www.dynamicpapers.com

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2018**

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 answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.

DC (RCL (GO)) 151370/2
© UCLES 2018

CAMBRIDGE
International Examinations

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

www.dynamicpapers.com

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 8–9

Section B: Prose

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

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

Song: *Tears, Idle Tears*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. *5*

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. *10*

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. *15*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *20*

(*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*)

How does Tennyson powerfully convey a sense of grief in this poem?

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

Or **2** How does Baxter use words and images to create striking effects in *Elegy For My Father's Father*?

Elegy For My Father's Father

He knew in the hour he died
That his heart had never spoken
In eighty years of days.
O for the tall tower broken
Memorial is denied: *5*
And the unchanging cairn
That pipes could set ablaze
An aaronsrod and blossom.
They stood by the graveside
From his bitter veins born *10*
And mourned him in their fashion.
A chain of sods in a day
He could slice and build
High as the head of a man
And a flowering cherry tree *15*
On his walking shoulder held
Under the lion sun.
When he was old and blind
He sat in a curved chair
All day by the kitchen fire. *20*
Many hours he had seen
The stars in their drunken dancing
Through the burning-glass of his mind
And sober knew the green
Boughs of heaven folding *25*
The winter world in their hand.
The pride of his heart was dumb.
He knew in the hour he died
That his heart had never spoken
In song or bridal bed. *30*
And the naked thought fell back
To a house by the waterside
And the leaves the wind had shaken
Then for a child's sake:
To the waves all night awake *35*
With the dark mouths of the dead.
The tongues of water spoke
And his heart was unafraid.

(*James K Baxter*)

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

lion heart

You came out of the sea,
skin dappled scales of sunlight;
Riding crests, waves of fish in your fists.
Washed up, your gills snapped shut.
Water whipped the first breath of your lungs, *5*
Your lips' bud teased by morning mists.

You conquered the shore, its ivory coast.
Your legs still rocked with the memory of waves.
Sinews of sand ran across your back–
Rising runes of your oceanic origins. *10*
Your heart thumped– an animal skin drum
heralding the coming of a prince.

In the jungle, amid rasping branches,
trees loosened their shadows to shroud you.
The prince beheld you then, a golden sheen. *15*
Your eyes, two flickers; emerald blaze
You settled back on fluent haunches;
The squall of a beast, your roar, your call.

In crackling boats, seeds arrived, wind-blown,
You summoned their colours to the palm *20*
of your hand, folded them snugly into loam,
watched saplings swaddled in green,
as they sunk roots, spawned shade,
and embraced the land that embraced them.

Centuries, by the sea's pulmonary, *25*
a vein throbbing humming bumboats–
your trees rise as skyscrapers.
Their ankles lost in swilling water,
as they heave themselves higher
above the mirrored surface. *30*

Remember your self: your raw lion heart,
Each beat a stony echo that washes
through ribbed vaults of buildings.

Remember your keris, iron lightning
ripping through tentacles of waves, *35*
double-edged, curved to a point–

flung high and caught unsheathed, scattering
five stars in the red tapestry of your sky.

(*Amanda Chong*)

How does Chong use imagery to powerful effect in this poem?

www.dynamicpapers.com

Or **4** What does Sitwell's writing make you feel 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, *5*
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 *10*
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: *15*
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 *20*
That never till Time is done
Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one.'

(*Edith Sitwell*)

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

Family House

I slept in a room in the roof,
the white planes of its ceiling
freckled with light from the sea,
or at night leaf shadows
from the street-lamp in the lane. *5*

Below, the flame of her hair,
and the gleam of a colander
as she bent among the pea-rows,
or pulled a lettuce from the black earth,
wearing silly shoes to make her taller. *10*

Even in summer, sometimes, salt on the air,
I'd hear far off that faltered heartbeat
of the Breaksea lightship,
then the held breath of silence
to the count of ten. *15*

Now the vegetable garden is a lawn,
and they sold the coach house, pigsty,
the old stable where in wet summers
we crouched over our cache of secrets
under the cidery air of an apple-loft. *20*

From a hundred miles and thirty years away
I smell long rows of fruit,
turned to rotten gourds of juice
soft-skinned as toads.

Explore the ways in which Clarke creates such striking impressions in this poem.

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

Or **6** How does Clarke's imagery evoke powerful feelings in *My Box*?

