



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:

But the woman comes toward us dragging the girl patiently; she wipes her bald head as if it were dusty, and she talks to her sweetly in her ear, saying something about us that we can't hear.

Do you know that girl, David?

Yes, I know her.

Is there part of you in her body?

Those are stories my mother tells. Neither you nor I have time for this. We're looking for worms, something very much like worms, and the exact moment when they touch your body for the first time.

'Who is she, Mommy?'

There's no more put-on nobility now. When they are close to us Nina takes a few steps back; she wants us to move farther away. We make room for them by pressing up against the ovens. The girl is Nina's height but I couldn't say how old she is. I think she's older, maybe your age.

Don't waste time.

It's just that your mother must know this girl, the girl and her mother and their whole story. And I go on thinking about Carla as the woman leads the little girl around the counter and the girl disappears from view because of her height. The woman presses the button on the register and hands me the change with a sad smile. She does all of this with both hands, one for the button, the other for my money, and just as I'd wondered a moment before how she could take that child's hand, now I wonder how it's possible to let go of it, and I accept the change thanking her many times, with guilt and remorse.

What else?

We go back home and Nina is sleepy. A nap so late is a bad business, later she has trouble falling asleep at night. But we're on vacation – that's what we're here for. I remind myself of that so I'll relax a little. As I put away the food we bought, Nina falls soundly asleep on the living room sofa. I know her sleep. If nothing loud wakes her up, she could be there for at least an hour or two. And then I think about the green house, and I wonder how far away it is. The green house is the house where the woman took care of you.

Yes.

The one who saved you from the poison.

That is not important.

How can it not be? That's the story we need to understand.

No, that's not the story, it has nothing to do with the exact moment. Don't get distracted.

I need to measure the danger, otherwise it's hard to calculate the rescue distance. The same way I surveyed the house and its surroundings when we arrived, now I need to see the green house, understand its gravity.

When did you start to measure this rescue distance?

It's something I inherited from my mother. 'I want you close,' she'd say to me. 'Let's stay within rescue distance.'

Your mother isn't important. Go on.

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In what ways does Schweblin make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel? [25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

Kofi Ako

[*Jumping up, furious*]: Shut up, woman, shut up!

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[ANOWA's answer is a hard grating laugh that goes on and on even after the lights have gone out on them.]

How does Aidoo make this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the play?

[25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

Mr Wei was still singing his loud folk songs as we rode into the town square.

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'I need to go help Mother and GaoLing,' I said, then turned from her and walked away.

Explore how Tan makes this such a memorable moment in the novel.

