Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2018**

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.

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.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 5

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Reservist

Time again for the annual joust, the regular fanfare,
a call to arms, the imperative letters stern
as clarion notes, the king's command, upon
the pain of court-martial, to tilt
at the old windmills. With creaking bones
and suppressed grunts, we battle-weary knights
creep to attention, ransack the wardrobes
for our rusty armour, tuck the pot bellies
with great finesse into the shrinking gear,
and with helmets shutting off half our world,
report for service. We are again united
with sleek weapons we were betrothed to
in our active cavalier days.

We will keep charging up the same hills, plod
through the same forests, till we are too old,
too ill-fitted for life's other territories.
The same trails will find us time and again,
and we quick to obey, like children placed
on carousels they cannot get off from, borne
along through somebody's expensive fantasyland,
with an oncoming rush of tedious rituals, masked threats
and monsters armed with the same roar.

In the end we will perhaps surprise ourselves
and emerge unlikely heroes with long years
of braving the same horrors
pinned on our tunic fronts.
We will have proven that Sisyphus is not a myth.
We will play the game till the monotony
sends his lordship to sleep.
We will march the same paths till they break
onto new trails, our lives stumbling
onto the open sea, into daybreak.

(*Boey Kim Cheng*)

Explore the ways in which Boey uses language to memorable effect in this poem.

Or **2** How does Baxter convey a sense of admiration for his grandfather in *Elegy For My Father's Father*?

Elegy For My Father's Father

He knew in the hour he died
That his heart had never spoken
In eighty years of days.
O for the tall tower broken
Memorial is denied:
And the unchanging cairn
That pipes could set ablaze
An aaronsrod and blossom.
They stood by the graveside
From his bitter veins born
And mourned him in their fashion.
A chain of sods in a day
He could slice and build
High as the head of a man
And a flowering cherry tree
On his walking shoulder held
Under the lion sun.
When he was old and blind
He sat in a curved chair
All day by the kitchen fire.
Many hours he had seen
The stars in their drunken dancing
Through the burning-glass of his mind
And sober knew the green
Boughs of heaven folding
The winter world in their hand.
The pride of his heart was dumb.
He knew in the hour he died
That his heart had never spoken
In song or bridal bed.
And the naked thought fell back
To a house by the waterside
And the leaves the wind had shaken
Then for a child's sake:
To the waves all night awake
With the dark mouths of the dead.
The tongues of water spoke
And his heart was unafraid.

(*James K Baxter*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Passion

Full of desire I lay, the sky wounding me,
Each cloud a ship without me sailing, each tree
Possessing what my soul lacked, tranquillity.

Waiting for the longed-for voice to speak
Through the mute telephone, my body grew weak
With the well-known and mortal death, heartbreak.

The language I knew best, my human speech
Forsook my fingers, and out of reach
Were Homer's ghosts, the savage conches of the beach.

Then the sky spoke to me in language clear,
Familiar as the heart, than love more near.
The sky said to my soul, 'You have what you desire.

'Know now that you are born along with these
Clouds, winds, and stars, and ever-moving seas
And forest dwellers. This your nature is.

Lift up your heart again without fear,
Sleep in the tomb, or breathe the living air,
This world you with the flower and with the tiger share.'

Then I saw every visible substance turn
Into immortal, every cell new born
Burned with the holy fire of passion.

This world I saw as on her judgment day
When the war ends, and the sky rolls away,
And all is light, love and eternity.

(*Kathleen Raine*)

How does Raine movingly convey a powerful experience in this poem?

Or **4** Explore the ways in which Sitwell creates striking contrasts in *Heart and Mind*.

Heart and Mind

Said the Lion to the Lioness—'When you are amber dust,—
No more a raging fire like the heat of the Sun
(No liking but all lust)—
Remember still the flowering of the amber blood and bone,
The rippling of bright muscles like a sea,
Remember the rose-prickles of bright paws
Though we shall mate no more
Till the fire of that sun the heart and the moon-cold bone are one.'

Said the Skeleton lying upon the sands of Time—
'The great gold planet that is the mourning heat of the Sun
Is greater than all gold, more powerful
Than the tawny body of a Lion that fire consumes
Like all that grows or leaps … so is the heart

More powerful than all dust. Once I was Hercules
Or Samson, strong as the pillars of the seas:
But the flames of the heart consumed me, and the mind
Is but a foolish wind.'

