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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**2010/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 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.



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

*The Pine Planters*  
(Marty South's Reverie)

I  
We work here together  
In blast and breeze;  
He fills the earth in,  
I hold the trees.

He does not notice  
That what I do  
Keeps me from moving  
And chills me through.

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He has seen one fairer  
I feel by his eye,  
Which skims me as though  
I were not by.

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And since she passed here  
He scarce has known  
But that the woodland  
Holds him alone.

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I have worked here with him  
Since morning shine,  
He busy with his thoughts  
And I with mine.

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I have helped him so many,  
So many days,  
But never win any  
Small word of praise!

Shall I not sigh to him  
That I work on  
Glad to be nigh to him  
Though hope is gone?

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Nay, though he never  
Knew love like mine,  
I'll bear it ever  
And make no sign!

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## II

From the bundle at hand here  
 I take each tree,  
 And set it to stand, here  
 Always to be;  
 When, in a second,  
 As if from fear  
 Of Life unreckoned  
 Beginning here, 40  
 It starts a sighing  
 Through day and night,  
 Though while there lying  
 'Twas voiceless quite.

It will sigh in the morning, 45  
 Will sigh at noon,  
 At the winter's warning,  
 In wafts of June;  
 Grieving that never  
 Kind Fate decreed 50  
 It should for ever  
 Remain a seed,  
 And shun the welter  
 Of things without,  
 Unneeding shelter 55  
 From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing  
 For whom or what  
 We set it growing  
 In this bleak spot, 60  
 It still will grieve here  
 Throughout its time,  
 Unable to leave here,  
 Or change its clime;  
 Or tell the story 65  
 Of us to-day  
 When, halt and hoary,  
 We pass away.

Explore the ways in which Hardy creates such moving impressions of Marty South and the man she loves in *The Pine Planters*.

- Or 2 How do Hardy's words and images make a memorable moment so vivid in *Neutral Tones*?

*Neutral Tones*

We stood by a pond that winter day,  
 And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,  
 And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;  
     – They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove  
 Over tedious riddles of years ago;  
 And some words played between us to and fro  
     On which lost the more by our love.

The smile on your mouth was the deadest thing  
 Alive enough to have strength to die;  
 And a grin of bitterness swept thereby  
     Like an ominous bird a-wing ...

Since then, keen lessons that love deceives,  
 And wrings with wrong, have shaped to me  
 Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree,  
     And a pond edged with grayish leaves.

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**Turn to page 8 for Question 3.**

from JO PHILLIPS ed: *Poems Deep & Dangerous*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 3 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Registers*

Out of the warm primordial cave  
of our conversations, Jack's gone.  
No more chit-chat under the blankets  
pegged over chairs and nipped in drawers.

Throughout his first five years an ear  
always open, at worst ajar, 5  
I catch myself still listening out  
for sounds of him in the sensible house

where nothing stirs but the washing machine  
which clicks and churns. I'm loosening his arms 10  
clasped round my neck, detaching myself  
from his soft protracted kiss goodbye.

Good boy, diminishing down the long  
corridors into the huge unknown  
assembly hall, each word strange, 15  
even his name on Miss Cracknell's tongue.

(*Michael Laskey*)

How does Laskey make *Registers* so moving?



- Or 4 In what ways does Clare convey to you the powerful emotions of the speaker 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. 5  
 My face turned pale as deadly pale,  
 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)

**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:

*The City Planners*

Cruising these residential Sunday  
streets in dry August sunlight:  
what offends us is  
the sanities: 5  
the houses in pedantic rows, the planted  
sanitary trees, assert  
levelness of surface like a rebuke  
to the dent in our car door.  
No shouting here, or  
shatter of glass; nothing more abrupt 10  
than the rational whine of a power mower  
cutting a straight swath in the discouraged grass.

But though the driveways neatly  
sidestep hysteria 15  
by being even, the roofs all display  
the same slant of avoidance to the hot sky,  
certain things:  
the smell of spilt oil a faint  
sickness lingering in the garages,  
a splash of paint on brick surprising as a bruise, 20  
a plastic hose poised in a vicious  
coil; even the too-fixed stare of the wide windows

give momentary access to  
the landscape behind or under  
the future cracks in the plaster 25  
when the houses, capsized, will slide  
obliquely into the clay seas, gradual as glaciers  
that right now nobody notices.

