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Cambridge
O Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/12**

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. Your answers must be on **two** different set texts.

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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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 strong feelings of loneliness in **both** *The Darkling Thrush* **and** *Drummer Hodge.*

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
  When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
  The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
  Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
  Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
  The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
  The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
  Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
  Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
  The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
  Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
  In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
  Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
  Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
  Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
  His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
  And I was unaware.

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Drummer Hodge

I

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
  Uncoffined – just as found:
His landmark is a kopje-crest
  That breaks the veldt around;
And foreign constellations west
  Each night above his mound.

II

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –
  Fresh from his Wessex home –
The meaning of the broad Karoo,
  The Bush, the dusty loam,
And why uprose to nightly view
  Strange stars amid the gloam.

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain
  Will Hodge for ever be;
His homely Northern breast and brain
  Grow to some Southern tree,
And strange-eyed constellations reign
  His stars eternally.

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

No Buyers

A STREET SCENE

A load of brushes and baskets and cradles and chairs
Labours along the street in the rain:
With it a man, a woman, a pony with whiteybrown hairs. –
The man foots in front of the horse with a shambling sway
At a slower tread than a funeral train,
While to a dirge-like tune he chants his wares,
Swinging a Turk's-head brush (in a drum-major's way
When the bandsmen march and play).

A yard from the back of the man is the whiteybrown pony's nose:
He mirrors his master in every item of pace and pose:
He stops when the man stops, without being told,
And seems to be eased by a pause; too plainly he's old,
Indeed, not strength enough shows
To steer the disjointed waggon straight,
Which wriggles left and right in a rambling line,
Deflected thus by its own warp and weight,
And pushing the pony with it in each incline.

The woman walks on the pavement verge,
Parallel to the man:
She wears an apron white and wide in span,
And carries a like Turk's-head, but more in nursing-wise:
Now and then she joins in his dirge,
But as if her thoughts were on distant things.
The rain clams her apron till it clings. –
So, step by step, they move with their merchandize,
And nobody buys.

Explore the ways in which Hardy creates such a sad picture in *No Buyers: A Street Scene*.

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Turn to page 8 for Question 3.

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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:

In Our Tenth Year

This book, this page, this harebell laid to rest
between these sheets, these leaves, if pressed still bleeds
a watercolour of the way we were.

Those years: the fuss of such and such a day,
that disagreement and its final word,
your inventory of names and dates and times,
my infantries of tall, dark, handsome lies.

A decade on, now we astound ourselves;
still two, still twinned but doubled now with love
and for a single night apart, alone,
how sure we are, each of the other half.

This harebell holds its own. Let's give it now
in air, in light, the chance to fade, to fold.
Here, take it from my hand. Now, let it go.

(*Simon Armitage*)

In what ways does Armitage memorably portray the speaker's feelings in *In Our Tenth Year*?

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Or **4** How does Jennings movingly convey her feelings about her parents to you in *One Flesh*?

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
He with a book, keeping the light on late,
She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
Some new event: the book he holds unread,
Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
Or if they do it is like a confession
Of having little feeling – or too much.
Chastity faces them, a destination
For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
Silence between them like a thread to hold
And not wind in. And time itself's a feather
Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
These two who are my father and my mother
Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

(*Elizabeth Jennings*)

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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:

Where I Come From

People are made of places. They carry with them
hints of jungles or mountains, a tropic grace
or the cool eyes of sea-gazers. Atmosphere of cities
how different drops from them, like the smell of smog
or the almost-not-smell of tulips in the spring,
nature tidily plotted in little squares
with a fountain in the centre; museum smell,
art also tidily plotted with a guidebook;
or the smell of work, glue factories maybe,
chromium-plated offices; smell of subways
crowded at rush hours.

Where I come from, people
carry woods in their minds, acres of pine woods;
blueberry patches in the burned-out bush;
wooden farmhouses, old, in need of paint,
with yards where hens and chickens circle about,
clucking aimlessly; battered schoolhouses
behind which violets grow. Spring and winter
are the mind's chief seasons: ice and the breaking of ice.

A door in the mind blows open, and there blows
a frosty wind from fields of snow.

(*Elizabeth Brewster*)

How does Brewster vividly convey a sense of different places in *Where I Come From*?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Halligan uses words and images vividly in *The Cockroach*.

