



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge Ordinary Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

2010/13

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2016

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 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: *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 Convergence of the Twain
(Lines on the loss of the 'Titanic')

I
In a solitude of the sea
Deep from human vanity,
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II
Steel chambers, late the pyres
Of her salamandrine fires,
Cold currents thrud, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

5

III
Over the mirrors meant
To glass the opulent
The sea-worm crawls – grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV
Jewels in joy designed
To ravish the sensuous mind
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

10

V
Dim moon-eyed fishes near
Gaze at the gilded gear
And query: 'What does this vaingloriousness down here?' ...

15

VI
Well: while was fashioning
This creature of cleaving wing,
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII
Prepared a sinister mate
For her – so gaily great –
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

20

VIII
And as the smart ship grew
In stature, grace, and hue,
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.



5

IX

Alien they seemed to be:
No mortal eye could see
The intimate welding of their later history,

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X

Or sign that they were bent
By paths coincident
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

30

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years
Said 'Now!' And each one hears,
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.

How does Hardy powerfully depict the loss of the *Titanic* in *The Convergence of the Twain*?

- Or 2 How does Hardy make you feel sympathy for the speakers in 'I Look Into My Glass' and 'Nobody Comes'?

'I Look Into My Glass'

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, 'Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!'

For then, I, undistrest 5
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve, 10
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Nobody Comes

Tree-leaves labour up and down,
And through them the fainting light
Succumbs to the crawl of night.
Outside in the road the telegraph wire
To the town from the darkening land 5
Intones to travellers like a spectral lyre
Swept by a spectral hand.

A car comes up, with lamps full-glare,
That flash upon a tree:
It has nothing to do with me, 10
And whangs along in a world of its own,
Leaving a blacker air;
And mute by the gate I stand again alone,
And nobody pulls up there.

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:

In Our Tenth Year

This book, this page, this harebell laid to rest

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Here, take it from my hand. Now, let it go.

(Simon Armitage)

How does Armitage strikingly portray the speaker's relationship with his wife in *In Our Tenth Year*?

Or 4 How does Heaney make *Follower* such a moving poem?

Follower

My father worked with a horse-plough,

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Behind me, and will not go away.

(*Seamus Heaney*)

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

lion heart

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Amanda Chong)

Explore some of the ways in which Chong creates a sense of admiration in this poem.

Or 6 How does Wroth strikingly convey her attitude to love in this poem?

Song

Love a child is ever crying;
Please him, and he straight is flying;
Give him he the more is craving,
Never satisfied with having.

His desires have no measure;
Endless folly is his treasure; 5
What he promiseth he breaketh.
Trust not one word that he speaketh.

He vows nothing but false matter,
And to cozen you he'll flatter. 10
Let him gain the hand, he'll leave you,
And still glory to deceive you.

He will triumph in your wailing,
And yet cause be of your failing.
These his virtues are, and slighter 15
Are his gifts, his favours lighter.

Feathers are as firm in staying,
Wolves no fiercer in their preying.
As a child then leave him crying,
Nor seek him so given to flying. 20

(Lady Mary Wroth)

