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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**2010/13**

**October/November 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. 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 **24** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.



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## SECTION A: POETRY

*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:

*The Trees*

The trees are coming into leaf  
Like something almost being said;  
The recent buds relax and spread,  
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again  
And we grow old? No, they die too.  
Their yearly trick of looking new  
Is written down in rings of grain.

5

Yet still the unresting castles thresh  
In fullgrown thickness every May.  
Last year is dead, they seem to say,  
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

10

(*Philip Larkin*)

Explore the ways in which Larkin creates a feeling of hope in this poem.



Or 2 How does Adcock's writing create sympathy for Heidi in *For Heidi With Blue Hair*?

*For Heidi With Blue Hair*

When you dyed your hair blue  
(or, at least, ultramarine  
for the clipped sides, with a crest  
of jet-black spikes on top)  
you were sent home from school 5

because, as the headmistress put it,  
although dyed hair was not  
specifically forbidden, yours  
was, apart from anything else,  
not done in the school colours. 10

Tears in the kitchen, telephone-calls  
to school from your freedom-loving father:  
'She's not a punk in her behaviour;  
it's just a style.' (You wiped your eyes,  
also not in a school colour.) 15

'She discussed it with me first –  
we checked the rules.' 'And anyway, Dad,  
it cost twenty-five dollars.  
Tell them it won't wash out –  
not even if I wanted to try.' 20

It would have been unfair to mention  
your mother's death, but that  
shimmered behind the arguments.  
The school had nothing else against you;  
the teachers twittered and gave in. 25

Next day your black friend had hers done  
in grey, white and flaxen yellow –  
the school colours precisely:  
an act of solidarity, a witty  
tease. The battle was already won. 30

(*Fleur Adcock*)

**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:

*For My Grandmother Knitting*

There is no need they say  
but the needles still move  
their rhythms in the working of your hands  
as easily  
as if your hands 5  
were once again those sure and skilful hands  
of the fisher-girl.

You are old now  
and your grasp of things is not so good  
but master of your moments then 10  
deft and swift  
you slit the still-ticking quick silver fish.  
Hard work it was too  
of necessity.

But now they say there is no need 15  
as the needles move  
in the working of your hands  
once the hands of the bride  
with the hand-span waist  
once the hands of the miner's wife 20  
who scrubbed his back  
in a tin bath by the coal fire  
once the hands of the mother  
of six who made do and mended  
scraped and slaved slapped sometimes 25  
when necessary.

But now they say there is no need  
the kids they say grandma  
have too much already  
more than they can wear 30  
too many scarves and cardigans –  
gran you do too much  
there's no necessity.

*(Liz Lochhead)*

How does Lochhead vividly depict the passing of time in this poem?

Or 4 How does the poet movingly convey his thoughts about growing old in *Stabat Mater*?

*Stabat Mater*

My mother called my father 'Mr Hunt'  
For the first few years of married life.  
I learned this from a book she had inscribed:  
'To dear Mr Hunt, from his loving wife.'

She was embarrassed when I asked her why  
But later on explained how hard it had been  
To call him any other name at first, when he –  
Her father's elder – made her seem so small.

5

Now in a different way, still like a girl,  
She calls my father every other sort of name;  
And guiding him as he roams old age  
Sometimes turns to me as if it were a game ...

10

That once I stand up straight, I too must learn  
To walk away and know there's no return.

(*Sam Hunt*)

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:

*Catrin*

<p>I can remember you, child,          As I stood in a hot, white          Room at the window watching          The people and cars taking          Turn at the traffic lights.</p>	5
<p>I can remember you, our first          Fierce confrontation, the tight          Red rope of love which we both          Fought over. It was a square          Environmental blank, disinfected          Of paintings or toys. I wrote          All over the walls with my          Words, coloured the clean squares          With the wild, tender circles          Of our struggle to become          Separate. We want, we shouted,          To be two, to be ourselves.</p>	10
<p>Neither won nor lost the struggle          In the glass tank clouded with feelings          Which changed us both. Still I am fighting          You off, as you stand there          With your straight, strong, long          Brown hair and your rosy,          Defiant glare, bringing up          From the heart's pool that old rope,          Tightening about my life,          Trailing love and conflict,          As you ask may you skate          In the dark, for one more hour.</p>	15
<p>Neither won nor lost the struggle          In the glass tank clouded with feelings          Which changed us both. Still I am fighting          You off, as you stand there          With your straight, strong, long          Brown hair and your rosy,          Defiant glare, bringing up          From the heart's pool that old rope,          Tightening about my life,          Trailing love and conflict,          As you ask may you skate          In the dark, for one more hour.</p>	20
<p>Neither won nor lost the struggle          In the glass tank clouded with feelings          Which changed us both. Still I am fighting          You off, as you stand there          With your straight, strong, long          Brown hair and your rosy,          Defiant glare, bringing up          From the heart's pool that old rope,          Tightening about my life,          Trailing love and conflict,          As you ask may you skate          In the dark, for one more hour.</p>	25

Explore the ways in which Clarke makes this poem so moving.

Or 6 How does Clarke make *Miracle on St David's Day* such a powerful poem?

*Miracle on St David's Day*

'They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude'  
*from The Daffodils by W Wordsworth*

An afternoon yellow and open-mouthed  
with daffodils. The sun treads the path  
among cedars and enormous oaks.  
It might be a country house, guests strolling,  
the rumps of gardeners between nursery shrubs. 5

I am reading poetry to the insane.  
An old woman, interrupting, offers  
as many buckets of coal as I need.  
A beautiful chestnut-haired boy listens  
entirely absorbed. A schizophrenic 10

on a good day, they tell me later.  
In a cage of first March sun a woman  
sits not listening, not seeing, not feeling.  
In her neat clothes the woman is absent.  
A big, mild man is tenderly led 15

to his chair. He has never spoken.  
His labourer's hands on his knees, he rocks  
gently to the rhythms of the poems.  
I read to their presences, absences,  
to the big, dumb labouring man as he rocks. 20

He is suddenly standing, silently,  
huge and mild, but I feel afraid. Like slow  
movement of spring water or the first bird  
of the year in the breaking darkness,  
the labourer's voice recites 'The Daffodils'. 25

The nurses are frozen, alert; the patients  
seem to listen. He is hoarse but word-perfect.  
Outside the daffodils are still as wax,  
a thousand, ten thousand, their syllables  
unspoken, their creams and yellows still. 30

Forty years ago, in a Valleys school,  
the class recited poetry by rote.  
Since the dumbness of misery fell  
he has remembered there was a music  
of speech and that once he had something to say. 35

When he's done, before the applause, we observe  
the flowers' silence. A thrush sings  
and the daffodils are flame.

**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:

Joseph was asleep when he got back.

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'Men are blind,' she said.

*[from Chapter 7]*

How does Achebe powerfully convey Obi's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

**Or 8** Explore the ways in which Achebe movingly portrays Obi's relationship with his mother.

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 could have said a great deal, but it was safer to say nothing, and leave untouched all Miss Crawford's resources, her accomplishments, her spirits, her importance, her friends, lest it should betray her into any observations seemingly unhandsome. Miss Crawford's kind opinion of herself deserved at least grateful forbearance, and she began to talk of something else. 5

'To-morrow, I think, my uncle dines at Sotherton, and you and Mr Bertram too. We shall be quite a small party at home. I hope my uncle may continue to like Mr Rushworth.'

'That is impossible, Fanny. He must like him less after to-morrow's visit, for we shall be five hours in his company. I should dread the stupidity of the day, if there were not a much greater evil to follow—the impression it must leave on Sir Thomas. He cannot much longer deceive himself. I am sorry for them all, and would give something that Rushworth and Maria had never met.' 10 15

In this quarter, indeed, disappointment was impending over Sir Thomas. Not all his good-will for Mr Rushworth, not all Mr Rushworth's deference for him, could prevent him from soon discerning some part of the truth—that Mr Rushworth was an inferior young man, as ignorant in business as in books, with opinions in general unfixed, and without seeming much aware of it himself. 20