The Cockroach

I watched a giant cockroach start to pace,
Skirting a ball of dust that rode the floor.
At first he seemed quite satisfied to trace
A path between the wainscot and the door,
But soon he turned to jog in crooked rings,
Circling the rusty table leg and back,
And flipping right over to scratch his wings –
As if the victim of a mild attack
Of restlessness that worsened over time.
After a while, he climbed an open shelf
And stopped. He looked uncertain where to go.
Was this due payment for some vicious crime
A former life had led to? I don't know,
Except I thought I recognised myself.

(*Kevin Halligan*)

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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:

'Yes, yes,' (with a blush) 'there are more ways than one of our being sisters. – But where am I wandering to? – Well, my dear Catherine, the case seems to be, that you are determined against poor John – is not it so?'

'I certainly cannot return his affection, and as certainly never meant to encourage it.'

'Since that is the case, I am sure I shall not tease you any further. John desired me to speak to you on the subject, and therefore I have. But I confess, as soon as I read his letter, I thought it a very foolish, imprudent business, and not likely to promote the good of either; for what were you to live upon, supposing you came together? You have both of you something to be sure, but it is not a trifle that will support a family now-a-days; and after all that romancers may say, there is no doing without money. I only wonder John could think of it; he could not have received my last.'

'You *do* acquit me then of anything wrong? – You are convinced that I never meant to deceive your brother, never suspected him of liking me till this moment?'

'Oh! as to that,' answered Isabella laughingly, 'I do not pretend to determine what your thoughts and designs in time past may have been. All that is best known to yourself. A little harmless flirtation or so will occur, and one is often drawn on to give more encouragement than one wishes to stand by. But you may be assured that I am the last person in the world to judge you severely. All those things should be allowed for in youth and high spirits. What one means one day, you know, one may not mean the next. Circumstances change, opinions alter.'

'But my opinion of your brother never did alter; it was always the same. You are describing what never happened.'

'My dearest Catherine,' continued the other without at all listening to her, 'I would not for all the world be the means of hurrying you into an engagement before you knew what you were about. I do not think anything would justify me in wishing you to sacrifice all your happiness merely to oblige my brother, because he is my brother, and who perhaps after all, you know, might be just as happy without you, for people seldom know what they would be at, young men especially, they are so amazingly changeable and inconstant. What I say is, why should a brother's happiness be dearer to me than a friend's? You know I carry my notions of friendship pretty high. But, above all things, my dear Catherine, do not be in a hurry. Take my word for it, that if you are in too great a hurry, you will certainly live to repent it. Tilney says, there is nothing people are so often deceived in, as the state of their own affections, and I believe he is very right. Ah! here he comes; never mind, he will not see us, I am sure.'

Catherine, looking up, perceived Captain Tilney; and Isabella, earnestly fixing her eye on him as she spoke, soon caught his notice. He approached immediately, and took the seat to which her movements invited him. His first address made Catherine start. Though spoken low, she could distinguish,

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'What! always to be watched, in person or by proxy!'

'Psha, nonsense!' was Isabella's answer in the same half whisper. 'Why do you put such things into my head? If I could believe it – my spirit, you know, is pretty independent.'

'I wish your heart were independent. That would be enough for me.'

'My heart, indeed! What can you have to do with hearts? You men have none of you any hearts.'

'If we have not hearts, we have eyes; and they give us torment enough.'

'Do they? I am sorry for it; I am sorry they find anything so disagreeable in me. I will look another way. I hope this pleases you, (turning her back on him,) I hope your eyes are not tormented now.'

'Never more so; for the edge of a blooming cheek is still in view – at once too much and too little.'

Catherine heard all this, and quite out of countenance could listen no longer.

[from Chapter 18]

In what ways does Austen make this such a revealing and significant moment in the novel?

Or **8** Who does Austen's writing persuade you is the villain of the novel – and why?

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TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Babamukuru was of the opinion that enough chances had come my way, and on another level he agreed with Nyasha that the experience would not be good for me. From his armchair opposite the fireplace he told me why I could not go to the convent.

'It is not a question of money,' he assured me. 'Although there would still be a lot of expense on my part, you have your scholarship, so the major financial burden would be lifted. But I feel that even that little money could be better used. For one thing, there is now the small boy at home. Every month I put away a little bit, a very little bit, a very little bit every month, so that when he is of school-going age everything will be provided for. As you know, he is the only boy in your family, so he must be provided for. As for you, we think we are providing for you quite well. By the time you have finished your Form Four you will be able to take your course, whatever it is that you choose. In time you will be earning money. You will be in a position to be married by a decent man and set up a decent home. In all that we are doing for you, we are preparing you for this future life of yours, and I have observed from my own daughter's behaviour that it is not a good thing for a young girl to associate too much with these white people, to have too much freedom. I have seen that girls who do that do not develop into decent women.'