Said the Sun to the Moon—'When you are but a lonely white crone,
And I, a dead King in my golden armour somewhere in a dark wood,
Remember only this of our hopeless love
That never till Time is done
Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one.'

(*Edith Sitwell*)

[Turn over

GILLIAN CLARKE: from *Collected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Journey

As far as I am concerned
We are driving into oblivion.
On either side there is nothing,
And beyond your driving
Shaft of light it is black.
You are a miner digging
For a future, a mineral
Relationship in the dark.
I can hear the darkness drip
From the other world where people
Might be sleeping, might be alive.

Certainly there are white
Gates with churns waiting
For morning, their cream standing.
Once we saw an old table
Standing square on the grass verge.
Our lamps swept it clean, shook
The crumbs into the hedge and left it.
A tractor too, beside a load
Of logs, bringing from a deeper
Dark a damp whiff of the fungoid
Sterility of the conifers.

Complacently I sit, swathed
In sleepiness. A door shuts
At the end of a dark corridor.
Ahead not a cat's eye winks
To deceive us with its green
Invitation. As you hurl us
Into the black contracting
Chasm, I submit like a blind
And folded baby, being born.

Explore the ways in which Clarke creates such vivid impressions of a night-time journey in this poem.

Or **6** How does Clarke memorably convey the importance of the box to her in *My Box*?

My Box

My box is made of golden oak,
my lover's gift to me.
He fitted hinges and a lock
of brass and a bright key.
He made it out of winter nights,
sanded and oiled and planed,
engraved inside the heavy lid
in brass, a golden tree.

In my box are twelve black books
where I have written down
how we have sanded, oiled and planed,
planted a garden, built a wall,
seen jays and goldcrests, rare red kites,
found the wild heartsease, drilled a well,
harvested apples and words and days
and planted a golden tree.

On an open shelf I keep my box.
Its key is in the lock.
I leave it there for you to read,
or them, when we are dead,
how everything is slowly made,
how slowly things made me,
a tree, a lover, words, a box,
books and a golden tree.

[Turn over

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 did not sleep for a long time after he had lain down.

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Obi composed himself and went off to sleep.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Achebe's writing vividly convey Obi's state of mind at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** How does Achebe strikingly portray Obi's relationships with servants?

JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

In they both came, and Mrs Price having kindly kissed her daughter again, and commented a little on her growth, began with very natural solicitude to feel for their fatigues and wants as travellers.

'Poor dears! how tired you must both be!—and now what will you have? I began to think you would never come. Betsey and I have been watching for you this half hour. And when did you get anything to eat? And what would you like to have now? I could not tell whether you would be for some meat, or only a dish of tea after your journey, or else I would have got something ready. And now I am afraid Campbell will be here, before there is time to dress a steak, and we have no butcher at hand. It is very inconvenient to have no butcher in the street. We were better off in our last house. Perhaps you would like some tea, as soon as it can be got.'

They both declared they should prefer it to anything. 'Then, Betsey, my dear, run into the kitchen, and see if Rebecca has put the water on; and tell her to bring in the tea-things as soon as she can. I wish we could get the bell mended—but Betsey is a very handy little messenger.'

Betsey went with alacrity; proud to shew her abilities before her fine new sister.

'Dear me!' continued the anxious mother, 'what a sad fire we have got, and I dare say you are both starved with cold. Draw your chair nearer, my dear. I cannot think what Rebecca has been about. I am sure I told her to bring some coals half an hour ago. Susan, *you* should have taken care of the fire.'

'I was up stairs, mamma, moving my things;' said Susan, in a fearless self-defending tone, which startled Fanny. 'You know you had but just settled that my sister Fanny and I should have the other room; and I could not get Rebecca to give me any help.'

Farther discussion was prevented by various bustles; first, the driver came to be paid—then there was a squabble between Sam and Rebecca, about the manner of carrying up his sister's trunk, which he would manage all his own way; and lastly, in walked Mr Price himself, his own loud voice preceding him, as with something of the oath kind he kicked away his son's portmanteau, and his daughter's band-box in the passage, and called out for a candle; no candle was brought, however, and he walked into the room.

