
LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/41

Paper 4

October/November 2014

2 hours 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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 **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked *) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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SECTION A: DRAMA**ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons***

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

Chris: [*calling after him*] Drink your tea, Casanova. [*He turns to ANN.*] Isn't he a great guy?

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Chris: [*speaks quietly, factually at first*] It's all mixed up with so many other things. ...

[*from Act 1*]

In what ways do you think Miller makes this such a moving moment in the play?

Or †2 Does Miller make you despise or sympathise with Joe Keller? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 3 You are George Deever. You have just finished talking to your father in the prison.
Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

<i>Antony:</i>	These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.	
<i>Octavius:</i>	Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?	
<i>Lepidus:</i>	I do consent.	
<i>Octavius:</i>	Prick him down, Antony.	
<i>Lepidus:</i>	Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.	5
<i>Antony:</i>	He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him. But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.	10
<i>Lepidus:</i>	What, shall I find you here?	
<i>Octavius:</i>	Or here or at the Capitol.	
	<i>[Exit Lepidus.]</i>	
<i>Antony:</i>	This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit, The threefold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?	15
<i>Octavius:</i>	So you thought him, And took his voice who should be prick'd to die In our black sentence and proscription.	20
<i>Antony:</i>	Octavius, I have seen more days than you; And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, The groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears And graze in commons.	25 30
<i>Octavius:</i>	You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.	
<i>Antony:</i>	So is my horse, Octavius, and for that I do appoint him store of provender. It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so: He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth; A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abjects, orts, and imitations, Which, out of use and stal'd by other men, Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers; we must straight make head;	35 40 45

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
 And let us presently go sit in council
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd, 50
 And open perils surest answered.

Octavius: Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. 55

[from Act 4 Scene 1]

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

Or †5 'The noblest man that ever lived.'

'A man of such a feeble temper.'

How far does Shakespeare make you believe **both** these views of Caesar? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 6 You are Lucius. You are on your way to the Capitol to report on Brutus and Caesar for Portia.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Tempest*

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

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

- Stephano:* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio! 5
- Trinculo:* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.
- Caliban:* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me. 10
- Sebastian:* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
- Antonio:* Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable. 15
- Prospero:* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave –
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power. 20
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil –
For he's a bastard one – had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine. 25
- Caliban:* I shall be pinch'd to death.
- Alonso:* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
- Sebastian:* He is drunk now; where had he wine?
- Alonso:* And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle? 30
- Trinculo:* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that,
I fear me, will never out of my bones. I shall not fear
flyblowing.
- Sebastian:* Why, how now, Stephano! 35
- Stephano:* O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
- Prospero:* You'd be king 'o the isle, sirrah?
- Stephano:* I should have been a sore one, then.
- Alonso:* [*Pointing to Caliban*] This is as strange a thing as e'er I
look'd on. 40
- Prospero:* He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

- Caliban:* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool! 45
- Prospero:* Go to; away!
- Alonso:* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it. 50
- Sebastian:* Or stole it, rather.
- [Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.]*
- Prospero:* Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste 55
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away – the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples, 60
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
- Alonso:* I long 65
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
- Prospero:* I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch 70
Your royal fleet far off. *[Aside to Ariel]* My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! – Please you, draw near.

[from Act 5 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare make this such a satisfying conclusion to the play?

Or †8 Does Shakespeare make you think that Caliban is more of a victim than a villain? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or 9 You are Gonzalo just after Ariel's appearance as the Harpy. Antonio and Sebastian have just left.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Either *10 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Sitting down.</i>] You can take a seat, Mr. Worthing. [<i>Looks in her pocket for note-book and pencil.</i>]	
<i>Jack:</i>	Thank you, Lady Bracknell, I prefer standing.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Pencil and note-book in hand.</i>] I feel bound to tell you that you are not down on my list of eligible young men, although I have the same list as the dear Duchess of Bolton has. We work together, in fact. However, I am quite ready to enter your name, should your answers be what a really affectionate mother requires. Do you smoke?	5
<i>Jack:</i>	Well, yes, I must admit I smoke.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	I am glad to hear it. A man should always have an occupation of some kind. There are far too many idle men in London as it is. How old are you?	
<i>Jack:</i>	Twenty-nine.	10
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	A very good age to be married at. I have always been of opinion that a man who desires to get married should know either everything or nothing. Which do you know?	
<i>Jack:</i>	[<i>After some hesitation.</i>] I know nothing, Lady Bracknell.	15
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	I am pleased to hear it. I do not approve of anything that tampers with natural ignorance. Ignorance is like a delicate exotic fruit; touch it and the bloom is gone. The whole theory of modern education is radically unsound. Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever. If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square. What is your income?	20
<i>Jack:</i>	Between seven and eight thousand a year.	25
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Makes a note in her book.</i>] In land, or in investments?	
<i>Jack:</i>	In investments, chiefly.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	That is satisfactory. What between the duties expected of one during one's lifetime, and the duties exacted from one after one's death, land has ceased to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives one position, and prevents one from keeping it up. That's all that can be said about land.	30
<i>Jack:</i>	I have a country house with some land, of course, attached to it, about fifteen hundred acres, I believe; but I don't depend on that for my real income. In fact, as far as I can make out, the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.	35
		40