Marriage. I had nothing against it in principle. In an abstract way I thought it was a very good idea. But it was irritating the way it always cropped up in one form or another, stretching its tentacles back to bind me before I had even begun to think about it seriously, threatening to disrupt my life before I could even call it my own. Babamukuru had lost me with his talk of marriage. I inspected my dressing-gown for fluff, waiting for the session to end. 'This,' continued my uncle, 'is what I shall tell your father: if he wishes to send you there to that school, he may do so if he can find the money. Myself, I would not consider it money well spent. Mai,' he concluded, turning to my aunt, 'is there anything that you would wish to say?'

'Yes, Baba,' Maiguru spoke up softly from the sofa. My inspection came to an abrupt end. I listened incredulously.

'You do!' exclaimed Babamukuru and, recovering himself, invited her to continue. 'Speak freely, Mai. Say whatever you are thinking.'

There was a pause during which Maiguru folded her arms and leant back in the sofa. 'I don't think,' she began easily in her soft, soothing voice, 'that Tambudzai will be corrupted by going to that school. Don't you remember, when we went to South Africa everybody was saying that we, the women, were loose.' Babamukuru winced at this explicitness. Maiguru continued. 'It wasn't a question of associating with this race or that race at that time. People were prejudiced against educated women. Prejudiced. That's why they said we weren't decent. That was in the fifties. Now we are into the seventies. I am disappointed that people still believe the same things. After all this time and when we have seen nothing to say it is true. I don't know what people mean by a loose woman – sometimes she is someone who walks the streets, sometimes she is an educated woman, sometimes she is a successful man's daughter or she is simply beautiful. Loose or decent, I don't know. All I know is that if our daughter Tambudzai is not a decent

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person now, she never will be, no matter where she goes to school. And if she is decent, then this convent should not change her. As for money, you have said yourself that she has a full scholarship. It is possible that you have other reasons why she should not go there, Babawa Chido, but these – the question of decency and the question of money – are the ones I have heard and so these are the ones I have talked of.'

There was another pause during which Maiguru unfolded her arms and clasped her hands in her lap.

Babamukuru cleared his throat. 'Er, Tambudzai,' he asked tentatively, 'do you have anything to say?'

[from Chapter 9]

Explore the ways in which Dangarembga makes this a memorable and significant moment in the novel.

Or **10** To what extent does Dangarembga's writing make you feel that Tambu loses something of value by trying to gain an education?

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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:

At thirteen, Aruna still had thin brown legs and wore her hair plaited and tied in loops over her ears with large ribbons. Even though she had to dress in the faded blue cotton slip ordained by the convent, and white not coloured ribbons, there was already something about the way she tossed her head when she saw a man looking at her, with a sidelong look of both scorn and laughter, and the way her foot tapped and her legs changed position, that might have alerted the family to what it could expect. Even if Mama was indignant in refusing, she was impressed too, and – Uma saw – respectful of this display of her younger daughter's power of attraction.

By the time Aruna was fourteen she was rebelling against the blue cotton tunic and the white hair ribbons. At every opportunity she would shed them and change into flowered silk salwars. 'Silk!' Uma would exclaim, and Papa would sit up and take notice, frowning, but Mama was inclined to indulge Aruna and perhaps realised, instinctively, that if she did, there would be rewards to reap. So Aruna fluttered about in flowered silk, and the hair ribbons were replaced with little shiny plastic clips and clasps, and flowers that she picked from the dusty shrubs and hedges. When Uma was still watching to see that Arun did not crawl off the veranda and break his neck or put knitting needles or naphthalene balls in his mouth, Aruna was already climbing into bicycle rickshaws and going off to the cinema – with girl friends from school, she said. That was quite true, but she did not mention the young men who took the seats behind them, or even beside them, tempestuously throwing out a knee, an elbow, or even a hand at times, and contriving to touch the little, flustered, excited creatures, then followed them home on their bicycles, weaving through the traffic and singing ardently along the way.

