



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2018**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

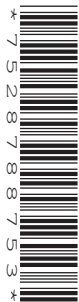
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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.



## CONTENTS

## Section A: Poetry

<i>text</i>	<i>question numbers</i>	<i>page[s]</i>
<i>Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 5</i>	1, 2	pages 4–5
<i>Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 1</i>	3, 4	pages 6–7
Gillian Clarke: from <i>Collected Poems</i>	5, 6	pages 8–9

## Section B: Prose

<i>text</i>	<i>question numbers</i>	<i>page[s]</i>
Chinua Achebe: <i>No Longer at Ease</i>	7, 8	pages 10–11
Jane Austen: <i>Mansfield Park</i>	9, 10	pages 12–13
Willa Cather: <i>My Ántonia</i>	11, 12	pages 14–15
Charles Dickens: <i>Hard Times</i>	13, 14	pages 16–17
Michael Frayn: <i>Spies</i>	15, 16	pages 18–19
Kate Grenville: <i>The Secret River</i>	17, 18	pages 20–21
R K Narayan: <i>The English Teacher</i>	19, 20	pages 22–23
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	21, 22	pages 24–25

## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 5**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 1** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Attack*

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun  
 In the wild purple of the glowering sun,  
 Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud  
 The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,  
 Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire. 5  
 The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed  
 With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,  
 Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.  
 Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,  
 They leave their trenches, going over the top, 10  
 While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,  
 And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,  
 Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

*(Siegfried Sassoon)*

How does Sassoon create a profound feeling of anger in this poem?

Or 2 What feelings about nature does Mew's writing convey in *The Trees Are Down*?

*The Trees Are Down*

– and he cried with a loud voice:  
Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees – (Revelation)

They are cutting down the great plane-trees at the end of the garden.  
For days there has been the grate of the saw, the swish of the  
branches as they fall, 5  
The crash of trunks, the rustle of trodden leaves,  
With the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas', the loud common talk, the  
loud common laughs of the men, above it all.

I remember one evening of a long past Spring  
Turning in at a gate, getting out of a cart, and finding a large 10  
dead rat in the mud of the drive.

I remember thinking: alive or dead, a rat was a god-forsaken thing,  
But at least, in May, that even a rat should be alive.  
The week's work here is as good as done. There is just one bough  
On the roped bole, in the fine grey rain, 15

Green and high  
And lonely against the sky.

(Down now! –)

And but for that,  
If an old dead rat 20

Did once, for a moment, unmake the Spring, I might never have  
thought of him again.

It is not for a moment the Spring is unmade to-day;  
These were great trees, it was in them from root to stem:  
When the men with the 'Whoops' and the 'Whoas' have carted 25  
the whole of the whispering loveliness away  
Half the Spring, for me, will have gone with them.

It is going now, and my heart has been struck with the hearts of  
the planes; 30

Half my life it has beat with these, in the sun, in the rains,  
In the March wind, the May breeze,

In the great gales that came over to them across the roofs from  
the great seas.

There was only a quiet rain when they were dying;  
They must have heard the sparrows flying, 35

And the small creeping creatures in the earth where they were lying –  
But I, all day, I heard an angel crying:  
'Hurt not the trees'.

(Charlotte Mew)

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 1**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

*Last Sonnet*

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priest-like task 5  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, 10  
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

*(John Keats)*

How does Keats vividly convey a sense of longing in this poem?

Or 4 How does Beer strikingly express her feelings about her mother in *The Lost Woman...*?

*The Lost Woman...*

My mother went with no more warning  
 than a bright voice and a bad pain  
 Home from school on a June morning  
 And where the brook goes under the lane  
 I saw the back of a shocking white  
 Ambulance drawing away from the gate. 5

She never returned and I never saw  
 Her buried. So a romance began.  
 The ivy-mother turned into a tree  
 That still hops away like a rainbow down  
 The avenue as I approach. 10  
 My tendrils are the ones that clutch.

I made a life for her over the years.  
 Frustrated no more by a dull marriage  
 She ran a canteen through several wars. 15  
 The wit of a cliché-ridden village  
 She met her match at an extra-mural  
 Class and the OU summer school.

Many a hero in his time  
 And every poet has acquired 20  
 A lost woman to haunt the home,  
 To be compensated and desired,  
 Who will not alter, who will not grow  
 A corpse they need never get to know.

