Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2015**

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.

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

This document consists of **26** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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SECTION A: POETRY

THOMAS HARDY: from *Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1** Explore the ways in which Hardy creates a vivid sense that some things do not change despite the passage of time in **both** *In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'* **and** part two of *The Pine Planters*.

In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'

I
Only a man harrowing clods
  In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
  Half asleep as they stalk.

II
Only thin smoke without flame
  From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
  Though Dynasties pass.

III
Yonder a maid and her wight
  Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
  Ere their story die.

from *The Pine Planters*

(*Marty South's Reverie*)

II
From the bundle at hand here
  I take each tree,
And set it to stand, here
  Always to be;
When, in a second,
  As if from fear
Of Life unreckoned
  Beginning here,
It starts a sighing
  Through day and night,
Though while there lying
  'Twas voiceless quite.

It will sigh in the morning,
  Will sigh at noon,
At the winter's warning,

In wafts of June;
Grieving that never
Kind Fate decreed
It should for ever
Remain a seed,
And shun the welter
Of things without,
Unneeding shelter
From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing
For whom or what
We set it growing
In this bleak spot,
It still will grieve here
Throughout its time,
Unable to leave here,
Or change its clime;
Or tell the story
Of us to-day
When, halt and hoary,
We pass away.

Or **2** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

At the Word 'Farewell'

She looked like a bird from a cloud
On the clammy lawn,
Moving alone, bare-browed
In the dim of dawn.
The candles alight in the room
For my parting meal
Made all things withoutdoors loom
Strange, ghostly, unreal.

The hour itself was a ghost,
And it seemed to me then
As of chances the chance furthermost
I should see her again.
I beheld not where all was so fleet
That a Plan of the past
Which had ruled us from birthtime to meet
Was in working at last:

No prelude did I there perceive
To a drama at all,
Or foreshadow what fortune might weave
From beginnings so small;
But I rose as if quicked by a spur
I was bound to obey,
And stepped through the casement to her
Still alone in the gray.

'I am leaving you … Farewell!' I said
As I followed her on
By an alley bare boughs overspread;
'I soon must be gone!'
Even then the scale might have been turned
Against love by a feather,
– But crimson one cheek of hers burned
When we came in together.

How do Hardy's words and images make *At the Word 'Farewell'* so moving?

Turn to page 8 for Question 3

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:

Sonnet

I wish I could remember that first day,
First hour, first moment of your meeting me,
If bright or dim the season, it might be
Summer or Winter for aught I can say;
So unrecorded did it slip away,
So blind was I to see and to foresee,
So dull to mark the budding of my tree
That would not blossom yet for many a May.
If only I could recollect it, such
A day of days! I let it come and go
As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;
It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;
If only now I could recall that touch,
First touch of hand in hand – Did one but know!

(*by Christina Rossetti*)

How does Rossetti vividly convey the speaker's desire to revisit the past in *Sonnet: I wish I could remember that first day*?

Or **4** How does McCarthy strikingly imagine her son's teenage years in *Football after School*?

Football after School
(*to Kerry*)

You'll be one of them in a few years,
warpaint slicked over your face –
your common language jeers,
dribbling the sun about the place
with the premature swagger
of manhood, butting it with your head:
your school tie a stiff striped dagger.

Yes, soon you'll be picking scabs
of kisses off your skin as each kick
makes you dwarf a tree, and stab
a flower; the unset homework
between margins of this makeshift pitch
teaching you more than a textbook
how to survive any monster's switch.

Yet as I look at your porcelain skin,
their granite jowls, I wonder if you'll ever
know how to dodge bruises on your shins
from studded boots, be clever
enough to tackle fouls with something
more than inkstained fists and feet. Perhaps
you'll be too vulnerable for living –

not hooligan enough to trample
into the sod your shadow that grows
twice as fast as yourself, to sample
punches below the belt from one you know
without flinching. I can't prevent
crossbones on your knees
turn bullies into cement –

or confiscate the sun
they'll puncture and put out.
In their robust world I'm no Amazon.
I can only scream inside without a shout
for you not to inherit my fragility:
never to love too much or be aged
as I was by youth's anxiety.