While Mama searched energetically for a husband for Uma, families were already 'making enquiries' about Aruna. Yet nothing could be done about them; it was imperative that Uma marry first. That was the only decent, the only respectable line of behaviour. That also explained why MamaPapa responded so eagerly to an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper placed by 'a decent family' in search of a bride for their only son. MamaPapa went together to meet them and found it was a cloth merchant's family from the bazaar which had recently begun to prosper and was building a new house on the outskirts of the city. They had purchased a large piece of land in what had formerly been a swamp but was being reclaimed by the municipality by filling it in with city refuse; it was now marked into plots and even had some gates and walls coming up to show the beginnings of urbanisation. The merchant's family had laid the foundation of what would clearly be a palatial dwelling compared to the cramped quarters they had occupied for generations in the city. But, the father explained – disarmingly – they could not proceed until they came into some money, and here the dowry mentioned by Papa would come in useful. He was being frank with Papa, but then it was Papa's daughter who would come to his house as a bride. Papa looked dubious at this confession, but Mama was so delighted by the sight of prospective prosperity that she could not be restrained. They themselves owned no house; Papa had always refused to move out of their rented one with which he was perfectly content, leaving Mama

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with an enormous, unfulfilled desire for property. Why should Uma not fulfil it if she could not? A negotiated sum was made over as dowry, and the engagement ceremony arranged simultaneously. *50*

[from Chapter 7]

What does Desai's writing make you feel about Mama and Papa at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** How does Desai's writing make Anamika so memorable and significant in the novel?

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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:

But the terrible thing about coming back to life is that you can't be at peace any more. There are a thousand things to torment you. Before, I didn't mind what happened. I could let it all slip away. I didn't listen to the radio, even though Marina has it on all the time. But now I'm afraid, just like everyone else. When Marina takes the boy down to the air-raid shelter, I'm afraid that I'll never see them again. I lie here: that's all I can do. I listen to the anti-aircraft guns and sometimes I can hear planes. They aren't our fighters. They drum above the roof and I find myself praying, even though I never pray. Always the same words: if it falls, let it be a bomb, not an incendiary. The sheets stick to me with sweat.

I am not afraid of bombs. But if an incendiary took hold here, I wouldn't be able to get away. I'm afraid of that.

Last night I dreamed of Marina and the child. They were trying to wade towards me through a river which was full of fire instead of water. But he slipped and went down and then he floated away, slowly at first then faster and faster, with the fire lapping around his head. Marina kept on looking at me. I knew she wanted to tell me why she hadn't rescued him. It was because it was too late for him. He would suffer too much if he was brought up into the air again.

When I woke up I was wet with sweat and the guns were still crackling. They drop phosphorus bombs. Water can't put out phosphorus: it burns and burns. Last night there was a terrible screaming that went on and on, and I think it was that which made me dream about Kolya, and the fire. Marina says they weren't human screams. A bomb hit the zoo and the animals were wounded. Some of the cages were blown open and the animals were running up and down the streets. I suppose they had to be shot in the end.

Marina says they're not selling any food off the rations now. The restaurants are closed. She sits on my bed and tells me how many potatoes we've got left, how many onions, how many grammes of lard. She counts them over aloud, then counts them again. We both enjoy it. If she stops, I ask her more questions. 'How many potatoes did you say exactly, Marina?'

Kolya loves peeping into the store-cupboard and seeing how many jars there are. He doesn't try to touch anything. He stares solemnly for a while, and then he says, 'We've got lots of food, haven't we, Marina?' She answers, 'Yes, we're very fortunate,' and he nods, satisfied, and goes back to his game.

There's been further bombing of food stocks, but no one knows exactly where. Now we know that they don't just want to defeat us. They want to destroy us. Nothing in Leningrad matters to them at all. Not a stone, or a child. Carthage must be destroyed.

But there's freedom in knowing it. We can't make deals with them any more. So much for our pact. We have no choice left. We have to resist.

[from Chapter 15]

How does Dunmore vividly convey Mikhail's thoughts and feelings to you at this moment in the novel?

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Or **14** What does Dunmore's writing make you feel about the way the Russian Government affects the lives of **two** of the following characters in the novel?

Elizaveta Antonovna
Fedya
Marina Petrovna

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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:

'Is she dead?' said the voice that predominated over every other within him. 'If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child – shall be taken care of somehow.' But across that vision came the other possibility – 'She may live, and then it's all up with me.'

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.

'I waited for you, as I'd come so far,' he said, speaking first.

'Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out: why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead – has been dead for hours, I should say.'

'What sort of woman is she?' said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

'A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant – quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse tomorrow. Come, come along.'

'I want to look at her,' said Godfrey. 'I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two.'