He had expected a very different son-in-law; and beginning to feel grave on Maria's account, tried to understand *her* feelings. Little observation there was necessary to tell him that indifference was the most favourable state they could be in. Her behaviour to Mr Rushworth was careless and cold. She could not, did not like him. Sir Thomas resolved to speak seriously to her. Advantageous as would be the alliance, and long standing and public as was the engagement, her happiness must not be sacrificed to it. Mr Rushworth had perhaps been accepted on too short an acquaintance, and on knowing him better she was repenting. 25 30

With solemn kindness Sir Thomas addressed her; told her his fears, inquired into her wishes, entreated her to be open and sincere, and assured her that every inconvenience should be braved, and the connection entirely given up, if she felt herself unhappy in the prospect of it. He would act for her and release her. Maria had a moment's struggle as she listened, and only a moment's: when her father ceased she was able to give her answer immediately, decidedly, and with no apparent agitation. She thanked him for his great attention, his paternal kindness, but he was quite mistaken in supposing she had the smallest desire of breaking through her engagement, or was sensible of any change of opinion or inclination since her forming it. She had the highest esteem for Mr Rushworth's character and disposition, and could not have a doubt of her happiness with him. 35 40

Sir Thomas was satisfied; too glad to be satisfied perhaps to urge the matter quite so far as his judgment might have dictated to others. It was an alliance which he could not have relinquished without pain; and thus he reasoned. Mr Rushworth was young enough to improve;—Mr Rushworth must and would improve in good society; and if Maria could now speak so securely of her happiness with him, speaking certainly without the 45



prejudice, the blindness of love, she ought to be believed. Her feelings probably were not acute; he had never supposed them to be so; but her comforts might not be less on that account, and if she could dispense with seeing her husband a leading, shining character, there would certainly be every thing else in her favour. A well-disposed young woman, who did not marry for love, was in general but the more attached to her own family, and the nearness of Sotherton to Mansfield must naturally hold out the greatest temptation, and would in all probability be a continual supply of the most amiable and innocent enjoyments. Such and such like were the reasonings of Sir Thomas—happy to escape the embarrassing evils of a rupture, the wonder, the reflections, the reproach that must attend it, happy to secure a marriage which would bring him such an addition of respectability and influence, and very happy to think any thing of his daughter’s disposition that was most favourable for the purpose. 50

To her the conference closed as satisfactorily as to him. She was in a state of mind to be glad that she had secured her fate beyond recall—that she had pledged herself anew to Sotherton—that she was safe from the possibility of giving Crawford the triumph of governing her actions and destroying her prospects; and retired in proud resolve, determined only to behave more cautiously to Mr Rushworth in future, that her father might not be again suspecting her. 55

*[from Chapter 21]*

How does Austen make this such a revealing moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10** Explore the ways in which Austen makes Mrs Norris so unlikeable.

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:

The tall red grass had never been cut there. It had died down in winter and come up again in the spring until it was as thick and shrubby as some tropical garden-grass. I found myself telling her everything: why I had decided to study law and to go into the law office of one of my mother's relatives in New York City; about Gaston Cleric's death from pneumonia last winter, and the difference it had made in my life. She wanted to know about my friends, and my way of living, and my dearest hopes. 5

'Of course it means you are going away from us for good,' she said with a sigh. 'But that don't mean I'll lose you. Look at my papa here; he's been dead all these years, and yet he is more real to me than almost anybody else. He never goes out of my life. I talk to him and consult him all the time. The older I grow, the better I know him and the more I understand him.' 10

She asked me whether I had learned to like big cities. 'I'd always be miserable in a city. I'd die of lonesomeness. I like to be where I know every stack and tree, and where all the ground is friendly. I want to live and die here. Father Kelly says everybody's put into this world for something, and I know what I've got to do. I'm going to see that my little girl has a better chance than ever I had. I'm going to take care of that girl, Jim.' 15

I told her I knew she would. 'Do you know, Ántonia, since I've been away, I think of you more often than of anyone else in this part of the world. I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister—anything that a woman can be to a man. The idea of you is a part of my mind; you influence my likes and dislikes, all my tastes, hundreds of times when I don't realize it. You really are a part of me.' 20

