Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2020**

1 hour 30 minutes

6875809795

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **24** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Muliebrity

I have thought so much about the girl
who gathered cow-dung in a wide, round basket
along the main road passing by our house
and the Radhavallabh temple in Maninagar.
I have thought so much about the way she
moved her hands and her waist
and the smell of cow-dung and road-dust and wet canna lilies,
the smell of monkey breath and freshly washed clothes
and the dust from crows' wings which smells different –
and again the smell of cow-dung as the girl scoops
it up, all these smells surrounding me separately
and simultaneously – I have thought so much
but have been unwilling to use her for a metaphor,
for a nice image – but most of all unwilling
to forget her or to explain to anyone the greatness
and the power glistening through her cheekbones
each time she found a particularly promising
mound of dung –

(*Sujata Bhatt*)

How does Bhatt show admiration for the girl in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Rich uses words and images to powerful effect in *Amends*.

Amends

Nights like this: on the cold apple-bough
a white star, then another
exploding out of the bark:
on the ground, moonlight picking at small stones

as it picks at greater stones, as it rises with the surf
laying its cheek for moments on the sand
as it licks the broken ledge, as it flows up the cliffs,
as it flicks across the tracks

as it unavailing pours into the gash
of the sand-and-gravel quarry
as it leans across the hangared fuselage
of the crop-dusting plane

as it soaks through cracks into the trailers
tremulous with sleep
as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers
as if to make amends

(*Adrienne Rich*)

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening

Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore,
  Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercussive roar
  Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone
  Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone
  Singing the hour, and bidding “Strike the bell.”
All is black shadow, but the lucid line
  Marked by the light surf on the level sand,
Or where afar the ship-lights faintly shine
  Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Mislead the Pilgrim—Such the dubious ray
That wavering Reason lends, in life’s long darkling way.

(*Charlotte Smith*)

Explore the ways in which Smith creates vivid effects in this poem.

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Or **4** In what ways does Peter Reading create powerful impressions of the whales in *Cetacean*?

Cetacean

Out of Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, Sunday, early,
our vessel, bow to stern, some sixty-three feet,
to observe Blue Whales – and we did, off the Farallones.

They were swimming slowly, and rose at a shallow angle
(they were grey as slate with white mottling, dorsals tiny and stubby,
with broad flat heads one quarter their overall body-lengths).

They blew as soon as their heads began to break the surface.
The blows were as straight and slim as upright columns
rising to thirty feet in vertical sprays.

Then their heads disappeared underwater, and the lengthy, rolling
expanse of their backs hove into our view – about twenty feet longer
than the vessel herself.

And then the diminutive dorsals
showed briefly, after the blows had dispersed and the heads had
gone under.

Then they arched their backs, then arched their tail stocks ready
for diving.

Then the flukes were visible just before the creatures vanished,
slipping into the deep again, at a shallow angle.

(*Peter Reading*)

CAROL ANN DUFFY: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Valentine

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding-ring,
if you like.

Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

How does Duffy make this such a surprising love poem?

Or **6** Explore the ways in which Duffy movingly writes about prayer in this poem.

Prayer

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer
utters itself. So, a woman will lift
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth
enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade I piano scales
console the lodger looking out across
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer –
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently; she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear, too, felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aërial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and dark tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stories were there amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit, called a 'Gytrash'; which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash – a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed – a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcases of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No Gytrash was this – only a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned; a sliding sound and an exclamation of 'What the deuce is to do now?' and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all

he could do – there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question – *45*

'Are you injured, sir?'

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly. *50*

[from Chapter 12]

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

Or **8** In what ways does Brontë vividly convey the conflict between Jane and the Reed family at Gateshead Hall?

ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Jackals don't murder,' she said coolly. 'They wait for others to murder, because they haven't the courage. Then they come to feed on the flesh.'

