Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2017**

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 **26** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** Insert.

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CONTENTS

Section A: Poetry

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 5	1, 2	pages 4–5
Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 1	3, 4	pages 6–7
Gillian Clarke: from *Collected Poems*	5, 6	pages 8–10

Section B: Prose

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Chinua Achebe: *No Longer at Ease*	7, 8	pages 12–13
Jane Austen: *Mansfield Park*	9, 10	pages 14–15
Willa Cather: *My Ántonia*	11, 12	pages 16–17
George Eliot: *Silas Marner*	13, 14	pages 18–19
Michael Frayn: *Spies*	15, 16	pages 20–21
Kate Grenville: *The Secret River*	17, 18	pages 22–23
R K Narayan: *The English Teacher*	19, 20	pages 24–25
from *Stories of Ourselves*	21, 22	pages 26–27

[Turn over

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:

For Heidi With Blue Hair

When you dyed your hair blue
(or, at least, ultramarine
for the clipped sides, with a crest
of jet-black spikes on top)
you were sent home from school

because, as the headmistress put it,
although dyed hair was not
specifically forbidden, yours
was, apart from anything else,
not done in the school colours.

Tears in the kitchen, telephone-calls
to school from your freedom-loving father:
'She's not a punk in her behaviour;
it's just a style.' (You wiped your eyes,
also not in a school colour.)

'She discussed it with me first –
we checked the rules.' 'And anyway, Dad,
it cost twenty-five dollars.
Tell them it won't wash out –
not even if I wanted to try.'

It would have been unfair to mention
your mother's death, but that
shimmered behind the arguments.
The school had nothing else against you;
the teachers twittered and gave in.

Next day your black friend had hers done
in grey, white and flaxen yellow –
the school colours precisely:
an act of solidarity, a witty
tease. The battle was already won.

(*Fleur Adcock*)

How does Adcock's writing make this poem both amusing and serious?

Or **2** Explore the ways in which Mew movingly writes about her feelings of loss in *The Trees Are Down*.

The Trees Are Down

– and he cried with a loud voice:
Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees – (Revelation)

They are cutting down the great plane-trees at the end of the garden.
For days there has been the grate of the saw, the swish of the
branches as they fall.
The crash of trunks, the rustle of trodden leaves,
With the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas', the loud common talk, the
loud common laughs of the men, above it all.

I remember one evening of a long past Spring
Turning in at a gate, getting out of a cart, and finding a large
dead rat in the mud of the drive.
I remember thinking: alive or dead, a rat was a god-forsaken thing,
But at least, in May, that even a rat should be alive.
The week's work here is as good as done. There is just one bough
On the roped bole, in the fine grey rain,
Green and high
And lonely against the sky.
(Down now! –)
And but for that,
If an old dead rat
Did once, for a moment, unmake the Spring, I might never have
thought of him again.

It is not for a moment the Spring is unmade to-day;
These were great trees, it was in them from root to stem:
When the men with the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas' have carted
the whole of the whispering loveliness away
Half the Spring, for me, will have gone with them.

It is going now, and my heart has been struck with the hearts of
the planes;
Half my life it has beat with these, in the sun, in the rains,
In the March wind, the May breeze,
In the great gales that came over to them across the roofs from
the great seas.
There was only a quiet rain when they were dying;
They must have heard the sparrows flying,
And the small creeping creatures in the earth where they were lying –
But I, all day, I heard an angel crying:
'Hurt not the trees'.

(*Charlotte Mew*)

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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:

Last Sonnet

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
  Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
  Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
  Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
  Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
  Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
  Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
    Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
    And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

(*John Keats*)

How does Keats movingly convey powerful emotions in this poem?

Or **4** Explore the ways in which Sitwell uses imagery to powerful effect 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:

Miracle on St David's Day

'They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude'
The Daffodils by W. Wordsworth

An afternoon yellow and open-mouthed
with daffodils. The sun treads the path
among cedars and enormous oaks.
It might be a country house, guests strolling,
the rumps of gardeners between nursery shrubs.