My Box

My box is made of golden oak,
my lover's gift to me.
He fitted hinges and a lock
of brass and a bright key.
He made it out of winter nights, *5*
sanded and oiled and planed,
engraved inside the heavy lid
in brass, a golden tree.

In my box are twelve black books
where I have written down *10*
how we have sanded, oiled and planed,
planted a garden, built a wall,
seen jays and goldcrests, rare red kites,
found the wild heartsease, drilled a well,
harvested apples and words and days *15*
and planted a golden tree.

On an open shelf I keep my box.
Its key is in the lock.
I leave it there for you to read,
or them, when we are dead, *20*
how everything is slowly made,
how slowly things made me,
a tree, a lover, words, a box,
books and a golden tree.

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

As soon as he finished his lunch he immediately set about introducing sweeping economy measures in his flat.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions

www.dynamicpapers.com

Content removed due to copyright restrictions

'Good-bye.'

[from Chapter 10]

How does Achebe vividly convey Obi's thoughts and actions at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** In what ways does Achebe memorably convey the impact of the Christian religion on Obi?

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

Miss Crawford accepted the part very readily, and soon after Miss Bertram's return from the Parsonage, Mr Rushworth arrived, and another character was consequently cast. He had the offer of Count Cassel and Anhalt, and at first did not know which to chuse, and wanted Miss Bertram to direct him, but upon being made to understand the different style of the characters, and which was which, and recollecting that he had once seen the play in London, and had thought Anhalt a very stupid fellow, he soon decided for the Count. Miss Bertram approved the decision, for the less he had to learn the better; and though she could not sympathize in his wish that the Count and Agatha might be to act together, nor wait very patiently while he was slowly turning over the leaves with the hope of still discovering such a scene, she very kindly took his part in hand, and curtailed every speech that admitted being shortened;—besides pointing out the necessity of his being very much dress'd, and chusing his colours. Mr Rushworth liked the idea of his finery very well, though affecting to despise it, and was too much engaged with what his own appearance would be, to think of the others, or draw any of those conclusions, or feel any of that displeasure, which Maria had been half prepared for. 5 10 15

Thus much was settled before Edmund, who had been out all the morning, knew anything of the matter; but when he entered the drawing room before dinner, the buz of discussion was high between Tom, Maria, and Mr Yates; and Mr Rushworth stepped forward with great alacrity to tell him the agreeable news. 20

'We have got a play,' said he.—'It is to be called Lovers Vows; and I am to be Count Cassel, and am to come in first with a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak, and afterwards am to have another fine fancy suit by way of a shooting dress.—I do not know how I shall like it.' 25

Fanny's eyes followed Edmund, and her heart beat for him as she heard this speech, and saw his look, and felt what his sensations must be.

'Lovers Vows!'—in a tone of the greatest amazement, was his only reply to Mr Rushworth; and he turned towards his brother and sisters as if hardly doubting a contradiction. 30

'Yes,' cried Mr Yates.—'After all our debatings and difficulties, we find there is nothing that will suit us altogether so well, nothing so unexceptionable as Lovers Vows. The wonder is that it should not have been thought of before. My stupidity was abominable, for here we have all the advantage of what I saw at Ecclesford; and it is so useful to have any thing of a model!—We have cast almost every part.' 35

'But what do you do for women?' said Edmund gravely, and looking at Maria. 40

Maria blushed in spite of herself as she answered, 'I take the part which Lady Ravenshaw was to have done, and (with a bolder eye) Miss Crawford is to be Amelia.'

'I should not have thought it the sort of play to be so easily filled up, with *us*,' replied Edmund, turning away to the fire where sat his Mother, Aunt, and Fanny, and seating himself with a look of great vexation. 45

Mr Rushworth followed him to say 'I come in three times, and have two and forty speeches. That's something, is not it?—But I do not much

www.dynamicpapers.com

like the idea of being so fine.—I shall hardly know myself in a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak.' *50*

Edmund could not answer him.—In a few minutes Mr Bertram was called out of the room to satisfy some doubts of the carpenter, and being accompanied by Mr Yates, and followed soon afterwards by Mr Rushworth, Edmund almost immediately took the opportunity of saying, 'I cannot before Mr Yates speak what I feel as to this play, without reflecting on *55* his friends at Ecclesford—but I must now, my dear Maria, tell *you*, that I think it exceedingly unfit for private representation, and that I hope you will give it up.—I cannot but suppose you *will* when you have read it carefully over.—Read only the first Act aloud, to either your Mother or Aunt, and see how you can approve it.—It will not be necessary to send you to your *60* *Father's* judgment, I am convinced.'