Deven felt a prickling up his spine and Nur tried unsuccessfully to laugh. 'What flesh, *bibi*, my heart? Dear heart, you are ill –'

'Yes, I am,' she cried, sitting bolt upright in bed so that the sheets slipped off her and the women who attended her stepped backwards, and then hurried forwards to adjust them. She waved them aside – nervy, irritable, imperious, inconsiderate and frantic. They trembled as they tried to soothe her with little sucking sounds of their lips – they feared her as much as they admired her, keeping at a distance as from a poisonous snake, a snake that was also an object of worship. Yet there was gentleness in their ministrations that showed they pitied her as well, that they found here much to be pitied. She glared past them at the two men. 'Still my eyes can see more clearly than yours. You,' she said, spitting at Deven from between her very small, sharp teeth, 'you – tell me why you keep coming here. What are you here for?'

'I? I come as – as others come,' Deven tried not to stammer and to hold his ground, feeling he was beginning to understand her a little. 'To pay my respects to – to a distinguished poet, to hear him recite –'

'He will *not* recite,' she hissed, making small white bubbles of spit fly.

'Dear heart, I will not, no, I will not recite,' Nur assured her, coming closer to the bed with his hands outstretched. 'I am giving no recitation again, ever, please don't think I am.'

Suddenly her eyes turned from hard black beads to liquid and tears streamed down her cheeks, blackening them with kohl. 'Yes, you will,' she wailed like a child, 'you may. Call your friends. Call for drinks. Sit and recite your poems. Sing, let everyone clap and dance while I – while I lie here, *dying*.'

Nur clucked with horror, '*Bibi*, how can you think –' he protested, lowering himself to the edge of her bed while the women attendants rose up and began to fuss. 'Please calm yourself – please don't think such things – please lie still – you are ill –'

She threw herself back into her pillows and more black cotton came undone from her head, leaving her scalp very nearly bald. She looked much thinner and smaller suddenly, like a child who has fever, and her hands tore at the sheets in what might have been feigned or else very real anguish. Nur reached out to catch them and still them between his, making small consoling sounds with his lips, and Deven stumbled backwards until he sensed he was near the door, fresh air and sunlight, then turned around and, restraining his impulse to flee, walked out with dignified deliberation.

[from Chapter 7]

In what ways does Desai create powerful impressions of Nur and his wife at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** How far does Desai make it possible for you to feel sympathy for Sarla?

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'Why, my dear Louisa,' said Mr Gradgrind, completely recovered by this time, 'I would advise you (since you ask me) to consider this question, as you have been accustomed to consider every other question, simply as one of tangible Fact. The ignorant and the giddy may embarrass such subjects with irrelevant fancies, and other absurdities that have no existence, properly viewed – really no existence – but it is no compliment to you to say, that you know better. Now, what are the Facts of this case? You are, we will say in round numbers, twenty years of age; Mr Bounderby is, we will say in round numbers, fifty. There is some disparity in your respective years, but in your means and positions there is none; on the contrary, there is a great suitability. Then the question arises, Is this one disparity sufficient to operate as a bar to such a marriage? In considering this question, it is not unimportant to take into account the statistics of marriage, so far as they have yet been obtained, in England and Wales. I find on reference to the figures, that a large proportion of these marriages are contracted between parties of very unequal ages, and that the elder of these contracting parties is, in rather more than three-fourths of these instances, the bridegroom. It is remarkable as showing the wide prevalence of this law, that among the natives of the British possessions in India, also in a considerable part of China, and among the Calmucks of Tartary, the best means of computation yet furnished us by travellers, yield similar results. The disparity I have mentioned, therefore, almost ceases to be disparity, and (virtually) all but disappears.'

'What do you recommend, father,' asked Louisa, her reserved composure not in the least affected by these gratifying results, 'that I should substitute for the term I used just now? For the misplaced expression?'

'Louisa,' returned her father, 'it appears to me that nothing can be plainer. Confining yourself rigidly to Fact, the question of Fact you state to yourself is: Does Mr Bounderby ask me to marry him? Yes, he does. The sole remaining question then is: Shall I marry him? I think nothing can be plainer than that.'