(*by Patricia McCarthy*)

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:

Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

(*by William Wordsworth*)

How does Wordsworth powerfully convey his feelings on looking at London in his poem *Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge*?

Or **6** Explore the ways in which Wright vividly recreates the experience described in *Hunting Snake*.

Hunting Snake

Sun-warmed in this late season's grace
under the autumn's gentlest sky
we walked, and froze half-through a pace.
The great black snake went reeling by.

Head-down, tongue flickering on the trail
he quested through the parting grass;
sun glazed his curves of diamond scale,
and we lost breath to watch him pass.

What track he followed, what small food
fled living from his fierce intent,
we scarcely thought; still as we stood
our eyes went with him as he went.

Cold, dark and splendid he was gone
into the grass that hid his prey.
We took a deeper breath of day,
looked at each other, and went on.

(*by Judith Wright*)

[Turn over

SECTION B: PROSE

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:

Catherine's feelings, as she got into the carriage, were in a very unsettled state; divided between regret for the loss of one great pleasure, and the hope of soon enjoying another, almost its equal in degree, however unlike in kind. She could not think the Tilneys had acted quite well by her, in so readily giving up their engagement, without sending her any message of excuse. It was now but an hour later than the time fixed on for the beginning of their walk; and, in spite of what she had heard of the prodigious accumulation of dirt in the course of that hour, she could not from her own observation help thinking, that they might have gone with very little inconvenience. To feel herself slighted by them was very painful. On the other hand, the delight of exploring an edifice like Udolpho, as her fancy represented Blaize Castle to be, was such a counterpoise of good, as might console her for almost anything.

They passed briskly down Pulteney Street, and through Laura Place, without the exchange of many words. Thorpe talked to his horse, and she meditated, by turns, on broken promises and broken arches, phaetons and false hangings, Tilneys and trap-doors. As they entered Argyle Buildings, however, she was roused by this address from her companion, 'Who is that girl who looked at you so hard as she went by?'

'Who? – where?'

'On the right-hand pavement – she must be almost out of sight now.' Catherine looked round and saw Miss Tilney leaning on her brother's arm, walking slowly down the street. She saw them both looking back at her. 'Stop, stop, Mr Thorpe,' she impatiently cried, 'it is Miss Tilney; it is indeed. – How could you tell me they were gone? – Stop, stop, I will get out this moment and go to them.' But to what purpose did she speak? – Thorpe only lashed his horse into a brisker trot; the Tilneys, who had soon ceased to look after her, were in a moment out of sight round the corner of Laura Place, and in another moment she was herself whisked into the Market Place. Still, however, and during the length of another street, she entreated him to stop. 'Pray, pray stop, Mr Thorpe. – I cannot go on. – I will not go on. – I must go back to Miss Tilney.' But Mr Thorpe only laughed, smacked his whip, encouraged his horse, made odd noises, and drove on; and Catherine, angry and vexed as she was, having no power of getting away, was obliged to give up the point and submit. Her reproaches, however, were not spared. 'How could you deceive me so, Mr Thorpe? – How could you say, that you saw them driving up the Lansdown Road? – I would not have had it happen so for the world. – They must think it so strange; so rude of me! to go by them, too, without saying a word! You do not know how vexed I am. – I shall have no pleasure at Clifton, nor in anything else. I had rather, ten thousand times rather get out now, and walk back to them. How could you say, you saw them driving out in a phaeton?' Thorpe defended himself very stoutly, declared he had never seen two men so much alike in his life, and would hardly give up the point of its having been Tilney himself.

[from Chapter 11]

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

Or **8** To what extent does Austen's writing persuade you that Catherine grows up because of her experiences?

[Turn over

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:

Nyasha gave me the impression of moving, always moving and striving towards some state that she had seen and accepted a long time ago. Apprehensive as I was, vague as I was about the nature of her destination, I wanted to go with her. I did not want to be left behind. And being so young, time measured in hours and half hours was important, so I did not want to spend three whole weeks away from my cousin.