Fanny, with doubting feelings, had risen to meet him, but sank down again on finding herself undistinguished in the dusk, and unthought of. With a friendly shake of his son's hand, and an eager voice, he instantly began—'Ha! welcome back, my boy. Glad to see you. Have you heard the news? The Thrush went out of harbour this morning. Alert is the word, you see. By G—, you are just in time. The doctor has been here enquiring for you; he has got one of the boats, and is to be off for Spithead by six, so you had better go with him. I have been to Turner's about your things; it is all in a way to be done. I should not wonder if you had your orders to-morrow; but you cannot sail with this wind, if you are to cruize to the westward; and Captain Walsh thinks you will certainly have a cruize to the westward, with the Elephant. By G—, I wish you may. But old Scholey was saying just now, that he thought you would be sent first to the Texel. Well,

well, we are ready, whatever happens. But by G—, you lost a fine sight by not being here in the morning to see the Thrush go out of harbour. I would not have been out of the way for a thousand pounds. Old Scholey ran in at breakfast time, to say she was under weigh. I jumped up, and made but two steps to the point. If ever there was a perfect beauty afloat, she is one; and there she lays at Spithead, and anybody in England would take her for an eight-and-twenty. I was upon the platform two hours this afternoon, looking at her. She lays just astern of the Endymion, with the Cleopatra to larboard.'

'Ha!' cried William, '*that's* just where I should have put her myself. But here is my sister, Sir, here is Fanny;' turning and leading her forward;—'it is so dark you do not see her.'

With an acknowledgement that he had quite forgot her, Mr Price now received his daughter; and, having given her a cordial hug, and observed that she was grown into a woman, and he supposed would be wanting a husband soon, seemed very much inclined to forget her again.

Fanny shrunk back to her seat, with feelings sadly pained by his language and his smell of spirits; and he talked on only to his son, and only of the Thrush, though William, warmly interested, as he was, in that subject, more than once tried to make his father think of Fanny, and her long absence and long journey.

[from Chapter 38]

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

Or **10** What does Austen's portrayal of Mary Crawford make you feel about her?

[Turn over

WILLA CATHER: *My Ántonia*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Black Hawk, the new world in which we had come to live, was a clean, well-planted little prairie town, with white fences and good green yards about the dwellings, wide, dusty streets, and shapely little trees growing along the wooden sidewalks. In the centre of the town there were two rows of new brick 'store' buildings, a brick school-house, the court-house, and four white churches. Our own house looked down over the town, and from our upstairs windows we could see the winding line of the river bluffs, two miles south of us. That river was to be my compensation for the lost freedom of the farming country.

We came to Black Hawk in March, and by the end of April we felt like town people. Grandfather was a deacon in the new Baptist Church, grandmother was busy with church suppers and missionary societies, and I was quite another boy, or thought I was. Suddenly put down among boys of my own age, I found I had a great deal to learn. Before the spring term of school was over, I could fight, play 'keeps,' tease the little girls, and use forbidden words as well as any boy in my class. I was restrained from utter savagery only by the fact that Mrs Harling, our nearest neighbour, kept an eye on me, and if my behaviour went beyond certain bounds I was not permitted to come into her yard or to play with her jolly children.

We saw more of our country neighbours now than when we lived on the farm. Our house was a convenient stopping-place for them. We had a big barn where the farmers could put up their teams, and their women-folk more often accompanied them, now that they could stay with us for dinner, and rest and set their bonnets right before they went shopping. The more our house was like a country hotel, the better I liked it. I was glad, when I came home from school at noon, to see a farm-wagon standing in the back yard, and I was always ready to run downtown to get beefsteak or baker's bread for unexpected company. All through that first spring and summer I kept hoping that Ambrosch would bring Ántonia and Yulka to see our new house. I wanted to show them our red plush furniture, and the trumpet-blowing cherubs the German paper-hanger had put on our parlour ceiling.

When Ambrosch came to town, however, he came alone, and though he put his horses in our barn, he would never stay for dinner, or tell us anything about his mother and sisters. If we ran out and questioned him as he was slipping through the yard, he would merely work his shoulders about in his coat and say, 'They all right, I guess.'