I am reading poetry to the insane.
An old woman, interrupting, offers
as many buckets of coal as I need.
A beautiful chestnut-haired boy listens
entirely absorbed. A schizophrenic

on a good day, they tell me later.
In a cage of first March sun a woman
sits not listening, not seeing, not feeling.
In her neat clothes the woman is absent.
A big, mild man is tenderly led

to his chair. He has never spoken.
His labourer's hands on his knees, he rocks
gently to the rhythms of the poems.
I read to their presences, absences,
to the big, dumb labouring man as he rocks.

He is suddenly standing, silently,
huge and mild, but I feel afraid. Like slow
movement of spring water or the first bird
of the year in the breaking darkness,
the labourer's voice recites 'The Daffodils'.

The nurses are frozen, alert; the patients
seem to listen. He is hoarse but word-perfect.
Outside the daffodils are still as wax,
a thousand, ten thousand, their syllables
unspoken, their creams and yellows still.

Forty years ago, in a Valleys school,
the class recited poetry by rote.
Since the dumbness of misery fell
he has remembered there was a music
of speech and that once he had something to say. *35*

When he's done, before the applause, we observe
the flowers' silence. A thrush sings
and the daffodils are flame.

How does Clarke movingly convey the impact of her experience in this poem?

Or **6** Explore the ways in which Clarke powerfully depicts the nature of the bird in *Buzzard*.

Buzzard

No sutures in the steep brow
of this cranium, as in mine
or yours. Delicate ellipse
as smooth as her own egg

or the cleft flesh of a fruit.
From the plundered bones on the hill,
like a fire in its morning ashes,
you guess it's a buzzard's skull.

You carry it gently home,
hoping no Last Day of the birds
will demand assembly
of her numerous white parts.

In the spaces we can't see
on the other side of walls
as fine as paper, brain and eye
dry out under the gossamers.

Between the sky and the mouse
that moves at the barley field's
spinning perimeter, only
a mile of air and the ganging

crows, their cries stones at her head.
In death, the last stoop, all's risked.
She scorns the scavengers
who feed on death, and never

feel the lightning flash of heart
dropping on heart, warm fur, blood.

Turn to page 12 for SECTION B.

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *No Longer at Ease*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The doctor counted his wad of notes carefully, folded it and put it in his pocket.

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Women are very funny creatures, you know.'

[from Chapter 16]

In what ways does Achebe create tension at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** The men of Umuofia describe Obi as foolish. How far does Achebe lead you to agree with this description?

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:

At last the scene was over, and Fanny forced herself to add her praise to the compliments each was giving the other; and when again alone and able to recall the whole, she was inclined to believe their performance would, indeed, have such nature and feeling in it as must ensure their credit, and make it a very suffering exhibition to herself. Whatever might be its effect, however, she must stand the brunt of it again that very day.

The first regular rehearsal of the three first acts was certainly to take place in the evening; Mrs. Grant and the Crawfords were engaged to return for that purpose as soon as they could after dinner; and every one concerned was looking forward with eagerness. There seemed a general diffusion of cheerfulness on the occasion; Tom was enjoying such an advance towards the end, Edmund was in spirits from the morning's rehearsal, and little vexations seemed every where smoothed away. All were alert and impatient; the ladies moved soon, the gentlemen soon followed them, and with the exception of Lady Bertram, Mrs. Norris, and Julia, every body was in the theatre at an early hour, and having lighted it up as well as its unfinished state admitted, were waiting only the arrival of Mrs. Grant and the Crawfords to begin.

They did not wait long for the Crawfords, but there was no Mrs. Grant. She could not come. Dr. Grant, professing an indisposition, for which he had little credit with his fair sister-in-law, could not spare his wife.

"Dr. Grant is ill," said she, with mock solemnity. "He has been ill ever since; he did not eat any of the pheasant to day. He fancied it tough—sent away his plate—and has been suffering ever since."

Here was disappointment! Mrs. Grant's non-attendance was sad indeed. Her pleasant manners and cheerful conformity made her always valuable amongst them—but *now* she was absolutely necessary. They could not act, they could not rehearse with any satisfaction without her. The comfort of the whole evening was destroyed. What was to be done? Tom, as Cottager, was in despair. After a pause of perplexity, some eyes began to be turned towards Fanny, and a voice or two, to say, "If Miss Price would be so good as to *read* the part." She was immediately surrounded by supplications, every body asked it, even Edmund said, "Do Fanny, if it is not *very* disagreeable to you."