She turned her bright, believing eyes to me, and the tears came up in them slowly, 'How can it be like that, when you know so many people, and when I've disappointed you so? Ain't it wonderful, Jim, how much people can mean to each other? I'm so glad we had each other when we were little. I can't wait till my little girl's old enough to tell her about all the things we used to do. You'll always remember me when you think about old times, won't you? And I guess everybody thinks about old times, even the happiest people.' 25

As we walked homeward across the fields, the sun dropped and lay like a great golden globe in the low west. While it hung there, the moon rose in the east, as big as a cart-wheel, pale silver and streaked with rose colour, thin as a bubble or a ghost-moon. For five, perhaps ten minutes, the two luminaries confronted each other across the level land, resting on opposite edges of the world. 35

In that singular light every little tree and shock of wheat, every sunflower stalk and clump of snow-on-the-mountain, drew itself up high and pointed; the very clods and furrows in the fields seemed to stand up sharply. I felt the old pull of the earth, the solemn magic that comes out of those fields at nightfall. I wished I could be a little boy again, and that my way could end there. 40

We reached the edge of the field, where our ways parted. I took her hands and held them against my breast, feeling once more how strong and warm and good they were, those brown hands, and remembering how 45

many kind things they had done for me. I held them now a long while, over my heart. About us it was growing darker and darker, and I had to look hard to see her face, which I meant always to carry with me; the closest, realest face, under all the shadows of women's faces, at the very bottom of my memory. 50

'I'll come back,' I said earnestly, through the soft, intrusive darkness.

'Perhaps you will'—I felt rather than saw her smile. 'But even if you don't, you're here, like my father. So I won't be lonesome.' 55

As I went back alone over that familiar road, I could almost believe that a boy and girl ran along beside me, as our shadows used to do, laughing and whispering to each other in the grass.

*[from Book 4 Chapter 4]*

How does Cather make this moment in the novel so moving?

**Or**      **12** Explore the ways in which Cather makes Ambrosch such a memorable character.

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:

‘Now, let me ask you girls and boys, Would you paper a room with representations of horses?’

After a pause, one half of the children cried in chorus, ‘Yes, sir!’ Upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman’s face that Yes was wrong, cried out in chorus, ‘No, sir!’ – as the custom is, in these examinations. 5

‘Of course, No. Why wouldn’t you?’

A pause. One corpulent slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured the answer, Because he wouldn’t paper a room at all, but would paint it.

‘You *must* paper it,’ said Thomas Gradgrind, ‘whether you like it or not. Don’t tell *us* you wouldn’t paper it. What do you mean, boy?’ 10

‘I’ll explain to you, then,’ said the gentleman, after another and a dismal pause, ‘why you wouldn’t paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of rooms in reality – in fact? Do you?’ 15

‘Yes, sir!’ from one half. ‘No, sir!’ from the other.

‘Of course no,’ said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. ‘Why, then, you are not to see anywhere, what you don’t see in fact; you are not to have anywhere, what you don’t have in fact. What is called Taste, is only another name for Fact.’ 20

Thomas Gradgrind nodded his approbation.

‘This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery,’ said the gentleman. ‘Now, I’ll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room. Would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?’

There being a general conviction by this time that ‘No, sir!’ was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of No was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said Yes; among them Sissy Jupe. 25

‘Girl number twenty,’ said the gentleman, smiling in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed, and stood up. 30

‘So you would carpet your room – or your husband’s room, if you were a grown woman, and had a husband – with representations of flowers, would you,’ said the gentleman. ‘Why would you?’

‘If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers,’ returned the girl.

‘And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?’ 35

‘It wouldn’t hurt them, sir. They wouldn’t crush and wither if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I would fancy –’

‘Ay, ay, ay! But you mustn’t fancy,’ cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. ‘That’s it! You are never to fancy.’ 40

‘You are not, Cecilia Jupe,’ Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, ‘to do anything of that kind.’

‘Fact, fact, fact!’ said the gentleman. And ‘Fact, fact, fact!’ repeated Thomas Gradgrind. 45

‘You are to be in all things regulated and governed,’ said the gentleman, ‘by fact. We hope to have, before long, a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and

of nothing but fact. You must discard the word Fancy altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You are not to have, in any object of use or ornament, what would be a contradiction in fact. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You don't find that foreign birds and butterflies come and perch upon your crockery. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use,' said the gentleman, 'for all these purposes, combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste.'