Mrs Steavens, who now lived on our farm, grew as fond of Ántonia as we had been, and always brought us news of her. All through the wheat season, she told us, Ambrosch hired his sister out like a man, and she went from farm to farm, binding sheaves or working with the threshers. The farmers liked her and were kind to her; said they would rather have her for a hand than Ambrosch. When fall came she was to husk corn for the neighbours until Christmas as she had done the year before; but grandmother saved her from this by getting her a place to work with our neighbours, the Harlings.

[from Book 2 Chapter 1]

How does Cather vividly convey the significance to Jim of his family's move to Black Hawk at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Cather makes Jim's grandmother such a memorable character.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Father, if you had known, when we were last together here, what even I feared while I strove against it – as it has been my task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his arithmetic than his Creator is, – would you have given me to the husband whom I am now sure that I hate?'

He said, 'No. No, my poor child.'

'Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me – for no one's enrichment – only for the greater desolation of this world – of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?'

'O no, no. No, Louisa.'

'Yet, father, if I had been stone blind; if I had groped my way by my sense of touch, and had been free, while I knew the shapes and surfaces of things, to exercise my fancy somewhat, in regard to them; I should have been a million times wiser, happier, more loving, more contented, more innocent and human in all good respects, than I am with the eyes I have. Now, hear what I have come to say.'

He moved, to support her with his arm. She rising as he did so, they stood close together: she, with a hand upon his shoulder, looking fixedly in his face.

'With a hunger and thirst upon me, father, which have never been for a moment appeased; with an ardent impulse towards some region where rules, and figures, and definitions were not quite absolute; I have grown up, battling every inch of my way.'

'I never knew you were unhappy, my child.'

'Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting, what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of a contest.'

'And you so young, Louisa!' he said with pity.

'And I so young. In this condition, father – for I show you now, without fear or favour, the ordinary deadened state of my mind as I know it – you proposed my husband to me. I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew, that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have slowly found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors.'

As her father held her in his arms, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly in his face, went on.

'When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and which no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul.'

'Louisa!' he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview.

'I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object.'

'What can I do, child? Ask me what you will.'

[from Book 2 Chapter 12]

How does Dickens make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore the ways in which Dickens makes Sissy Jupe such an admirable character in the novel.

[Turn over

MICHAEL FRAYN: *Spies*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘It was dark,’ I explain.

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We hurry forward.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Frayn vividly portray the relationship between Stephen and Keith at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Frayn makes this novel such a sad love story.

[Turn over

KATE GRENVILLE: *The Secret River*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

On the September morning that the *Alexander* dropped its anchor in Sydney Cove, it took William Thornhill some time to see what was around him. The felons were brought up on deck but, after so long in the darkness of the hold, the light pouring out of the sky was like being struck in the face. Sharp points of brilliance winked up from water that glittered hard and bright. He squinted between his fingers, felt tears run hot down his face, blinked them away. For a moment he glimpsed things clear: the body of shining water on which the *Alexander* had come to rest, the folds of land all around, woolly with forest, blunt paws of it pushing out into the water. Near at hand a few blocky golden buildings lined the shore, their windows a glare of gold. They swam and blurred through the spears of light.

Shouting beat at his ears. A sun such as he had not imagined could exist was burning through the thin stuff of his slops. Now, on land, he was seasick again, feeling the ground swell under him, the sun hammering down on his skull, that wicked glinting off the water.

It was a relief to be sick, neatly, quietly, onto the planks of the wharf.

Out of this agony of light a woman appeared, calling his name and pushing through the crowd towards him. *Will!* she cried. *Over here, Will!* He turned to look. My wife, he thought. That is my wife Sal. But it was as if she was only a picture of his wife: after so many months he could not believe it was she, her very self.

He had time just to glimpse the boy beside her, pressed in against her leg, and the bundle of baby in the crook of her arm, when a man with a thick black beard was pushing her back with a stick. *Wait your turn you whore*, he shouted and clapped her with his open hand on the side of the head. Then she was swallowed up in the press of faces, their shouting mouth-holes black in the sun. *Thornhill! William Thornhill!* he heard through the muddle of noise. *I am Thornhill*, he called, hearing his voice cracked and small. The man with the beard grabbed at his arm and in the remorseless clarity of the light Thornhill saw how the beard around his mouth was full of breadcrumbs. From the list in his hand the man bawled, *William Thornhill to be assigned to Mrs Thornhill!* He was shouting so hard that crumbs fell out of his beard.