'Shall I marry him?' repeated Louisa, with great deliberation.

'Precisely. And it is satisfactory to me, as your father, my dear Louisa, to know that you do not come to the consideration of that question with the previous habits of mind, and habits of life, that belong to many young women.'

'No, father,' she returned, 'I do not.'

'I now leave you to judge for yourself,' said Mr Gradgrind. 'I have stated the case, as such cases are usually stated among practical minds; I have stated it, as the case of your mother and myself was stated in its time. The rest, my dear Louisa, is for you to decide.'

[from Chapter 15]

How does Dickens make this moment in the novel so powerful?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Dickens creates a striking portrait of young Tom Gradgrind.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He waited a week exactly to come back for Janie's snub.

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Then she had to smuggle Tea Cake out by the back gate and that made it seem like some great secret she was keeping from the town.

[from Chapter 11]

Explore the ways in which Hurston makes this moment in the novel so amusing.

Or **14** How does Hurston's writing show that life in Eatonville is difficult for Janie?

JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Whatever Brinker had in his mind to do, I thought he had chosen a terrible place for it. There was nothing funny about the Assembly Room. I could remember staring torpidly through these windows a hundred times out at the elms of the Center Common. The windows now had the closed blankness of night, a deadened look about them, a look of being blind or deaf. The great expanses of wall space were opaque with canvas, portraits in oil of deceased headmasters, a founder or two, forgotten leaders of the faculty, a beloved athletic coach none of us had ever heard of, a lady we could not identify—her fortune had largely rebuilt the school; a nameless poet who was thought when under the school's protection to be destined primarily for future generations; a young hero now anonymous who looked theatrical in the First World War uniform in which he had died.

I thought any prank was bound to fall flat here.

The Assembly Hall was used for large lectures, debates, plays, and concerts; it had the worst acoustics in the school. I couldn't make out what Brinker was saying. He stood on the polished marble floor in front of us, but facing the platform, talking to the boys behind the balustrade. I heard him say the word 'inquiry' to them, and something about 'the country demands …'

'What is all this hot air?' I said into the blur.

'I don't know,' Phineas answered shortly.

As he turned toward us Brinker was saying '… blame on the responsible party. We will begin with a brief prayer.' He paused, surveying us with the kind of wide-eyed surmise Mr Carhart always used at this point, and then added in Mr Carhart's urbane murmur, 'Let us pray.'

We all slumped immediately and unthinkingly into the awkward crouch in which God was addressed at Devon, leaning forward with elbows on knees. Brinker had caught us, and in a moment it was too late to escape, for he had moved swiftly into the Lord's Prayer. If when Brinker had said 'Let us pray' I had said 'Go to hell' everything might have been saved.

At the end there was an indecisive, semiserious silence and then Brinker said, 'Phineas, if you please.' Finny got up with a shrug and walked to the center of the floor, between us and the platform. Brinker got an armchair from behind the balustrade, and seated Finny on it with courtly politeness. 'Now just in your own words,' he said.

'What own words?' said Phineas, grimacing up at him with his best you-are-an-idiot expression.

'I know you haven't got many of your own,' said Brinker with a charitable smile. 'Use some of Gene's then.'

'What shall I talk about? You? I've got plenty of words of my own for that.'

'*I'm* all right,' Brinker glanced gravely around the room for confirmation, 'you're the casualty.'

'Brinker,' began Finny in a constricted voice I did not recognize, 'are you off your head or what?'

'No,' said Brinker evenly, 'that's Leper, our other casualty. Tonight we're investigating you.'

'What the hell are you talking about!' I cut in suddenly.

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'Investigating Finny's accident!' He spoke as though this was the most natural and self-evident and inevitable thing we could be doing.

I felt the blood flooding into my head. 'After all,' Brinker continued, 'there *is* a war on. Here's one soldier our side has already lost. We've got to find out what happened.'

'Just for the record,' said someone from the platform. 'You agree, don't you, Gene?'