SECTION B: PROSE

CHINUA ACHEBE: *No Longer at Ease*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The telephone rang and Miss Tomlinson answered it.
 ‘Mr Okonkwo? Right. Hold on for him. For you, Mr Okonkwo.’
 Obi’s telephone was in parallel with hers. He thought it was Clara, but it was only the receptionist downstairs.
 ‘A gentleman? Send him up, please. He want speak to me there? All right, I de come down. Now now.’ 5
 The gentleman was in a three-piece suit and carried a rolled umbrella. Obviously a new arrival from England.
 ‘Good morning. My name is Okonkwo.’
 ‘Mark is mine. How do you do?’ 10
 They shook hands.
 ‘I’ve come to consult you about something – semi-official and semi-private.’
 ‘Let’s go up to my office, shall we?’
 ‘Thank you very much.’ 15
 Obi led the way.
 ‘You have just come back to Nigeria?’ he asked as they mounted the stairs.
 ‘I’ve been back now six months.’
 ‘I see.’ He opened the door. ‘After you.’ 20
 Mr Mark stepped in, and then pulled up suddenly as if he had seen a snake across his path. But he recovered quickly enough and walked in.
 ‘Good morning,’ he said to Miss Tomlinson, all smiles. Obi dragged another chair to his table and Mr Mark sat down. 25
 ‘And what can I do for you?’
 To his amazement Mr Mark replied in Ibo:
 ‘If you don’t mind, shall we talk in Ibo? I didn’t know you had a European here.’
 ‘Just as you like. Actually I didn’t think you were Ibo. What is your problem?’ He tried to sound casual. 30
 ‘Well, it is like this. I have a sister who has just passed her School Certificate in Grade One. She wants to apply for a Federal Scholarship to study in England.’
 Although he spoke in Ibo, there were some words that he had to say in English. Words like ‘School Certificate’ and ‘scholarship’. He lowered his voice to a whisper when he came to them. 35
 ‘You want application forms?’ asked Obi.
 ‘No, no, no. I have got those. But it is like this. I was told that you are the secretary of the Scholarship Commission and I thought that I should see you. We are both Ibos and I cannot hide anything from you. It is all very well sending in forms, but you know what our country is. Unless you see people ...’ 40
 ‘In this case it is not necessary to see anybody. The only ...’

‘I was actually thinking of coming round to your house, but the man who told me about you did not know where you lived.’

‘I’m sorry, Mr Mark, but I really don’t understand what you are driving at.’ He said this in English, much to Mr Mark’s consternation. Miss Tomlinson pricked up her ears like a dog that is not quite sure whether someone has mentioned bones.

‘I’m sorry – er – Mr Okonkwo. But don’t get me wrong. I know this is the wrong place to – er ...’

‘I don’t think there is any point in continuing this discussion,’ Obi said again in English. ‘If you don’t mind, I’m rather busy.’ He rose to his feet. Mr Mark also rose, muttered a few apologies and made for the door.

‘He’s forgotten his umbrella,’ remarked Miss Tomlinson as Obi returned to his seat.

‘Oh dear!’ He took the umbrella and rushed out.

Miss Tomlinson was eagerly waiting to hear what he would say when he came back, but he simply sat down as if nothing had happened and opened a file. He knew she was watching him, and he wrinkled his forehead in pretended concentration.

‘That was short and sweet,’ she said.

‘Oh yes. He is a nuisance.’ He did not look up and the conversation lapsed.

[from Chapter 9]

Explore the ways in which Achebe makes this moment dramatic and revealing.

Or **8** How does Achebe vividly convey Obi’s changing feelings towards Nigeria in the novel?

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The next morning brought the following very unexpected letter from Isabella:—

