take a turn to the fields against the Stone-pits, Nancy, and look at the draining,’ said Godfrey. 50  
‘You’ll be in again by tea-time, dear?’  
‘Oh yes, I shall be back in an hour.’  
It was Godfrey’s custom on a Sunday afternoon to do a little contemplative farming in a leisurely walk. Nancy seldom accompanied him; for the women of her generation – unless, like Priscilla, they took to outdoor management – were not given to much walking beyond their own house and garden, finding sufficient exercise in domestic duties. So, when Priscilla was not with her, she usually sat with Mant’s Bible before her, and after following the text with her eyes for a little while, she would gradually permit them to wander as her thoughts had already insisted on wandering. 55 60

*[from Chapter 17]*

Explore the ways in which Eliot vividly reveals the characters of Priscilla and Nancy at this moment in the novel.

**Or**      **12** ‘The novel shows that good always triumphs over evil.’

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

**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:

So, she's a German spy.

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She has her eye on all of us.

*[from Chapter 3]*

How does Frayn strikingly convey Stephen's thoughts and feelings to you here?

**Or**      **14** What does Frayn's writing make you feel about Keith's father?

**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 had set the alarm for half past five, and then, after some more thought, moved it forward to five o'clock. It would be light by then, and he wanted to go as early as he could. He had brought all the things he was taking, along from the other room, very late the previous evening, while Hooper had been watching 'Gunlaw' on the television. Now, they were under his bed.

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After searching all over the house for days, he had found an old school satchel, in a drawer in one of the spare bedrooms. It had no straps, but he managed to tie it up with lengths of string, so that it would go over his shoulders.

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The food had been the most difficult to get. He had taken it from the kitchen, when his mother was out, and then wondered whether that was stealing. At school, they said that stealing was one of the worst, worst things you could ever do, he had been impressed from the very first week about it. But in the end, he had decided it was not stealing, the food he was taking would be the food he would have eaten, if he had not been going away, it was part of what his mother got for working here. He wasn't taking very much, in any case. Biscuits and two packets of jelly which he could eat, cube by cube, some potato crisps and half a box of processed cheeses. He bought chocolate in the village, and some peppermints in a tube. It looked enough. He had money to buy more, when he got farther away from Derne.

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Water was more difficult. He had nothing to put it in. A glass bottle would be heavy and might break, and in any case, he couldn't find one that was empty. In the end, he decided to drink a lot before he set out, and then find a stream, or a shop selling lemonade. He had never been far into the country before, but he thought there would be streams.

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Besides the food, he packed a torch, and his penknife, some sticking plaster, a pair of socks and a ball of string. He had not been able to find a map, only the one Mr Hooper had in his desk, which he could look at, but dared not take. There was nothing else he could think of. Besides, the satchel was completely full, though it felt quite light, when he tried it on. He stood in the room, holding the string straps, thinking, I am going away, I am going away. There was a queer feeling in his stomach.

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He woke soon after four o'clock. It was still dark. There was no point in going yet. He lay stiffly on his back, eyes open.

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He was afraid. He had known how it would be. There was no question of it all being an adventure. That's what Mr Hooper would have said. Perhaps other people might do it because of that, for a lark, like Peverell and Blakey when they went out and up the mountain, last winter term, wanting to cause a stir. 'Adventures are all very well,' the Head had said, afterwards.

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But he was the last person to do anything like this unless he had to. All the time he had been planning the journey, there had been a peculiar feeling about it, he couldn't believe it would really happen. He thought, perhaps Hooper will die, or he will have an aunt abroad who will want to see him, perhaps Mr Hooper will quarrel with us and we shall be asked to leave Warings, suddenly. They had lived in a house in London for four

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weeks, once, and then left very quickly, because of something his mother did not like, some unpleasantness. It had been Christmas, and they had gone to live in the hotel. 50

He knew that there was no hope, really, that Hooper would stay here and he would go, and that was all. He did not attract luck to himself, he attracted un-luck. Bad things happened, not good things, and it didn't make any difference what he thought or felt or did. 55

He felt more than afraid. He was dull and numb, with the reality of it, now that the morning had come. His mind kept turning to all the terrible possibilities, and he had to think of other things, quickly.

He knew that what he ought to care about was his mother. He ought to care what she would feel, he had a sense of there being something wrong with him, because he did not care. She had brought him here, and now, she was going to London with Mr Hooper, she looked at him, and did not understand. 'Charles is settling down so happily,' she had said, and Kingshaw had been appalled, hearing it, though not really surprised. She had never known anything about him, he had never wanted it. He liked to keep things inside himself. People never seemed to see as clearly as he did, and he had grown used to being left to cope alone. 60 65

He lay until the darkness in the room thinned just perceptibly to grey. It was twenty minutes to five. He would not go yet, he dared not go in the dark. But he could not lie still. He got up and dressed and stood beside the window, forcing himself to count his breaths up to ten, in and out, waiting for the alarm to ring. 70

*[from Chapter 5]*

How does Hill vividly convey Kingshaw's state of mind at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **16**    What striking impressions does Hill's writing create of Kingshaw's school life?

