



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/13

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2015

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 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.

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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:

During Wind and Rain

<p>They sing their dearest songs – He, she, all of them – yea, Treble and tenor and bass, And one to play; With the candles mooning each face ... Ah, no; the years O! How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!</p>	5
<p>They clear the creeping moss – Elders and juniors – aye, Making the pathways neat And the garden gay; And they build a shady seat ... Ah, no; the years, the years; See, the white storm-birds wing across!</p>	10
<p>They are blithely breakfasting all – Men and maidens – yea, Under the summer tree, With a glimpse of the bay, While pet fowl come to the knee ... Ah, no; the years O! And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.</p>	15 20
<p>They change to a high new house, He, she, all of them – aye, Clocks and carpets and chairs On the lawn all day, And brightest things that are theirs ... Ah, no; the years, the years; Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.</p>	25

How do Hardy's words create strong feelings about the passage of time in *During Wind and Rain*?

- Or 2 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes the poem *Drummer Hodge* so moving for you.

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.

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:

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. 5
10

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. 15
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. 20

(Chris Banks)

How does Banks movingly convey the effect of her accident on both herself and her son in *The Gift*?

Or 4 How does Lochhead use words and images to striking effect 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.

5

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.

10

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.

15

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.

20

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.

25

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.

30

(*Liz Lochhead*)

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A Different History

Great Pan is not dead; he simply emigrated to India.	
Here, the gods roam freely, disguised as snakes or monkeys; every tree is sacred and it is a sin to be rude to a book.	5
It is a sin to shove a book aside with your foot, a sin to slam books down hard on a table, a sin to toss one carelessly across a room.	10
You must learn how to turn the pages gently without disturbing Sarasvati, without offending the tree from whose wood the paper was made.	15
Which language has not been the oppressor's tongue? Which language truly meant to murder someone? And how does it happen that after the torture, after the soul has been cropped with a long scythe swooping out of the conqueror's face – the unborn grandchildren grow to love that strange language.	20 25

(Sujata Bhatt)

Explore the ways in which Bhatt uses powerful words and images in *A Different History*.

Or 6 How does MacCaig create a sense of the unexpected in *Summer Farm*?

Summer Farm

Straws like tame lightnings lie about the grass
And hang zigzag on hedges. Green as glass
The water in the horse-trough shines.
Nine ducks go wobbling by in two straight lines.

A hen stares at nothing with one eye,
Then picks it up. Out of an empty sky
A swallow falls and, flickering through
The barn, dives up again into the dizzy blue.

5

I lie, not thinking, in the cool, soft grass,
Afraid of where a thought might take me – as
This grasshopper with plated face
Unfolds his legs and finds himself in space.

10

Self under self, a pile of selves I stand
Threaded on time, and with metaphysic hand
Lift the farm like a lid and see
Farm within farm, and in the centre, me.

15

(Norman MacCaig)

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The dancing began within a few minutes after they were seated; and James, who had been engaged quite as long as his sister, was very importunate with Isabella to stand up; but John was gone into the cardroom to speak to a friend, and nothing, she declared, should induce her to join the set before her dear Catherine could join it too: 'I assure you,' said she, 'I would not stand up without your dear sister for all the world; for if I did we should certainly be separated the whole evening.' Catherine accepted this kindness with gratitude, and they continued as they were for three minutes longer, when Isabella, who had been talking to James on the other side of her, turned again to his sister and whispered, 'My dear creature, I am afraid I must leave you, your brother is so amazingly impatient to begin; I know you will not mind my going away, and I dare say John will be back in a moment, and then you may easily find me out.' Catherine, though a little disappointed, had too much good-nature to make any opposition, and the others rising up, Isabella had only time to press her friend's hand and say, 'Good-bye, my dear love,' before they hurried off. The younger Miss Thorpes being also dancing, Catherine was left to the mercy of Mrs Thorpe and Mrs Allen, between whom she now remained. She could not help being vexed at the non-appearance of Mr Thorpe, for she not only longed to be dancing, but was likewise aware that, as the real dignity of her situation could not be known, she was sharing with the scores of other young ladies still sitting down all the discredit of wanting a partner. To be disgraced in the eye of the world, to wear the appearance of infamy while her heart is all purity, her actions all innocence, and the misconduct of another the true source of her debasement, is one of those circumstances which peculiarly belong to the heroine's life, and her fortitude under it what particularly dignifies her character. Catherine had fortitude too; she suffered, but no murmur passed her lips.