Bath, April—

My dearest Catherine,

I received your two kind letters with the greatest delight, and have a thousand apologies to make for not answering them sooner. I really am quite ashamed of my idleness; but in this horrid place one can find time for nothing. I have had my pen in my hand to begin a letter to you almost every day since you left Bath, but have always been prevented by some silly trifler or other. Pray write to me soon, and direct to my own home. Thank God! we leave this vile place to-morrow. Since you went away, I have had no pleasure in it—the dust is beyond any thing; and every body one cares for is gone. I believe if I could see you I should not mind the rest, for you are dearer to me than any body can conceive. I am quite uneasy about your dear brother, not having heard from him since he went to Oxford; and am fearful of some misunderstanding. Your kind offices will set all right:—he is the only man I ever did or could love, and I trust you will convince him of it. The spring fashions are partly down; and the hats the most frightful you can imagine. I hope you spend your time pleasantly, but am afraid you never think of me. I will not say all that I could of the family you are with, because I would not be ungenerous, or set you against those you esteem; but it is very difficult to know whom to trust, and young men never know their minds two days together. I rejoice to say, that the young man whom, of all others, I particularly abhor, has left Bath. You will know, from this description, I must mean Captain Tilney, who, as you may remember, was amazingly disposed to follow and tease me, before you went away. Afterwards he got worse, and became quite my shadow. Many girls might have been taken in, for never were such attentions; but I knew the fickle sex too well. He went away to his regiment two days ago, and I trust I shall never be plagued with him again. He is the greatest coxcomb I ever saw, and amazingly disagreeable. The last two days he was always by the side of Charlotte Davis: I pitied his taste, but took no notice of him. The last time we met was in Bath-street, and I turned directly into a shop that he might not speak to me;—I would not even look at him. He went into the Pump-room afterwards; but I would not have followed him for all the world. Such a contrast between him and your brother!—pray send me some news of the latter—I am quite unhappy about him, he seemed so uncomfortable when he went away, with a cold, or something that affected his spirits. I would write to him myself, but have mislaid his direction; and, as I hinted above, am afraid he took something in my conduct amiss. Pray explain every thing to his satisfaction; or, if he still harbours any doubt, a line from himself to me, or a call at Putney when next in town, might set all to rights. I have not been to the Rooms this age, nor to the Play, except going in last night with the Hodges's, for a frolic, at half-price: they teased me into it; and I was determined they should not say I shut myself up because Tilney was gone. We happened to sit by the Mitchells, and they pretended to be quite surprized to see me out. I knew their spite:—at one time they could not be

civil to me, but now they are all friendship; but I am not such a fool as to be taken in by them. You know I have a pretty good spirit of my own. Anne Mitchell had tried to put on a turban like mine, as I wore it the week before at the Concert, but made wretched work of it—it happened to become my odd face I believe, at least Tilney told me so at the time, and said every eye was upon me; but he is the last man whose word I would take. I wear nothing but purple now: I know I look hideous in it, but no matter—it is your dear brother's favourite colour. Lose no time, my dearest, sweetest Catherine, in writing to him and to me.

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Who ever am, &c.

Such a strain of shallow artifice could not impose even upon Catherine. Its inconsistencies, contradictions, and falsehood, struck her from the very first. She was ashamed of Isabella, and ashamed of having ever loved her. Her professions of attachment were now as disgusting as her excuses were empty, and her demands impudent. 'Write to James on her behalf!—No, James should never hear Isabella's name mentioned by her again.'

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[from Chapter 22]

How does Austen's writing make you agree with Catherine's opinion of Isabella at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** How does Austen make the goodness of the Morland family vivid for you?

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

She looked at Silas pityingly as she went on. ‘But you didn’t hear the church-bells this morning, Master Marner? I doubt you didn’t know it was Sunday. Living so lone here, you lose your count, I daresay; and then, when your loom makes a noise, you can’t hear the bells, more partic’lar now the frost kills the sound.’ 5

‘Yes, I did; I heard ’em,’ said Silas, to whom Sunday bells were a mere accident of the day, and not part of its sacredness. There had been no bells in Lantern Yard.

‘Dear heart!’ said Dolly, pausing before she spoke again. ‘But what a pity it is you should work of a Sunday, and not clean yourself – if you *didn’t* go to church; for if you’d a roasting bit, it might be as you couldn’t leave it, being a lone man. But there’s the bakehus, if you could make up your mind to spend a twopence on the oven now and then, – not every week, in course – I shouldn’t like to do that myself, – you might carry your bit o’ dinner there, for it’s nothing but right to have a bit o’ summat hot of a Sunday, and not to make it as you can’t know your dinner from Saturday. But now, upo’ Christmas-day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was to take your dinner to the bakehus, and go to church, and see the holly and the yew, and hear the anthim, and then take the sacramen’, you’d be a deal the better, and you’d know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust i’ Them as knows better nor we do, seein’ you’d ha’ done what it lies on us all to do.’ 10

Dolly’s exhortation, which was an unusually long effort of speech for her, was uttered in the soothing persuasive tone with which she would have tried to prevail on a sick man to take his medicine, or a basin of gruel for which he had no appetite. Silas had never before been closely urged on the point of his absence from church, which had only been thought of as a part of his general queerness; and he was too direct and simple to evade Dolly’s appeal. 15

‘Nay, nay,’ he said, ‘I know nothing o’ church. I’ve never been to church.’ 20

‘No!’ said Dolly, in a low tone of wonderment. Then bethinking herself of Silas’s advent from an unknown country, she said, ‘Could it ha’ been as they’d no church where you was born?’