But Fanny still hung back. She could not endure the idea of it. Why was not Miss Crawford to be applied to as well? Or why had not she rather gone to her own room, as she had felt to be safest, instead of attending the rehearsal at all? She had known it would irritate and distress her—she had known it her duty to keep away. She was properly punished.

"You have only to *read* the part," said Henry Crawford, with renewed intreaty.

"And I do believe she can say every word of it," added Maria, "for she could put Mrs. Grant right the other day in twenty places. Fanny, I am sure you know the part."

Fanny could not say she did *not*—and as they all persevered—as Edmund repeated his wish, and with a look of even fond dependence on her good nature, she must yield. She would do her best. Every body was

satisfied—and she was left to the tremors of a most palpitating heart, while the others prepared to begin.

They *did* begin—and being too much engaged in their own noise, to be struck by unusual noise in the other part of the house, had proceeded some way when the door of the room was thrown open, and Julia appearing at it, with a face all aghast, exclaimed, "My father is come! He is in the hall at this moment."

[from Chapter 18]

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

Or **10** To what extent does Austen persuade you that there is anything to admire about Lady Bertram?

[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:

On the morning of the twenty-second I wakened with a start. Before I opened my eyes, I seemed to know that something had happened. I heard excited voices in the kitchen — grandmother's was so shrill that I knew she must be almost beside herself. I looked forward to any new crisis with delight. What could it be, I wondered, as I hurried into my clothes. Perhaps the barn had burned; perhaps the cattle had frozen to death; perhaps a neighbour was lost in the storm.

Down in the kitchen grandfather was standing before the stove with his hands behind him. Jake and Otto had taken off their boots and were rubbing their woollen socks. Their clothes and boots were steaming, and they both looked exhausted. On the bench behind the stove lay a man, covered up with a blanket. Grandmother motioned me to the dining-room. I obeyed reluctantly. I watched her as she came and went, carrying dishes. Her lips were tightly compressed and she kept whispering to herself: 'Oh, dear Saviour!' 'Lord, Thou knowest!'

Presently grandfather came in and spoke to me: 'Jimmy, we will not have prayers this morning, because we have a great deal to do. Old Mr. Shimerda is dead, and his family are in great distress. Ambrosch came over here in the middle of the night, and Jake and Otto went back with him. The boys have had a hard night, and you must not bother them with questions. That is Ambrosch, asleep on the bench. Come in to breakfast, boys.'

After Jake and Otto had swallowed their first cup of coffee, they began to talk excitedly, disregarding grandmother's warning glances. I held my tongue, but I listened with all my ears.

'No, sir,' Fuchs said in answer to a question from grandfather, 'nobody heard the gun go off. Ambrosch was out with the ox-team, trying to break a road, and the women-folks was shut up tight in their cave. When Ambrosch come in, it was dark and he didn't see nothing, but the oxen acted kind of queer. One of 'em ripped around and got away from him — bolted clean out of the stable. His hands is blistered where the rope run through. He got a lantern and went back and found the old man, just as we seen him.'

'Poor soul, poor soul!' grandmother groaned. 'I'd like to think he never done it. He was always considerate and un-wishful to give trouble. How could he forget himself and bring this on us!'

'I don't think he was out of his head for a minute, Mrs. Burden,' Fuchs declared. 'He done everything natural. You know he was always sort of fixy, and fixy he was to the last. He shaved after dinner, and washed hisself all over after the girls had done the dishes. Ántonia heated the water for him. Then he put on a clean shirt and clean socks, and after he was dressed he kissed her and the little one and took his gun and said he was going out to hunt rabbits. He must have gone right down to the barn and done it then. He layed down on that bunk-bed, close to the ox stalls, where he always slept. When we found him, everything was decent except' — Fuchs wrinkled his brow and hesitated — 'except what he couldn't nowise foresee. His coat was hung on a peg, and his boots was under the bed. He'd took off that silk neckcloth he always wore, and folded it smooth and

stuck his pin through it. He turned back his shirt at the neck and rolled up his sleeves.'

'I don't see how he could do it!' grandmother kept saying.

Otto misunderstood her. 'Why, ma'm, it was simple enough; he pulled the trigger with his big toe. He layed over on his side and put the end of the barrel in his mouth, then he drew up one foot and felt for the trigger. He found it all right!'

