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Cambridge
O Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/13**

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 vividly conveys the pain of separation in **either** *On the Departure Platform* **or** *The Going*.

On the Departure Platform

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through
She left me, and moment by moment got
Smaller and smaller, until to my view
She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff
That down the diminishing platform bore
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,
Behind dark groups from far and near,
Whose interests were apart from ours,
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see
That flexible form, that nebulous white;
And she who was more than my life to me
Had vanished quite ...

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,
And in season she will appear again –
Perhaps in the same soft white array –
But never as then!

– 'And why, young man, must eternally fly
A joy you'll repeat, if you love her well?'
– O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,
I cannot tell!

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The Going

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow
With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye,
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time's renewal? We might have said,
'In this bright spring weather
We'll visit together
Those places that once we visited.'

Well, well! All's past amend,
Unchangeable. It must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon ... O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing –
Not even I – would undo me so!

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

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

How does Hardy movingly create sympathy for the speaker in *The Voice*?

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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:

To Marguerite

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour –

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain –
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire? –
A God, a God their severance ruled;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(*Matthew Arnold*)

In what ways does Arnold use imagery to striking effect in *To Marguerite*?

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Or **4** How does Mitchell's writing make her portrayal of people so vivid and entertaining for you in *People Etcetera*?

People Etcetera

People are lovely to touch –
A nice warm sloppy tilting belly
Happy in its hollow of pelvis
Like a bowl of porridge.

People are fun to notice –
Their eyes taking off like birds
Away from their words
To settle on breasts and ankles
Irreverent as pigeons.

People are good to smell –
Leathery, heathery, culinary or Chanel,
Lamb's-wool, sea-salt, linen dried in the wind,
Skin fresh out of a shower.

People are delicious to taste –
Crisp and soft and tepid as new-made bread,
Tangy as blackberries, luscious as avocado,
Native as milk,
Acrid as truth.

People are irresistible to draw –
Hand following hand,
Eye outstaring eye,
Every curve an experience of self,
Felt weight of flesh, tension of muscle
And all the geology of an elderly face.

And people are easy to write about?
Don't say it.
What are these shadows
Vanishing
Round the
Corner?

(*Elma Mitchell*)

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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:

Pike

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(*Ted Hughes*)

Explore the ways in which Hughes creates feelings of fear in *Pike*.

Or **6** How does Rossetti strikingly use words and images in *A Birthday*?

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

(*Christina Rossetti*)

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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:

Catherine blushed for her friend, and said, 'Isabella is wrong. But I am sure she cannot mean to torment, for she is very much attached to my brother. She has been in love with him ever since they first met, and while my father's consent was uncertain, she fretted herself almost into a fever. You know she must be attached to him.'

'I understand: she is in love with James, and flirts with Frederick.'

'Oh! no, not flirts. A woman in love with one man cannot flirt with another.'

'It is probable that she will neither love so well, nor flirt so well, as she might do either singly. The gentlemen must each give up a little.'

After a short pause, Catherine resumed with 'Then you do not believe Isabella so very much attached to my brother?'

'I can have no opinion on that subject.'

'But what can your brother mean? If he knows her engagement, what can he mean by his behaviour?'

'You are a very close questioner.'

'Am I? – I only ask what I want to be told.'

'But do you only ask what I can be expected to tell?'

'Yes, I think so; for you must know your brother's heart.'

'My brother's heart, as you term it, on the present occasion, I assure you I can only guess at.'

'Well?'

'Well! – Nay, if it is to be guess-work, let us all guess for ourselves. To be guided by second-hand conjecture is pitiful. The premises are before you. My brother is a lively, and perhaps sometimes a thoughtless young man; he has had about a week's acquaintance with your friend, and he has known her engagement almost as long as he has known her.'

'Well,' said Catherine, after some moments' consideration, '*you* may be able to guess at your brother's intentions from all this; but I am sure I cannot. But is not your father uncomfortable about it? – Does not he want Captain Tilney to go away? – Sure, if your father were to speak to him, he would go.'