‘Oh yes,’ said Silas, meditatively, sitting in his usual posture of leaning on his knees, and supporting his head. ‘There was churches – a many – it was a big town. But I knew nothing of ’em – I went to chapel.’ 25

Dolly was much puzzled at this new word, but she was rather afraid of inquiring further, lest ‘chapel’ might mean some haunt of wickedness. After a little thought, she said –

‘Well, Master Marner, it’s niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you’ve niver had no church, there’s no telling the good it’ll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I’ve been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o’ God, as Mr Macey gives out – and Mr Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic’lar on Sacramen’ Day; and if a bit o’ trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi’ it, for I’ve looked for help i’ the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we ’n done our part, it isn’t to 30

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be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n.'

Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. He remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of Dolly's speech which he fully understood – her recommendation that he should go to church. Indeed, Silas was so unaccustomed to talk beyond the brief questions and answers necessary for the transaction of his simple business, that words did not easily come to him without the urgency of a distinct purpose.

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of goodwill by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

'Oh, for shame, Aaron,' said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; 'why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderful hearty,' she went on, with a little sigh – 'that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight – that we must.'

[from Chapter 10]

How does Eliot make this such a moving portrayal of Dolly?

- Or** **12** Explore the ways in which Eliot makes William Dane's betrayal of Silas such a powerful and significant part of the novel.

MICHAEL FRAYN: *Spies*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I'm still looking for the two-colour pencil, though, when I hear the reassuringly familiar sounds of Keith crawling in along the passageway. My heart leaps gratefully. Now things will be all right.

It's not Keith, though.

'I knew you were playing on your own,' says Barbara Berrill. 'I've got a secret way of seeing you in here.'

5

I'm so taken aback by the outrage she's committing that I can't speak. She sits on the ground with her arms round her knees, smiling her big mocking smile, making herself entirely at home. She's wearing her school frock with the puffy sleeves, and her school purse slung across her chest. The purse is made of bobbly blue leather, and closed with a shiny blue popper. There's something girlishly self-satisfied about the bobbliness of the leather and the shininess of the popper that offends me almost as much as her intrusion.

10

'No one's allowed in here!' I manage to cry at last. 'Only me and Keith!'

15

She goes on sitting and smiling. 'You didn't see me watching you, did you?'

'Yes, I did.'

'No, you didn't.'

'Look, strangers can't come in here. This is private.'

20

'No, it isn't. It's Miss Durrant's garden, and she's dead. Anyone can come in here.'

'Can't you read?' I point to the warning she's just crawled past.

She turns round to look. 'What – "privet"?'

"Private".'

25

'It says "privet".'

I cringe with shame on Keith's behalf. 'It says "private"; I insist lumpishly.

'No, it doesn't. And it's stupid to go putting up a sign saying it's privet, when anyone can see it's privet.'

'You're being stupid, saying things that don't mean anything.'

30

'What – "privet"?' she says. She rests her chin on her knees, and gazes at me. She's just realised that my ignorance goes deeper than a matter of spelling. At once I'm on my guard. 'Privet' *does* mean something, I realise.

'You mean you don't know what privet is?' she says softly.

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'Of course I do,' I say scornfully. And I do, just from the way she asked me. Or at any rate I know that it must be one of those things like bosoms and sheenies that ambush you when you least expect it, so that you suddenly find yourself surrounded by jeering enemies who know what they are when you don't. *Privet*, yes ... At the back of my mind now I have a dim, shameful recollection of something half-heard and half-understood.