Mr Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night.

He turned immediately towards the hearth where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep – only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky – before a steady-glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. The wide-open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey's without any uneasiness or sign of recognition: the child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when the blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver's queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner's withered cheek with loving disfiguration.

'You'll take the child to the parish tomorrow?' asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

'Who says so?' said Marner, sharply. 'Will they make me take her?'

'Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you – an old bachelor like you?'

'Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me,' said Marner. 'The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father: it's a lone thing – and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where – and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing – I'm partly mazed.'

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'Poor little thing!' said Godfrey. 'Let me give something towards finding it clothes.'

He had put his hand in his pocket and found half-a-guinea, and, thrusting it into Silas's hand, he hurried out of the cottage to overtake Mr Kimble.

'Ah, I see it's not the same woman I saw,' he said, as he came up. 'It's a pretty little child: the old fellow seems to want to keep it; that's strange for a miser like him. But I gave him a trifle to help him out: the parish isn't likely to quarrel with him for the right to keep the child.'

[from Chapter 13]

In what ways does Eliot make this such a striking and significant moment in the novel?

Or **16** How does Eliot vividly portray Silas's loneliness before Eppie comes into his life?

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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:

'What are you going to do?'

Kingshaw looked down at him coldly.

'Climb,' he said.

They were inside the ruin. The outer walls reached up very high, and there were odd bits of stone staircase, ending abruptly, so that you could step off into air, or on to parapets, and the remains of pillars, flat-topped like stepping stones. The surface was the colour of damp sand, rough and grainy to the touch, except where bits of moss and lichen grew out of the cracks.

'I bet you won't dare go up far.'

Kingshaw smiled to himself. He moved steadily from stone to stone, along the edge of one wall. He wanted to get as high as he could, up beside the tower.

Hooper watched him from below.

'You'll fall off.'

Kingshaw ignored him. He was sure-footed and unhurried, not afraid of any height. He looked down. Hooper was immediately below him. Kingshaw waved an arm.

'Why don't you come up as well?'

His voice echoed round the castle walls. Hooper had got his penknife out and was digging his initials into a slab of stone.

'*You'll* catch it if anyone sees you. You're not supposed to do that. They can put you in prison for doing it.'

Hooper went on scratching.

The walls were narrower here. Kingshaw went down on all fours, and made sure of the surface with his hands, as he went along, moving very slowly forwards. They had put new mortar between the spaces, though, so that there were no loose stones.

Now the wall went up about a foot, on to the next level. He manoeuvred the step, and then stood upright, carefully, and looked around. Outside of the castle, he could see the flat grass and the lake, and his mother and Mr Hooper, sitting on their bench at the far side. He felt high above them, very tall and strong, and safe, too, nobody could touch him. He thought, *this* is all right, I don't care about any of them here, they can't do anything at all to me, I don't care, I don't care. He felt light-headed, exulting in the freedom of it. If he reached his arm up, he might touch the sky.

But even up here, it was warm and airless.

He shouted down to Hooper, 'I'm a bowman, I'm the head warrior of this castle. If I shoot an arrow, I can kill you.'

Hooper looked up.

'I'm the King of the Castle!' Kingshaw began to wave his arms about, and to prance a little, delicately, on top of the wall. If he walked forwards a few yards farther, he would come to a gap. If he could jump it, he would be out on the parapet, leading to the tower.

[from Chapter 12]

What does Hill's writing make you feel at this moment in the novel?

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Or **18** How does Hill's writing powerfully show that Kingshaw is an easy target for Hooper's tormenting?

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[Turn over

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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:

'Hold your tongue!' Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. 'And now,' continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, 'reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once.' And then he begged Mr Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

'Now, sir,' said he, 'you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go.'

Mr Utterson's nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building and through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

'Mr Utterson, sir, asking to see you,' he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice answered from within: 'Tell him I cannot see anyone,' it said complainingly.

'Thank you, sir,' said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

'Sir,' he said, looking Mr Utterson in the eyes, 'was that my master's voice?'

'It seems much changed,' replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

'Changed? Well, yes, I think so,' said the butler. 'Have I been twenty years in this man's house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master's made away with; he was made away with, eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God: and *who's* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr Utterson!'

'This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale, my man,' said Mr Utterson, biting his finger. 'Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr Jekyll to have been—well, murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason.'

