



ENGLISH LITERATURE

0477/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

For Examination from 2017

SPECIMEN PAPER

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.

The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

The specimen questions in this document are for general illustrative purposes.

Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of examination for details of the set texts.

This syllabus is regulated in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **20** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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SECTION B: PROSE

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

From JO PHILLIPS ed.: *Poems Deep & Dangerous*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1 How does Clare powerfully portray falling in love for the first time in *First Love*?

First Love

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet.
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete.
 My face turned pale as deadly pale, 5
 My legs refused to walk away,
 And when she looked 'what could I ail?'
 My life and all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my sight away. 10
 The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noonday.
 I could not see a single thing,
 Words from my eyes did start;
 They spoke as chords do from the string 15
 And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter's choice?
 Is love's bed always snow?
 She seemed to hear my silent voice
 And love's appeal to know. 20
 I never saw so sweet a face
 As that I stood before:
 My heart has left its dwelling-place
 And can return no more.

(John Clare)

[25]

Or 2 How does Banks vividly capture the thoughts and feelings of the mother in *The Gift*?

The Gift

After the accident, the hospital,
 they brought me aching home
 mouth pumped up like a tyre
 black stitches tracking the wound
 over my lip, the red slit signalling
 the broken place. And my son
 my tall, cool son of sixteen
 kissed the top of my head
 and over the curve of my shoulder
 laid his arm, like the broad wing
 of a mother bird guarding its young. 5
 10

Anyone who has known tenderness
 thrown like a lifeline into the heart of pain
 anyone who has known pain bleed into tenderness
 knows how the power of the two combine. 15
 And if I am a fool to give thanks
 for pain as well as tenderness
 and even if, as some would say
 there are no accidents –

Still. I am grateful for the gift. 20

(Chris Banks)

[25]

SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3 How does Boey Kim Cheng powerfully convey his attitude to the planners in this poem?

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,
filled with permutations of possibilities.
The buildings are in alignment with the roads
which meet at desired points
linked by bridges all hang 5
in the grace of mathematics.
They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws, 10
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.
All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.

The country wears perfect rows 15
of shining teeth.

Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.
They have the means.
They have it all so it will not hurt,
so history is new again. 20
The piling will not stop.
The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed 25
poetry. Not a single drop
to stain the blueprint
of our past's tomorrow.

(*Boey Kim Cheng*)

[25]

- Or 4 How does Wordsworth memorably portray his thoughts and feelings about London for you in *Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge*?

Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

(*William Wordsworth*)

[25]

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 5 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began.

“Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying – and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued –

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly – which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford – between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh’s footstool – that she said, ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. – Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where, I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place – which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother’s decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent;

and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married.”

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

[from Chapter 19]

What does Austen’s writing make you feel about Mr. Collins at this point in the novel?

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or **6** How does Austen make Elizabeth Bennet such an appealing and admirable character?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fire-place, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us.

Mrs Linton's glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment. 5

'Oh, you see, Nelly! he would not relent a moment, to keep me out of the grave! *That* is how I'm loved! Well, never mind! That is not *my* Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me – he's in my soul. And,' added she, musingly, 'the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength – you are sorry for me – very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for *you*. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I *wonder* he won't be near me!' She went on to herself. 'I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.' 10 15

In her eagerness she rose, and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet, at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so, I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity. 20 25

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her: while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly – 'You teach me now how cruel you've been – cruel and false. *Why* did you despise me? *Why* did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort – you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll blight you – they'll damn you. You loved me – then what *right* had you to leave me? What right – answer me – for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or satan could inflict would have parted us, *you*, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart – *you* have broken it – and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you – oh God! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave?' 30 35 40

'Let me alone. Let me alone,' sobbed Catherine. 'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!' 45

'It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands,' he answered. 'Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love *my* murderer – but *yours*! How can I?'

They were silent – their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed 50

Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch.

55

‘Service is over,’ I announced. ‘My master will be here in half-an-hour.’ Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained Catherine closer – she never moved.

[from Chapter 15]

How does Brontë’s writing communicate the extraordinary bond between Catherine and Heathcliff at this point in the novel?