Knowing I would be at a loss without her, I was tempted to ask Babamukuru whether I could go with them to the mission, but in the end I decided not to because I knew he would refuse and be justified in doing so. There was much work to be done in the fields, in the garden, in the home. And, of course, I could not leave my mother, who was not well.

We all gathered in the yard, my father, my mother, Takesure, Lucia, my little sisters and myself, to wave them off, with everybody laughing and talking, saying my uncle must be sure to come back soon, bringing Maiguru, Nyasha and Chido as well with him. And then my relatives were in the car, rolling out of the yard and out of sight. A sigh escaped from us and we all felt oddly relieved.

'Whew! It was good to have *Mukoma* here, it was good,' observed my father, 'but it puts a weight on your shoulders, a great weight on your shoulders!'

'It's true,' nodded Takesure, leering lasciviously at Lucia. 'Dhiya! There's nothing to be afraid of any more. Won't you come back to the *hozi* tonight?'

'Maybe if you cut my hands off,' retorted Lucia. 'Then you might be useful.'

'But you have the hands and you are still here. So you are waiting, aren't you? Just waiting to come back into the *hozi*.'

Lucia was careful not to be provoked. 'You know why I'm waiting? For my sister, isn't it? As soon as my sister makes up her mind what she wants, you won't see me here any more.'

My father and Takesure found this amusing. They had a good laugh at Lucia's expense.

'Now what is this I am hearing!' gurgled Takesure. 'The woman thinks she can go away. Just like that. Now, Lucia, where do you say you will go? Aren't you waiting for me to take you to my home?'

Those men! They never realised that Lucia was a serious person. Her laughter, like her temper, was hearty and quick but never superficial. And she thought a lot, did Lucia; although she laughed at herself, thinking was a slow painful process for her because her mind had not been trained by schooling to do it quickly. In the days after the *dare* she had thought a lot about whether to leave, but she knew that her actions had consequences and was not frightened by the fact. So she waited for my mother to make up her mind whether she would go as well or not. Since for most of her life my mother's mind, belonging first to her father and then to her husband, had not been hers to make up, she was finding it difficult to come to a decision.

[from Chapter 8]

How does Dangarembga make this such a significant moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore the ways in which Dangarembga powerfully shows that women are **not** always dominated by men in the society of *Nervous Conditions*.

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:

Then one day Papa arrived at the house. Uma's mouth fell open with shock and alarm when she saw him storming in at the door, and hurried towards him, afraid that he had brought bad news. It was bad, but it was not anything she had expected: Papa had learnt that they had been duped. Harish was married already, had a wife and four children in Meerut where he ran an ailing pharmaceutical factory to save which he had needed another dowry which had led him to marry again.

The scene that followed was surely a unique and memorable one but Uma's response to it was to shut not only her eyes and ears to it – she had gone into her room, shut the door and sat on the bed, wrapping her sari over her head, around her ears and mouth and eyes, till it was all over – but even her mind, so as to block out a memory she could not have lived with. It consisted of Papa raving and ranting at one end, the mother-in-law screaming and screeching at the other, the brothers shouting and threatening in between, and the sisters-in-law clustering together to watch all the parties in a kind of bitter satisfaction.

So Uma went home with Papa. By doing the same journey on a day train, it was as if the entire process was being reversed. The compartment was crowded this time with strangers, but Papa had so lost control of himself, was so beside himself, as not to behave normally or sanely: he beat his head with his fists, and moaned aloud about the dowry and the wedding expenses while everyone, all of them strangers – women with babies and baskets of food, men reading papers or playing cards or discussing business – turned to listen with the keenest of interest, throwing significant looks at Uma who kept her head wrapped up in her sari in an effort to screen her shame. By the time they reached their own station, everyone along the way knew of her humiliation and her ruin. It was fortunate that none of them were the lawyers and magistrates Papa ordinarily met: he would not have cared so to lose control of himself and betray his gullibility before them. It was necessary to get himself under control by the time he returned to his own circle and his normal round. Stepping out at the station that looked so large, so orderly and civilised by comparison with the others they had passed – electric fans hung from the high ceiling, magazines and paperbacks were arrayed on the shelves of Wheeler's stall – he fell silent and resumed his ordinarily grim appearance. Uma was relieved; the disintegration of Papa's personality had pained her as much as that of her marriage.