Sal stepped forward. *I am Mrs Thornhill*, she called above the din. Thornhill was stunned by the light and the noise, but he heard her voice clear through it all. *He is not assigned to me, he is my husband.* The man gave her a sardonic look. *He might be the husband but you are the master now, dearie*, he said. *Assigned, that is the same as bound over. Help yourself dearie, do what you fancy with him*.

The boy clutched a handful of Sal's skirt and stared up at his father, big-eyed with fear. This was Willie, five years old now, grown taller and skinnier. A nine-month voyage was a quarter of a lifetime for a lad so young. Thornhill could see that his child did not recognise the hunched stranger bending down to him.

The new baby had been born when the *Alexander* put in at Cape Town in July. Sal was lucky they were in port when the pains started. They let him see her afterwards, but only for a moment. *A boy, Will*, she whispered. *Richard? After my Da?* Then her white lips could manage no

more words, only her hand pressing his had gone on speaking to him. A moment later they took him back to the men's quarters, and although he could sometimes hear the babies beyond the bulkhead, he had never known which might be his.

Now he did not need to strain to hear him. The baby's cries were sharp painful blows in his ear.

Will, she said, smiled, reached for his hand. *Will, it is us, remember?* He saw the crooked tooth he remembered, and the way her eyes changed shape around her smile. He tried out a smile in return. *Sal*, he started, but the word turned into a choked gasp like a sob.

[from Part 1]

How does Grenville vividly convey William's impressions on arriving in Sydney at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** 'Despite their wealth, William and Sal do not seem happy at the end of the novel.'

How does Grenville's writing strikingly convey this to you?

[Turn over

R K NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

We were now passing before Bombay Ananda Bhavan, a restaurant. 'Shall we go in?' she asked. I was only too delighted. I led her in. A number of persons were sitting in the dark hall over their morning coffee. There was a lot of din and clanging of vessels. Everybody turned and stared, the presence of a woman, particularly at that hour, being so very unusual. I felt rather shy. She went ahead, and stood in the middle of the hall not knowing where to go. A waiter appeared. 'Here Mani,' I hailed, knowing this boy, a youngster from Malabar, who had served me tiffin for several years now. I felt very proud of his acquaintance.

Mani said, 'Family room upstairs, follow me.' We followed him. There was a single room upstairs, with a wooden, marble-topped table and four chairs. The walls were lined as usual with fancy, coloured tiles.

'These marbles are so nice,' my wife said, with simple joy, running her fingers over them. 'How smooth!'

'Do you know they are used only in bathrooms in civilized cities; they are called bathroom tiles.'

'They are so nice, why should these be used only for bathrooms?'

'Do you think those bathrooms are like ours?'

'Bathrooms are bathrooms wherever they may be …' she replied.

'No, no, a bathroom is very much unlike the smoke-ridden, wet, dripping bathing-place we have.'

'I try to keep it as neat as possible, and yet you think it is not good,' she remarked.

'I didn't mean that.'

'I think you did mean it.' I didn't like to spoil a good morning with a debate. So I agreed: 'I am sorry. Forgive and forget.'

'All right,' she said. She stretched her arms back and touched the wall behind her and said, 'I like these tiles, so fine and smooth! When we have a house of our own, won't you have some of them fixed like that on our walls?'

'With pleasure, but not in the hall, they are usually put up only in the bathrooms,' I pleaded.

'What if they are! People who like them for bathrooms may have them there, others if they want them elsewhere …'

At this moment Mani appeared carrying a tray of eatables. 'How quickly he has brought these!' she remarked: this was her first visit to Bombay Ananda Bhavan. Its magnitude took her breath away. Her eyes sparkled like a child's.

She tried to eat with a spoon. She held it loosely and tipped the thing into her mouth from a distance. I suggested, 'Put it away if you can't manage with it.' She made a wry face at the smell of onion: 'I can't stand it –' she said. 'I know. I know.' I replied. 'What a pity.' It was careless of me. I knew that she hated onions but had taken no care to see that they were not given to her. I reproached myself: I called for the boy vociferously and commanded: 'Have that removed, bring something without onion.' I behaved as if I were an elaborate, ceremonial host. I wanted to please her. Her helplessness, innocence, and her simplicity moved me very deeply. 'I will give you something nice to eat.' I gave elaborate instructions to the

boy. She mentioned her preference, a sweet, coloured drink – like a child's taste once again, I thought. I fussed about her till she said, 'Oh, leave me alone,' with that peculiar light dancing in her eyes. She said, 'Shall we take something for the child?' I didn't like to spoil a good morning with contradictions, but I did not approve of giving hotel stuff to the baby. So I said with considerable diplomacy: 'We will buy her some nice biscuits. She likes them very much.'