'My dear Miss Morland,' said Henry, 'in this amiable solicitude for your brother's comfort, may you not be a little mistaken? Are you not carried a little too far? Would he thank you, either on his own account or Miss Thorpe's, for supposing that her affection, or at least her good-behaviour, is only to be secured by her seeing nothing of Captain Tilney? Is he safe only in solitude? – or, is her heart constant to him only when unsolicited by anyone else? – He cannot think this – and you may be sure that he would not have you think it. I will not say, "Do not be uneasy," because I know that you are so, at this moment; but be as little uneasy as you can. You have no doubt of the mutual attachment of your brother and your friend; depend upon it therefore, that real jealousy never can exist between them; depend upon it that no disagreement between them can be of any duration. Their hearts are open to each other, as neither heart can be to you; they know exactly what is required and what can be borne; and you

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may be certain, that one will never tease the other beyond what is known to be pleasant.'

Perceiving her still to look doubtful and grave, he added, 'Though Frederick does not leave Bath with us, he will probably remain but a very short time, perhaps only a few days behind us. His leave of absence will soon expire, and he must return to his regiment. – And what will then be their acquaintance? – The mess-room will drink Isabella Thorpe for a fortnight, and she will laugh with your brother over poor Tilney's passion for a month.'

Catherine would contend no longer against comfort. She had resisted its approaches during the whole length of a speech, but it now carried her captive. Henry Tilney must know best. She blamed herself for the extent of her fears, and resolved never to think so seriously on the subject again.

[from Chapter 19]

How does Austen make this conversation between Catherine and Henry Tilney at this moment in the novel so fascinating?

Or **8** Explore how Austen vividly portrays a character behaving badly at **one** moment in the novel.

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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:

Maiguru reached the house just as Takesure was explaining that Lucia had refused to leave her sister.

'Yes,' he was saying, 'it's Lucia's fault. Ehe! That's what she did, that Lucia of yours. She refused, absolutely refused, to leave. She knew she had taken this pregnancy of hers, but she just refused to leave.'

'May I pass?' asked Maiguru at the door, curtseying and bringing her hands together in a respectful, soundless clap.

'Ma'Chido,' reprimanded Babamukuru sternly, 'we are listening to a very important case here. Sit down and listen with us.'

'Could it be that important?' demurred Maiguru, passing through the room with a deferential stoop of her back. 'We did not know anything about it.'

'Ma'Chido,' Babamukuru insisted, his voice breaking ever so slightly, 'I have invited you to sit down and listen to this case.'

'Very well, Baba,' acquiesced Maiguru, subsiding to the floor and folding her legs up under her.

'I am sure it is not necessary,' adjudged Tete, the female patriarch. 'Maiguru works very hard all day. Maybe it is best for her to sleep.'

'If she is tired, why doesn't she say so?' Babamukuru enquired irritably of Tete, and to Maiguru he graciously gave permission to leave. Maiguru accepted the permission and passed on to the bedroom. The men looked after her.

'Shame,' sympathised Babamunini Thomas. 'She is so tired, too tired even to sit and listen. But it is true. Maiguru works hard. Ya, she really works hard to keep things comfortable here.' And Babamukuru was pleased enough to let the matter pass.

The rest of us stood whispering outside, listening to these goings on and peering in at the window when the talking was intense and we thought no one would notice.

'Finish what you were telling us, Takesure,' ordered Babamukuru.

'Yes,' continued Takesure, darting pleading glances at my father, who remained patriarchally impervious and stern. 'Yes,' Takesure quivered, 'this is what I was saying. She just refused to go with me. Ehe! I told her, *Mukoma* said we must go, and she laughed! She just laughed and said she could go with Mukoma if Mukoma asked because he is her mwaramu, but she would not go with me. Ehe! That is what she said, Mukoma, I swear by my grandmother who died in 1959! That is what she said.'

'I see,' said Babamukuru magnanimously, while Lucia in the shadowy moonlight choked on chuckles that would not be suppressed. 'What you say is not surprising,' went on Babamukuru. 'It is understandable, because it is well known that she is an immodest woman. But why did you not report the matter?'

'I was afraid, *Mukoma*, truly afraid,' Takesure quavered. 'You know what is said of her, that she walks in the night?' This allegation was Takesure's undoing. Babamukuru cleared his throat and fixed his cousin with an uncompromising eye. Takesure had lost his advantage but he blustered on. 'She threatened terrible things. And we know what she is like. She would do them. Ehe! She would do them. She's probably the one

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bewitching *Mukoma* Jeremiah's children, so that he will marry her. She wants Jeremiah, not me!' *50*

[from Chapter 7]

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

Or **10** Tambu refers to Chido's 'usual lovable self'. How far does Dangarembga's writing convince you that Chido is lovable?