At home Mama opened every one of the trunks Papa had insisted Uma pack and bring with her, and checked every item in them. Papa had managed to retrieve her jewellery by threatening the family with legal action – oh, what a mistake they had made by choosing a bride from a legal family, an educated family! – but it had been too demeaning to fight for every pot and pan they had contributed to the kitchen, and there was a great deal, Mama lamented, that was lost. While these scenes were being played out in the centre, the heart of the family and household, Arun withdrew to its outermost limits, hiding in his room under a blanket of comic books. If anyone were to look in, Arun was not to be found; in his place were Captain Marvel, Superman and Phantom.

At night, in the dark and the silence, Aruna whispered to her sister, 'Uma. Uma. Did – did he touch you, Uma?' making Uma bury her head in her pillow and howl 'No! No!' so that Aruna fell back with a little sigh of disappointment. Next day she reported it to ayah who reported it to Mama. Mama and ayah appeared relieved, as if a great weight had been lifted from them.

The marriage was somehow cancelled, annulled.

[from Chapter 8]

In what ways does Desai make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **12** Who do you think Desai's writing suggests is a better mother – Mama or Mrs Patton?

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:

The dacha is only thirty kilometres from the centre of Leningrad, but it might as well be three thousand. No one is invited there, and no one goes. Marina Petrovna doesn't push her luck. She went to ground, and they seem to have forgotten about her. But they could remember her at any time.

You have to look straight ahead. Don't look round at the black vans, or the men who climb out of them, mount the stairs with heavy boots, and stand in silence for thirty seconds before the chosen door. Then they raise their fists, and knock.

People tell themselves that the worst is over. And it's true that it's better now than in the worst of the Yezhov terror. You have to believe in something. Even in the Yezhov years, people still trusted in an unbroken record of Party membership, or hoped that influence and contacts would protect them. Or pretended to themselves that they still hoped and trusted.

Sometimes they were released while further evidence was gathered. Fish with hooks in their mouths, waiting to be jerked out of the water, like Olya. She'd been one of Vera's colleagues. One day in the bread queue, someone tapped Anna on the back. Anna turned, stared, but did not recognize the woman.

'It's me. Olya. Don't you remember me? I used to work with your mother.'

'Oh yes, yes, of course –'

'Don't pretend. You didn't recognize me, did you?'

'I'm sorry.'

'Don't be sorry. Would your mother recognize me, do you think? Sometimes I think Vera had all the luck. She got away in time. No one betrayed her, and she didn't betray anybody.'

Of course. Olya. One of her mother's protégées. She was twenty-two when she joined the radiology department, but she'd looked eighteen, even sixteen. She had very short, wildly curly brown hair that everyone made excuses to touch. She was brilliantly intelligent, and had been the best student of her year.

'We won't keep our Olya for long,' Vera had predicted. 'She'll go on to great things.'

'I lost my job,' whispered Olya in the bread queue.

'What are you doing?'

'Nothing. Just waiting. They've chucked me out of the Party as well. You know, Anna, work was everything to me. My colleagues were my family.' She glanced behind her, scanning the street. 'I shouldn't talk to you. It might be dangerous for you.'

'Olya –'

'No. I've got to go.'

All over Leningrad they lie frozen in the hours before dawn, listening for the knock that comes to other doors, but never, surely never, to your own. Not to you, with your next promotion on its way, and the holiday in the Crimea planned, and little Mitya's fourth birthday next week.