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

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

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

It was nearly dark when we came to the northern edge of the estate. It was ineffably lovely—a small pond with blue lotus; a row of stone steps leading down to the water. Tall casuarina trees swayed and murmured over the banks. A crescent moon peeped behind the foliage. On the bank on our side stood a small shrine, its concrete walls green with age, and its little dome showing cracks; it had a small portal, and a flagstaff at the entrance.

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There was a small platform on the threshold of the temple. The temple was locked. We washed our feet and sat on the platform; it appeared an enchanting place. We squatted on the platform. “Shall I have the temple opened?” he asked.

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“No, don’t worry about it now,” I said.

“There is an old priest who occasionally comes here once a month or so... . A very fine man, with whom it is a pleasure to talk. A very learned man. I’m really afraid of him. He is too good for this place; but comes here only out of piety, and he is running some charity institution in the town. He treats this as an opportunity to worship the Goddess... .” He talked, I listened to him in silence. My mind was trembling with eagerness. I listened in tense silence. He asked with a smile: “You think I’m a bore?”

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“Oh, no.”

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“Doubtless, you want to know all about that letter... .”

“Of course I’m very eager,” I said, and added with a pathetic foolishness: “It was so long ago ...” I stopped abruptly not knowing how to finish the sentence.

“Now listen,” he said: “Of late I have got into the habit of spending more and more of my evenings all alone here on this pyol. This casuarina and the setting sun and the river create a sort of peace to which I’ve become more and more addicted. I spend long hours here, and desire nothing better than to be left here to this peace. It gives one the feeling that it is a place which belongs to Eternity, and that it will not be touched by time or disease or decay. One day before starting for this place I felt a great urge to bring writing materials with me. Since the morning it had hung on my mind. I felt that an old sin of my undergraduate days of writing prose-poems was returning, but there was no harm in succumbing to it. I slipped a pad and a pencil into my pocket when I started out in the evening on my rounds. I sat down on this pyol with the pencil and pad. For some time I could write nothing; it seemed that a hundred ideas were clamouring to express themselves, crowding into my head. It was a lovely sky. I felt I must write something of this great beauty in my lines. Let me assure you that I’m by no means a poetical-minded fellow. I’m a dead sober farmer ... but what was this thing within? I felt a queer change taking place within me.

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“It was dusk when I sat down with the pad and pencil. Before the light should be fully gone I wanted to write down my verse or drama or whatever it was that was troubling me.

“I poised the pencil over the paper. Presently the pencil moved... . I was struck with the ease with which it moved. I was pleased. All the function my fingers had was to hold the pencil, nothing more... . ‘Thank you’ began the page. ‘Here we are, a band of spirits who’ve been working to bridge the

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gulf between life and after-life. We have been looking about for a medium through whom we could communicate. There is hardly any personality on earth who does not obstruct our effort. But we're glad we've found you... . Please, help us, by literally lending us a hand—your hand, and we will do the rest.' I replied, 'I'm honoured, I will do whatever I can.'

"You need do nothing more than sit here one or two evenings of the week, relax your mind, and think of us.' 'The pleasure is mine,' I said. And then my hand wrote: 'Here is Susila, wife of Krishna, but as yet she is unable to communicate by herself. But by and by she will be an adept in it. Will you kindly send the following as coming from her to her husband.' And then I received the message I sent you and they also gave me your name and address!"

*[from Chapter 5]*

Explore the ways in which Narayan's writing makes this such a mysterious moment in the novel.

- Or**      **18** Explore the ways in which Narayan memorably conveys Krishna's attitude towards the teaching at his old college.

**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:

There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph; for Mr Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his 'friend and benefactor Edward Hyde'; but that in case of Dr Jekyll's 'disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months,' the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay, and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend. 5 10 15 20

'I thought it was madness,' he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe; 'and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.'

With that he blew out his candle, put on a great-coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. 'If any one knows, it will be Lanyon,' he had thought. 25

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room, where Dr Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. 30 35

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

'I suppose, Lanyon,' he said, 'you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?' 40

'I wish the friends were younger,' chuckled Dr Lanyon. 'But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now.'

'Indeed!' said Utterson. 'I thought you had a bond of common interest.'

'We had,' was his reply. 'But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though, of course, I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such 45

unscientific balderdash,' added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, 'would have estranged Damon and Pythias.' 50

This little spurt of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr Utterson. 'They have only differed on some point of science,' he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: 'It is nothing worse than that!' He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. 55

'Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his – one Hyde?' he asked.

'Hyde?' repeated Lanyon. 'No. Never heard of him. Since my time.'

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions. 60

*[from Chapter 2, 'Search for Mr Hyde']*

How does Stevenson vividly convey Mr Utterson's disturbed state of mind at this moment in the novel?

Or 20 Does Stevenson make you feel any pity for Dr Jekyll?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

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

- Either 21** Read this extract from *Of White Hairs and Cricket* (by Rohinton Mistry), and then answer the question that follows it:

I waited for at least half an hour.

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lost amongst more recent scribbles and abandoned games of noughts and crosses.

How does Mistry make this such a powerful moment in the story?

**Or**      **22** How does Thorpe make the ending of *Tyres* so sad?

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