'We see things very differently,' cried Maria—'I am perfectly acquainted with the play, I assure you—and with a very few omissions, and so forth, which will be made, of course, I can see nothing objectionable in it; and *I* am not the *only* young woman you find, who thinks it very fit for private *65* representation.'

[from Chapter 15]

How does Austen make this episode in the novel so amusing and revealing?

Or **10** How far does Austen's writing make it possible for you to sympathise with Maria Bertram?

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

The old man was sitting on a stump behind the stove, crouching over as if he were trying to hide from us. Yulka was on the floor at his feet, her kitten in her lap. She peeped out at me and smiled, but, glancing up at her mother, hid again. Ántonia was washing pans and dishes in a dark corner. The crazy boy lay under the only window, stretched on a gunny-sack stuffed with straw. As soon as we entered, he threw a grainsack over the crack at the bottom of the door. The air in the cave was stifling, and it was very dark, too. A lighted lantern, hung over the stove, threw out a feeble yellow glimmer. *5*

Mrs Shimerda snatched off the covers of two barrels behind the door, and made us look into them. In one there were some potatoes that had been frozen and were rotting, in the other was a little pile of flour. Grandmother murmured something in embarrassment, but the Bohemian woman laughed scornfully, a kind of whinny-laugh, and, catching up an empty coffee-pot from the shelf, shook it at us with a look positively vindictive. *10* *15*

Grandmother went on talking in her polite Virginia way, not admitting their stark need or her own remissness, until Jake arrived with the hamper, as if in direct answer to Mrs Shimerda's reproaches. Then the poor woman broke down. She dropped on the floor beside her crazy son, hid her face on her knees, and sat crying bitterly. Grandmother paid no heed to her, but called Ántonia to come and help empty the basket. Tony left her corner reluctantly. I had never seen her crushed like this before. *20*

'You not mind my poor *mamenka*, Mrs Burden. She is so sad,' she whispered, as she wiped her wet hands on her skirt and took the things grandmother handed her. *25*

The crazy boy, seeing the food, began to make soft, gurgling noises and stroked his stomach. Jake came in again, this time with a sack of potatoes. Grandmother looked about in perplexity.

'Haven't you got any sort of cave or cellar outside, Ántonia? This is no place to keep vegetables. How did your potatoes get frozen?' *30*

'We get from Mr Bushy, at the post-office — what he throw out. We got no potatoes, Mrs Burden,' Tony admitted mournfully.

When Jake went out, Marek crawled along the floor and stuffed up the door-crack again. Then, quietly as a shadow, Mr Shimerda came out from behind the stove. He stood brushing his hand over his smooth grey hair, as if he were trying to clear away a fog about his head. He was clean and neat as usual, with his green neckcloth and his coral pin. He took grandmother's arm and led her behind the stove, to the back of the room. In the rear wall was another little cave; a round hole, not much bigger than an oil barrel, scooped out in the black earth. When I got up on one of the stools and peered into it, I saw some quilts and a pile of straw. The old man held the lantern. 'Yulka,' he said in a low, despairing voice, 'Yulka; my Ántonia!' *35* *40*

Grandmother drew back. 'You mean they sleep in there — your girls?' He bowed his head. *45*

Tony slipped under his arm. 'It is very cold on the floor, and this is warm like the badger hole. I like for sleep there,' she insisted eagerly. 'My

www.dynamicpapers.com

mamenka have nice bed, with pillows from our own geese in Bohemie. See, Jim?' She pointed to the narrow bunk which Krajiek had built against the wall for himself before the Shimerdas came. *50*

Grandmother sighed. 'Sure enough, where *would* you sleep, dear! I don't doubt you're warm there. You'll have a better house after while, Ántonia, and then you will forget these hard times.'

[from Book 1 Chapter 10]

How does Cather create sympathy for the Shimerda family at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** How does Cather's writing make Mr and Mrs Cutter such memorable characters?

www.dynamicpapers.com

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'I ha' coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridded o' this woman.' Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. Mrs Sparsit uttered a gentle ejaculation, as having received a moral shock.