'Maybe he did,' said Jake grimly. 'There's something mighty queer about it.'

'Now what do you mean, Jake?' grandmother asked sharply.

'Well, ma'm, I found Krajiek's axe under the manger, and I picks it up and carries it over to the corpse, and I take my oath it just fit the gash in the front of the old man's face. That there Krajiek had been sneakin' round, pale and quiet, and when he seen me examinin' the axe, he begun whimperin', "My God, man, don't do that!" "I reckon I'm a-goin' to look into this," says I. Then he begun to squeal like a rat and run about wringin' his hands. "They'll hang me!" says he. "My God, they'll hang me sure!"'

Fuchs spoke up impatiently. 'Krajiek's gone silly, Jake, and so have you. The old man wouldn't have made all them preparations for Krajiek to murder him, would he? It don't hang together. The gun was right beside him when Ambrosch found him.'

[from Book 1 Chapter 14]

How does Cather's writing make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Cather makes Lena Lingard such a likeable character.

[Turn over

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The search was made, and it ended – in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, 'William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me.'

'Brother,' said William, 'how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?'

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

'I remember now – the knife wasn't in my pocket.'

William said, 'I know nothing of what you mean.' The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, 'I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.'

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then – that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation –

'The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.'

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, 'I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas.'

[from Part 1 Chapter 1]

How does Eliot make William Dane's betrayal of Silas so disturbing at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** In what ways does Eliot movingly portray the challenges Silas faces in becoming a father to Eppie?

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:

And once again I set out on that horrible journey.

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A single quiet word:

'Stephen?'

[from Chapter 9]

How does Frayn's writing powerfully create tension at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** How does Frayn make Keith's mother such a fascinating person for Stephen?

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:

As the *Queen* pointed towards the gap between the island and the headland, Thornhill saw that Blackwood was tight as a fiddle-string. Those great slow swells, steady enough when they had plenty of sea room, were being funnelled into a tight neck of water that broke them into an angry chop and surge. The wind split against the pieces of land, eddying, veering, buffeting in confusion. The *Queen* seemed absurdly tiny, tossed like a leaf.

Blackwood never took his eyes off the water, did not even seem to blink. His brown fist was closed around the tiller, his eyes half closed against the spray and wind, his cheeks wet as with tears. He leaned forward to keep his footing, his solid lighterman's legs braced against the planks.

The *Queen* was a tough little lump, shuddering up and crashing down into the waves, but Thornhill had heard of boats pounded to pieces in such seas, the planks springing out of the stem, water pouring in. His fear had gone beyond feeling now, to a numbness where he could only watch Blackwood and hope. He gripped the gunwale and would have prayed, if he had known any God to pray to.

Then they were through. The sea was still churning and seething beneath the boat, but the wind was muted by land on all sides. They had pushed through into another geography altogether.

They call this Broken Bay, Blackwood said. *River comes in yonder.* He pointed ahead, where Thornhill could see only confusing stretches of water and thickly forested headlands. *Best hidden river in the world,* Blackwood said with satisfaction. *Never find your way in nor you'd been shown like I'm showing you.*

Looking inland, where gusts of wind scraped at the water, Thornhill strained to find that secret river. In every direction, the reaches of Broken Bay seemed to end in yet another wall of rock and forest. A man could sail around for days and never find his way into the Hawkesbury.

Blackwood pointed the boat towards a solid wall of land, a heaped-up ridge that tumbled down into the water all cliffs and skinny trees that grew out of the very stones themselves, and what had seemed a dead end slyly opened up into a stretch of river between cliffs. As the boat glided along on the tide, the cliffs rose sheer on both sides, mouse-grey except where the wind had exposed buttery rock, as if the landscape itself was a dark-skinned creature with golden flesh beneath.

The rock had been laid down flat, layer after layer piled high like flitches of timber. As it had worn away, great slabs the size of a house had fallen off and tumbled all skewiff at the foot of the cliffs. Some lay half in the water, melting away. Where the cliff met the water a tangle of snake-like roots, vines and mangroves knotted around the fallen boulders.

This was a place out of a dream, a fierce landscape of chasms and glowering cliffs and a vast unpredictable sky. Everywhere was the same but everywhere was different. Thornhill felt his eyes wide open, straining to find something they could understand.