She is nearly always benign. Her habit  
 Is not to stride at dead of night. 25  
 Soft and crepuscular in rabbit-  
 Light she comes out. Hear how they hate  
 Themselves for losing her as they did.  
 Her country is bland and she does not chide. 30

But my lost woman evermore snaps  
 From somewhere else: 'you did not love me.  
 I sacrificed too much perhaps,  
 I showed you the way to rise above me  
 And you took it. You are the ghost 35  
 With the bat-voice, my dear. I am not lost.'

(*Patricia Beer*)

GILLIAN CLARKE: from *Collected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

*Neighbours*

That spring was late. We watched the sky  
and studied charts for shouldering isobars.  
Birds were late to pair. Crows drank from the lamb's eye.

Over Finland small birds fell: song-thrushes  
steering north, smudged signatures on light, 5  
migrating warblers, nightingales.

Wing-beats failed over fjords, each lung a sip of gall.  
Children were warned of their dangerous beauty.  
Milk was spilt in Poland. Each quarrel

the blowback from some old story, 10  
a mouthful of bitter air from the Ukraine  
brought by the wind out of its box of sorrows.

This spring a lamb sips caesium on a Welsh hill.  
A child, lifting her face to drink the rain,  
takes into her blood the poisoned arrow. 15

Now we are all neighbourly, each little town  
in Europe twinned to Chernobyl, each heart  
with the burnt fireman, the child on the Moscow train.

In the democracy of the virus and the toxin  
we wait. We watch for bird migrations, 20  
one bird returning with green in its voice,

glasnost  
golau glas,  
a first break of blue.

Explore the ways in which Clarke uses words and images to striking effect in this poem.



Or 6 How does Clarke memorably convey how impressive the bird is in *Buzzard*?

*Buzzard*

No sutures in the steep brow  
of this cranium, as in mine  
or yours. Delicate ellipse  
as smooth as her own egg

or the cleft flesh of a fruit. 5  
From the plundered bones on the hill,  
like a fire in its morning ashes,  
you guess it's a buzzard's skull.

You carry it gently home,  
hoping no Last Day of the birds 10  
will demand assembly  
of her numerous white parts.

In the spaces we can't see  
on the other side of walls 15  
as fine as paper, brain and eye  
dry out under the gossamers.

Between the sky and the mouse  
that moves at the barley field's  
spinning perimeter, only 20  
a mile of air and the ganging

crows, their cries stones at her head.  
In death, the last stoop, all's risked.  
She scorns the scavengers  
who feed on death, and never

feel the lightning flash of heart 25  
dropping on heart, warm fur, blood.

**SECTION B: PROSE**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**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:

‘I knew it was a bad case,’ said the man who had opposed the Union’s intervention from the start.

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The old man who broke the kola nuts in Lagos and called Obi Okonkwo an only palm-fruit was not, however, thinking of Okonkwo’s family. He was



JANE AUSTEN: *Mansfield Park*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Fanny, whether near or from her cousins, whether in the school-room, the drawing-room, or the shrubbery, was equally forlorn, finding something to fear in every person and place. She was disheartened by Lady Bertram's silence, awed by Sir Thomas's grave looks, and quite overcome by Mrs Norris's admonitions. Her elder cousins mortified her by reflections on her size, and abashed her by noticing her shyness; Miss Lee wondered at her ignorance, and the maid-servants sneered at her clothes; and when to these sorrows was added the idea of the brothers and sisters among whom she had always been important as play-fellow, instructress, and nurse, the despondence that sunk her little heart was severe. 5

The grandeur of the house astonished but could not console her. The rooms were too large for her to move in with ease; whatever she touched she expected to injure, and she crept about in constant terror of something or other; often retreating towards her own chamber to cry; and the little girl who was spoken of in the drawing-room when she left it at night, as seeming so desirably sensible of her peculiar good fortune, ended every day's sorrows by sobbing herself to sleep. A week had passed in this way, and no suspicion of it conveyed by her quiet passive manner, when she was found one morning by her cousin Edmund, the youngest of the sons, sitting crying on the attic stairs. 10