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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:

Then why, at that moment, when triumph should have reached its apogee, did everything change? And all good fortune veer around and plunge shockingly downwards?

In a way, it was Anamika's scholarship that had summoned him up, brought him to her parents' attention out of the swarm of other suitors, because he had qualifications equal to hers; he too had degrees, had won medals and certificates, and it seemed clear he would be a match for her.

Uma, Aruna and all the other girl cousins crowded around to see the match when he came, a bridegroom, to the wedding, and they fell back when they saw him, in dismay. He was so much older than Anamika, so grim-faced and conscious of his own superiority to everyone else present: those very degrees and medals had made him insufferably proud and kept everyone at a distance. The children saw that straight away: there would be no bridegroom jokes played at this wedding, no little gifts and bribes from him to them. In fact, he barely noticed them; he barely seemed to notice Anamika. The children saw that too – that she was marrying the one person who was totally impervious to Anamika's beauty and grace and distinction. He was too occupied with maintaining his superiority. He raised his chin and his nose – which was as long and sharp as a needle – and seemed to look over the top of her head as they exchanged heavy garlands of rose and jasmine, then sat before the ceremonial fire. The children twisted and squirmed to see what it was that he was staring at: was there a mirror hanging a little above the bride's head in which he could see himself?

Yes, in a way there was: it was the face of his mother, as sharp-nosed and grim-featured as he, gazing steadily back at him with an expression of fortitude in the face of calamity. They were to find out that this was how it was – it was the relationship central to his life, leaving room for no other. Anamika was simply an interloper, someone brought in because it was the custom and because she would, by marrying him, enhance his superiority to other men. So they had to tolerate her.

Only they did not tolerate her. No one said so openly, but Uma and Aruna heard gossip, over the next year or two, whispers and low voices that dropped even lower when they were within earshot. When they did pick up some hints, some information, it was deeply troubling: Anamika had been beaten, Anamika was beaten regularly by her mother-in-law while her husband stood by and approved – or, at least, did not object. Anamika spent her entire time in the kitchen, cooking for his family which was large so that meals were eaten in shifts – first the men, then the children, finally the women. She herself ate the remains in the pots before scouring them (or did Uma and Aruna imagine this last detail?). If the pots were not properly scoured, so they heard, her mother-in-law threw them on the ground and made her do them all over again. When Anamika was not scrubbing or cooking, she was in her mother-in-law's room, either massaging that lady's feet or folding and tidying her clothes. She never went out of the house except to the temple with other women. Anamika had never once been out alone with her husband. Aruna wondered what

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she did with all the fine clothes and jewellery she had been given at her wedding.

Then the news came that Anamika had had to go to the hospital. She had had a miscarriage at home, it was said, after a beating. It was said she could not bear more children. Now Anamika was flawed, she was damaged goods. She was no longer perfect. Would she be sent back to her family? Everyone waited to hear.

[from Chapter 6]

How does Desai make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

Or **12** How does Desai vividly convey how difficult it is for Arun to feel at home in the USA?

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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:

General Winter stood in his greatcoat of snow, and greeted General Hunger, as all great generals greet one another, once enough of their people have died and they can open their talks.

General Hunger, on the other hand, was not what you would expect. His cheeks were rosy, his hair sprang from his head, and his eyes were moist and bright. He was in his element. The two generals sat down on their chairs, planted their tall polished boots in front of them and leaned towards one another. They began to boast of what they could do to their enemies.

'This is what I can do,' said General Hunger. 'I make their skin flake and crack at the corners of their mouths. I make sores break out on their lips. They screw up their eyes and try to focus, but they never see me. They don't realize that it's I who have changed their eyesight.

'I whittle most of them down to skeletons, but with some I play a trick and fill their bodies with liquid that keeps them pinned to their beds. What I like best is a big, strong, well-muscled lad of eighteen, who burns up food like a stove. You should come back and see him after I've been keeping him company for a few weeks. He melts faster than a candle, in my hands. His muscles waste away. All those big strong bones stand out. I can turn him into an old man, I can make his eyes weak and watering, I can loosen his teeth in his gums until a crust of bread will pull them out. No one eats himself up quicker than a fit young man.