That is where the City Planners  
with the insane faces of political conspirators 30  
are scattered over unsurveyed  
territories, concealed from each other,  
each in his own private blizzard;

guessing directions, they sketch  
transitory lines rigid as wooden borders 35  
on a wall in the white vanishing air

tracing the panic of suburb  
order in a bland madness of snows.

(Margaret Atwood)

To what extent does Atwood make you feel that human activities are pointless in *The City Planners*?

Or 6 How does Rossetti create a sense of extreme emotion in *The Woodspurge*?

*The Woodspurge*

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:  
I had walked on at the wind's will, –  
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, –  
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
My hair was over in the grass,  
My naked ears heard the day pass.

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My eyes, wide open, had the run  
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
Among those few, out of the sun,  
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

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From perfect grief there need not be  
Wisdom or even memory:  
One thing then learnt remains to me, –  
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

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(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*)

## 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:

The marriage of Eleanor Tilney, her removal from all the evils of such a home as Northanger had been made by Henry's banishment, to the home of her choice and the man of her choice, is an event which I expect to give general satisfaction among all her acquaintance. My own joy on the occasion is very sincere. I know no one more entitled, by unpretending merit, or better prepared by habitual suffering, to receive and enjoy felicity. Her partiality for this gentleman was not of recent origin; and he had been long withheld only by inferiority of situation from addressing her. His unexpected accession to title and fortune had removed all his difficulties; and never had the General loved his daughter so well in all her hours of companionship, utility, and patient endurance, as when he first hailed her, 'Your Ladyship!' Her husband was really deserving of her; independent of his peerage, his wealth, and his attachment, being to a precision the most charming young man in the world. Any further definition of his merits must be unnecessary; the most charming young man in the world is instantly before the imagination of us all. Concerning the one in question therefore I have only to add – (aware that the rules of composition forbid the introduction of a character not connected with my fable) – that this was the very gentleman whose negligent servant left behind him that collection of washing-bills, resulting from a long visit at Northanger, by which my heroine was involved in one of her most alarming adventures. 5  
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The influence of the Viscount and Viscountess in their brother's behalf was assisted by that right understanding of Mr Morland's circumstances which, as soon as the General would allow himself to be informed, they were qualified to give. It taught him that he had been scarcely more misled by Thorpe's first boast of the family wealth, than by his subsequent malicious overthrow of it; that in no sense of the word were they necessitous or poor, and that Catherine would have three thousand pounds. This was so material an amendment of his late expectations, that it greatly contributed to smooth the descent of his pride; and by no means without its effect was the private intelligence, which he was at some pains to procure, that the Fullerton estate, being entirely at the disposal of its present proprietor, was consequently open to every greedy speculation. 25  
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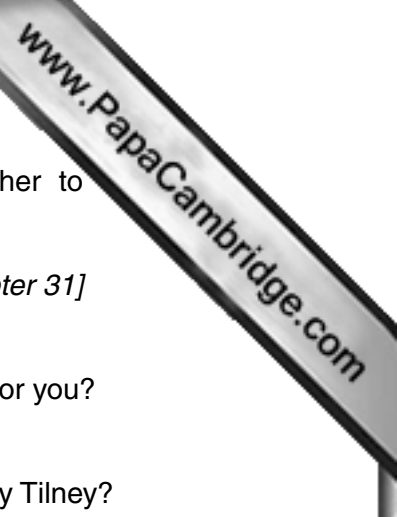
On the strength of this, the General, soon after Eleanor's marriage, permitted his son to return to Northanger, and thence made him the bearer of his consent, very courteously worded in a page full of empty professions to Mr Morland. The event which it authorised soon followed: Henry and Catherine were married, the bells rang and everybody smiled; and, as this took place within a twelve-month from the first day of their meeting, it will not appear, after all the dreadful delays occasioned by the General's cruelty, that they were essentially hurt by it. To begin perfect happiness at the respective ages of twenty-six and eighteen, is to do pretty well; and professing myself moreover convinced, that the General's unjust interference, so far from being really injurious to their felicity, was perhaps rather conducive to it, by improving their knowledge of each other, and adding strength to their attachment, I leave it to be settled by whomsoever 35  
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it may concern, whether the tendency of this work be altogether to recommend parental tyranny, or reward filial disobedience.

*[from Chapter 31]*

How does Austen's writing make this ending of the novel satisfying for you?