'I told Brinker this morning,' I began in a voice treacherously shaking, 'that I thought this was the worst—'

'And I said,' Brinker's voice was full of authority and perfectly under control, 'that for Finny's good,' and with an additional timbre of sincerity, 'and for your own good too, by the way, Gene, that we should get all this out into the open. We don't want any mysteries or any stray rumors and suspicions left in the air at the end of the year, do we?'

A collective assent to this rumbled through the blurring atmosphere of the Assembly Room.

'What are you talking about!' Finny's voice was full of contemptuous music. 'What rumors and suspicions?'

'Never mind about that,' said Brinker with his face responsibly grave. He's enjoying this, I thought bitterly, he's imagining himself Justice incarnate, balancing the scales. He's forgotten that Justice incarnate is not only balancing the scales but also blindfolded.

[from Chapter 11]

In what ways does Knowles make this such a tense moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Knowles makes Gene's visit to Leper's home in Vermont such a memorable and significant part of the novel.

GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

There was a sound of marching boots outside. The steel door opened with a clang. A young officer, a trim black-uniformed figure who seemed to glitter all over with polished leather, and whose pale, straight-featured face was like a wax mask, stepped smartly through the doorway. He motioned to the guards outside to bring in the prisoner they were leading. The poet Ampleforth shambled into the cell. The door clanged shut again.

Ampleforth made one or two uncertain movements from side to side, as though having some idea that there was another door to go out of, and then began to wander up and down the cell. He had not yet noticed Winston's presence. His troubled eyes were gazing at the wall about a metre above the level of Winston's head. He was shoeless; large, dirty toes were sticking out of the holes in his socks. He was also several days away from a shave. A scrubby beard covered his face to the cheekbones, giving him an air of ruffianism that went oddly with his large weak frame and nervous movements.

Winston roused himself a little from his lethargy. He must speak to Ampleforth, and risk the yell from the telescreen. It was even conceivable that Ampleforth was the bearer of the razor blade.

'Ampleforth,' he said.

There was no yell from the telescreen. Ampleforth paused, mildly startled. His eyes focused themselves slowly on Winston.

'Ah, Smith!' he said. 'You too!'

'What are you in for?'

'To tell you the truth——' He sat down awkwardly on the bench opposite Winston. 'There is only one offence, is there not?' he said.

'And you have committed it?'

'Apparently I have.'

He put a hand to his forehead and pressed his temples for a moment, as though trying to remember something.

'These things happen,' he began vaguely. 'I have been able to recall one instance—a possible instance. It was an indiscretion, undoubtedly. We were producing a definitive edition of the poems of Kipling. I allowed the word "God" to remain at the end of a line. I could not help it!' he added almost indignantly, raising his face to look at Winston. 'It was impossible to change the line. The rhyme was "rod". Do you realise that there are only twelve rhymes to "rod" in the entire language? For days I had racked my brains. There *was* no other rhyme.'

The expression on his face changed. The annoyance passed out of it and for a moment he looked almost pleased. A sort of intellectual warmth, the joy of the pedant who has found out some useless fact, shone through the dirt and scrubby hair.

'Has it ever occurred to you,' he said, 'that the whole history of English poetry has been determined by the fact that the English language lacks rhymes?'

No, that particular thought had never occurred to Winston. Nor, in the circumstances, did it strike him as very important or interesting.

'Do you know what time of day it is?' he said.

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Ampleforth looked startled again. 'I had hardly thought about it. They arrested me—it could be two days ago—perhaps three.' His eyes flitted round the walls, as though he half expected to find a window somewhere. 'There is no difference between night and day in this place. I do not see how one can calculate the time.'

They talked desultorily for some minutes, then, without apparent reason, a yell from the telescreen bade them be silent. Winston sat quietly, his hands crossed. Ampleforth, too large to sit in comfort on the narrow bench, fidgeted from side to side, clasping his lank hands first round one knee, then round the other. The telescreen barked at him to keep still. Time passed. Twenty minutes, an hour—it was difficult to judge. Once more there was a sound of boots outside. Winston's entrails contracted. Soon, very soon, perhaps in five minutes, perhaps now, the tramp of boots would mean that his own turn had come.