50

55

*[from Book 1 Chapter 2]*

How does Dickens make this moment in the novel both amusing and disturbing?

**Or**      **14** Explore the ways in which Dickens vividly conveys the hypocrisy of Bounderby.

**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:

The Avenue stretches in front of us now, clear and straight from the pig bins at this end to the letter box at the other.

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‘So what have you two been up to all morning?’ she says, walking companionably up the street with us, while Auntie Dee waves to us and closes the door.

*[from Chapter 4]*

How does Frayn make this a revealing and entertaining moment in the novel?

- Or**      **16** What does Frayn’s writing make you feel towards the older Stephen at the end of the novel?

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:

But Thornhill's Point was so close he could see the breeze flipping the leaves of the mangroves standing in the water, and a bird there on a branch.

He had to fight the feeling that the place was mocking him.

Of course they could anchor and sit out the tide, spend the night on the boat as he and Willie had done often enough. But Thornhill had waited too long and dreamed too sweetly for that. *On the sweep, Willie, look sharp, lad,* he shouted. *We done just as good to stop here, Da,* the boy called back. *Till the tide come in again.*

He was right, but Thornhill was in a frenzy of longing. It was burning him up, to set foot on that promised land. He leaped into the bow, grabbed the sweep and leaned his weight against it, feeling the strength in his own shoulders warm through his flesh, forcing himself against the river. The boat stirred sluggishly in response. Through a mouth gone stiff with passion he hissed, *By God Willie, get on that aft sweep lad or the sharks can have you,* but heard his voice disappear, nothing more than a wisp of steam in so much space.

Whatever it was that Willie saw in his face made him bend to the oar, until the bow brushed in through the mangroves and came to rest with a jolt. The tide was ebbing away almost visibly. Within a moment the keel had settled deep into the mud. They had arrived.

When Thornhill jumped out over the bow the mud gripped his feet. He tried to take a step and it sucked them in deeper. With a huge effort he dragged one foot out and looked for a place to set it down between the spiky mangrove roots. Lurched forward into even deeper mud, pulled his other leg up with a squelch, feeling the foot stretch against the ankle, and floundered towards the bank. He put his head down and butted blindly through a screen of bushes, bursting out at last onto dry land. Beyond the river-oaks the ground opened into a flat place covered with tender green growth and studded with yellow daisies.

His own. His own, by virtue of his foot standing on it.

There was nothing he would have called a path, just a thready easing that led through the daisy lawn and up the slope, between the tussocks of grass and the mottled rocks that pushed themselves out from the ground.

There was a lightness in his step as he trod, his feet seeming to choose their own way. He was barely breathing, in a kind of awe.

Mine.

His feet led him up the slope, past a place where a trickle of water glittered over rocks, and through a grove of saplings. He came out into a clearing where trees held an open space in a play of shifting light and shade: a room made of leaves and air. It was quite still, as if every creature in the place had stopped its business to watch him. When one of the whirring pigeons flew up at his feet and perched on a branch, head cocked at him, his skin flushed with the fright of it. He felt the way the trees stood around him in a quiet crowd, their limbs stopped in the middle of a gesture, their pale bark splitting in long cracks to show the bright pink skin beneath.



He took off his hat with an impulse to feel the air around his head. His own air!

50

*[from Part 3]*

How does Grenville make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

- Or**     **18** How does Grenville depict the clash of cultures between the settlers and the Aboriginal people in Sydney and at Thornhill's Point?

**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:

He stood in the doorway and announced: 'Story! Story!' The children who had been playing about, stopped, looked at him and came running in, uttering shrieks of joy.

