



1 hour 30 minutes

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

- 1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Why are you quiet?

It's just, I'm stuck. I can see the story perfectly, but sometimes it's hard to move forward. Is it because of the nurses' injections?

No.

But I'm going to die in a few hours. That's going to happen, isn't it? It's strange how calm I am. Because even though you haven't told me, I know. And still, it's an impossible thing to tell yourself.

None of this is important. We're wasting time.

But it's true, right? That I'm going to die.

What else is happening in the yard?

Carla leans her forehead against the steering wheel and her shoulders start to shake a little; she's crying. Do you think we could be close to the exact moment when the worms are born?

Keep going, don't forget the details.

Carla doesn't make any noise, but she gets me to stand up and walk over to her. I liked her from the start, from the day I saw her walking in the sun and carrying two large plastic buckets. She had her red hair pulled back in a big bun and she was wearing denim overalls. I hadn't seen anyone wear those since I was a teenager. I was the one who insisted on iced tea, and I invited her over for *mate* the next morning, and the next one, and the next one, too. Are these the important details?

We'll know the exact moment from a detail, you have to be observant.

I cross the yard. When I skirt the pool, I look in the window toward the dining room to be sure that my daughter, Nina, is still asleep, hugging her big stuffed mole. I get into the car on the passenger side. I sit, but I leave the door open and roll the window down, because it's very hot. Carla's big bun is drooping a little, coming undone on one side. She leans against the backrest, aware that I'm there now, beside her once again, and she looks at me.

'If I tell you,' she says, 'you won't want me to visit anymore.'

I think about what to say, something like 'Now Carla, come on, don't be silly,' but instead I look at her toes, tense on the brakes, her long legs, her thin but strong arms. I'm disconcerted that a woman ten years older than me is so much more beautiful.

'If I tell you,' she says, 'you won't want him to play with Nina.'

'But Carla, come on, how could I not want that.'

'You won't, Amanda,' she says, and her eyes fill with tears.

'What's his name?'

'David.'

'Is he yours? Is he your son?'

She nods. That son is you, David.

I know. Go on.

She wipes away her tears with her knuckles, and her gold bracelets jangle. I had never seen you, but when I'd mentioned to Mr Geser, the caretaker of our rental house, that I'd made friends with Carla, he asked right away if I'd met you yet. Then Carla says:

'He was mine. Not anymore.'

I look at her, confused.

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'He doesn't belong to me anymore.'

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'Carla, children are forever.'

'No, dear,' she says. She has long nails, and she points at me, her finger level with my eyes.

Explore the ways in which Schweblin makes this early moment in the novel so intriguing.

[25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 2** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

[OSAM *is sitting in his chair.*

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Did they not say in the end that
it was I who had prevented her from going into apprenticeship with a
priestess?

In what ways does Aidoo make this such a revealing moment in the play?

[25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 3** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

'It's really a carefree life, which is how it should be when you're this age, don't you agree?'

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three. She'd never stay here for a month, let alone

Explore how Tan strikingly conveys attitudes towards old age at this moment in the novel. [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