From this state of humiliation, she was roused, at the end of ten minutes, to a pleasanter feeling, by seeing, not Mr Thorpe, but Mr Tilney, within three yards of the place where they sat; he seemed to be moving that way, but he did not see her, and therefore the smile and the blush, which his sudden reappearance raised in Catherine, passed away without sullyng her heroic importance. He looked as handsome and as lively as ever, and was talking with interest to a fashionable and pleasing-looking young woman, who leant on his arm, and whom Catherine immediately guessed to be his sister; thus unthinkingly throwing away a fair opportunity of considering him lost to her for ever, by being married already. But guided only by what was simple and probable, it had never entered her head that Mr Tilney could be married; he had not behaved, he had not talked, like the married men to whom she had been used; he had never mentioned a wife, and he had acknowledged a sister. From these circumstances sprang the instant conclusion of his sister's now being by his side; and therefore, instead of turning of a death-like paleness, and falling in a fit on Mrs Allen's

bosom, Catherine sat erect, in the perfect use of her senses, and with cheeks only a little redder than usual.

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[from Chapter 8]

In what ways does Austen make this moment in the novel so entertaining?

- Or** **8** Mr and Mrs Allen are supposed to be looking after Catherine in Bath. To what extent does Austen's writing persuade you that they do this successfully?

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Switch the light off when you’ve finished, Tambu,’ Nyasha told me sleepily. She was in the mood for bedtime talk, telling me that she could not sleep with the light on but had left it on for me so that I would not bump my toe against a bed-leg or some other piece of furniture in the unfamiliar room. I was not impressed with her light-induced insomnia, which I thought was only to be expected in a person as frivolous and shallow as my Anglicised cousin. Nor was I impressed with her consideration for me, steeped as I was in the greater virtue that I believed was mine; a virtue which her behaviour had instigated and which Babamukuru’s homily had nourished. I pulled off my dress and jumped into bed in silence. 5

‘What about the light?’ Nyasha reminded me. 10

What about the light? Where was the switch and how did you work it? Should I admit my ignorance to Nyasha, to whom I was feeling so superior, or should I ignore her? It was good to be feeling superior for a change, for the first time since I entered my uncle’s house, so I ignored my cousin. Nyasha climbed out of bed, advising me to make an effort to stop being a peasant, which distressed me no end. I knew what the word meant because we had come across it one day in a poem in an English lesson and our teacher had explained that a peasant was a land-fowl which looked something like a guinea fowl. Nyasha must have been very annoyed, I thought, to be so rude and I was on the verge of apologising and confessing my ignorance, but stopped myself by remembering that she was always rude, if not to me then to her parents. I decided she expected too much of people so I kept quiet. I would have liked to have turned to the wall to emphasise my disapproval, but since I could not confess my ignorance about the lights, I had to watch Nyasha closely. 15

Nyasha was perceptive. I had admired this about her when we talked earlier that evening, but now it annoyed me, made me feel silly. 20

‘This is it,’ she said, pointing to a black patch in the wall beside the door. ‘It’s down now, which means it’s on. It’s off when it’s up.’ She switched the light off and on again to demonstrate. 25

‘Switch it off,’ I told her nastily, ‘otherwise you won’t sleep.’ 30

She switched the light off and climbed back into bed. Typically she had the last word: ‘You haven’t put your bedclothes on. You’ll have to do it in the dark.’ 35

I did not ask what bedclothes were since we were quarrelling. Instead the smug determination that Babamukuru’s talk had instilled in me evaporated. I began to feel inferior again. I was a bit masochistic at that age, wallowing in my imagined inadequacy until I was in real danger of feeling sorry for myself. Then I reprimanded myself for this self-indulgence by thinking of my mother, who suffered from being female and poor and uneducated and black so stoically that I was ashamed of my weakness in succumbing so flabbily to the strangeness of my new circumstances. This gave me the fine lash of guilt to whip myself on with. I reaffirmed my vow to use the opportunity my uncle had given me to maximum advantage. 40

A lot of my reactions were of this complicated kind in those days, requiring a lot of thought to sort them out into organised parts. But the activity and excitement of that day’s events had exhausted me: I fell asleep 45

before I could order my thoughts neatly. I think this is why I dreamt of my brother.