'My dear little cousin,' said he with all the gentleness of an excellent nature, 'what can be the matter?' And sitting down by her, was at great pains to overcome her shame in being so surprised, and persuade her to speak openly. 'Was she ill? or was any body angry with her? or had she quarrelled with Maria and Julia? or was she puzzled about any thing in her lesson that he could explain? Did she, in short, want any thing he could possibly get her, or do for her?' For a long while no answer could be obtained beyond a 'no, no — not at all — no, thank you;' but he still persevered, and no sooner had he begun to revert to her own home, than her increased sobs explained to him where the grievance lay. He tried to console her. 20

'You are sorry to leave Mamma, my dear little Fanny,' said he, 'which shews you to be a very good girl; but you must remember that you are with relations and friends, who all love you, and wish to make you happy. Let us walk out in the park, and you shall tell me all about your brothers and sisters.' 25

On pursuing the subject, he found that dear as all these brothers and sisters generally were, there was one among them who ran more in her thoughts than the rest. It was William whom she talked of most and wanted most to see. William, the eldest, a year older than herself, her constant companion and friend; her advocate with her mother (of whom he was the darling) in every distress. 'William did not like she should come away — he had told her he should miss her very much indeed.' 'But William will write to you, I dare say.' 'Yes, he had promised he would, but he had told *her* to write first.' 'And when shall you do it?' She hung her head and answered, hesitatingly, 'she did not know; she had not any paper.' 30

'If that be all your difficulty, I will furnish you with paper and every other material, and you may write your letter whenever you chuse. Would it make you happy to write to William?' 45

‘Yes, very.’	
‘Then let it be done now. Come with me into the breakfast room, we shall find every thing there, and be sure of having the room to ourselves.’	50
‘But cousin — will it go to the post?’	
‘Yes, depend upon me it shall; it shall go with the other letters; and as your uncle will frank it, it will cost William nothing.’	
‘My uncle!’ repeated Fanny with a frightened look.	55
‘Yes, when you have written the letter, I will take it to my Father to frank.’	
Fanny thought it a bold measure, but offered no farther resistance; and they went together into the breakfast-room, where Edmund prepared her paper, and ruled her lines with all the good will that her brother could himself have felt, and probably with somewhat more exactness. He continued with her the whole time of her writing, to assist her with his penknife or his orthography, as either were wanted; and added to these attentions, which she felt very much, a kindness to her brother, which delighted her beyond all the rest. He wrote with his own hand his love to his cousin William, and sent him half a guinea under the seal. Fanny’s feelings on the occasion were such as she believed herself incapable of expressing; but her countenance and a few artless words fully conveyed all their gratitude and delight, and her cousin began to find her an interesting object. He talked to her more, and from all that she said, was convinced of her having an affectionate heart, and a strong desire of doing right; and he could perceive her to be farther entitled to attention, by great sensibility of her situation, and great timidity. He had never knowingly given her pain, but he now felt that she required more positive kindness, and with that view endeavoured, in the first place, to lessen her fears of them all, and gave her especially a great deal of good advice as to playing with Maria and Julia, and being as merry as possible.	60
	65
	70
	75
From this day Fanny grew more comfortable.	

*[from Chapter 2]*

How does Austen movingly portray the relationship between Fanny and Edmund at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10**    What impressions of Mr Yates does Austen’s writing create for you?

WILLA CATHER: *My Ántonia*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Ántonia's success at the tent had its consequences. The iceman lingered too long now, when he came into the covered porch to fill the refrigerator. The delivery boys hung about the kitchen when they brought the groceries. Young farmers who were in town for Saturday came tramping through the yard to the back door to engage dances, or to invite Tony to parties and picnics. Lena and Norwegian Anna dropped in to help her with her work, so that she could get away early. The boys who brought her home after the dances sometimes laughed at the back gate and wakened Mr Harling from his first sleep. A crisis was inevitable. 5

One Saturday night Mr Harling had gone down to the cellar for beer. As he came up the stairs in the dark, he heard scuffling on the back porch, and then the sound of a vigorous slap. He looked out through the side door in time to see a pair of long legs vaulting over the picket fence. Ántonia was standing there, angry and excited. Young Harry Paine, who was to marry his employer's daughter on Monday, had come to the tent with a crowd of friends and danced all evening. Afterward, he begged Ántonia to let him walk home with her. She said she supposed he was a nice young man, as he was one of Miss Frances's friends, and she didn't mind. On the back porch he tried to kiss her, and when she protested — because he was going to be married on Monday — he caught her and kissed her until she got one hand free and slapped him. 10 15 20