Even Anna's boss, that perfect supplier of statistics and ever-ready follower of Party directives, even Elizaveta Antonovna was grey with terror that February four years ago, after Stalin's speech to the Central

Committee. Wreckers, traitors, enemies and saboteurs were not only to be found in the opposition. They had infiltrated the Party itself, and were among its élite, masking themselves as irreproachable Party activists and committee members. But how could you ever prove it wasn't a mask, Anna wonders. Only by ripping off your own flesh … *50*

[from Chapter 2]

How does Dunmore's writing make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

Or **14** In what ways does Dunmore memorably contrast Vera and Marina Petrovna 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 Squire's pretty springe, considering his weight,' said Mr Macey, 'and he stamps uncommon well. But Mr Lammeter beats 'em all for shapes: you see, he holds his head like a sodger, and he isn't so cushiony as most o' the oldish gentlefolks – they run fat in general; and he's got a fine leg. The parson's nimble enough, but he hasn't got much of a leg: it's a bit too thick down'ard, and his knees might be a bit nearer wi'out damage; but he might do worse, he might do worse. Though he hasn't that grand way o' waving his hand as the Squire has.'

'Talk o' nimbleness, look at Mrs Osgood,' said Ben Winthrop, who was holding his son Aaron between his knees. 'She trips along with her little steps, so as nobody can see how she goes – it's like as if she had little wheels to her feet. She doesn't look a day older nor last year: she's the finest-made woman as is, let the next be where she will.'

'I don't heed how the women are made,' said Mr Macey, with some contempt. 'They wear nayther coat nor breeches: you can't make much out o' their shapes.'

'Fayder,' said Aaron, whose feet were busy beating out the tune, 'how does that big cock's-feather stick in Mrs Crackenthorp's yead? Is there a little hole for it, like in my shuttlecock?'

'Hush, lad, hush; that's the way the ladies dress theirselves, that is,' said the father, adding, however, in an under-tone to Mr Macey, 'It does make her look funny, though – partly like a short-necked bottle wi' a long quill in it. Hey, by jingo, there's the young Squire leading off now, wi' Miss Nancy for partners. There's a lass for you! – like a pink-and-white posy – there's nobody 'ud think as anybody could be so pritty. I shouldn't wonder if she's Madam Cass some day, arter all – and nobody more rightfuller, for they'd make a fine match. You can find nothing against Master Godfrey's shapes, Macey, *I*'ll bet a penny.'

Mr Macey screwed up his mouth, leaned his head further on one side, and twirled his thumbs with a presto movement as his eyes followed Godfrey up the dance. At last he summed up his opinion.

'Pretty well down'ard, but a bit too round i' the shoulder-blades. And as for them coats as he gets from the Flitton tailor, they're a poor cut to pay double money for.'

'Ah, Mr Macey, you and me are two folks,' said Ben, slightly indignant at this carping. 'When I've got a pot o' good ale, I like to swaller it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find faut wi' the brewing. I should like you to pick me out a finer-limbed young fellow nor Master Godfrey – one as 'ud knock you down easier, or's more pleasanter-looksed when he's piert and merry.'

'Tchuh!' said Mr Macey, provoked to increased severity, 'he isn't come to his right colour yet: he's partly like a slack-baked pie. And I doubt he's got a soft place in his head, else why should he be turned round the finger by that offal Dunsey as nobody's seen o' late, and let him kill that fine hunting hoss as was the talk o' the country? And one while he was allays after Miss Nancy, and then it all went off again, like a smell o' hot porridge, as I may say. That wasn't my way, when *I* went a-coorting.'

'Ah, but mayhap Miss Nancy hung off, like, and your lass didn't,' said Ben.

'I should say she didn't,' said Mr Macey, significantly. 'Before I said "sniff", I took care to know as she'd say "snaff", and pretty quick too. I wasn't a-going to open *my* mouth, like a dog at a fly, and snap it to again, wi' nothing to swaller.'

'Well, I think Miss Nancy's a-coming round again,' said Ben, 'for Master Godfrey doesn't look so down-hearted tonight. And I see he's for taking her away to sit down, now they're at the end o' the dance: that looks like sweethearting, that does.'