'What do you mean?' said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. 'What are you talking about? You took her for better for worse.' *5*

'I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot bear't nommore. I ha' lived under't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad.' *10*

'He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir,' observed Mrs Sparsit in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

'I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worse so fast, but that they can be set free fro' *their* misfortnet marriages, an marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they has rooms o' one kind an another in their houses, above a bit, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, an we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd an other cash, an they can say "This for yo, an that for me," an they can go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridden o' this woman, an I want t'know how?' *15* *20*

'No how,' returned Mr Bounderby.

'If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?' *25*

'Of course there is.'

'If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?'

'Of course there is.'

'If I marry t'oother dear lass, there's a law to punish me?'

'Of course there is.' *30*

'If I was to live wi' her an not marry her – saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an her so good – there's a law to punish me, in every innocent child belonging to me?'

'Of course there is.'

'Now, a' God's name,' said Stephen Blackpool, 'show me the law to help me!' *35*

'Hem! There's a sanctity in this relation of life,' said Mr Bounderby, 'and – and – it must be kept up.'

'No no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fact'ry when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to year wi'. I read in th' papers every 'Sizes, every Sessions – and you read too – I know it! – with dismay – how th' supposed unpossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an I want – if yo will be so good – t'know the law that helps me.' *40* *45*

[from Chapter 11]

www.dynamicpapers.com

How does Dickens encourage you to feel sympathy towards Stephen Blackpool at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** How does Dickens suggest that Gradgrind's theories of education do terrible damage to children?

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

I creep forward again.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions

www.dynamicpapers.com

Content removed due to copyright restrictions

Then I turn and hurl myself unseeing through the tangle of the fence and into the booming darkness of the tunnel.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Frayn vividly convey Stephen's feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Frayn makes Uncle Peter such a memorable character.

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

He grew up a fighter. By the time he was ten years old the other boys knew to leave him alone. The rage warmed him and filled him up. It was a kind of friend.

There were other friends, of course, a band of boys who roamed the streets and wharves together, snatching cockles off the fishmonger's stall at Borough Market, scrabbling in the mud at low tide for pennies tossed by laughing gentlemen. *5*

There was his brother James, a whippy boy who could climb a drainpipe quicker than a roach, and poor simple Rob smiling at everything he saw. There was bony little William Warner, the runt of a litter on Halfpenny Lane, and Dan Oldfield whose father had drowned, being the passenger in a wherry trying to shoot London Bridge at low water, the boatman half-stupefied with liquor at the time. Dan was famous for his ability to steal roast chestnuts from the pedlar in Frying Pan Alley, enough to be able to share them, hot out of his pocket, with the other urchins. One frozen morning at Dan's suggestion he and William had pissed on their own feet: the moment's bliss was almost worth the grip of cold that came after. Then there was Collarbone from Ash Court with the red mark across half his face. Collarbone liked Lizzie. *She has skin like a nun*, he told Thornhill, wonderingly, and then, perhaps thinking of his own livid skin, blushed red to the roots of his hair. *10* *15* *20*

They were all thieves, any time they got the chance. The dainty parson could shrill all he liked about sin, but there could be no sin in thieving if it meant a full belly.

Rob came to the other boys in their little rat-hole by Dirty Lane one day with a single boot that he had taken from where it hung outside a shop. He would have got the other too, he said, but the bootmaker saw him in a looking-glass. The man ran after him, and caught him, Rob said, but he was old, and the boy was able to get away. William hefted the boot in his hand and said, *But what is it worth to you, Rob, just the one?* And Rob thought long, his face creased with the effort, then through his loose rubbery lips, on a spray of spittle, cried out, *I will sell it to a man with one leg! It is worth ten shillings at least!* and it was as if he already had the money in his hand, his face fat with satisfaction at his scheme. *25* *30*

****

When Lizzie played mother to John, and then to baby Luke after that, Lizzie's friend Sal from Swan Lane became sister to William. Sal was the only fruit of her mother's womb. Had been a bonny baby, but she had cursed the womb as she left it, for every baby after her sickened and died within the month. *35*

Her family was a notch up from the Thornhills, for Mr Middleton was a waterman, as his father had been, and his father's father before that. They had lived in the same street in the Borough for as long as anyone could remember, in a narrow house with a room upstairs, a fire of coals in the winter, glass in the windows, and always a loaf of bread in the cupboard. *40* *45*

www.dynamicpapers.com

But it was a sad house, filled with the tiny souls of those departed babies. With every promising son who had sickened and died, Mr Middleton became a sterner and more silent man. His trade was his consolation. He was out every morning, the first of the watermen to be waiting at the steps. He rowed all day and came home when darkness fell, never speaking, as if looking inward to his dead sons. *50*

[from Part 1]

Explore the ways in which Grenville vividly depicts William's childhood at this moment in the novel.