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'You don't know!' she taunts.

'Yes, I do.'

'What is it, then?'

'I'm not telling you.'

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I'm not telling her because my faint recollection has hardened into certainty. I know perfectly well what privets are. They're the secret little sheds they have behind the Cottages in the Lanes – lavatories of some

sort, and of some particularly disgusting sort that's full of germs, and that I'm not going to get involved in talking about.

She giggles. 'Your face has gone all squidgy,' she says.

I say nothing. 'Squidgy' is a girl's word that I shouldn't condescend to respond to.

'It's because you're telling fibs,' she teases. 'You *don't* know.'

'Look, just go away, will you?'

I glance in the direction of Keith's house. At any moment he's going to come down the garden path ... cross over the road ... come crawling along the tunnel ... and find our private place full of Barbara Berrill in her school purse, with her school skirt tucked primly over her hunched-up knees, and her knickers on display beneath. He won't blame *her*, of course, or even speak to her, any more than his father ever blames me or speaks to me. He'll hold me responsible for her, just as his father holds him responsible for me. He'll catch my eye and smile that little mocking smile of his. I think of the sharpened bayonet, locked away inside the trunk beside me, waiting for Keith to draw it across my throat to punish any breach of my oath of secrecy.

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[from Chapter 5]

How does Frayn make this conversation between Stephen and Barbara such an amusing moment in the novel?

Or 14 Explore **two** moments in the novel which Frayn makes particularly shocking for you.

SUSAN HILL: *I'm the King of the Castle*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

So he was proud of himself, now, that he had reached the edge of Hang Wood, and everything had gone right, proud of the way he had thought things out, proud of the neatly packed satchel, and of what was inside it.

Everything was all right, then.

But, when he was tying the satchel up again, he noticed a wart on the back of his middle finger. It hadn't been there before. His stomach turned over in fear. It had happened, it was true. They had told him it would.

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Broughton-Smith had had the warts, dozens of them, on his knees. They were so bad, he was being sent to the doctor.

Casey said, 'They inject you.'

10

'They stick a hot needle into the middle of every one. That's what they do.'

'It hurts like hell.'

Broughton-Smith had stared down miserably at his warty knees. He had been the one who cried all night, after he'd had a tooth out. Fenwick had laughed at him. In the end, Gough had gone to fetch his brother. 'You won't have to have the doctor,' he said, 'because my brother knows about black magic, there's something he can do with warts, and then they go away.'

15

Gough's brother had taken Broughton-Smith into the Fifth form labs, on corridor two, one evening before supper. The rest of them had waited outside on the landing, in the dark. Nobody said anything, nor even dared to look through the glass door of the lab. Kingshaw remembered the smell of them all as they stood close together. He had been afraid. Anything might happen.

20

In the end, Broughton-Smith had come out, smiling a secret smile.

25

'What did he do?'

'What happened?'

'Is it a spell?'

'You're not allowed to do black magic, it's a terrible sin.'

'You'll probably die, now.'

30

'Yes, he's poisoned you, I bet, you'll die in the night.'

'Let's have a *look*.'

But Broughton-Smith had slipped out of their circle, in the darkness, and run away down the stone stairs. The Prep bell had rung.

The next morning, all his warts had turned a brownish-black colour. Broughton-Smith had kept moving his knee out from under the desk, to stare at them. He looked afraid. Two days afterwards, they were all gone. He'd showed them his leg, stretching it out on the bed in dorm, and letting everyone peer at the puckered, wartless skin of his knees. When the lights were out, they'd talked about it.

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It was Clarke who had said, 'They go on to someone else. It's part of the spell. To get them away, you have to wish them on to somebody else.'

'Who?'

'Anybody?'

'No, you do it to somebody you don't like.'