[25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

<i>Korobkin's Wife:</i>	What a mess! What a frightful fiasco!	
<i>Judge:</i>	And the devil of it is, gentlemen, that I lent him three hundred roubles.	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	So did I.	
<i>Postmaster</i>	[<i>sighs</i>]: So did I.	5
<i>Bobchinsky:</i>	And Pyotr Ivanovich and I lent him sixty-five in notes, so we did.	
<i>Judge</i>	[<i>spreading his hands in consternation</i>]: But how did it happen, gentlemen? That's what I want to know. How did we make such asses of ourselves?	
<i>Mayor</i>	[<i>striking his forehead</i>]: How could I be such an idiot? I'm starting to dote, like an old mule! Thirty years I've been in the service and there's never been a shopkeeper or contractor could get the better of me; I've outsmarted the sharpest crooks, I've cheated sharks and foxes wily enough to rook the entire human race. I've hoodwinked three governors! Governors! [<i>In disgust.</i>] And that's not the half of it ...	10 15
<i>Anna Andreevna:</i>	But this is impossible, Anton, he's betrothed to our Masha.	
<i>Mayor</i>	[<i>enraged</i>]: 'Betrothed'! A fig for your betrothal! Don't give me that betrothal nonsense now! [<i>In desperation.</i>] All right. Look at me. Look, just look, all of you – the whole world, all Christendom – look up and see the Mayor, see what a fool he's made of himself! Fool! Halfwit! Imbecile! [<i>Shakes fist at himself.</i>] Blockhead! Taking that pup, that little squirt for a brass hat. Think of him now, trumpeting it all down the highway! He'll spread the story to the four corners of the earth! I shall be the laughing stock of the country. And as if that weren't sufficient, some hack, some penny-a-liner will come along and stick us all in a comedy. That's the worst of it! They'll spare nothing! They'll take no notice of rank, or reputation; anything to raise a few cheap laughs and to make the rabble clap. What are you laughing at? You're laughing at yourselves, that's what! ... You, eugh! [<i>Stamps with rage.</i>] I'd like to get my hands on those scribblers! Penpushers! Dirty liberals! Devil's spawn! I'd trample the lot of you, grind you to powder and scatter you to the four winds! [<i>Swiping his fist and pounding the floor with his heel. After a brief silence.</i>] I still can't think straight. When God punishes someone it seems he takes away his reason first. Was there anything about that guttersnipe that remotely resembled a government inspector? Nothing! Not even one little finger! And suddenly it's all 'the government inspector', 'the government inspector'! So who first got it into his head that he was a government inspector? Tell me that!	20 25 30 35 40
<i>Warden of Charities</i>	[<i>spreading his arms</i>]: For the life of me I couldn't say how it happened. Some fog must have got into our minds.	
<i>Judge:</i>	I'll tell you who started it! They started it, those two smart alecks! [<i>Pointing at DOBCHINSKY and BOBCHINSKY.</i>]	45
<i>Bobchinsky:</i>	No, it wasn't me. I never dreamt of it.	
<i>Dobchinsky:</i>	I never said a thing!	

<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	It was them! Of course it was them.	
<i>Inspector of Schools:</i>	So it was. They dashed in here from the inn like a pair of lunatics, shouting: 'He's here, he's here, and he's not spending any money!' A prize rabbit you caught!	50
<i>Mayor:</i>	It had to be you, didn't it? The town gossips and scandalmongers!	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Damn you both to hell! And your inspector with you!	
<i>Mayor:</i>	You do nothing but run around spreading panic, you blathering magpies!	55
<i>Judge:</i>	Gibbering monkeys!	
<i>Inspector of Schools:</i>	Fatheads!	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Potbellied toadstools! [<i>All crowd round.</i>]	
<i>Bobchinsky:</i>	As God's my witness it wasn't me, it was Pyotr Ivanovich.	
<i>Dobchinsky:</i>	Oh no, Pyotr Ivanovich, it was you who started it ...	60
<i>Bobchinsky:</i>	Oh no, it wasn't, it was you, you said it first ...	

In what ways does Gogol make this such a comical and significant moment in the play? [25]

from **SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 2: from Part 2**

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

You will Know When You Get There

Nobody comes up from the sea as late as this
in the day and the season, and nobody else goes down

the last steep kilometre, wet-metalled where
a shower passed shredding the light which keeps

pouring out of its tank in the sky, through summits,
trees, vapours thickening and thinning. Too

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credibly by half celestial, the dammed
reservoir up there keeps emptying while the light lasts

over the sea, where it 'gathers the gold against
it'. The light is bits of crushed rock randomly

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glinting underfoot, wetted by the short
shower, and down you go and so in its way does

the sun which gets there first. Boys, two of them,
turn campfirelit faces, a hesitancy to speak

is a hesitancy of the earth rolling back and away
behind this man going down to the sea with a bag

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to pick mussels, having an arrangement with the tide,
the ocean to be shallowed three point seven metres,

one hour's light to be left, and there's the excrescent
moon sponging off the last of it. A door

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slams, a heavy wave, a door, the sea-floor shudders.
Down you go alone, so late, into the surge-black fissure.