Or **18** To what extent does Grenville's writing make you admire William Thornhill?

Do **not** use the extract printed for Question 17 in answering this question.

www.dynamicpapers.com

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:

She made a wry face: 'All right. I'll go to grandfather.'
'He is with mother.'
She became angry on hearing this. 'Everybody goes into that room. Who is to be with me?'
'Why don't you go to the next house and play with your friend?' *5*
'I don't like her. She beats me whenever she sees me.' This amused me. I knew they were the thickest of friends a second ago. And they would be playing together next minute. So I asked: 'All right, then. Come to my room and see a picture book. You must not sit on my bed but a little way off.' *10*
She agreed to this condition and came to my room. My room served as a guest room for my father-in-law. In a corner there was his canvas hold-all and a trunk, and his coats and clothes hung on the peg. My table was dusty and confused, the books lying in a chaotic jumble, untouched for days and days now. All my waking hours were spent at the bedside, *15* and I seldom visited this room. 'In my happy days this table was a jumble. In my days of anxiety it was no less a jumble. Perhaps a table is meant to be so. No use wasting thought over it …' I remarked to myself; the habit of wishing to do something or other with the table top, whenever I saw it, had persisted with me for many years now. I kicked up a roll of matting *20* and threw myself down, deciding to relax while the chance was there. 'Let the father and daughter settle it between themselves. I won't go till I am called.' My daughter, who had been standing in the doorway, asked: 'Can I come in, father?'
'Yes, yes, this is not a sickroom,' I said. I had forgotten for a moment I *25* had asked her to follow me in.
She sat down on the edge of the mat, and asked: 'Is this far enough?'
'Yes, you mustn't touch me, that is all, till I have a thorough wash at night.'
'Does mother's fever climb on your hands and stick there?' *30*
'Yes.'
'Won't it get into you?'
'No.'
'Why?'
'Because I am an elder,' I said with a touch of pride in my voice. She *35* was gradually edging nearer to my mat, and now only an inch of space separated us. 'No, no. You are too near me,' I said.
'I'm not touching you,' she argued. I was too fatigued to argue with her, and left her alone, turned over to the other side, and shut my eyes, muttering: 'You are a fine girl. Don't disturb me. I am sleeping.' She agreed *40* to this proposal. But the moment I shut my eyes, she stretched her leg and gently poked my back with her toe.
'Ah, why do you do it?'
'You must not turn away from me. It makes me afraid to be alone.' I turned over to face her and tried to sleep. She called: 'Father.' *45*
'You mustn't disturb me.'
'You said you would give me a picture book.' I groaned, 'Leave me alone, baby. Take the book.' She went over to the table, but could not

www.dynamicpapers.com

reach any part of its top. 'It is too high up, father.' I got up and searched among the books on the table. There was not one fit for her perusal—all of them were heavy, academic, and unillustrated. Underneath all these was a catalogue of miscellaneous articles from a mail order firm in Calcutta. It was a stout enough volume. I gave it to her. She was delighted. It was full of small smudgy representations of all kinds of household articles. She kept it on her knee and was soon lost in it, turning the pages. Soothed by the rustling of the pages, I snatched a little sleep, although she constantly tried to get me to explain the pictures. *50* *55*

When I woke up it was about five o'clock. The catalogue was sprawling on the floor. The child was not there. Her voice came from the kitchen. I went in and asked for some coffee. The child was sitting there on her grandmother's lap, learning a song. On seeing me she stopped her song and asked: 'Can I touch you now?' *60*

'Not yet.'

'You didn't know it when I got up and ran away!' she said with a great triumph in her voice, as if I had kept her in detention and she had managed to escape. *65*

'No, I didn't. You are very cunning,' I replied and it pleased her greatly.