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[from Chapter 5]

How does Dangarembga make this such an amusing and revealing moment in the novel?

Or **10** Does Dangarembga's writing make you feel respect or pity for Nyasha – or both?

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Didn’t you hear? Didn’t you hear what Dr Dutt was saying?’ Papa asked irritably.

‘No,’ said Uma, and Dr Dutt again rattled through the sequence of events that had left the Medical Institute with a new dormitory and new nurses and no one to take care of them while they were in training. 5

‘So, you see, I thought of you, Uma. A young woman with no employment, who has been running the house for her parents for so long. I feel sure you would be right for the job.’

‘Job?’ gulped Uma, never having aspired so high in her life, and found the idea as novel as that of being launched into space. 10

Papa looked incredulous and Mama outraged. Dr Dutt still clasped Uma’s arm. ‘Don’t look so frightened,’ she urged. ‘I know how well you look after your parents. I know how much you helped Mrs O’Henry with her work. I am confident you can do it.’

But Uma was not confident. ‘I have no degree,’ she faltered, ‘or training.’ 15

‘This kind of work does not require training, Uma,’ Dr Dutt assured her, ‘or degrees. Just leave that to me. I will deal with it if the authorities ask. You will agree, sir?’ she turned to Papa, smiling, as if she knew how much he adored being called sir.

But Papa did not appear to have noticed the honour this time. He was locking his face up into a frown of great degree. The frown was filled with everything he thought of working women, of women who dared presume to step into the world he occupied. Uma knew that, and cringed. 20

‘Papa,’ she said pleadingly.

It was Mama who spoke, however. As usual, for Papa. Very clearly and decisively. ‘Our daughter does not need to go out to work, Dr Dutt,’ she said. ‘As long as we are here to provide for her, she will never need to go to work.’ 25

‘But she works all the time!’ Dr Dutt exclaimed on a rather sharp note. ‘At home. Now you must give her a chance to work outside –’ 30

‘There is no need,’ Papa supported Mama’s view. In double strength, it grew formidable. ‘Where is the need?’

Dr Dutt persisted. ‘Shouldn’t we ask Uma for her view? Perhaps she would like to go out and work? After all, it is at my own Institute, in a women’s dormitory, with other women. I can vouch for the conditions, they are perfectly decent, sir. You may come and inspect the dormitory, meet the nurses, see for yourself. Would you like to pay us a visit, Uma?’ 35

Uma bobbed her head rapidly up and down. She worked hard at controlling her expression; she knew her face was twitching in every direction. She knew her parents were watching. She tried to say yes, please, yes please, yespleaseyes – 40

‘Go and take the tray away,’ Mama said.

Uma’s head was bobbing, her lips were fluttering: yes, yespleaseyes.

‘Uma,’ Mama repeated, and her voice brought Uma to her feet. She took up the tray and went into the kitchen. She stood there, wrapping her hands into her sari, saying into the corner behind the ice-box: pleasepleaseplease – 45

Then she went back to the veranda – warily, warily. Dr Dutt was sitting

very upright in her basket chair. She looked directly at Uma. 'I am sorry,' she said, 'I am very sorry to hear that.' 50

Hear what? What?

Mama was getting to her feet. She walked Dr Dutt down the veranda steps to her waiting bicycle. 'Isn't it difficult to cycle in a sari?' she asked with a little laugh, and looked pointedly at the frayed and oily hem of Dr Dutt's sari. 55

Dr Dutt did not answer but tucked it up at her waist and stood steadying the bicycle. She did not look back at Uma but Uma heard her say to Mama, 'If you have that problem, you must come to the hospital for tests. If you need the hysterectomy, it is better to get it done soon. There is no need to live like an invalid.' She mounted the small, hard leather seat and bicycled away, the wheels crushing the gravel and making it spurt up in a reddish spray. 60

Uma stopped twitching her hands in a fold of her sari and looked towards Mama. Hysterectomy – what was that?