The door opened. The cold-faced young officer stepped into the cell. With a brief movement of the hand he indicated Ampleforth.

[from Part 3]

How does Orwell make this moment in the novel so distressing?

Or **18** What does Orwell's portrayal of Emmanuel Goldstein contribute to the impact of the novel?

ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A young man met them at the airport.

– Mr and Mrs Jarvis.

– Yes.

– I'm John Harrison. Mary's brother. I don't think you remember me. I was only a youngster when you saw me last. Let me carry your things. I've a car here for you.

As they walked to the control building, the young man said, I needn't tell you how grieved we are, Mr Jarvis. Arthur was the finest man I ever knew.

In the car he spoke to them again. Mary and the children are at my mother's, and we're expecting you both to stay with us.

– How is Mary?

– She's suffering from the shock, Mr Jarvis, but she's very brave.

– And the children?

– They've taken it very badly, Mr Jarvis. And that has given Mary something to occupy herself.

They did not speak again. Jarvis held his wife's hand, but they all were silent with their own thoughts, until they drove through the gates of a suburban house, and came to a stop before a lighted porch. A young woman came out at the sound of the car, and embraced Mrs Jarvis, and they wept together. Then she turned to Jarvis, and they embraced each other. This first meeting over, Mr and Mrs Harrison came out also, and after they had welcomed one another, and after the proper words had been spoken, they all went into the house.

Harrison turned to Jarvis. Would you like a drink? he asked.

– It would be welcome.

– Come to my study, then.

– And now, said Harrison, you must do as you wish. If there's anything we can do, you've only to ask us. If you would wish to go to the mortuary at once, John will go with you. Or you can go tomorrow morning if you wish. The police would like to see you, but they won't worry you tonight.

– I'll ask my wife, Harrison. You know, we've hardly spoken of it yet. I'll go to her, don't you worry to come.

– I'll wait for you here.

He found his wife and his daughter-in-law hand in hand, tip-toeing out of the room where his grandchildren were sleeping. He spoke to her, and she wept again and sobbed against him. Now, she said. He went back to Harrison, and swallowed his drink, and then he and his wife and their daughter-in-law went out to the car, where John Harrison was waiting for them.

While they were driving to the Police Laboratories, John Harrison told Jarvis all that he knew about the crime, how the police were waiting for the house-boy to recover consciousness, and how they had combed the plantations on Parkwold Ridge. And he told him too of the paper that Arthur Jarvis had been writing just before he was killed, on 'The Truth About Native Crime'.

– I'd like to see it, said Jarvis.

– We'll get it for you tomorrow, Mr Jarvis.

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– My son and I didn't see eye to eye on the native question, John. In fact, he and I got quite heated about it on more than one occasion. But I'd like to see what he wrote.

– My father and I don't see eye to eye on the native question either, Mr Jarvis. You know, Mr Jarvis, there was no one in South Africa who thought so deeply about it, and no one who thought so clearly, as Arthur did. And what else is there to think deeply and clearly about in South Africa? he used to say.

So they came to the Laboratories, and John Harrison stayed in the car, while the others went to do the hard thing that had to be done. And they came out silent but for the weeping of the two women, and drove back as silently to the house, where Mary's father opened the door to them.

– Another drink, Jarvis? Or do you want to go to bed?

– Margaret, do you want me to come up with you?

– No, my dear, stay and have your drink.

– Good night, then, my dear.

– Good night, James.

He kissed her, and she clung to him for a moment. And thank you for all your help, she said. The tears came again into her eyes, and into his too for that matter. He watched her climb the stairs with their daughter-in-law, and when the door closed on them, he and Harrison turned to go to the study.

– It's always worse for the mother, Jarvis.

– Yes.

He pondered over it, and said then, I was very fond of my son, he said. I was never ashamed of having him.