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or **8** *A loyal servant*
 An interfering gossip

How far do you agree with these descriptions of Nelly Dean?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It was at this moment that Pinky spotted the Cinema Monkey! The Cinema Monkey who had so long been harassing the ladies of the town for peanut cones. There it was, loping its way towards them! Hai Rama, how on earth could they have possibly forgotten? Coming to the movie without strong and able chaperons! This would have to happen to them. The monkey came closer. He was so bold, he showed not the slightest trepidation. Any human thief would be feeling a little awkward, robbing like this in broad daylight. The monkey's brown eyes were cold and cruel, red-rimmed and fixed firmly upon them. In a rush of terror, her heart falling into a black nothingness, Pinky shouted: 'Run, run, run. Run, Ammaji. Drop the ice cream and run!' 5 10

But Ammaji, who had just been handed a nice chocolate cone by the Hungry Hop boy, ran with the cone – not that this mattered, for the monkey ignored her and ran after Pinky instead, even though she was without any food products whatsoever. He grabbed hold of her dupatta and held tight as she screamed like a train and pounded down the bazaar street, followed by the gallant Hungry Hop boy, who had been aroused from his usual placid state by their cries of alarm. After all, it was not as if he did not know how to behave in such situations. He too was a regular at the cinema. 15

Now, inexplicably, for reasons best known to herself, Ammaji decided in the midst of all this confusion, this raised dust and running, to take a bite of her ice-cream cone. As she did so, the dentures, which had been unsettled by so much activity, were dislodged from her gums. Stuck in the ice cream, they leered at her horribly like a ghastly cartoon: skeleton teeth mocking, beckoning from the chocolate mound, an affront to her old age. 20

Horrified, Ammaji dropped the cone and, mistaking it for his favourite peanuts in a roll of paper, the monkey turned his attention towards her, caught hold of the denture-laden cone and rushed towards a tree. 25

'Oi, you crooked thief,' shouted Ammaji in rage, now turning around and shouting and chasing after the ape, 'Give them back. They're of no use to you, you stupid donkey.' 30

'Stupid *monkey*, maji,' said Hungry Hop, stopping in mid-track, stunned at her mistaking such vastly different animals for each other. 'He's a monkey, not a donkey.'

'Munkey-dunkey,' shouted Ammaji. 'Don't just stand there. Go after him.' And remembering his duties, the Hungry Hop boy went at the creature, screaming and yelling, waving two sticks in such an alarming manner that even this dreadful monkey, disgusted at finding no peanuts, and a little intimidated, dropped the cone, raced over the roofs of the shops and disappeared. The Hungry Hop boy retrieved the dentures from a melting pool of chocolate and delivered them, carefully balanced on the end of a stick, to Ammaji. 35 40

Pinky could not remember being so mortified in all her life. There she was, looking like a sweeper woman, with her grandmother's dentures being displayed in public, first atop an ice-cream cone being borne away by a monkey, and then dangling humiliatingly on the end of a stick. What a spectacle they had made of themselves. A cheering crowd had gathered to watch the fun. But the Hungry Hop boy treated the whole occasion with a nonchalance that made Pinky weak with thankfulness. 45

[from Chapter 9]

Explore the ways in which Desai makes this such an amusing moment.

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or 10 What impressions of the officials in Shahkot does Desai's writing create for you?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 11 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On weekends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before. 5

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York – every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb. 10

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another. 20

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names. 25

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the center of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light. 30

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the *Follies*. The party has begun. 45

[from Chapter 3]

What striking impressions of Gatsby's grand parties does Fitzgerald's writing create for you?

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or 12 How does Fitzgerald's writing make Tom Buchanan such an unpleasant character?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

THOMAS HARDY: *Far From The Madding Crowd*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Bathsheba said very little to her husband all that evening of their return from market, and he was not disposed to say much to her. He exhibited the unpleasant combination of a restless condition with a silent tongue. The next day, which was Sunday, passed nearly in the same manner as regarded their taciturnity, Bathsheba going to church both morning and afternoon. This was the day before the Budmouth races. In the evening Troy said, suddenly – 5

“Bathsheba, could you let me have twenty pounds?”

Her countenance instantly sank. “Twenty pounds?” she said.

“The fact is, I want it badly.” The anxiety upon Troy’s face was unusual and very marked. It was a culmination of the mood he had been in all the day. 10

“Ah! for those races to-morrow.”

Troy for the moment made no reply. Her mistake had its advantages to a man who shrank from having his mind inspected as he did now. “Well, suppose I do want it for races?” he said, at last.