'Well, Mr Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet,' said Poole. 'All this last week (you must know) him, or it, or whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all

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the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for.' *50*

[from Chapter 8, 'The Last Night']

How does Stevenson make this moment in the novel so tense?

Or **20** Explore **one** moment in the novel where Stevenson's writing makes you feel particularly shocked.

Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 19 in your answer.

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie), and then answer the question that follows it:

'I have an appointment to see the editor of *Boy Magazine*,' I said.

'Oh,' she said.

'At ten o'clock,' I said. 'I think I'm early.' It was half past nine.

'Just one minute,' she said, and picked up a telephone. While she was talking I looked around the foyer, in which there was nothing to look at, but I don't like eavesdropping on people talking on the phone.

Then she put down the phone and said to me, 'Won't be long. Would you like to take a seat?'

For some reason that caught me unawares and I flashed her a blinding smile and kept standing there, wondering what was going to happen next, and then I realised what she had said and I smiled again and turned around and bumped into a chair and sat down and crossed my legs and looked around and then remembered the shortness of my trousers and quickly uncrossed my legs and sat perfectly straight and still, except for looking at my watch ten times in the next thirty seconds.

I don't know how long I sat there. It was either five minutes or an hour, it's hard to say. The lady at the desk didn't seem to have anything to do, and I didn't like looking at her, but from time to time our eyes met, and I would smile – or was that smile stretched across my face from the second I came in? I used to do things like that when I was thirteen.

Finally a door opened and another lady appeared. She seemed, for some reason, quite surprised when she saw me sitting there, as though I had three eyes or was wearing a red suit, but I must say this for her, she had poise, she pulled herself together very quickly, hardly dropped a stitch, as it were, and holding open the door through which she had come, she said, 'Won't you come this way?' and I did.

I was shown into an office that was filled with men in grey suits. Actually, there were only three of them, but they all stood up when I came in, and the effect was overpowering. I think I might even have taken a half-step back. But my blinding smile stayed firm.

The only name I remember is Randell and maybe I have that wrong. There was a lot of handshaking and smiling and saying of names. And when all that was done, no one seemed to know what to do. We just stood there, all uncomfortably smiling.

Finally, the man whose name might have been Randell said, 'Oh, please, please, sit down,' and everyone did.

'Well,' Mr Randell said. 'You're a young man to be drawing comics, I must say.'

'I've been interested in comics all my life.' I said.

'Well, we like your comic very much,' he said. 'And we'd like to make you an offer for it. Ah, fifteen pounds?'

'I accept,' I said.

I don't think Mr Randell was used to receiving quick decisions, for he then said something that seemed to me enormously ridiculous. 'That's, ah, two pounds ten a page,' he said, and looked at me with his eyes wide open and one eyebrow higher than the other.

'Yes, that's right,' I said. 'Six two-and-a-halfs are fifteen. Exactly.'

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That made his eyes open even wider, and suddenly he shut them altogether and looked down at the floor. One of the other men coughed. No one seemed to know what to do. I leaned back in my chair and crossed my legs and just generally smiled at everyone. I knew what was coming. A job. And I knew what I was going to say then, too.

And then Mr Randell collected himself, as though he had just thought of something very important (what an actor, I thought) and he said, 'Oh, there is one other thing, though. Jim, do we have Mr Lurie's comic here?'

'Right here,' said Jim, and whipped it out from under a pile of things on a desk.

'Some of the, ah, spelling,' Mr Randell said.

'Oh?' I said.

'Well, yes, there are, ah, certain things,' he said, turning over the pages of my comic, 'not, ah, *big* mistakes, but, here, see? You've spelt it as "jungel" which is not, ah, common usage.'

'You're absolutely right,' I said, flashing out my fountain pen all ready to make the correction.

'Oh, no no no,' Mr Randell said. 'Don't you worry about it. We'll, ah, make the corrections. If you approve, that is.'

'Of course,' I said.

'We'll, ah, post you our cheque for, ah, fifteen pounds,' he said. 'In the mail,' he added, rather lamely, it seemed to me.

'Oh, there's no great hurry about that,' I said. 'Any old time at all will do.'

'Yes,' he said.

Then we fell into another of these silences with which this appointment seemed to be plagued. Mr Randell scratched his neck. A truck just outside the window started with a roar and then began to whine and grind. It's reversing, I thought. My face felt stiff from smiling, but somehow I couldn't let it go.

How does Lurie make the narrator such a likeable character here?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Graham Greene makes the story *The Destructors* both disturbing and amusing for you.

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