Mama came up the steps and linked arms with Uma, giving her an affectionate little squeeze. 'And so my madcap wanted to run away and leave her Mama? What will my madcap do next?' 65

[from Chapter 12]

How does Desai make you strongly sympathise with Uma at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Desai makes Mira-masi a memorable character.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Kolya's birth was easy, and immediately afterwards everything seemed fine. He was a big baby, a strong, fine child they said to her, slapping the soles of his feet to make him cry. Vera sat up and took the baby. A nurse told Anna about it afterwards.

'I want to know everything that happened,' said Anna. *'Don't leave anything out because you think it will upset me.'* 5

The nurse looked at her, frightened.

'What is it?'

'It's only – it's just that you sound exactly like your mother.'

Anna brushed that away. Don't think of it now, think of it later. 10

'Go on, please. Tell me what happened.'

The delivery of the placenta was difficult. Immediately afterwards, before Vera's uterus had contracted fully, there was an emergency in the next ward. A prolapsed cord, it was. They had to leave Vera alone for a few minutes, *'It was only a few minutes, Anna Mikhailovna, no more than seven. I swear it.'* 15

Vera would not have been frightened when she lifted her sheet and saw blood, even though she'd have known what the bleeding meant. This was her world, the hospital world. She'd have guessed what had happened. Part of the placenta had not been expelled. Now she would continue to haemorrhage until it could be removed. The situation was urgent, but not yet dangerous. 20

She rang a bell beside the bed. A nurse came. Vera said calmly, 'I think I'm bleeding.'

'Is that exactly what she said?' 25

'Yes, it was me who came, you see. Those were her words.'

So Vera was frightened. She said 'I think' when she knew. Or perhaps she didn't want to frighten the nurse. The nurse lifted the sheet. She looked and then she said, 'It's all right. You're fine,' and then she ran, her feet striking the hard floor all the way down the ward. Next, there was a metal trolley and porters lifting Vera on to it. The nurse ran alongside the trolley as it clattered down the corridor to the lift. Vera said she felt faint, then closed her eyes. 30

And then what? Then the clean, shabby hospital wall, and the shut door. Anna can't go any farther with her mother. And then there was her father, kneeling by Vera's bed with his hands over his face. Anna touched her mother's soft, warm cheek, but the gaping face belonged to someone else. All the sense had gone out of it. 35

Vera was forty-one.

'There's always a greater risk, you understand,' someone said. 40

But how could it be Vera who had died in this way? It wasn't like her at all. She knew about bodies, and hospitals. She understood the limits of what should happen to people. Health was her job and her life. She knew what Anna should eat, and how many hours she should study. She'd talked to Anna about her periods before they started, telling her just enough and not too much. 'When you have children,' she'd said. Not 'When I have children.' Vera's days of children were over, it went without saying. She had Anna. 45

But she died at forty-one. She left her child to Anna. In the end, instead

of freeing her daughter, she put a child into her arms. That red, squirming thing they were swaddling in the next room. Kolya.

50

[from Chapter 1]

How does Dunmore's writing movingly portray Vera's death in this passage?

- Or** **14** Explore the ways in which Dunmore vividly conveys to you the importance of food in the novel.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the centre of the circle, and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned towards Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said; 'Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say, as you've been robbed? speak out.' 5

'He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him,' cried Jem Rodney, hastily. 'What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it.' 10

'Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say,' said the landlord. 'Now then, Master Marner.'

Silas now told his story under frequent questioning, as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident. 15

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbours, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud. 20

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him, gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbours to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr Macey observed, 'Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed' as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be, that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait till the door was left unlocked, was a question which did not present itself. 25

'It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner,' said the landlord. 'You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink – but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account.' 30

'Ay, ay,' said Mr Macey; 'let's have no accusing o' the innocent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innocent, Master Marner.' 35

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be wakened by these words. With a movement of compunction, as new and strange to 40

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him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face. 50

'I was wrong,' he said – 'yes, yes – I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you – I won't accuse anybody – only,' he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery, 'I try – I try to think where my money can be.' 55

[from Chapter 7]

How does Eliot vividly convey to you the significance of this moment for Silas?