Mr Harling put his beer-bottles down on the table. 'This is what I've been expecting, Ántonia. You've been going with girls who have a reputation for being free and easy, and now you've got the same reputation. I won't have this and that fellow tramping about my back yard all the time. This is the end of it, to-night. It stops, short. You can quit going to these dances, or you can hunt another place. Think it over.' 25

The next morning when Mrs Harling and Frances tried to reason with Ántonia, they found her agitated but determined. 'Stop going to the tent?' she panted. 'I wouldn't think of it for a minute! My own father couldn't make me stop! Mr Harling ain't my boss outside my work. I won't give up my friends, either. The boys I go with are nice fellows. I thought Mr Paine was all right, too, because he used to come here. I guess I gave him a red face for his wedding, all right!' she blazed out indignantly. 30

'You'll have to do one thing or the other, Ántonia,' Mrs Harling told her decidedly. 'I can't go back on what Mr Harling has said. This is his house.' 35

'Then I'll just leave, Mrs Harling. Lena's been wanting me to get a place closer to her for a long while. Mary Svoboda's going away from the Cutters' to work at the hotel, and I can have her place.'

Mrs Harling rose from her chair. 'Ántonia, if you go to the Cutters' to work, you cannot come back to this house again. You know what that man is. It will be the ruin of you.' 40

Tony snatched up the tea-kettle and began to pour boiling water over the glasses, laughing excitedly. 'Oh, I can take care of myself! I'm a lot stronger than Cutter is. They pay four dollars there, and there's no children. The work's nothing; I can have every evening, and be out a lot in the afternoons.' 45

'I thought you liked children. Tony, what's come over you?'

‘I don’t know, something has.’ Ántonia tossed her head and set her jaw. ‘A girl like me has got to take her good times when she can. Maybe there won’t be any tent next year. I guess I want to have my fling, like the other girls.’ 50

Mrs Harling gave a short, harsh laugh. ‘If you go to work for the Cutters, you’re likely to have a fling that you won’t get up from in a hurry.’

Frances said, when she told grandmother and me about this scene, that every pan and plate and cup on the shelves trembled when her mother walked out of the kitchen. Mrs Harling declared bitterly that she wished she had never let herself get fond of Ántonia. 55

*[from Book 2 Chapter 10]*

What does Cather’s writing make you feel for Ántonia at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **12** To what extent does Cather’s portrayal of Jim make you feel sympathy for him?

CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘You are a piece of caustic, Tom,’ retorted Mr James Harthouse.

There was something so very agreeable in being so intimate with such a waistcoat; in being called Tom, in such an intimate way, by such a voice; in being on such off-hand terms so soon, with such a pair of whiskers; that Tom was uncommonly pleased with himself.

5

‘Oh! I don’t care for old Bounderby,’ said he, ‘if you mean that. I have always called old Bounderby by the same name when I have talked about him, and I have always thought of him in the same way. I am not going to begin to be polite now, about old Bounderby. It would be rather late in the day.’

10

‘Don’t mind me,’ returned James; ‘but take care when his wife is by, you know.’

‘His wife?’ said Tom. ‘My sister Loo? O yes!’ And he laughed, and took a little more of the cooling drink.

James Harthouse continued to lounge in the same place and attitude, smoking his cigar in his own easy way, and looking pleasantly at the whelp, as if he knew himself to be a kind of agreeable demon who had only to hover over him, and he must give up his whole soul if required. It certainly did seem that the whelp yielded to this influence. He looked at his companion sneakingly, he looked at him admiringly, he looked at him boldly, and put up one leg on the sofa.

15

‘My sister Loo?’ said Tom. ‘*She* never cared for old Bounderby.’

‘That’s the past tense, Tom,’ returned Mr James Harthouse, striking the ash from his cigar with his little finger. ‘We are in the present tense, now.’

25

‘Verb neuter, not to care. Indicative mood, present tense. First person singular, I do not care; second person singular, thou dost not care; third person singular, she does not care,’ returned Tom.

‘Good! Very quaint!’ said his friend. ‘Though you don’t mean it.’

‘But I *do* mean it,’ cried Tom. ‘Upon my honour! Why, you won’t tell me, Mr Harthouse, that you really suppose my sister Loo does care for old Bounderby.’

30

‘My dear fellow,’ returned the other, ‘what am I bound to suppose, when I find two married people living in harmony and happiness?’