Nearly an hour later we came out of the hotel. I proposed that we should engage a *jutka* for going to Lawley Extension, but she preferred to walk. She said that she'd be happy to walk along the river. 'My dear girl,' I said, 'Lawley Extension is south and this river north of the town. We are going to the Extension on business.'

[from Chapter 3]

Explore the ways in which Narayan portrays the relationship between Krishna and Susila at this moment in the novel.

Or **20** How far does Narayan persuade you that the Headmaster's school offers a worthwhile education to Leela and the other children?

[Turn over

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *Billennium* (by J G Ballard), and then answer the question that follows it:

It was Rossiter who suggested that they ask the two girls to share the room with them.

'They've been kicked out again and may have to split up,' he told Ward, obviously worried that Judith might fall into bad company. 'There's always a rent freeze after a revaluation but all the landlords know about it so they're not re-letting. It's damned difficult to find anywhere.'

Ward nodded, relaxing back around the circular redwood table. He played with the tassel of the arsenic-green lamp shade, for a moment felt like a Victorian man of letters, leading a spacious, leisurely life among overstuffed furnishings.

'I'm all for it,' he agreed, indicating the empty corners. 'There's plenty of room here. But we'll have to make sure they don't gossip about it.'

After due precautions, they let the two girls into the secret, enjoying their astonishment at finding this private universe.

'We'll put a partition across the middle,' Rossiter explained, 'then take it down each morning. You'll be able to move in within a couple of days. How do you feel?'

'Wonderful! They goggled at the wardrobe, squinting at the endless reflections in the mirrors.

There was no difficulty getting them in and out of the house. The turnover of tenants was continuous and bills were placed in the mail rack. No one cared who the girls were or noticed their regular calls at the cubicle.

However, half an hour after they arrived neither of them had unpacked her suitcase.

'What's up, Judith?' Ward asked, edging past the girls' beds into the narrow interval between the table and wardrobe.

Judith hesitated, looking from Ward to Rossiter, who sat on the bed, finishing off the plywood partition. 'John, it's just that …'

Helen Waring, more matter-of-fact, took over, her fingers straightening the bed-spread. 'What Judith's trying to say is that our position here is a little embarrassing. The partition is'—

Rossiter stood up. 'For heaven's sake, don't worry, Helen,' he assured her, speaking in the loud whisper they had all involuntarily cultivated. 'No funny business, you can trust us. This partition is as solid as a rock.'

The two girls nodded. 'It's not that,' Helen explained, 'but it isn't up all the time. We thought that if an older person were here, say Judith's aunt – she wouldn't take up much room and be no trouble, she's really awfully sweet – we wouldn't need to bother about the partition – except at night,' she added quickly.

Ward glanced at Rossiter, who shrugged and began to scan the floor.

'Well, it's an idea,' Rossiter said. 'John and I know how you feel. Why not?'

'Sure,' Ward agreed. He pointed to the space between the girls' beds and the table. 'One more won't make any difference.'

The girls broke into whoops. Judith went over to Rossiter and kissed him on the cheek. 'Sorry to be a nuisance, Henry.' She smiled at him.

'That's a wonderful partition you've made. You couldn't do another one for Auntie – just a little one? She's very sweet but she is getting on.'

'Of course,' Rossiter said. 'I understand. I've got plenty of wood left over.'

Ward looked at his watch. 'It's seven-thirty, Judith. You'd better get in touch with your aunt. She may not be able to make it tonight.'

Judith buttoned her coat. 'Oh she will,' she assured Ward. 'I'll be back in a jiffy.'

The aunt arrived within five minutes, three heavy suitcases soundly packed.

'It's amazing,' Ward remarked to Rossiter three months later. 'The size of this room still staggers me. It almost gets larger every day.'

How does Ballard make this moment in the story so powerful?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Desai makes you feel sympathy for Ravi in *Games at Twilight*.

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