'I turn old men into children whimpering for food, and I turn five-year-olds into old men. It's all the same to me if they're young or old, ugly or beautiful, and I make them all the same. I've seen a lovely young woman of twenty-five shrink back from the sight of herself in a mirror after she's been living with me for a month or two.

'If I can't finish them off on my own, I groom them for my friends. A little cold that wouldn't keep them in bed for half a day soon proves fatal when it visits them after I've been staying.

'I strip them of their thoughts. I take away their feelings. I get into their blood. I am closer to them than they are to themselves. They can think of no one else.

'My dear cousin, you have got to admit defeat.'

[from Chapter 5]

How does Dunmore's writing portray hunger so powerfully at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** To what extent do you think Dunmore portrays the women in the novel as more admirable than the men?

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Turn to page 20 for Question 15.

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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:

Baby *was* christened, the rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbours. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith: if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas; and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshipped in close-locked solitude – which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones – Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing towards the same blank limit – carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbours. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favourite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling 'Dad-dad's' attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

[from Chapter 14]

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How does Eliot's writing movingly convey the impact of Eppie on Silas's life at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** In what ways does Eliot make the relationship between Godfrey and Nancy so compelling?

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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:

Kingshaw woke. The room was quite silent. He had dreamed it, then.

He lay on his back, keeping his eyes tightly closed, and thinking about why Hooper might have disappeared for the rest of that day. He had been waiting for him to come and say, 'You've got to go into the copse, now, I shall come to the window and watch you, you've got to go right in, and if you don't …' But Hooper had not come near.

What Kingshaw thought was, Hooper is not very used to being a bully. He is trying it out, he is just learning. Because he was not like the usual bullies he had known at school. He could cope with them, they had simple, and transparent minds. In any case, they rarely bothered him, now. He had ways of dealing with them. But Hooper was unpredictable. Clever. Inventive.

There was a sound outside on the landing, a sort of shuffle. But Warings was that sort of house, it moved and creaked all the time, it was old and the doors and windows did not shut properly.

Kingshaw turned his head and then opened his eyes, to look at the clock. He never liked to open his eyes in this room, at night, he could not stop himself thinking about Hooper's grandfather, lying dead.

What he saw first was not the clock. There was a thin beam of moonlight coming into the room, and a shape upon his bed, about half way down. He could not at all make out what it was. He listened. Somebody had been in his room, but there was no sound, now, from outside the door.

He thought, make me put the light on, I mustn't be too scared to put the light on, I've got to see. But he dared not reach out his hand, he lay stiff, his eyes wide open. Nothing moved. He did not move.

But he had to see, had to know. Make me, make me put on the light …

He reached out his left hand swiftly, and found the switch and pressed it before he could stop himself. He looked.

He knew at once that the crow was not real, that it was stuffed and dead. Somehow, that only made it so much worse. Its claws were gripping the sheet. It was very big.

Kingshaw lay stiff, and did not scream, did not make any sound at all. He was dry and faint with fear of the thing, though his brain still worked, he knew who had brought it, he knew that Hooper was still waiting out in the corridor, must have seen the light go on. Hooper wanted him to be frightened, to scream and cry and shout for his mother. He would not do that. There was nothing, nothing at all, that he could do to help himself. He wanted to lift up his leg quickly, and topple the terrible bird on to the floor, out of sight, not to have it there, pressing down on his thigh. But if he moved at all, it might fall the wrong way – forwards, nearer to him. He would not be able to touch it with his hand.

He must put out the light. Hooper was still waiting, listening. He managed it, eventually, but he dared not draw his hand back into the bed. He lay with his eyes squeezed shut, and a burning pain in his bladder. He was afraid of wetting the bed. He wished to be dead, he wished Hooper dead. But there was nothing, nothing he could do. In the end, towards morning, he half-slept.

When he woke again, it was just after six o'clock. The crow looked even less real, now, but much larger. He lay and waited for the beak to open so

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that he would see the scarlet inside of its mouth, for it to rise up and swoop down at him, making for his eyes. He thought, it's stupid, it's stupid, it's only a stupid, rotten bird. He took one deep breath, and then closed his eyes and rolled over, out of bed on to the floor. Then, ran. He sat for a long time on the lavatory. The house was quite silent.