It seemed the emptiest place in the world, too wild for any man to have made it his home. Then Blackwood said, *See yonder?* and pointed with his blunt hand at a promontory to port. Beyond the fringe of mangroves

Thornhill could see tussocky grass and trees, and a heap of something pale. *Oysters, the shells,* Blackwood said, and watched the promontory fall behind them. *Suck the guts out, chuck the shells away. Been doing it since the year dot.* He laughed. *And fish! My word they get the fish.*

Not putting none by? Thornhill said. *For tomorrow, like?* Blackwood gave him an amused look. *Aye,* he said. *Not putting none by.* He slapped at a mosquito on his arm. *Why would they? River ain't going nowhere.*

Thornhill glanced around. A breeze made leaves shiver and catch the light, casting shadows that shifted and speckled differently every moment. *Where are they, then,* he asked. Blackwood took his time answering. *Every-bloody-where, mate,* he said, gesturing up ahead. Thornhill saw smoke rising thin into the air, almost lost against the rocks and trees. He turned and glanced astern and there was another grey column. It might have been smoke or the light. Blackwood did not need to glance. *They seen us all right,* he said. *Now they're telling the others, up the line.* Thornhill stared into the tangle of trees and rocks on the bank. He saw something move: a man gesturing, or just a branch behaving like a man?

Blackwood gave Thornhill a short judging look. *One thing you best know, only time we see them is when they want us to.*

[from Part Two]

How does Grenville's writing powerfully convey the strangeness of Will's experience at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** In what ways does Grenville strikingly portray the injustices of the English legal system in the novel?

[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:

Half an hour passed. 'What is Susila doing with herself so long?' I thought. I jumped down, saying: 'Wait a minute, please,' and ran round to the backyard.

I noticed as I went along what a lot of space there was for making a small manageable garden. The fertility of the surrounding fields had affected this place too and there was a growth of pleasant green grass and one or two uncared-for bushes of leucas – which put forth small, whitish flowers. 'This poor plant is the first to be removed whenever a garden is made, because it grows naturally – but I shall make a point of preserving it.' I stopped and plucked a flower. I wondered what ideas Susila had for the garden, and decided that the bulk of it should be left to her care and management. 'I am sure she is thinking of a very grand kitchen garden in the backyard …' I told myself. I went on to the backyard, where a few young coconut trees threw a sparse shade around. Susila was not to be seen. I looked for her and called, 'Susila! Susila!' She answered from somewhere. I called again, and she cried: 'Push the door open! I can't open it from this side.' I found that her voice came from the other side of a green-painted lavatory door. I gave it a kick and it flew open. Out she came – red and trembling. I looked at her and felt disturbed.

'What – what were you doing here?' I asked. She was panting with excitement. She was still shivering. I seated her on a stone slab nearby. 'What is the matter? What is the matter?'

'I went in there. The door was so bright and I thought it'd be clean inside … but oh!' she screwed up her face and I shuddered, unable to bear the disgust that came with recollection. I felt agitated. 'Why did you go there?' I cried. She didn't answer. It was a sad anti-climax to a very pleasing morning. I looked at her feet. 'You went in barefoot?' She nodded.

'Where are your sandals?'

'I forgot them at home.' I shook my head in despair. 'I have told you a hundred times not to come out barefoot. And yet …' She merely looked at me without replying. Her face was beaded with perspiration. Her cheeks were flushed. She was still trembling. I melted at the sight of it: 'Oh, darling, why did you go there?'

'The door was so bright …' she replied softly. 'I thought it'd be clean inside too … but I couldn't come out after I went in – the door shut by itself with a bang. I thought something terrible had happened … . Ah, the flies and other things there!' She was convulsed with disgust. 'Oh, oh … A fly came and sat on my lip … .' She wouldn't bring her lips together. She kept rubbing them with her fingers in an effort to eradicate the touch of the fly … . I said: 'There is the water tap. Rinse your mouth, and wash your feet, you will be all right. Don't think of it any more.' She jumped up on the stone slab, turned the tap on and washed her hands and feet and mouth, again and again. She rubbed her feet on the stone till they were red and till they smarted. It looked as though she would not stop this operation. I said:

'You'll hurt yourself, or you may catch a cold. Come away. Don't bother about it any more. You are all right.' *45*

[from Chapter 3]

How does Narayan's writing make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Narayan vividly conveys the lessons Krishna learns from his daughter and the children in the nursery.