Tom had by this time got both his legs on the sofa. If his second leg had not been already there when he was called a dear fellow, he would have put it up at that great stage of the conversation. Feeling it necessary to do something then, he stretched himself out at greater length, and, reclining with the back of his head on the end of the sofa, and smoking with an infinite assumption of negligence, turned his common face, and not too sober eyes, towards the face looking down upon him so carelessly yet so potently.

35

‘You know our governor, Mr Harthouse,’ said Tom, ‘and therefore you needn’t be surprised that Loo married old Bounderby. She never had a lover, and the governor proposed old Bounderby, and she took him.’

45

‘Very dutiful in your interesting sister,’ said Mr James Harthouse.

‘Yes, but she wouldn’t have been as dutiful, and it would not have come off as easily,’ returned the whelp, ‘if it hadn’t been for me.’



The tempter merely lifted his eyebrows; but the whelp was obliged to go on. 50

'I persuaded her,' he said, with an edifying air of superiority. 'I was stuck into old Bounderby's bank (where I never wanted to be), and I knew I should get into scrapes there, if she put old Bounderby's pipe out; so I told her my wishes, and she came into them. She would do anything for me. It was very game of her, wasn't it?' 55

'It was charming, Tom!'

*[from Book 2 Chapter 2]*

How does Dickens make Harthouse's treatment of Tom so disturbing at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **14** How does Dickens vividly convey what a miserable place Coketown is?

**MICHAEL FRAYN: *Spies***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

So her disappearances are quite simple to explain.

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from  
which a trained observer might be able to deduce a great deal of valuable  
strategic intelligence.

'... so that no one sees her. She's probably got some special place to hide.'

*[from Chapter 5]*

How does Frayn make the boys' detective work so entertaining here?

**Or**      **16** Explore the ways in which Frayn makes the young Stephen so likeable.

KATE GRENVILLE: *The Secret River*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Down at the witness table in the well of the court, Mr Lucas stared up at him. Even from the prisoner's bar, Thornhill could see the beads of sweat appearing on Yates's domed forehead. Mr Knapp insisted, *It being a moonless night, you cannot make out that you knew him by shape and make?* Thornhill thought, are those little words, shape and make, going to be the difference between life and death? 5

Poor Yates, glancing from Lucas to Thornhill, began to mutter and stutter. *I should be sorry to say anything that is an untruth*, he said, but Mr Knapp had no mercy, and kept coming on. *That was a hasty speech, that you knew him by shape and make? You mean that you could not? And now Yates was broken, uncertain of all his words, continually glancing at Mr Lucas. I was in the act of closing with this man*, he mumbled. *It was impossible but I must know him from his speaking to me. I knew him by his voice.* 10

He glanced quickly at Thornhill. *I might have hastily spoke about his shape and make*, he said, and then stood stiff as a bit of wood with his hat squashed under his arm, the wan light from the mirror falling full on his face, furrowed with misery. 15

The moment where Thornhill was allowed to tell his story was upon him so abruptly that he found the words he had gone over with Sal had evaporated from his mind. He could only think of the start of them, saying *I tied up the lighter meaning to come back to her later*, and he knew there was more, but what was it? 20

He found himself staring at Mr Lucas as he blurted out, *Mr Lucas knows there is no lighter on the river can come to her*, but even as the words left his mouth he knew they had nothing to do with the case at hand, and he called out desperately, *I am as innocent as the child unborn*, but the words had no meaning after so much rehearsal. 25

In any case the judge, way up behind his bench, was not listening. He was shuffling papers together and leaning sideways while someone whispered in his ear. Lucas was not listening either, his hand feeling for the watch in his pocket. Thornhill saw the silver lid spring open, saw Lucas glance at the face of the watch, press it closed again, tweak a nostril with thumb and forefinger. His own words, which had sounded with such conviction in Newgate Yard, fell hollow and were swallowed up. 30 35

Now the judge was fiddling with the black cap, sitting it carelessly on the long grey wig so it hung over one ear. He began to speak, in a thin high voice that Thornhill could barely hear. Down in the body of the court one of the lounging ushers, a corpulent gent in a bulging dirty white waistcoat, caught sight of someone he knew across the room and made a mincing wave and a little smirk. A barrister fiddled with the grubby ruffles at his neck, another got out his snuff-box and offered it to his neighbour. 40