Or **16** How does Eliot's writing make Dunstan (Dunsey) Cass such a dislikeable character?

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

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Mr Hooper said, 'This is the Strand, this is Trafalgar Square, this is the Mall, there is Buckingham Palace ...'

'I know.'

But the taxi skidded in and out of the traffic, and Mr Hooper did not listen, he recited the names of streets and buildings because of his belief in the usefulness and fascination of such facts.

5

Kingshaw said, 'We *lived* in London.'

'Ah, yes! Now that is St George's Hospital ...'

He did not like being here with Mr Hooper. It was like being with a stranger, one of the masters from school, perhaps, it felt odd. He could think of nothing at all to say, except in answer to questions. They walked very quietly across the grey carpets of the department store, towards School Outfitting, and the rooms smelled of perfume and new cloth. He thought, I could run away. I could get into the lift and go down the other staircase, and out into the street, I would be lost.

10

But he would not do it. It would be worse, alone in the city streets, full of strange people, than it had been alone in Hang Wood. The noise confused him, the way everybody pushed about. He had forgotten London. Mr Hooper said, 'Well, now ...' There was a man with striped trousers and a tape-measure. Kingshaw had never been shopping with anyone except his mother. He was measured and pushed in and out of the sleeves of blazers and the legs of shorts, and Mr Hooper and the man talked about him over the top of his head, he felt as though he was not really here, not really himself. He said nothing. But when he looked in the tall glass, and saw himself like Hooper, in the black and gold uniform, looked into his own eyes, he knew that there was no more hope for him, that it had all begun.

15

20

25

Hooper was playing with the silver cardboard model of the fort, rolling the marble down and letting it drop through the chute, over and over again. Kingshaw watched him for a moment, his fury rising, and then began to run, down the corridor and the staircase, across the hall and into the sitting room, clenching and unclenching his hands.

30

Mr Hooper was pouring out two glasses of sherry from a bottle. The windows of the sitting room were open onto the silent lawn.

Kingshaw shouted, 'It's *my* model, you gave him my model, the one I made, and you didn't even ask. I didn't want him to have that, you shouldn't give him *any* of my things.'

35

He saw the look that passed between his mother and Mr Hooper, knew what they were thinking of him, and it made him want to strike out at them, in rage, he felt misjudged by them. He thought, they don't want me, they don't want anything to do with me here, they want themselves and Hooper, there is no place for me.

40

'You've got to make him give it back. He's got plenty of things, he's got everything. He's got to give me back my model.'

'Charles ...'

'It's mine, mine, *mine*, he isn't to have *anything* of mine.'

45

When Mr Hooper stepped forward quickly, and struck him across the cheek, he heard the sound of it sharply, through his own head, and

out in the room, too, saw his mother's face, full of relief and shock, and Mr Hooper's, as he stood over him. And then the silence. None of them moved. Silence and silence.

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The telephone rang. Mr Hooper went out of the door and into the hall.

'I think you had better go quietly upstairs, Charles. I'm sure you can understand why. And perhaps you will also try and understand how very much you have upset me.'

He did not look at her.

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[from Chapter 15]

How does Hill vividly convey the unfairness which Charles Kingshaw experiences at this point in the novel?

Or **18** Does Hill's writing make it possible for you to feel any sympathy for Hooper?

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:

Mr Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, 'If you will come with me in my cab,' he said, 'I think I can take you to his house.'

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest. 5 10 15

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling. 20 25

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday. 30

'Very well then, we wish to see his rooms,' said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, 'I had better tell you who this person is,' he added. 'This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard.' 35

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. 'Ah!' said she, 'he is in trouble! What has he done?'