[Turn over

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *Tyres* (by Adam Thorpe), and then answer the question that follows it:

Then the village, one Sunday, was crossed with the darkest shadow of war – that of blood. We were sitting down to eat when the rumble of a convoy sounded. 'Bloody Boche,' murmured my father, followed by something ruder, in *patois.* A few minutes later there was shouting, and sounds of gunfire from the northern end of the village, near the little crossroads. There was lots of banging on doors, and we were all told to pay a visit to the *Mairie.* In the larger room, on the big table there used for the meetings of the *Conseil Municipal,* were laid three bodies. Their guts were literally looped and dripping almost to the floor, ripped open by that brief burst of gunfire. One of them was a local man, the son of the butcher, a little older than myself. The other two I did not know. They looked surprised in death, and it was said later that, though all three members were of the Maquis, no one knew why they had taken that road slap-bang into the German convoy, and then reversed in such panic. I know why: because, for all their bravery, they were mortals, and felt mortal fear. I was sick in the gutter, immediately afterwards, to my shame. We all – the whole village – filed past the bodies and came out silent and pale. A few of us cried. I had never seen anything like it before, the only dead person I had ever looked at being my poor mother, at peace in her bed. The following week they looped a rope around the long neck of Petit Ours, whom they'd caught in a botched raid on the *gendarmerie,* and pushed him from the town bridge – over which the schoolchildren were forced to walk class by class in the afternoon, while the body swayed in the wind. The Mayor had to give a speech, thanking the Boche for keeping public order and so forth. The atmosphere was terrible. It crept up the road and cast my father and I, and most of our clients, into a deep gloom.

But some of our clients, of course, were Germans. One, in particular, was a large, friendly man – and probably the very chap, as an officer of the Gestapo, keeping an eye on things out here, who had ordered the execution of Petit Ours. His huge, soft-topped Maybach (of which he was very proud, and with good reason) needed a change of tyre about a fortnight later: a sharp stone had finally wormed its way in, on his way to the town. Both spare wheels, carried on each side of the bonnet, had been stolen, but we found the right fit. I remembered the words of the fellow in the café, and the ripped stomachs of the three good men, and the swaying body of Petit Ours, three days after his death, sending foul whiffs of gas up the river. In a shadowy corner of the shed, out of the bright sunlight, I took a brand new inner tube and quietly (though my father was in the office, talking with the fellow) shaved its rubber with a small steel file on a certain spot, until it looked frayed, but still just airtight. I placed this inner tube in the new tyre. The officer's chauffeur and some other armed minion watched me fit it onto the wheel – the nearside front one – but I could scarcely stop my hands from trembling. In those days we tightened the bolts by hand with a box spanner, not a gun, so there was no risk of over-tightening, but I kept dropping the tommy bar with a big clatter. Anyway, I was giving the disk chrome a little polish by the time the big man himself stepped out of the office. I saw him, in the mirror-finish of the chrome, advance towards

me, all distorted, looming over my shoulder like a big bat, and I composed my face and stood up. He pumped my hand and boomed at me about the state of the roads, and my father handed him the bill, which startled him. The fellow patted the bonnet and began to discuss the future of the automobile, while the two minions leaned on the sweeping mud-guard and smoked. His black gloves did a little dance while he talked. He must have been some sort of technical engineer before the war, for he was full of this idea that would avoid 'grovelling in the road' with a jack and getting your knees dirty: some sort of crowbar lever that would work a fitting under the bonnet, and put up either set of wheels as desired, and bring the whole car into suspension with a final twist. (A few years later, in about '48, a British couple in sunglasses stopped for a puncture-repair in a 1.25 litre MG, and laughed when I searched for the jack. It had exactly the same system as the Gestapo officer had described, and I all but burst into tears. They did not understand my upset: they said something about the French having 'a different sense of humour' – which really means none at all, perhaps.)

In what ways does Thorpe make this extract such a shocking depiction of life in war time?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which **one** of the writers of the stories in this selection makes a character particularly unpleasant for you.

Do not use the extract printed above in answering this question.

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