“Oh, Frank!” Bathsheba replied, and there was such a volume of entreaty in the words. “Only such a few weeks ago you said that I was far sweeter than all your other pleasures put together, and that you would give them all up for me; and now, won’t you give up this one, which is more a worry than a pleasure? Do, Frank. Come, let me fascinate you by all I can do – by pretty words and pretty looks, and everything I can think of – to stay at home. Say yes to your wife – say yes!” 15 20

The tenderest and softest phases of Bathsheba’s nature were prominent now – advanced impulsively for his acceptance, without any of the disguises and defences which the wariness of her character when she was cool too frequently threw over them. Few men could have resisted the arch yet dignified entreaty of the beautiful face, thrown a little back and sideways in the well known attitude that expresses more than the words it accompanies, and which seems to have been designed for these special occasions. Had the woman not been his wife, Troy would have succumbed instantly; as it was, he thought he would not deceive her longer. 25

“The money is not wanted for racing debts at all,” he said. 30

“What is it for?” she asked. “You worry me a great deal by these mysterious responsibilities, Frank.”

Troy hesitated. He did not now love her enough to allow himself to be carried too far by her ways. Yet it was necessary to be civil. “You wrong me by such a suspicious manner,” he said. “Such strait-waistcoating as you treat me to is not becoming in you at so early a date.” 35

“I think that I have a right to grumble a little if I pay,” she said, with features between a smile and a pout.

“Exactly; and, the former being done, suppose we proceed to the latter. Bathsheba, fun is all very well, but don’t go too far, or you may have cause to regret something.” 40

She reddened. “I do that already,” she said, quickly.

“What do you regret?”

“That my romance has come to an end.”

“All romances end at marriage.” 45

“I wish you wouldn’t talk like that. You grieve me to my soul by being smart at my expense.”

“You are dull enough at mine. I believe you hate me.”

“Not you – only your faults. I do hate them.”

“’Twould be much more becoming if you set yourself to cure them. Come, let’s 50
strike a balance with the twenty pounds, and be friends.”

[from Chapter 41]

Explore the ways in which Hardy powerfully conveys the tensions between Bathsheba and Troy at this point in the novel.

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or 14 ‘Boldwood has only himself to blame for what happens to him.’

How far does Hardy’s writing lead you to agree with this statement?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

BESSIE HEAD: *When Rain Clouds Gather*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 15 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Please spare a moment, Rra Rankoane,’ she said. ‘I want to ask you something.’

Rankoane detached himself from the group and walked towards her with his angry-looking expression. Rankoane was always rude and offhand to women.

‘What is it?’ he asked impatiently. 5

‘Your cattle post is near mine,’ Paulina said. ‘Why didn’t you persuade my son to come home with you? What’s the good of him staying in the bush when there is no water and the cattle are dying?’

A queer, guarded look crept into Rankoane’s eyes. ‘So, your son has not come home, Paulina Sebeso?’ he asked quietly. 10

‘I don’t understand you, Rankoane,’ she said, wildly. ‘What are you saying?’

The man shrugged. He had more than enough troubles to bear. His whole livelihood had almost vanished before his very eyes.

‘I told your son to go home two weeks ago,’ he said. ‘I expected him to be here, that’s why I did not stop at your cattle post today.’ 15

He walked away to join the group of men, but then he turned round once and looked back at Paulina with a twisted expression of pain on his face. At the same time he was trying to escape responsibility by not telling the woman why he had ordered her son home two weeks previously. It must have been just about this time too, after he had brought the cattle back to the kraal for the night, that Paulina’s son had come to him. 20

‘I don’t know what’s wrong with me, Uncle,’ the boy had said. ‘I am coughing up blood every day.’

But Rankoane knew at one glance what was wrong. Tuberculosis was the one major killer in the country, and the small boy with his red feverish eyes was seriously ill with it. Also, the diet they were eating now, plain porridge with salt and water and no milk, must have brought the boy’s ailment to a serious stage. Rankoane merely smiled because he did not want to alarm the boy who looked like a thin, bony scarecrow in his father’s oversized jacket. 25

‘We are all coughing,’ he said. ‘The reason why? There is too much dust and no rain to settle it. Dust in the lungs causes one to cough up blood. The one way to cure it is by drinking beer, but since you are young and cannot drink the beer you must go home tomorrow with the cattle and your mother will take you to hospital.’ 30

The small boy grinned at him cheerfully, with big, white teeth. He was amused at Rankoane’s reference to beer and the man-to-man tone of his voice. Still, he was worried. He could not take the cattle back to the village and burden his mother with them. 35

‘Can’t I leave the cattle in your care until I come back from the hospital, Uncle?’ he asked.