It seemed the court could scarcely be bothered to listen as William Thornhill, in the time between two heartbeats, was found guilty and sentenced to *be taken from this place and hanged by the neck until you are dead.* 45

He heard a cry, from the public gallery or from his own mouth he did not know. He wanted to call out, I beg your pardon, Your Worship, there has been some mistake, but now the turnkey was grabbing him by the upper arm, forcing him down the steps, and through the door into the tunnel that led back to Newgate. He turned his head towards the public gallery. Sal was up there somewhere, but invisible. Then he was back in the cell with the others, but without his story, stripped naked of his tale of injured innocence, stripped of everything but the knowledge that his moment of hope had been and gone, and left him now with nothing ahead but death.

50

55

*[from Part 1]*

In what ways does Grenville make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

**Or 18** How does Grenville make Smasher Sullivan such a memorable character in the novel?

R K NARAYAN: *The English Teacher*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 19 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘The trouble is I have not enough subjects to write on,’ I confessed. She drew herself up and asked: ‘Let me see if you can write about me.’

‘A beautiful idea,’ I cried. ‘Let me see you.’ I sat up very attentively and looked at her keenly and fixedly like an artist or a photographer viewing his subject. I said: ‘Just move a little to your left please. Turn your head right. Look at me straight here. That’s right... Now I can write about you. Don’t drop your lovely eyelashes so much. You make me forget my task. Ah, now, don’t grin please. Very good, stay as you are and see how I write now, steady...’ I drew up the notebook, ran the fountain pen hurriedly over it and filled a whole page beginning:

‘She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight:  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment’s ornament.’

It went on for thirty lines ending:

‘And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.’

I constantly paused to look at her while writing, and said: ‘Perfect. Thank you. Now listen.’

‘Oh, how fast you write!’ she said admiringly.

‘You will also find how well I’ve written. Now listen,’ I said, and read as if to my class, slowly and deliberately, pausing to explain now and then.

‘I never knew you could write so well.’

‘It is a pity that you should have underrated me so long; but now you know better. Keep it up,’ I said. ‘And if possible don’t look at the pages, say roughly between 150 and 200, in the *Golden Treasury*. Because someone called Wordsworth has written similar poems.’ This was an invitation for her to run in and fetch her copy of the *Golden Treasury* and turn over precisely the forbidden pages. She scoured every title and first line and at last pitched upon the original. She read it through, and said: ‘Aren’t you ashamed to copy?’

‘No,’ I replied. ‘Mine is entirely different. He had written about someone entirely different from my subject.’

‘I wouldn’t do such a thing as copying.’

‘I should be ashamed to have your memory,’ I said. ‘You have had the copy of the *Golden Treasury* for years now, and yet you listened to my reading with gaping wonder! I wouldn’t give you even two out of a hundred if you were my student.’ At this point our conversation was interrupted by my old clock. It burst in upon us all of a sudden. It purred and bleated and made so much noise that it threw us all into confusion. Susila picked it up and tried to stop it without success, till I snatched Taine and smothered it.

‘Now, why did it do it?’ she demanded. I shook my head. ‘Just for pleasure,’ I replied. She gazed on its brown face and said: ‘It is not even showing the correct time. It is showing two o’clock, four hours ahead! Why

do you keep it on your table?’ I had no answer to give. I merely said: ‘It has been with me for years, poor darling!’	45
‘I will give it away this afternoon – a man comes to buy all old things.’	
‘No, no, take care, don’t do it ...’ I warned. She didn’t answer, but merely looked at it and mumbled: ‘This is not the first time. When you are away it starts bleating after I have rocked the cradle for hours and made the child sleep, and I don’t know how to stop it. It won’t do for our house. It is a bother...’	50
That evening when I returned home from college the first thing I noticed was that my room looked different. My table had lost its usual quality and looked tidy, with all books dusted and neatly arranged. It looked like a savage, suddenly appearing neatly trimmed and groomed. The usual corner with old newspapers and magazines piled up was clean swept. The pile was gone. So was the clock on the table. The table looked barren without it. For years it had been there. With composition books still under my arm, I searched her out. I found her in the bathroom, washing the child’s hands: ‘What have you done with my clock?’ I asked. She looked up and asked in answer: ‘How do you like your room? I have cleaned and tidied it up. What a lot of rubbish you gathered there! Hereafter on every Thursday ...’	55
‘Answer first, where is the clock?’ I said.	60
‘Please wait, I will finish the child’s business first and then answer.’	65