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Kingshaw lay and thought, they will come on to me. It was inevitable. Broughton-Smith had never liked him. He told himself he didn't believe in any of it, but he had to, because Broughton-Smith's warts were gone, and

because the next morning, Kingshaw saw him, looking and looking at him. That was the way things happened.

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Now, he stared down at his wart for a long time. He wondered if he could make it turn black and go off to somebody else. On to Hooper. Or whether he ought to try. But he was afraid, he didn't like having it on his own hand.

By the time he had found the gap, right down at the far end of the wood, the sun had come right out, the sky was clear. There was a space in the hedge, and here, the trees were different, a separate group of them, inside the main wood. Kingshaw thought they were larches. The sun was shining directly into them, so that he could see for a long way inside. There was bracken, and curled foliage on the ground, and the light coming out between the branches was a queer coppery green, like the light under the sea. It looked all right, he thought. Safe.

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He straddled the ditch for a moment, feeling the sun on his back, though the air ahead of him was very cold. There was a lot of dew, his jeans were very wet, now.

Then, he jumped forward across the ditch, and took a dozen paces quickly forward, eyes closed. When he opened them, he was inside Hang Wood.

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[from Chapter 5]

How does Hill's writing vividly convey Kingshaw's thoughts and feelings at this point in the novel?

- Or** **16** Who does Hill's writing suggest is most to blame for Kingshaw's death at the end of the novel?

R. K. NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

On the following Friday, I was pacing the little Malgudi railway station in great agitation. I had never known such suspense before. She was certain to arrive with a lot of luggage, and the little child. How was all this to be transferred from the train to the platform? and the child must not be hurt. I made a mental note, 'Must shout as soon as the train stops: "Be careful with the baby".' This seemed to my fevered imagination the all-important thing to say on arrival, as otherwise I fancied the child's head was sure to be banged against the doorway. ... And how many infants were damaged and destroyed by careless mothers in the process of coming out of trains! Why couldn't they make these railway carriages of safer dimensions? It ought to be done in the interests of baby welfare in India. 'Mind the baby and the door'. And then the luggage! Susila was sure to bring with her a huge amount of luggage. She required four trunks for her sarees alone! Women never understood the importance of travelling light. Why should they? As long as there were men to bear all the anxieties and bother and see them through their travails! It would teach them a lesson to be left to shift for themselves. Then they would know the value of economy in these matters. I wrung my hands in despair. How was she going to get out with the child and all that luggage! The train stopped for just seven minutes. I would help her down first and then throw the things out, and if there were any boxes left over they would have to be lost with the train, that was all. No one could help it. I turned to the gnarled blue-uniformed man behind me. He was known as Number Five and I had known him for several years now. Whatever had to be done on the railway platform was done with his help. I had offered him three times his usual wages to help me today. I turned to him and asked: 'Can you manage even if there is too much luggage?' 5

'Yes, master, no difficulty. The train stops for seven minutes.' He seemed to have a grand notion of seven minutes; a miserable flash it seemed to me. 'We unload whole waggons within that time.' 10

'I will tell the pointsman to stop it at the outer signal, if necessary,' he added. It was a very strength-giving statement to me. I felt relieved. But I think I lost my head once again. I believe, in this needless anxiety, I became slightly demented. Otherwise I would not have rushed at the stationmaster the moment I set eyes on him. I saw him come out of his room and move down the platform to gaze on a far off signal post. I ran behind him, panting: 'Good morning stationmaster!' He bestowed an official smile and moved off to the end of the platform and looked up. I felt I had a lot of doubts to clear on railway matters and asked inanely: 'Looking at the signals?' 15

'Yes,' he replied, and took his eyes down, and turned to go back to his room. I asked: 'Can't they arrange to stop this train a little longer here?' 'What for? Isn't there enough trouble as it is?' I laughed sympathetically and said: 'I said so because it may not be possible for passengers to unload all their trunks.' 20

'I should like to see a passenger who carries luggage that will take more than six minutes. I have been here thirty years.' 25