He wondered what he could do with the thing, how he could possibly get rid of it. Now it was daylight, he would be even more afraid of touching it with his bare hands, but he wouldn't tell anyone about its presence in his room. It would have to stay there, then, lie on the floor beside his bed, night after night, until Mrs Boland came to clean and took it away.

But when he got back, the crow had gone.

[from Chapter 3]

How effectively does Hill's writing create a sense of terror at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** To what extent does Hill make the adults in the novel difficult to admire?

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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:

'10th December, 18—

'Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, "Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you," I would not have sacrificed my fortune or my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

'I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

'That is the first part of the service: now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes, afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

'Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

'Your friend,
'H. J.

'P.S. I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my

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errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.'

[*from Chapter 9, 'Dr Lanyon's Narrative'*]

How does Stevenson's writing vividly convey Jekyll's desperation to you at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Stevenson makes the final night and death of Dr Jekyll / Mr Hyde so dramatic.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this extract from *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif), and then answer the question that follows it:

I lean against the wall of my room and count: twelve years ago, I met him. Eight years ago, I married him. Six years ago, I gave birth to his child.

For eight summers we have been coming here; to the beach-house west of Alexandria. The first summer had not been a time of reflection; my occupation then had been to love my husband in this – to me – new and different place. To love him as he walked towards my parasol, shaking the water from his black hair, his feet sinking into the warm, hospitable sand. To love him as he carried his nephew on his shoulders into the sea, threw him in, caught him and hoisted him up again; a colossus bestriding the waves. To love him as he played backgammon with his father in the evening, the slam of counters and the clatter of dice resounding on the patio while, at the dining-room table, his sister showed me how to draw their ornate, circular script. To love this new him, who had been hinted at but never revealed when we lived in my northern land, and who after a long absence, had found his way back into the heart of his country, taking me along with him. We walked in the sunset along the water's edge, kicking at the spray, my sun-hat fallen on my back, my hand, pale bronze in his burnt brown, my face no doubt mirroring his: aglow with health and love; a young couple in a glitzy commercial for life insurance or a two-week break in the sun.

My second summer here was the sixth summer of our love – and the last of our happiness. Carrying my child and loving her father, I sat on the beach, dug holes in the sand and let my thoughts wander. I thought about our life in my country, before we were married: four years in the cosy flat, precarious on top of a roof in a Georgian square, him meeting me at the bus-stop when I came back from work, Sundays when it did not rain and we sat in the park with our newspapers, late nights at the movies. I thought of those things and missed them – but with no great sense of loss. It was as though they were all there, to be called upon, to be lived again whenever we wanted.

I looked out to sea and, now I realise, I was trying to work out my co-ordinates. I thought a lot about the water and the sand as I sat there watching them meet and flirt and touch. I tried to understand that I was on the edge, the very edge of Africa; that the vastness ahead was nothing compared to what lay behind me. But – even though I'd been there and seen for myself its never-ending dusty green interior, its mountains, the big sky, my mind could not grasp a world that was not present to my senses – I could see the beach, the waves, the blue beyond, and cradling them all, my baby.

I sat with my hand on my belly and waited for the tiny eruptions, the small flutterings, that told me how she lay and what she was feeling. Gradually, we came to talk to each other. She would curl into a tight ball in one corner of my body until, lopsided and uncomfortable, I coaxed and prodded her back into a more centred, relaxed position. I slowly rubbed one corner of my belly until *there*, aimed straight at my hand, I felt a gentle punch. I tapped and she punched again. I was twenty-nine. For seventeen years my body had waited to conceive, and now my heart and mind had caught up

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with it. Nature had worked admirably; I had wanted the child through my love for her father and how I loved her father that summer. My body could not get enough of him. His baby was snug inside me and I wanted him there too.

From where I stand now, all I can see is dry, solid white. The white glare, the white wall, and the white path, narrowing in the distance.

I should have gone. No longer a serrating thought but familiar and dull. I should have gone. On that swirl of amazed and wounded anger when, knowing him as I did, I first sensed that he was pulling away from me, I should have gone. I should have turned, picked up my child and gone.

How does Soueif make this passage so moving?

Or **22** What makes the writer's portrayal of a young person so memorable in **either** *Her First Ball* (by Katherine Mansfield) **or** *The Son's Veto* (by Thomas Hardy)?

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