Rankoane had shifted uncomfortably. He was now drawing up a half bucket of water from his well and he could not add to his own worries. Besides, Paulina Sebeso was a resourceful woman and she would know what to do. He explained this to the boy who nodded. The last thing he would get from his mother was a scolding. She made a joke of life and he already knew what she would say when he unexpectedly arrived home: “Goodness, Isaac, don’t tell me you have eaten up all your rations.” And he would say: “No, Mama, I have come home because I am coughing up blood every day.” This would most surely strike his mother as unusual, as she would not know of Rankoane’s story about the dust in the lungs. The thought of his mother and her surprise and concern filled the small boy’s heart with warm comfort. He stood up and walked back happily to his own roughly built 40
45
50

hut, and it was the memory of this last conversation he had had with the boy that made Rankoane look back at Paulina Sebeso with a pained expression. He ought not to have done so, for his look froze Paulina to the ground and she could not move, so lifeless and numb was the feeling in her arms and legs.

[from Chapter 10]

How does Head's writing make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or **16** How does Head's writing suggest to you the contribution which George Appleby-Smith and Gilbert Balfour make to Golema Mmidi society?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 17 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Andrew Hale was a ruddy man with a big grey moustache and a stubbly double-chin unconstrained by a collar; but his scrupulously clean shirt was always fastened by a small diamond stud. This display of opulence was misleading, for though he did a fairly good business it was known that his easy-going habits and the demands of his large family frequently kept him what Starkfield called “behind.” He was an old friend of Ethan’s family, and his house one of the few to which Zeena occasionally went, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Hale, in her youth, had done more “doctoring” than any other woman in Starkfield, and was still a recognised authority on symptoms and treatment. 5

Hale went up to the grays and patted their sweating flanks. 10

“Well, sir,” he said, “you keep them two as if they was pets.” Ethan set about unloading the logs and when he had finished his job he pushed open the glazed door of the shed which the builder used as his office. Hale sat with his feet up on the stove, his back propped against a battered desk strewn with papers: the place, like the man, was warm, genial and untidy. 15

“Sit right down and thaw out,” he greeted Ethan.

The latter did not know how to begin, but at length he managed to bring out his request for an advance of fifty dollars. The blood rushed to his thin skin under the sting of Hale’s astonishment. It was the builder’s custom to pay at the end of three months, and there was no precedent between the two men for a cash settlement. 20

Ethan felt that if he had pleaded an urgent need Hale might have made shift to pay him; but pride, and an instinctive prudence, kept him from resorting to this argument. After his father’s death it had taken time to get his head above water, and he did not want Andrew Hale, or anyone else in Starkfield, to think he was going under again. Besides, he hated lying; if he wanted the money he wanted it, and it was nobody’s business to ask why. He therefore made his demand with the awkwardness of a proud man who will not admit to himself that he is stooping; and he was not much surprised at Hale’s refusal. 25

The builder refused genially, as he did everything else: he treated the matter as something in the nature of a practical joke, and wanted to know if Ethan meditated buying a grand piano or adding a “cupolo” to his house; offering, in the latter case, to give his services free of cost. 30

Ethan’s arts were soon exhausted, and after an embarrassed pause he wished Hale good day and opened the door of the office. As he passed out the builder suddenly called after him: “See here – you ain’t in a tight place, are you?” 35

“Not a bit,” Ethan’s pride retorted before his reason had time to intervene.

“Well, that’s good! Because I *am*, a shade. Fact is, I was going to ask you to give me a little extra time on that payment. Business is pretty slack, to begin with, and then I’m fixing up a little house for Ned and Ruth when they’re married. I’m glad to do it for ’em, but it costs.” His look appealed to Ethan for sympathy. “The young people like things nice. You know how it is yourself: it’s not so long ago since you fixed up your own place for Zeena.” 40

[from Chapter 4]

How does Wharton's writing vividly convey the ways in which both men seek to hide their real feelings at this point in the novel?

Support your answer with details from the extract and your wider reading of the novel. [25]

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Wharton memorably portrays the growing attraction between Ethan and Mattie.

Support your answer with details from the novel. [25]

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