I said: 'My wife is arriving today with the infant. I thought she would require a lot of time in order to get down carefully. And then she is bound to have numerous boxes. These women, you know,' I said laughing artificially, 30

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seeking his indulgence. He was a good man and laughed with me. 'Well, sometimes it has happened that the train was held up for the convenience of a second-class passenger. Are your people travelling second?' 'I can't say,' I said. I knew well she wouldn't travel second, although I implored her in every letter to do so. She wrote rather diplomatically: 'Yes, don't be anxious, I and the baby will travel down quite safely.' I even wrote to my father-in-law, but that gentleman preserved a discreet silence on the matter. I knew by temperament he disliked the extravagance of travelling second, although he could afford it and in other ways had proved himself no miser. I felt furious at the thought of him and told the stationmaster. 'Some people are born niggards ... would put up with any trouble rather than ...' But before I could finish my sentence a bell rang inside the station office and the stationmaster ran in, leaving me to face my travail and anguish alone. I turned and saw my porter standing away from me, borrowing a piece of tobacco from someone. 'Here, Number Five, don't get lost.' A small crowd was gathering unobtrusively on the platform. I feared he might get lost at the critical moment. A bell sounded. People moved about. We heard the distant puffing and whistling. The engine appeared around the bend.

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[from Chapter 2]

How does Narayan vividly convey Krishna's state of mind at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** How far does Narayan make you sympathise with the Headmaster's wife in the novel?

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:

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: 'Dr Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr J. can hardly be exaggerated.' So far the letter had run composedly enough; but here, with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. 'For God's sake,' he had added, 'find me some of the old.' 5

'This is a strange note,' said Mr Utterson; and then sharply, 'How do you come to have it open?' 10

'The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt,' returned Poole. 15

'This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?' resumed the lawyer.

'I thought it looked like it,' said the servant, rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, 'But what matters hand of write?' he said. 'I've seen him!' 20

'Seen him?' repeated Mr Utterson. 'Well?'

'That's it!' said Poole. 'It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug, or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room, digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then ...' the man paused, and passed his hand over his face. 25

'These are all very strange circumstances,' said Mr Utterson, 'but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and his avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery – God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms.' 30

'Sir,' said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, 'that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master' – here he looked round him, and began to whisper – 'is a tall fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf.' Utterson attempted to protest. 'O, sir,' cried Poole, 'do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr Jekyll – God knows what it was, but it was never Dr Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done.' 35

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‘Poole,’ replied the lawyer, ‘if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master’s feelings, much as I am puzzled about this note, which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door.’

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‘Ah, Mr Utterson, that’s talking!’ cried the butler.

‘And now comes the second question,’ resumed Utterson: ‘Who is going to do it?’

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‘Why, you and me, sir,’ was the undaunted reply.

‘That is very well said,’ returned the lawyer; ‘and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser.’

‘There is an axe in the theatre,’ continued Poole; ‘and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself.’

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The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. ‘Do you know, Poole,’ he said, looking up, ‘that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?’

‘You may say so, sir, indeed,’ returned the butler.

‘It is well, then, that we should be frank,’ said the other. ‘We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?’

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‘Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that,’ was the answer. ‘But if you mean, was it Mr Hyde? – why, yes, I think it was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? You have not forgot, sir, that at the time of the murder he had still the key with him? But that’s not all. I don’t know, Mr Utterson, if ever you met this Mr Hyde?’

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‘Yes,’ said the lawyer, ‘I once spoke with him.’

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‘Then you must know, as well as the rest of us, that there was something queer about that gentleman – something that gave a man a turn – I don’t know rightly how to say it, sir beyond this: that you felt it in your marrow – kind of cold and thin.’

[from Chapter 8, ‘Dr Lanyon’s Narrative’]

How does Stevenson make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

- Or** **20** Explore the ways in which Stevenson hints that Jekyll and Hyde are the same person as the novel progresses.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 21 Read this extract from *The People Before* (by Maurice Shadbolt), and then answer the question that follows it:

‘We’ve come a long way,’ Tom said. ‘Nearly a hundred miles, from up the coast. That’s where we live now.’