*[from Chapter 2]*

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

- Or**      **20**    What impressions does Narayan’s writing create for you of life in Krishna’s home town, Malgudi?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read this extract from *Tyres* (by Adam Thorpe), and then answer the question that follows it:

While the man was boring us stupid with his broken French, booming from under his glossy peaked cap, his boots as polished as his coachwork, his jacket and breeches as black, I heard the ticking of a bicycle ... but it cannot be Cécile's, I thought, for there is a grating sound behind it. I glanced at the road – and there was, indeed, Cécile, coming to a halt at the entrance to the yard. She looked tired and worn, as we all did, after the events of the last few weeks. When she saw the Germans, and the big car, she made to go – but thinking only of how suspicious they were, and unpredictably sensitive and vengeful, I made my apologies and went over to greet her. 'You should be ashamed,' she murmured. 'Don't worry,' I said. 'It's not as you think.' Her face brightened, and then looked intense and questioning, and then spotting something over my shoulder, she as quickly disguised her interest behind a soft laugh. The officer had evidently been staring at her, for he then boomed his own greeting: 'And might a fellow take a lift on the saddle from a pretty damsel, like a stick of bread?' – some such tripe. She shook her head, adding: 'No. My chain is loose.' That explained the grating sound, and I offered immediately to mend it. We were nearly six kilometres from the town, and more again from her village. I noticed how sinewy her calves were, to the point of being wasted by effort and lack of proper food. She shook her head and pedalled away, without so much as a blown kiss or a wave. 'Till Sunday!' I shouted after her, recklessly. 'Till Sunday, Cécile!'

There was a banging of doors, and the Maybach purred like a black, evil cat out of the yard, and turned to drive towards the town. It was at that moment that I saw Cécile, in the distance, apparently shudder to a stop. Her head bent down and I could just make out her hand between the wheels. Clearly, the chain had come off at that moment. I began to run towards her, my father shouting after me. The Maybach got there first. As I ran, an ominous sense of doom came over me: a kind of terrible chill, that made my heart slow, though it was pumping hard to keep my speed up. With a hundred yards to go, I saw the luggage locker opened, and Cécile's bicycle placed in it. She appeared to be in conversation with the officer, for I spotted his black glove waving through the side window, like a little black snake's tongue. The long and the short of it is that she was forced – I can only think that the appropriate word – forced by circumstance (my belief is that she hoped to extract something useful from the enemy in that brief drive into the town) to accept his offer of a lift, gallant gentleman that he pretended to be. (Or perhaps was, in another airtight compartment of his brain.)

I was left coughing in a dust-cloud, for they accelerated away at great speed, as was typical – dwindling to a dot and out of sight in no time. I had not even had time to turn on my heel when there was a distant bang and clatter, as of heavy pots and pans falling off a shelf, and smoke began to drift above the plane trees. I ran as fast as I could, in the silence, but could not finally approach the spot for all the uniforms ringing it already, waving their guns – like excited kids around the blazing effigy of the *Petassou*. For myself, though, it was the beginning of winter, not the end. I leave



fresh flowers every year, on the anniversary. The terrible scorch marks on the trunk have been long rubbed away by the rain and the sun and the wind, and the dent has grown out. The tree is well again – for we crop the branches close, here, as a matter of course. 50

I tried – I still try – to explain her presence in the car, but I am not sure, now, anyone really cares, or even remembers her very much. When my father ‘retired’, in ’69, I did no more than touch up *André Paulhan et Fils*; I could not change it, I could not paint it out. Well, I have had no sons, of course, staying unmarried – and anyway, he still hangs around the yard, getting in my hair (what little I have of it left to me), and showing clients what a firm grip he has, at ninety-odd. The road is very busy, of course – business could not be better. But something went out of the job when it all went tubeless, to my mind. I don’t suppose I will miss it. You’ll see the flowers on your way in, to the left, tied to the trunk. When they begin to fade and wither, I replace them with the plastic type. To be honest, no one knows the difference – shooting past as they do, these days. 55 60

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

- Or 22 How does Highsmith use Ming’s thoughts and feelings to make *Ming’s Biggest Prey* such a striking story?





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