**Or**      **8**      In what ways does Austen strikingly contrast John Thorpe and Henry Tilney?



**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,’ my mother asked, suckling my little brother, ‘do you think we will go home tonight?’

‘How should I know what you and your Babamukuru have planned?’ laughed Maiguru. ‘We shall see when he comes.’

Babamukuru did not come until we had all gone to bed. He did not take my mother home that day, or the next, or the next.

‘Mainini has been wondering when they will go home,’ Maiguru probed on the fourth day.

‘Oh yes! I said I would take them,’ remembered my uncle.

At lunchtime the day after he came home looking very pleased with himself. Something very wonderful indeed must have happened for us to be able to see it, because Babamukuru’s face did not usually reflect his moods. So we waited and hoped he would share the occasion with us.

‘Have you packed, Mainini?’ he asked my mother when we were half-way into the meal. ‘I think I can take you home this afternoon.’

‘But what about the shopping?’ objected Maiguru. ‘Will there be time to do both?’

‘We’ll see to that later,’ Babamukuru dismissed my aunt, and he told my mother to get ready since he wanted to leave straight after lunch. But when Lucia rose too, Babamukuru stopped her.

‘Lucia,’ he said indifferently, ‘er – if you are going to help Mainini, that is all right. But you yourself will not be going. I have found something for you to do. Not much. A little job. At the girls’ hostel. You will help to cook the food there at the hostel. I will take you there today.’

‘Pururu!’ ululated Lucia loud and long, although I do not know how she managed it with such a broad grin on her face. ‘Pururu!’ she shrieked, her hand to her mouth. ‘Did you hear that, Sisi, did you hear that, Sisi?’ she crowed at my mother with a little jump to emphasise each word. ‘Babamukuru has found me a job. He has found me a job!’ She knelt in front of Babamukuru, energetically clapping her hands. ‘Thank you, Samusha, thank you, Chihwa. You have done a great deed. Truly, we could not survive without you. Those foreign places, those places you went, did not make you forget us. No! They enabled you to come back and perform miracles!’

My mother came hurrying with her own shrill ululations. ‘That is why they say education is life,’ she cried. ‘Aren’t we all benefiting from Babamukuru’s education?’ and she knelt worshipping beside Lucia. Then it was Maiguru’s turn to take her place on the floor.

‘Thank you, Baba, thank you for finding Mainini Lucia a job.’

It was an intoxicating occasion. My first instinct was to join the adoring women – my mouth had already pursed itself for a loud ululation.

‘Don’t you dare,’ Nyasha hissed, kicking me under the table. I unpursed my mouth, but the urge to extol Babamukuru’s magnanimity was implacable.

‘Thank you, Babamukuru,’ I said as calmly as I could so as not to disappoint Nyasha, ‘for finding Lucia a job.’

I was mesmerised by the sleight of hand that had lifted Lucia out of her misery, and even more seductive was the power that this sleight of hand

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represented. With the crescendos of praise, Babamukuru grew modest and egalitarian.

'Stand up, stand up. Do not thank me. Lucia is the one who will be doing the work!' he exclaimed.

So Lucia never went back to the homestead to live, although she did go with my mother that afternoon to collect her spare dress and her few other possessions. In the excitement, my mother left behind at the mission a lime-green bonnet and a bright pink bootee which she had received at my brother's birth.

*[from Chapter 8]*

How does Dangarembga vividly convey the reactions of the characters at this moment in the novel?

- Or**     **10** 'Babamukuru has his family's best interests at heart.'  
How far does Dangarembga's writing persuade you that this is true?

Do **not** use the extract printed in question 9 in your answer.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Arun stands looking at his shoes, dusty from the long walk out of town, and carefully refrains from informing him that Melanie is indoors, gorging on peanuts. He waits for the dreaded moment when he will have to confess what he wishes he did not have to confess – again. Will Mrs Patton make the confession for him? Will Mrs Patton be brave and make it unnecessary for him to speak, publicly reveal himself as unworthy, unfit to take the wafer upon his tongue, the wine into his throat?

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‘Come on, bring me your plates,’ Mr Patton tells his foot-dragging communicants, trying to sound jovial and only managing to sound impatient.