Mr Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. 'He don't seem a very popular character,' observed the latter. 'And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us.' 40

[from Chapter 4, 'The Carew Murder Case']

In what ways does Stevenson's writing make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

Or **20** How does Stevenson strikingly portray the friendship between Mr Utterson and Dr Jekyll in the novel?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 21 Read this extract from *The Rain Horse* (by Ted Hughes), and then answer the question that follows it:

He came out at the woodside, in open battle now, still searching for the right stones. There were plenty here, piled and scattered where they had been ploughed out of the field. He selected two, then straightened and saw the horse twenty yards off in the middle of the steep field, watching him calmly. They looked at each other.

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'Out of it!' he shouted, brandishing his arm. 'Out of it! Go on!' The horse twitched its pricked ears. With all his force he threw. The stone soared and landed beyond with a soft thud. He re-armed and threw again. For several minutes he kept up his bombardment without a single hit, working himself up into a despair and throwing more and more wildly, till his arm began to ache with the unaccustomed exercise. Throughout the performance the horse watched him fixedly. Finally he had to stop and ease his shoulder muscles. As if the horse had been waiting for just this, it dipped its head twice and came at him.

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He snatched up two stones and roaring with all his strength flung the one in his right hand. He was astonished at the crack of the impact. It was as if he had struck a tile – and the horse actually stumbled. With another roar he jumped forward and hurled his other stone. His aim seemed to be under superior guidance. The stone struck and rebounded straight up into the air, spinning fiercely, as the horse swirled away and went careering down towards the far bottom corner of the field, at first with great, swinging leaps, then at a canter, leaving deep churned holes in the soil.

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It turned up the far side of the field, climbing till it was level with him. He felt a little surprise of pity to see it shaking its head, and once it paused to lower its head and paw over its ear with its forehoof as a cat does.

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'You stay there!' he shouted. 'Keep your distance and you'll not get hurt.'

And indeed the horse did stop at that moment, almost obediently. It watched him as he climbed to the crest.

The rain swept into his face and he realised that he was freezing, as if his very flesh were sodden. The farm seemed miles away over the dreary fields. Without another glance at the horse – he felt too exhausted to care now what it did – he loaded the crook of his left arm with stones and plunged out on to the waste of mud.

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He was halfway to the first hedge before the horse appeared, silhouetted against the sky at the corner of the wood, head high and attentive, watching his laborious retreat over the three fields.

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The ankle-deep clay dragged at him. Every stride was a separate, deliberate effort, forcing him up and out of the sucking earth, burdened as he was by his sogged clothes and load of stones and limbs that seemed themselves to be turning to mud. He fought to keep his breathing even, two strides in, two strides out, the air ripping his lungs. In the middle of the last field he stopped and looked around. The horse, tiny on the skyline, had not moved.

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At the corner of the field he unlocked his clasped arms and dumped the stones by the gatepost, then leaned on the gate. The farm was in front of him. He became conscious of the rain again and suddenly longed to stretch out full-length under it, to take the cooling, healing drops all over

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his body and forget himself in the last wretchedness of the mud. Making an effort, he heaved his weight over the gate-top. He leaned again, looking up at the hill.

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Rain was dissolving land and sky together like a wet watercolour as the afternoon darkened. He concentrated, raising his head, searching the skyline from end to end. The horse had vanished. The hill looked lifeless and desolate, an island lifting out of the sea, awash with every tide.

Under the long shed where the tractors, plough, binders and the rest were drawn up, waiting for their seasons, he sat on a sack thrown over a petrol drum, trembling, his lungs heaving. The mingled smell of paraffin, creosote, fertiliser, dust – all was exactly as he had left it twelve years ago. The ragged swallows' nests were still there tucked in the angles of the rafters. He remembered three dead foxes hanging in a row from one of the beams, their teeth bloody.

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The ordeal with the horse had already sunk from reality. It hung under the surface of his mind, an obscure confusion of fright and shame, as after a narrowly escaped street accident. There was a solid pain in his chest, like a spike of bone stabbing, that made him wonder if he had strained his heart on that last stupid burdened run. Piece by piece he began to take off his clothes, wringing the grey water out of them, but soon he stopped that and just sat staring at the ground, as if some important part had been cut out of his brain.

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How does Hughes make this such a powerful ending to the story?

- Or 22 What does the writer make you feel about **either** Mr Twycott in *The Son's Veto* (by Thomas Hardy) **or** the husband in *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif)?

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