[from Chapter 3]

In what ways does Narayan make this moment in the novel both amusing and moving?

Or **20** How does Narayan memorably portray spiritual beliefs in the novel?

www.dynamicpapers.com

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 21 Read this extract from *The Prison* (by Bernard Malamud), and then answer the question that follows it:

Though he tried not to think of it, at twenty-nine Tommy Castelli's life was a screaming bore. It wasn't just Rosa or the store they tended for profits counted in pennies, or the unendurably slow hours and endless drivel that went with selling candy, cigarettes, and soda water; it was this sick-in-the-stomach feeling of being trapped in old mistakes, even some he had made before Rosa changed Tony into Tommy. He had been as Tony a kid of many dreams and schemes, especially getting out of this tenement-crowded, kid-squawking neighborhood, with its lousy poverty, but everything had fouled up against him before he could. When he was sixteen he quit the vocational school where they were making him into a shoemaker, and began to hang out with the gray-hatted, thick-soled-shoe boys, who had the spare time and the mazuma and showed it in fat wonderful rolls down in the cellar clubs to all who would look, and everybody did, popeyed. They were the ones who had bought the silver caffe espresso urn and later the television, and they arranged the pizza parties and had the girls down; but it was getting in with them and their cars, leading to the holdup of a liquor store, that had started all the present trouble. Lucky for him the coal-and-ice man who was their landlord knew the leader in the district, and they arranged something so nobody bothered him after that. Then before he knew what was going on – he had been frightened sick by the whole mess – there was his father cooking up a deal with Rosa Agnello's old man that Tony would marry her and the father-in-law would, out of his savings, open a candy store for him to make an honest living. He wouldn't spit on a candy store, and Rosa was too plain and lank a chick for his personal taste, so he beat it off to Texas and bummed around in too much space, and when he came back everybody said it was for Rosa and the candy store, and it was all arranged again and he, without saying no, was in it. 5 10 15 20 25

That was how he had landed on Prince Street in the Village, working from eight in the morning to almost midnight every day, except for an hour off each afternoon when he went upstairs to sleep, and on Tuesdays, when the store was closed and he slept some more and went at night alone to the movies. He was too tired always for schemes now, but once he tried to make a little cash on the side by secretly taking in punchboards some syndicate was distributing in the neighborhood, on which he collected a nice cut and in this way saved fifty-five bucks that Rosa didn't know about; but then the syndicate was written up by a newspaper, and the punchboards all disappeared. Another time, when Rosa was at her mother's house, he took a chance and let them put in a slot machine that could guarantee a nice piece of change if he kept it long enough. He knew of course he couldn't hide it from her, so when she came and screamed when she saw it, he was ready and patient, for once not yelling back when she yelled, and he explained it was not the same as gambling because anybody who played it got a roll of mints every time he put in a nickel. Also the machine would supply them a few extra dollars cash they could use to buy television so he could see the fights without going to a bar; but Rosa wouldn't let up screaming, and later her father came in shouting that he 30 35 40 45

www.dynamicpapers.com

was a criminal and chopped the machine apart with a plumber's hammer. The next day the cops raided for slot machines and gave out summonses wherever they found them, and though Tommy's place was practically the only candy store in the neighborhood that didn't have one, he felt bad about the machine for a long time. *50*

Mornings had been his best time of day because Rosa stayed upstairs cleaning, and since few people came into the store till noon, he could sit around alone, a toothpick in his teeth, looking over the *News and Mirror* on the fountain counter, or maybe gab with one of the old cellar-club guys who had happened to come by for a pack of butts, about a horse that was running that day or how the numbers were paying lately; or just sit there, drinking coffee and thinking how far away he could get on the fifty-five he had stashed away in the cellar. Generally the mornings were this way, but after the slot machine, usually the whole day stank and he along with it. Time rotted in him, and all he could think of the whole morning, was going to sleep in the afternoon, and he would wake up with the sour remembrance of the long night in the store ahead of him, while everybody else was doing as he damn pleased. He cursed the candy store and Rosa, and cursed, from its beginning, his unhappy life. *55* *60* *65*

How does Malamud strikingly convey the unhappiness of Tommy's life in this extract?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Ballard creates such a frightening vision of what life might be like in the future in *Billennium*.

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2018

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge International Examinations Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cie.org.uk after the live examination series.

Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.

© UCLES 2018