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Mrs Patton advances, holding her plate before her. She stands very upright before the grill, trying not to flinch but evidently fully aware of the gravity of the ceremony. ‘Thank you, dear,’ she says as she receives the slab of charred meat on her plate, making it dip a little with its weight so that grease and blood run across it and spread.

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‘And now you, Aaroon,’ commands Mr Patton, sliding the spatula under another slab that is blackening upon the coals. ‘This here should be just right for you, Red,’ he jollies the nervous newcomer to his congregation, not yet saved but surely on his way. Arun has made the mistake of telling the Pattons once that his name means ‘red’ in Hindi, and Mr Patton has seized upon this as a good joke, particularly in conjunction with his son’s name, Rod. Fortunately Arun has not elaborated that it means, specifically, the red sky at sunrise or Mr Patton might now be calling him ‘Dawn’.

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Instinctively, then, Arun steps backwards and even puts his hands behind his back. Some stubborn adherence to his own tribe asserts itself and prevents him from converting. ‘Oh, I’ll just have the – the bun and – then salad,’ he stammers and his hair falls over his forehead in embarrassment.

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Mr Patton raises an eyebrow – slowly, significantly – holding the spatula in the air while the steak sputters in indignation at this denial.

Mrs Patton rushes in hurriedly, but too late. ‘Ahroon’s a vegetarian, dear –’ and then her voice drops to a whisper ‘– like me.’

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Mr Patton either does not hear the whisper, or does but ignores it. He responds only to the first half of the statement. ‘Okay, now I remember,’ he says at last. ‘Yeah, you told me once. Just can’t see how anyone would refuse a good piece of meat, that’s all. It’s not natural. And it costs –’

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Mrs Patton begins to play the role of a distracting decoy. She flutters about the patio, helping herself to bread and mustard, pattering rapidly, ‘Ahroon explained it all to us, dear – you know, about the Hindoo religion, and the cows –’

Mr Patton gives his head a shake, sadly disappointed in such moral feebleness, and turns the slab of meat over and over. ‘Yeah, how they let them out on the streets because they can’t kill ’em and don’t know what to do with ’em. I could show ’em. A cow is a cow, and good red meat as far as I’m concerned.’

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‘Yes, dear,’ Mrs Patton coos consolingly.

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‘And here it’s all turning to coal,’ Mr Patton mourns, patting the scorched slice.

Arun follows Mrs Patton to a table set with platters and bowls of lettuce



and rolls. Sadly he resigns himself to the despised foods, wondering once again how he has let himself be drawn into this repetitious farce – the ceremonies of other tribes must seem either farcical or outrageous always – as bad as anything he remembers at home. Thinking of his father's stolid face and frown at the table, grave and disapproving, he feels he must assure Mrs Patton as he would his mother, 'I will eat the bun and salad.'

Mr Patton says nothing. He is prying the scorched shreds of meat off the grill with his spatula and scraping them onto his plate, grievously aware of the failure of this summer night's sacrament.

Mrs Patton settles onto a canvas chair and pantomimes the eating of a meal while playing with it with her fork. 'Mmm, it's real good,' she murmurs. 'Rod and Melanie just don't know what they're missing.'

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*[from Chapter 15]*

How does Desai make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

- Or**      **12** Explore the ways in which Desai persuades you that there are similarities between Papa and Mr Patton.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Anna and the sledge. Little Anna on her sledge, long ago. Mammy loved sledging as much as Anna did. They would go out, the two of them, while Anna's father worked. He would have liked to come with them but he had a deadline to meet.

Walking through snow, with the red sledge bumping along behind them, Anna wished that everyone she knew was there to see what a beautiful sledge she had. There were curls of green and gold on the smart, bright red. The rope was new and Anna was allowed to pull the sledge herself. Her mother swooped down to pick up Anna when snow went over the top of her boots. When she set her down again, Anna took up the thick, new rope. A bit farther on, near the park, someone stopped them. She stood so close that Anna smelt her smoky perfume. Her boots had shiny silver buckles on the side, and Anna wanted to touch them.

'Hasn't she grown! How are you all, Vera?'

'We're well,' said Vera. Her hand squeezed Anna's tightly. There was a silence, but Vera didn't put any more words into it.

'I haven't seen Misha for weeks – he's not ill, I hope?'

Her mother's voice was steady. 'He's perfectly well, Marina Petrovna. We are all perfectly well. And now, if you'll excuse me, Anna mustn't stand in the cold ...'