<i>Khlestakov:</i>	I must admit, I just live for literature. I keep the best house in St Petersburg. Everybody knows it: 'That's Ivan Alexandrovich's house,' they say. [<i>Addressing all.</i>] Gentlemen, if you're ever in St Petersburg I beg you to do me the kindness of visiting me. I give balls too, you know.	5
<i>Anna Andreevna:</i>	I can just imagine how grand and refined they must be!	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	They're really quite beyond description. On the table I'll have a watermelon, for example – one watermelon, costing seven hundred roubles! I have soup brought in the pot by steamer from Paris, and the aroma when you lift the lid – out of this world. I'm always at a ball somewhere or other. Or else we make up a four for whist: the Foreign Minister, the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and me. Sometimes we keep on playing until we're ready to drop. I just have enough strength to dash up the stairs to my rooms on the fourth floor and say to the cook: 'Here, Mavrushka, take my coat ...' Good heavens, what am I saying – I mean the first floor of course. Why, the staircase alone is worth ... And you should see the hall, in the morning, even before I wake up. Simply teeming and buzzing with counts and princes – bzz, bzz ... just like a swarm of bees. Sometimes the Prime Minister himself looks in. [<i>The MAYOR and all the others rise to their feet, awestruck.</i>] I'm even addressed on my dispatches: 'Your Excellency'. I was in charge of a government department once for a while. Queer business it was, the director simply vanished into thin air, no one knew where. So, of course, there was the usual bickering about who should take over. All sorts of generals volunteered but as soon as they got a taste of it – no, it was too difficult. At first sight you'd think the job was easy – but take a closer look – the devil of a business. So in the end there was nothing for it: they had to send for me. They sent messengers and couriers all over the city – couriers, couriers, and more couriers – you've no idea. Thirty-five thousand couriers in all! 'Well, what's the problem,' I asked. 'Ivan Alexandrovich, come and take charge of the department!' I must admit, I was a bit taken aback. They caught me in my dressing-gown. I wanted to turn it down – then I realized it might get to the ears of His Majesty and I didn't want to blot my copybook ... 'All right,' I said, 'I'll do it if you insist, but I'm warning you, none of your lip now! You have to be on your toes with me! ... Or else ...' And – let me tell you – the moment I walked into that department, you'd have thought an earthquake had struck: they were all trembling in their boots. Every one of them. [<i>The MAYOR and his crew shake with fear. KHLESTAKOV gets more worked up still.</i>] No, I'm not to be trifled with. I put the fear of God into them. Even the Cabinet's scared stiff of me. And I should think so too! I'm like that! I don't take no for an answer. That's what I tell them all. I know my own mind, I do. No doors are barred to me. I drop in at the Palace every day. Tomorrow they're promoting me to Field-Marshal ... [<i>Slips and almost sprawls on the floor, but the officials catch him and support him respectfully.</i>]	10 15 20 25 30 35 40
<i>Mayor</i>	[<i>stepping up, shaking from head to foot, can hardly speak</i>]: Woo ... woo ...	45 50

<i>Khlestakov</i>	[<i>quickly and abruptly.</i>]: Well, what is it?	
<i>Mayor:</i>	Woo ... Woo ... Wooya ...	
<i>Khlestakov</i>	[<i>in the same tone</i>]: I can't understand a word you're saying, it's all rubbish.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	Wooya ... Exency ... Excellency like to rest? Room's ready and everything you need.	55
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Nonsense! Don't need a rest ... Well, all right. I suppose, if you like. ... A very good lunch, gentlemen. Very good. Well done. [<i>Declaims.</i>] Labberdaan! Labberdaan! [<i>Exit into side room followed by MAYOR.</i>]	60

In what ways does Gogol create a memorable portrait of Khlestakov at this moment in the play?
[25]

SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2

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

Stormcock in Elder

In my dark hermitage, aloof
 From the world's sight and the world's sound,
 By the small door where the old roof
 Hangs but five feet above the ground,
 I groped along the shelf for bread
 But found celestial food instead: 5

For suddenly close at my ear,
 Loud, loud and wild, with wintry glee,
 The old unfailing chorister
 Burst out in pride of poetry; 10
 And through the broken roof I spied
 Him by his singing glorified.

Scarcely an arm's-length from the eye,
 Myself unseen, I saw him there;
 The throbbing throat that made the cry, 15
 The breast dewed from the misty air,
 The polished bill that opened wide
 And showed the pointed tongue inside;

The large eye, ringed with many a ray
 Of minion feathers, finely laid, 20
 The feet that grasped the elder-spray;
 How strongly used, how subtly made
 The scale, the sinew, and the claw,
 Plain through the broken roof I saw;

The flight-feathers in tail and wing, 25
 The shorter coverts, and the white
 Merged into russet, marrying
 The bright breast to the pinions bright,
 Gold sequins, spots of chestnut, shower
 Of silver, like a brindled flower. 30

Soldier of fortune, northwest Jack,
 Old hard-times' braggart, there you blow
 But tell me ere your bagpipes crack
 How you can make so brave a show,
 Full-fed in February, and dressed 35
 Like a rich merchant at a feast.

One-half the world, or so they say,
Knows not how half the world may live;
So sing your song and go your way,
And still in February contrive
As bright as Gabriel to smile
On elder-spray by broken tile.

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(Ruth Pitter)

In what ways does Ruth Pitter vividly convey her admiration for the stormcock in this poem? [25]

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *In the Mountains* (by Ruth Praver Jhabvala), and then answer the question that follows it:

Actually, it wasn't true that the mother disliked Doctor Sahib. He came to visit the next morning, and as soon as she saw him she had her usual sentiment about him – not dislike but disapproval. He certainly did not look like a person fit to be on terms of social intercourse with any member of her family. He was a tiny man, shabby and even dirty. He wore a kind of suit, but it was in a terrible condition and so were his shoes. One eye of his spectacles, for some reason, was blacked out with a piece of cardboard.