They sat around their master. When they subsided into silence he opened the large album and said looking at it: 'This is the story of a tiger and his friend the jungle buffalo, called Bison. It happened in Mempi Forest. Who can tell me where Mempi Forest is?' There followed a discussion among the children and one girl said pointing at the doorway: 'There, near the mountains, am I right?' 5

'Right, right,' he said. 'There are a lot of jungles there. See here.' All the children leaned over each other's shoulders and fixed their eyes on the top of the album where a perfect jungle had been made with the help of dry tinted grass pasted together. 'These are all bamboo jungles, full of tigers, but we are only concerned with one tiger. His name is Raja. See this. There he is, a young cub.' 10

'He is very young,' said the children, looking at him. The album was passed round for the benefit of those sitting far off. 'What a fearful fellow!' commented a few. My daughter, sitting between two friends older than herself, refused to touch the album because of the tiger, but was quite prepared to see it if held by her neighbour. 'This little tiger was quite lonely, you know, because her mother had been taken away by hunters—bad fellows.' Thus the story of the tiger went on. The tiger came across a friend in the shape of a young bison, who protected him from a bear and other enemies. They both lived in a cave at the tail end of Mempi Hills—great friends. The bison grew up into a thick rock-like animal, and the tiger also grew up and went out in search of prey at nights. One night a party of hunters shot at the bison and carried him off to the town. And the tiger missed his friend and his cry rang through the Mempi Forest the whole night. The tiger soon adjusted himself to a lonely existence. 15

The children listened in dead silence and were greatly moved when this portion was read out. They all came over to have a look at the tiger in his loneliness, and our friend, rightly guessing that they would ask for it, had procured a picture. The tiger was standing forlorn before his cave. The children uttered many cries of regret and unhappiness. 'Master, how can he live without his friend any more? I hope he is not killed by the bear!' 20

'No. No, that bear was disposed of by the friend before he was caught.'

'Poor bear! Let me have a look at him,' said a girl. The pages were turned back and there he was, dark and shaggy. 'He could have fought with the bison. He looks so strong,' said the girl. She was, somehow, unaccountably, on the side of the bear. 'You should not like the bear,' said another girl. 'The teacher will be angry if you like the bear ...' 25

'No, no, I won't be. You may like what you like,' said the teacher. This was an inducement for another child to join the ranks of bear-lovers. She said: 'I always like a bear. It has such a lot of hair. Who will comb her hair, teacher?' 'Of course, her mother,' said another child. 30

'Has she a mother? Poor thing, yet she was allowed to be killed by the bison. I don't like bisons. They should have more hair!' 35

'If you are so fond of bears, why do you listen to this story?' 40

‘Because it’s the story of a bear, of course,’ replied the child.	
‘It isn’t.’	50
‘It is. You see the picture.’	
‘Master, she is looking too long at the bear. I want to see the tiger.’	
The teacher interfered at this stage and restored order. He whispered to me: ‘The most enchanting thing among children is their quarrels. How they carry it on for its own sake, without the slightest bitterness or any memory of it later. This is how we were once, God help us: this too is what we have turned out to be!’ He resumed the story. My daughter, who felt she had left me alone too long, came over and sat with her elbows resting on my lap. She whispered: ‘Father, I want a tiger.’	55
‘A real one?’	60
‘Yes. Isn’t it like a cat?’ I nudged the teacher, and told him of her demand. He became very serious and said: ‘You must not think of a tiger as a pet, darling. It is a very big and bad animal. I will show you a tiger when a circus comes to the town next. Meanwhile you may have a picture of a tiger. I will give you one.’	65
‘All right, master, I will take it.’	
‘And you can have a real cat. I will give you a small kitten I have at home.’	
She screamed with joy. ‘Is it in your house?’	
‘Yes, yes, I will give it to you and also the picture of a tiger.’	70
‘Father, let us go with him ...’	

*[from Chapter 6]*

How does Narayan make this such an amusing and significant moment in the novel?