'Of course –'

When Anna looked back she was still standing there. She didn't move, and no one said goodbye.

When they had turned the corner, her mother stopped and placed Anna carefully on the sledge. She wrapped the shawl around Anna in the usual way, making sure that her chest was covered.

But suddenly she changed and did something new. She dropped on her knees in the snow in front of the sledge. She grasped Anna and pulled her close. She pressed her tight, tight, so that Anna felt the cold of her mother's cheeks burning her.

'Mammy, you're hurting me.'

Her mother moved back. Anna saw her face close-up.

'Mammy, are you all right?'

Her mother stood up, brushing snow off her coat. 'I'm fine. Don't worry, Anna.'

Anna said nothing. Carefully, she tucked in the ends of the shawl which her mother had forgotten. She looked up and she saw that her mother's face was stiff with anger. She was drumming her fingers on the rope, staring up the street as if she'd forgotten about Anna.

'Mammy?'

'What?'

'Can we go?'

'You want to go back home?'

'I'm cold, Mammy.'

'I'm sorry. I was thinking about some things at work. Let's go. Hold on tight now, Anna.'

How old was she then? Five, six? All through that spring and summer there was trouble hanging in the air like thunder. At night Anna woke up

and there were voices slashing the dark. When holiday time came her mother took Anna away to the dacha, but her father didn't come with them. He had things to do in Leningrad.

'Too much work to do, Anna. I want to come, but –'

*[from Chapter 1]*

How does Dunmore's writing make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

- Or**      **14** Explore **two** memorable moments in the novel where Dunmore portrays the impact of war on people's lives.

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:

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

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This journey on New Year's Eve was a pre-meditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air, and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a bar-maid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

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She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter – the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion – pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant – it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly-veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

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[from Chapter 12]

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

**Or**     **16** To what extent does Eliot's writing make you feel sympathy for Nancy?

**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 ignored him. He picked up the rabbit cautiously. It felt quite heavy, and rather loose, as though there were nothing holding its limbs together, inside.

‘Haven’t you ever touched a dead thing before?’

‘No. Well – only birds. Nothing big.’

‘That isn’t big!’

‘It is. I mean, I’ve never touched an *animal* that was dead.’

‘Haven’t you ever seen a dead person, either?’

Kingshaw looked up nervously. ‘No.’

‘Not even your father? Didn’t they take you to look at him in his coffin?’

‘No.’

‘I saw my grandfather dead. That wasn’t long ago.’

‘Oh.’ Kingshaw had no way of telling if this were true. He moved his fingers about in the rabbit’s wet fur.

‘Oh, chuck it away, Kingshaw.’

But he was reluctant. He liked the feel of it. He had not known how it would be to hold a dead thing. Now he knew. He nursed it to him. Hooper said, ‘It’s only dead. Dead things are finished, they don’t matter.’

‘Yes, they do. Well – dead people do, anyway.’

‘Of course they don’t. There’s no difference.’

‘There is, there is.’

‘*How* is there?’

‘Because ... because it’s human bodies.’

‘Humans are only animals.’

‘Yes – only ... only they’re not. They’re different.’

Hooper sighed. ‘Look, when you’re breathing, you’re alive aren’t you? Everything is. And when you stop breathing, your heart stops, and then you’re dead.’

Kingshaw hesitated, worried about it, uncertain how to argue. Hooper’s eyes opened very wide. ‘I suppose you don’t believe all that guff about souls and ghosts and everything, do you?’

‘Not ghosts ...’

‘When you’re dead you’re dead, you’re finished.’

‘No.’

‘Look ... you can see.’ Hooper poked his finger at the rabbit. Its head flopped heavily sideways.

‘It’s dead,’ he said.

Kingshaw stared at it miserably. He could not think clearly. What Hooper said must be true, and yet he knew that it was not true.

‘If you believe all that about souls, you believe in ghosts and spooks.’

‘No, I don’t.’

‘Ghosts are supposed to be people, after they’re dead, aren’t they?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘Well, they are.’

‘You just said that when you were dead you were finished.’

‘Oh, I don’t believe in any old ghosts. But you do. You’ve got to, if you believe that other.’

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Kingshaw said nothing. But he was still anxious about it.  
'So you'd better watch out, hadn't you? But it's all guff, really.'

*[from Chapter 7]*

How does Hill's writing make this moment in the novel revealing and significant?