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'Ah!' he exclaimed when he saw her. 'Mother has come!' And he was so genuinely happy that her disapproval could not stand up to him – at least, not entirely.

'Mother brings us tidings and good cheer from the great world outside,' Doctor Sahib went on. 'What are we but two mountain hermits? Or I could even say two mountain bears.'

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He sat at a respectful distance away from the mother, who was ensconced in a basket chair. She had come to sit in the garden. There was a magnificent view from here of the plains below and the mountains above; however, she had not come out to enjoy the scenery but to get the benefit of the morning sun. Although it was the height of summer, she always felt freezing cold inside the house, which seemed like a stone tomb.

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'Has Madam told you about our winter?' Doctor Sahib said. 'Oh, what these two bears have gone through! Ask her.'

'His roof fell in,' Pritam said.

'One night I was sleeping in my bed. Suddenly – what shall I tell you – crash, bang! Boom and bang! To me it seemed that all the mountains were falling and, let alone the mountains, heaven itself was coming down into my poor house. I said, "Doctor Sahib, your hour has come."'

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'I told him, I told him all summer, "The first snowfall and your roof will fall in." And when it happened all he could do was stand there and wring his hands. What an idiot!'

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'If it hadn't been for Madam, God knows what would have become of me. But she took me in and all winter she allowed me to have my corner by her own fireside.'

The mother looked at them with startled eyes.

'Oh yes, all winter,' Pritam said, mocking her. 'And all alone, just the two of us. Why did you have to tell her?' she reproached Doctor Sahib. 'Now she is shocked. Just look at her face. She is thinking we are two guilty lovers.'

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The mother flushed, and so did Doctor Sahib. An expression of bashfulness came into his face, mixed with regret, with melancholy. He was silent for some time, his head lowered. Then he said to the mother, 'Look, can you see it?' He pointed at his house, which nestled farther down the mountainside, some way below Pritam's. It was a tiny house, not much more than a hut. 'All hale and hearty again. Madam had the roof fixed, and now I am snug and safe once more in my own little kingdom.'

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Pritam said, 'One day the whole place is going to come down, not just the roof, and then what will you do?'

He spread his arms in acceptance and resignation. He had no choice as to place of residence. His family had brought him here and installed him in the house; they gave him a tiny allowance but only on condition that he wouldn't return to Delhi. As was evident from his fluent English, Doctor Sahib was an educated man, though it was not quite clear whether he really had qualified as a doctor. If he had, he may have done something disreputable and been struck off the register. Some such air hung about him. He was a great embarrassment to his family. Unable to make a living, he had gone around scrounging from family friends, and at one point had sat on the pavement in New Delhi's most fashionable shopping district and attempted to sell cigarettes and matches.

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Later, when he had gone, Pritam said, 'Don't you think I've got a dashing lover?'

'I know it's not true,' the mother said, defending herself. 'But other people, what will they think – alone with him in the house all winter? You know how people are.' 50

'What people?'

It was true. There weren't any. To the mother, this was a cause for regret. She looked at the mountains stretching away into the distance – a scene of desolation. But Pritam's eyes were half-shut with satisfaction as she gazed across the empty spaces and saw birds cleaving through the mist, afloat in the pure mountain sky. 55

'I was waiting for you all winter,' the mother said. 'I had your room ready, and every day we went in there to dust and change the flowers.' She broke out, 'Why didn't you come? Why stay in this place when you can be at home and lead a proper life like everybody else?' 60

Pritam laughed. 'Oh but I'm not like everybody else! That's the last thing!'

The mother was silent. She could not deny that Pritam was different. When she was a girl, they had worried about her and yet they had also been proud of her. She had been a big, handsome girl with independent views. People admired her and thought it a fine thing that a girl could be so emancipated in India and lead a free life, just as in other places. 65

How does Ruth Praver Jhabvala make this such a memorable and entertaining moment in the story? [25]

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

- 7 Explore how Schweblin vividly captures Carla's fear of her son, David. [25]

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 1** in answering this question.

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8 To what extent does Aidoo make Phase Three (The Big House at Oguaa) a satisfying ending to the play? [25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Tan powerfully portrays the relationship between LuLing and Precious Auntie. [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 How does Gogol make *The Government Inspector* a play that is both amusing and serious? [25]

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 4** in answering this question.

SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2

- 11 Explore how Thomas Hardy memorably conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings about the future in *The Darkling Thrush*. [25]

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2**

- 12 Explore the ways in which Ovo Adagha vividly depicts greed in *The Plantation*. [25]

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