[from Chapter 11]

How does Eliot make this conversation between Mr Macey and Ben Winthrop so amusing?

Or **16** What does Eliot's writing make you feel about the community at Lantern Yard?

[Turn over

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:

He had two other things to take along to the room with the dolls. He waited until after lunch. And he had to think of something to put them all in, too.

He looked about him carefully, on the landing and up the first flight of stairs. There was nobody. Anyway, if Hooper already knew about the room, it scarcely mattered now.

All the doors up here were painted brown, and after the first landing, there was no carpet. Kingshaw thought, I hate this house, I hate it, it is the very worst of all the places we have lived in. From the first moment he had looked at it, out of the car window, he had hated it. It didn't seem much for Hooper to be so proud of.

He walked along a little, dark passage-way, and turned into the corridor. Then he saw Hooper. He was sitting on the floor, with his back against the door of the room and his legs stretched out. Kingshaw stopped dead.

'Going somewhere?'

'Get lost, Hooper.'

'Where's the key? Look, this isn't *your* house, you know, who do you think you are, going around locking doors?'

'Stuff it.'

'You can't come in here any more unless I say so.'

Kingshaw put down the small box he was carrying, wearily. Hooper was very childish.

'You needn't think I'm going away, either. I can stay here all day. All night as well, if I like. I can stay here for ever. This is my house.'

'Why don't you grow up?'

'I want to know what's in here.'

'Nothing.'

'That means something. You'd better tell me.'

'Shut up.'

'I want to know what you keep coming up here for. You needn't think I don't know where you go to, I've known for weeks, all the time, I've known.'

Kingshaw was silent. He stood some way back from Hooper, his face in the shadows. There was the sound of rain on the roof. He might as well let Hooper in. He'd get in, anyway, fight, or else just stick it out for hours on end. He had no good opinion of his own chances, against Hooper. Or against anyone. He was not cowardly. Just realistic, hopeless. He did not give in to people, he only went, from the beginning, with the assurance that he would be beaten. It meant that there was no surprise, and no disappointment, about anything.

So he might as well let Hooper into the room now, and get it over with. If he was going to find out, he might as well find out because Kingshaw chose to let him. It kept the initiative in his hands, somehow, and he cared about that. Hooper always won.

Kingshaw reached slowly into the back pocket of his jeans, and fetched out the key.

[from Chapter 4]

What impressions of the two boys does Hill's writing create for you at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** How far does Hill show that Charles Kingshaw's sense of duty contributes to his death?

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 stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. 'Mr Hyde, I think?'

Mr Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: 'That is my name. What do you want?'

'I see you are going in,' returned the lawyer. 'I am an old friend of Dr Jekyll's—Mr Utterson of Gaunt Street—you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.'

'You will not find Dr Jekyll; he is from home,' replied Mr Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, 'How did you know me?' he asked.

'On your side,' said Mr Utterson, 'will you do me a favour?'

'With pleasure,' replied the other. 'What shall it be?'

'Will you let me see your face?' asked the lawyer.

Mr Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. 'Now I shall know you again,' said Mr Utterson. 'It may be useful.'

'Yes,' returned Mr Hyde, 'it is as well we have met; and *à propos*, you should have my address.' And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

'Good God!' thought Mr Utterson, 'can he too have been thinking of the will?' But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgement of the address.

'And now,' said the other, 'how did you know me?'

'By description,' was the reply.

'Whose description?'

'We have common friends,' said Mr Utterson.

'Common friends?' echoed Mr Hyde, a little hoarsely. 'Who are they?'

'Jekyll, for instance,' said the lawyer.

'He never told you,' cried Mr Hyde, with a flush of anger. 'I did not think you would have lied.'

'Come,' said Mr Utterson, 'that is not fitting language.'

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr Utterson regarded him. 'There must be something else,' said the perplexed gentleman. 'There *is* something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something

troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend.' *50*

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

How does Stevenson make this first meeting between Mr Utterson and Mr Hyde so dramatic?