(Allen Curnow)

How does Allen Curnow use words and images to striking effect in *You will Know When You Get There*? [25]

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2**

- 6 Read this extract from *Mrs Sen's* (by Jhumpa Lahiri), and then answer the question that follows it:

One afternoon a few days later the phone rang. Some very tasty halibut had arrived on the boats. Would Mrs Sen like to pick one up? She called Mr Sen, but he was not at his desk. A second time she tried calling, then a third. Eventually she went to the kitchen and returned to the living room with the blade, an eggplant, and some newspapers. Without having to be told Eliot took his place on the sofa and watched as she sliced the stems off the eggplant. She divided it into long, slender strips, then into small squares, smaller and smaller, as small as sugar cubes.

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'I am going to put these in a very tasty stew with fish and green bananas,' she announced. 'Only I will have to do without the green bananas.'

'Are we going to get the fish?'

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'We are going to get the fish.'

'Is Mr Sen going to take us?'

'Put on your shoes.'

They left the apartment without cleaning up. Outside it was so cold that Eliot could feel the chill on his teeth. They got in the car, and Mrs Sen drove around the asphalt loop several times. Each time she paused by the grove of pine trees to observe the traffic on the main road. Eliot thought she was just practicing while they waited for Mr Sen. But then she gave a signal and turned.

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The accident occurred quickly. After about a mile Mrs Sen took a left before she should have, and though the oncoming car managed to swerve out of her way, she was so startled by the horn that she lost control of the wheel and hit a telephone pole on the opposite corner. A policeman arrived and asked to see her license, but she did not have one to show him. 'Mr Sen teaches mathematics at the university' was all she said by way of explanation.

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The damage was slight. Mrs Sen cut her lip, Eliot complained briefly of a pain in his ribs, and the car's fender would have to be straightened. The policeman thought Mrs Sen had also cut her scalp, but it was only the vermilion. When Mr Sen arrived, driven by one of his colleagues, he spoke at length with the policeman as he filled out some forms, but he said nothing to Mrs Sen as he drove them back to the apartment. When they got out of the car, Mr Sen patted Eliot's head. 'The policeman said you were lucky. Very lucky to come out without a scratch.'

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After taking off her slippers and putting them on the bookcase, Mrs Sen put away the blade that was still on the living room floor and threw the eggplant pieces and the newspapers into the garbage pail. She prepared a plate of crackers with peanut butter, placed them on the coffee table, and turned on the television for Eliot's benefit. 'If he is still hungry give him a Popsicle from the box in the freezer,' she said to Mr Sen, who sat at the Formica table sorting through the mail. Then she went into her bedroom and shut the door. When Eliot's mother arrived at quarter to six, Mr Sen told her the details of the accident and offered a check reimbursing November's payment. As he wrote out the check he apologized on behalf of Mrs Sen. He said she was resting, though when Eliot had gone to the bathroom he'd heard her crying. His mother was satisfied with the arrangement, and in a sense, she confessed to Eliot as they drove home, she was relieved. It was the last afternoon Eliot spent with Mrs Sen, or with any baby-sitter. From then on his mother gave him a key, which he wore on a string around his neck. He was to call the neighbors in case of an emergency, and to let himself into the beach house after school. The first day, just as he was taking off his coat, the phone rang. It was his mother calling from her office. 'You're a big boy now, Eliot,' she told him. 'You okay?' Eliot looked out the kitchen window, at gray waves receding from the shore, and said that he was fine.

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To what extent does Jhumpa Lahiri make this a satisfying ending to 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 In what ways does Schweblin create disturbing impressions of rural Argentina in the novel? [25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8 Explore the ways in which Aidoo dramatically conveys attitudes towards wealth in the play.

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 2** in answering this question. [25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 In what ways does Tan movingly convey what growing old is like for LuLing? [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 Explore the ways in which Gogol vividly presents deception in the play. [25]

from **SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 2: from Part 2**

- 11 Explore how Robinson Jeffers makes *The Stars Go Over the Lonely Ocean* such a memorable poem. [25]

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2**

- 12 How does Ruth Prawer Jhabvala make Pritam such a fascinating character in *In the Mountains*? [25]

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