**Or**      **18** Explore the ways in which Hill memorably presents Kingshaw's relationship with Fielding.

**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:

‘Did you ever come across a protégé of his—one Hyde?’ he asked.

‘Hyde?’ repeated Lanyon. ‘No. Never heard of him. Since my time.’

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions. 5

Six o’clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr Utterson’s dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr Enfield’s tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor’s; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer’s mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend’s strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clauses of the will. And at least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred. 10 15 20 25 30 35

From that time forward, Mr Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post. 40

*[from Chapter 2, ‘Search for Mr Hyde’]*

In what ways does Stevenson’s writing vividly convey Mr Utterson’s disturbed state of mind at this moment in the novel?

**Or 20** How does Stevenson make Dr Jekyll’s relationship with Mr Hyde so fascinating?



**Turn to page 26 for Question 21.**

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21** Read this extract from *The Fly in the Ointment* (by V. S. Pritchett), and then answer the question that follows it:

The old man turned his head away. He actually wiped a tear from his eye. A glow of sympathy transported the younger man. He felt as though a sun had risen.

‘You know –’ the father said uneasily, flitting a glance at the fly on the ceiling as if he wanted the fly as well as his son to listen to what he was going to say – ‘you know,’ he said, ‘the world’s all wrong. I’ve made my mistakes. I was thinking about it before you came. You know where I went wrong? You know where I made my mistake?’

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The son’s heart started to a panic of embarrassment. For heaven’s sake, he wanted to shout, don’t! Don’t stir up the whole business. Don’t humiliate yourself before me. Don’t start telling the truth. Don’t oblige me to say we know all about it, that we have known for years the mess you’ve been in, that we’ve seen through the plausible stories you’ve spread, that we’ve known the people you’ve swindled.

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‘Money’s been my trouble,’ said the old man. ‘I thought I needed money. That’s one thing it’s taught me. I’ve done with money. Absolutely done and finished with it. I never want to see another penny as long as I live. I don’t want to see or hear of it. If you came in now and offered me a thousand pounds I should laugh at you. We deceive ourselves. We don’t want the stuff. All I want now is just to go to a nice little cottage by the sea,’ the old man said. ‘I feel I need air, sun, life.’

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The son was appalled.

‘You want money even for that,’ the son said irritably. ‘You want quite a lot of money to do that.’

‘Don’t say I want money,’ the old man said vehemently. ‘Don’t say it. When I walk out of this place tonight I’m going to walk into freedom. I am not going to think of money. You never know where it will come from. You may see something. You may meet a man. You never know. Did the children of Israel worry about money? No, they just went out and collected the manna. That’s what I want to do.’

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The son was about to speak. The father stopped him.

‘Money,’ the father said, ‘isn’t necessary at all.’

Now, like the harvest moon in full glow, the father’s face shone up at his son.

‘What I came round about was this,’ said the son awkwardly and dryly. ‘I’m not rich. None of us is. In fact, with things as they are we’re all pretty shaky and we can’t do anything. I wish I could, but I can’t. But’ – after the assured beginning he began to stammer and to crinkle his eyes timidly – ‘but the idea of your being – you know, well short of some immediate necessity, I mean – well, if it is ever a question of – well, to be frank, *cash*, I’d raise it somehow.’

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He coloured. He hated to admit his own poverty, he hated to offer charity to his father. He hated to sit there knowing the things he knew about him. He was ashamed to think how he, how they all dreaded having the gregarious, optimistic, extravagant, uncontrollable, disingenuous old man on their hands. The son hated to feel he was being in some peculiar way which he could not understand, mean, cowardly and dishonest.

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The father's sailing eyes came down and looked at his son's nervous, frowning face and slowly the dreaming look went from the father's face. Slowly the harvest moon came down from its rosy voyage. The little face suddenly became dominant within the outer folds of skin like a fox looking out of a hole of clay. He leaned forward brusquely on the table and somehow a silver-topped pencil was in his hand preparing to note something briskly on a writing-pad.

'Raise it?' said the old man sharply. 'Why didn't you tell me before you could raise money? How can you raise it? Where? By when?'

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How does Pritchett make this such a powerful ending to the story?

- Or 22 Explore the ways in which the writer makes **either** *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P.G. Wodehouse) **or** *At Hiruharama* (by Penelope Fitzgerald) particularly amusing.

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