Or **20** In what ways does Stevenson memorably depict the conflict between good and evil in the novel?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *At Hiruharama* (by Penelope Fitzgerald), and then answer the question that follows it:

Like most people who live on their own Brinkman continued with the course of his thoughts, which were more real to him than the outside world's commotion. Walking straight into the front room he stopped in front of the piece of mirror-glass tacked over the sink and looked fixedly into it.

'I'll tell you something, Tanner, I thought I caught sight of my first grey hairs this morning.'

'I'm sorry to hear that.'

Brinkman looked round. 'I see the table isn't set.'

'I don't want you to feel that you're not welcome,' said Tanner, 'but Kitty's not well. She told me to be sure that you came in and rested a while, but she's not well. Truth is, she's in labour.'

'Then she won't be cooking dinner this evening, then?'

'You mean you were counting on having it here?'

'My half-yearly dinner with you and Mrs Tanner, yis, that's about it.'

'What day is it, then?' asked Tanner, somewhat at random. It was almost too much for him at that moment to realise that Brinkman existed. He seemed like a stranger, perhaps from a foreign country, not understanding how ordinary things were done or said.

Brinkman made no attempt to leave, but said; 'Last time I came here we started with canned toheroas. Your wife set them in front of me. I'm not sure that they had an entirely good effect on the intestines. Then we had fried eggs and excellent jellied beetroot, a choice between tea or Bovo, bread and butter and unlimited quantities of treacle. I have a note of all this in my daily journal. That's not to say, however, that I came over here simply to take dinner with you. It wasn't for the drive, either, although I'm always glad to have the opportunity of a change of scene and to read a little in Nature's book. No, I've come today, as I came formerly, for the sake of hearing a woman's voice.'

Had Tanner noticed, he went on, that there were no native songbirds in the territory? At that moment there was a crying, or a calling, from the next room such as Tanner had never heard before, not in a shipwreck – and he had been in a wreck – not in a slaughterhouse.

'Don't put yourself out on my account,' said Brinkman. 'I'm going to sit here until you come back and have a quiet smoko.'

The doctor drove up bringing with him his wife's widowed sister, who lived with them and was a nurse, or had been a nurse. Tanner came out of the bedroom covered with blood, something like a butcher. He told the doctor he'd managed to deliver the child, a girl, in fact he'd wrapped it in a towel and tucked it up in the washbasket. The doctor took him back into the bedroom and made him sit down. The nurse put down the things she'd brought with her and looked round for the tea-tin. Brinkman sat there, as solid as his chair. 'You may be wondering who I am,' he said. 'I'm a neighbour, come over for dinner. I think of myself as one of the perpetually welcome.' 'Suit yourself,' said the sister-in-law. The doctor emerged, moving rather faster than he usually did. 'Please to go in there and wash the patient. I'm going to take a look at the afterbirth. The father put it out with the waste.'

There Tanner had made his one oversight. It wasn't the afterbirth, it was a second daughter, smaller, but a twin. – But how come, if both of them were girls, that Mr Tanner himself still had the name of Tanner? Well, the Tanners went on to have nine more children, some of them boys, and one of those boys was Mr Tanner's father. That evening, when the doctor came in from the yard with the messy scrap, he squeezed it as though he was wringing it out to dry, and it opened its mouth and the colder air of the kitchen rushed in and she'd got her start in life. After that the Tanners always had one of those tinplate mottoes hung up on the wall – Throw Nothing Away. You could get them then at the hardware store. – And this was the point that Mr Tanner had been wanting to make all along – whereas the first daughter never got to be anything in particular, this second little girl grew up to be a lawyer with a firm in Wellington, and she did very well.

All the time Brinkman continued to sit there by the table and smoke his pipe. Two more women born into the world! It must have seemed to him that if this sort of thing went on there should be a good chance, in the end, for him to acquire one for himself. Meanwhile, they would have to serve dinner sometime.

How does Fitzgerald make this account of the events at the time of the birth of Tanner's daughters so memorable?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Ted Hughes makes nature such a powerful force in *The Rain Horse*.

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