‘All this way. Just so—’

‘Yes,’ Tom said. ‘That’s right.’

‘Well,’ said my father. ‘What do you know? What do you know about that?’ Baffled, he looked at me, at my mother, and even finally at Jim. None of us had anything to say. 5

‘I hope we’re not troubling you,’ Tom said politely. ‘We don’t want to be any trouble. We just want to go across your land, if that’s all right. We got our own tucker and everything.’ 10

We saw this was true. The two old women had large flax kits of food.

‘No liquor?’ my father said suspiciously. ‘I don’t want any drinking round my place.’

‘No,’ Tom replied. His face was still patient. ‘No liquor. We don’t plan on any drinking.’ 15

The other young men shyly agreed in the background. It was not, they seemed to say, an occasion for drinking.

‘Well,’ said my father stiffly, ‘I suppose it’s all right. Where are you going to take him?’ He nodded towards the old sleeping man.

‘Just across your land. And up to the old *pa*.’ 20

‘I didn’t know there used to be any *pa* round here.’

‘Well,’ said Tom. ‘It used to be up there.’ He pointed out the largest hill behind our farm, one that stood well apart and above the others. We called it Craggy Hill, because of limestone outcrops. Its flanks and summit were patchy with tall scrub. We seldom went near it, except perhaps when out shooting; then we circled its steep slopes rather than climbed it. ‘You’d see the terraces,’ Tom said, ‘if it wasn’t for the scrub. It’s all hidden now.’ 25

Now my father looked strangely at Tom. ‘Hey,’ he said, ‘You sure you aren’t having me on? How come you know that hill straight off? You ever been here before?’ 30

‘No,’ Tom said. His face shone as he sweated with the effort of trying to explain everything. ‘I never been here before. I never been in this part of the country before.’

‘Then how do you know that’s the hill, eh?’

‘Because,’ Tom said simply, ‘the old men told me. They described it so well I could find the place blindfold. All the stories of our tribe are connected with that hill. That’s where we lived, up there, for hundreds of years.’ 35

‘Well, I’ll be damned. What do you know about that?’ My father blinked, and looked up at the hill again. ‘Just up there, eh? And for hundreds of years.’

‘That’s right.’ 40

‘And I never knew. Well, I’ll be damned.’

‘There’s lots of stories about that hill,’ Tom said. ‘And a lot of battles fought round here. Over your place.’

‘Right over my land?’

‘That’s right. Up and down here, along the river.’ 45

My father was so astonished he forgot to be aloof. He was trying to fit everything into his mind at once – the hill where they’d lived hundreds of

years, the battles fought across his land – and it was too much.

‘The war canoes would come up here,’ Tom went on. ‘I reckon they’d drag them up somewhere here’ – he indicated the grassy bank on which we were standing – ‘in the night, and go on up to attack the *pa* before sunrise. That’s if we hadn’t sprung a trap for them down here. There’d be a lot of blood soaked into this soil.’ He kicked at the earth beneath our feet. ‘We had to fight a long while to keep this land here, a lot of battles. Until there was a day when it was no use fighting any more. That was when we left.’

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We knew, without him having to say it, what he meant. He meant the day when the European took the land. So we all stood quietly for a moment. Then my mother spoke.

‘You’d better come up to the house,’ she said. ‘I’ll make you all a cup of tea.’

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A cup of tea was her solution to most problems.

We went up to the house slowly. The young men followed behind, carrying the litter. They put the old man in the shade of a tree, outside the house. Since it seemed the best thing to do, we all sat around him; there wouldn’t have been room for everyone in our small kitchen anyway. We waited for my mother to bring out the tea.

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How does Shadbolt make this conversation between the narrator’s father and Tom so revealing and significant?

Or 22 How does Townsend Warner create such a memorable portrait of an animal in *The Phoenix*?

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