[from Book 2 Chapter 2]

How does Paton make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **20** In what ways does Paton convey the impact of city life in Johannesburg on Stephen Kumalo?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton), and then answer the question that follows it:

'You fellows knew enough of my early history to guess what my second marriage meant to me. I say guess, because no one could understand – really. I've always had a feminine streak in me, I suppose: the need of a pair of eyes that should see with me, of a pulse that should keep time with mine. Life is a big thing, of course; a magnificent spectacle; but I got so tired of looking at it alone! Still, it's always good to live, and I had plenty of happiness – of the evolved kind. What I'd never had a taste of was the simple inconscient sort that one breathes in like the air.

'Well – I met her. It was like finding the climate in which I was meant to live. You know what she was – how indefinitely she multiplied one's points of contact with life, how she lit up the caverns and bridged the abysses! Well, I swear to you (though I suppose the sense of all that was latent in me) that what I used to think of on my way home at the end of the day, was simply that when I opened this door she'd be sitting over there, with the lamp-light falling in a particular way on one little curl in her neck … When Claydon painted her he caught just the look she used to lift to mine when I came in – I've wondered, sometimes, at his knowing how she looked when she and I were alone. – How I rejoiced in that picture! I used to say to her, "You're my prisoner now – I shall never lose you. If you grew tired of me and left me you'd leave your real self there on the wall!" It was always one of our jokes that she was going to grow tired of me—

'Three years of it – and then she died. It was so sudden that there was no change, no diminution. It was as if she had suddenly become fixed, immovable, like her own portrait: as if Time had ceased at its happiest hour, just as Claydon had thrown down his brush one day and said, "I can't do better than that."

'I went away, as you know, and stayed over there five years. I worked as hard as I knew how, and after the first black months a little light stole in on me. From thinking that she would have been interested in what I was doing I came to feel that she *was* interested – that she was there and that she knew. I'm not talking any psychical jargon – I'm simply trying to express the sense I had that an influence so full, so abounding as hers couldn't pass like a spring shower. We had so lived into each other's hearts and minds that the consciousness of what she would have thought and felt illuminated all I did. At first she used to come back shyly, tentatively, as though not sure of finding me; then she stayed longer and longer, till at last she became again the very air I breathed … There were bad moments, of course, when her nearness mocked me with the loss of the real woman; but gradually the distinction between the two was effaced and the mere thought of her grew warm as flesh and blood.

'Then I came home. I landed in the morning and came straight down here. The thought of seeing her portrait possessed me and my heart beat like a lover's as I opened the library door. It was in the afternoon and the room was full of light. It fell on her picture – the picture of a young and radiant woman. She smiled at me coldly across the distance that divided us. I had the feeling that she didn't even recognise me. And then I caught

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sight of myself in the mirror over there – a gray-haired broken man whom she had never known!

'For a week we two lived together – the strange woman and the strange man. I used to sit night after night and question her smiling face; but no answer ever came. What did she know of me, after all? We were irrevocably separated by the five years of life that lay between us. At times, as I sat here, I almost grew to hate her; for her presence had driven away my gentle ghost, the real wife who had wept, aged, struggled with me during those awful years … It was the worst loneliness I've ever known. Then, gradually, I began to notice a look of sadness in the picture's eyes; a look that seemed to say: "Don't you see that *I* am lonely too?" And all at once it came over me how she would have hated to be left behind! I remembered her comparing life to a heavy book that could not be read with ease unless two people held it together; and I thought how impatiently her hand would have turned the pages that divided us! – So the idea came to me: "It's the picture that stands between us; the picture that is dead, and not my wife. To sit in this room is to keep watch beside a corpse." As this feeling grew on me the portrait became like a beautiful mausoleum in which she had been buried alive: I could hear her beating against the painted walls and crying to me faintly for help …

How does Wharton make you feel sympathy for Mr Grancy here?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which McGahern strikingly portrays Miss McCabe in *The Stoat.*

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