**Or**      **20**    In what ways does Narayan make Krishna’s memories of Susila so powerful?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read this extract from *Ming's Biggest Prey* (by Patricia Highsmith), and then answer the question that follows it:

Ming was resting comfortably on the foot of his mistress' bunk, when the man picked him up by the back of the neck, stuck him out on the deck and closed the cabin door. Ming's blue eyes widened in shock and brief anger, then nearly closed again because of the brilliant sunlight. It was not the first time Ming had been thrust out of the cabin rudely, and Ming realised that the man did it when his mistress, Elaine, was not looking. 5

The sailboat now offered no shelter from the sun, but Ming was not yet too warm. He leapt easily to the cabin roof and stepped onto the coil of rope just behind the mast. Ming liked the rope coil as a couch, because he could see everything from the height, the cup shape of the rope protected him from strong breezes, and also minimised the swaying and sudden changes of angle of the *White Lark*, since it was more or less the centre point. But just now the sail had been taken down, because Elaine and the man had eaten lunch, and often they had a siesta afterward, during which time, Ming knew, the man didn't like him in the cabin. Lunchtime was all right. In fact, Ming had just lunched on delicious grilled fish and a bit of lobster. Now, lying in a relaxed curve on the tail of rope, Ming opened his mouth in a great yawn, then with his slant eyes almost closed against the strong sunlight, gazed at the beige hills and the white and pink houses and hotels that circled the bay of Acapulco. Between the *White Lark* and the shore where people plashed inaudibly, the sun twinkled on the water's surface like thousands of tiny electric lights going on and off. A water-skier went by, skimming up white spray behind him. Such activity! Ming half dozed, feeling the heat of the sun sink into his fur. Ming was from New York, and he considered Acapulco a great improvement over his environment in the first weeks of his life. He remembered a sunless box with straw on the bottom, three or four of her kittens in with him, and a window behind which giant forms paused for a few moments, tried to catch his attention by tapping, then passed on. He did not remember his mother at all. One day a young woman who smelled of something pleasant came into the place and took him away – away from the ugly, frightening smell of dogs, of medicine and parrot dung. Then they went on what Ming now knew was an aeroplane. He was quite used to aeroplanes now and rather liked them. On aeroplanes he sat on Elaine's lap, or slept on her lap, and there were always titbits to eat if he was hungry. 10  
15  
20  
25  
30  
35

Elaine spent much of the day in a shop in Acapulco, where dresses and slacks and bathing suits hung on all the walls. This place smelled clean and fresh, there were flowers in pots and in boxes out front, and the floor was of cool blue and white tile. Ming had perfect freedom to wander out into the patio behind the shop, or to sleep in his basket in a corner. There was more sunlight in front of the shop, but mischievous boys often tried to grab him if he sat in front, and Ming could never relax there. 40

Ming liked best lying in the sun with his mistress on one of the long canvas chairs on their terrace at home. What Ming did not like were the people she sometimes invited to their house, people who spent the night, people by the score who stayed up very late eating and drinking, playing the gramophone or the piano – people who separated him from Elaine. 45

People who stepped on his toes, people who sometimes picked him up from behind before he could do anything about it, so that he had to squirm and fight to get free, people who stroked him roughly, people who closed a door somewhere, locking him in. *People!* Ming detested people. In all the world, he liked only Elaine. Elaine loved him and understood him. 50

Especially this man called Teddie Ming detested now. Teddie was around all the time lately. Ming did not like the way Teddie looked at him, when Elaine was not watching. And sometimes Teddie, when Elaine was not near, muttered something which Ming knew was a threat. Or a command to leave the room. Ming took it calmly. Dignity was to be preserved. Besides, wasn't his mistress on his side? The man was the intruder. When Elaine was watching, the man sometimes pretended a fondness for him, but Ming always moved gracefully but unmistakably in another direction. 55 60

Ming's nap was interrupted by the sound of the cabin door opening. He heard Elaine and the man laughing and talking. The big red-orange sun was near the horizon.

'Ming!' Elaine came over to him. 'Aren't you getting *cooked*, darling? I thought you were *in!*' 65

'So did I!' said Teddie.

Ming purred as he always did when he awakened. She picked him up gently, cradled him in her arms, and took him below into the suddenly cool shade of the cabin. She was talking to the man, and not in a gentle tone. She set Ming down in front of his dish of water, and though he was not thirsty, he drank a little to please her. Ming did feel addled by the heat, and he staggered a little. 70

How does Highsmith make this such a striking introduction to Ming?

- Or 22 Explore the ways in which Shadbolt makes the narrator memorable in *The People Before*.





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