<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	A country house! How many bedrooms? Well, that point can be cleared up afterwards. You have a town house, I hope? A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country.	45
<i>Jack:</i>	Well, I own a house in Belgrave Square, but it is let by the year to Lady Bloxham. Of course, I can get it back whenever I like, at six months' notice.	50
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	Lady Bloxham? I don't know her.	
<i>Jack:</i>	Oh, she goes about very little. She is a lady considerably advanced in years.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	Ah, nowadays that is no guarantee of respectability of character. What number in Belgrave Square?	55
<i>Jack:</i>	149.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Shaking her head.</i>] The unfashionable side. I thought there was something. However, that could easily be altered.	60
<i>Jack:</i>	Do you mean the fashion, or the side?	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	[<i>Sternly.</i>] Both, if necessary, I presume. What are your politics?	
<i>Jack:</i>	Well, I am afraid I really have none. I am a Liberal Unionist.	65
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	Oh, they count as Tories. They dine with us. Or come in the evening, at any rate. Now to minor matters. Are your parents living?	
<i>Jack:</i>	I have lost both my parents.	
<i>Lady Bracknell:</i>	To lose one parent, Mr. Worthing, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both looks like carelessness. Who was your father? He was evidently a man of some wealth. Was he born in what the Radical papers call the purple of commerce, or did he rise from the ranks of the aristocracy?	70
<i>Jack:</i>	I am afraid I really don't know.	75

[from Act 1]

How does Wilde at this moment in the play ridicule the ways in which the upper class arranges the marriages of its daughters?

Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †11 Explore **two** moments in the play in which Wilde makes the audience laugh at the absurd ways in which people can behave. Support your ideas with details from the writing. (Do **not** use the extract in question 10 in answering this question.)

Or 12 You are Jack Worthing. You have left the room after you have heard Miss Prism's story of the handbag.

Write your thoughts.

SECTION B: POETRY

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

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

Drummer Hodge

I

They throw in Drummer Hodge, to rest
 Uncoffined – just as found:
 His landmark is a kopje-crest
 That breaks the veldt around;
 And foreign constellations west
 Each night above his mound.

5

II

Young Hodge the Drummer never knew –
 Fresh from his Wessex home –
 The meaning of the broad Karoo,
 The Bush, the dusty loam,
 And why uprose to nightly view
 Strange stars amid the gloam.

10

III

Yet portion of that unknown plain
 Will Hodge for ever be;
 His homely Northern breast and brain
 Grow to some Southern tree,
 And strange-eyed constellations reign
 His stars eternally.

15

How does Hardy make this poem so powerful?

Or †14 Explore the ways in which Hardy strikingly creates feelings of loneliness in *The Voice*.

Or †15 Explore the ways in which Hardy creates vivid images in **either** *The Darkling Thrush* **or** *During Wind and Rain*.

Songs of Ourselves: from Part 4

Either *16 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Where I Come From

People are made of places. They carry with them
 hints of jungles or mountains, a tropic grace
 or the cool eyes of sea-gazers. Atmosphere of cities
 how different drops from them, like the smell of smog
 or the almost-not-smell of tulips in the spring, 5
 nature tidily plotted in little squares
 with a fountain in the centre; museum smell,
 art also tidily plotted with a guidebook;
 or the smell of work, glue factories maybe,
 chromium-plated offices; smell of subways 10
 crowded at rush hours.

Where I come from, people
 carry woods in their minds, acres of pine woods;
 blueberry patches in the burned-out bush;
 wooden farmhouses, old, in need of paint, 15
 with yards where hens and chickens circle about,
 clucking aimlessly; battered schoolhouses
 behind which violets grow. Spring and winter
 are the mind's chief seasons: ice and the breaking of ice.

A door in the mind blows open, and there blows 20
 a frosty wind from fields of snow.

(by Elizabeth Brewster)

Explore how Brewster vividly conveys the atmospheres of different places in this poem.

- Or** †17 Explore the effect of humour in **either** *Continuum* (by Allen Curnow) **or** *The Cockroach* (by Kevin Halligan).
- Or** †18 How do the poet's words capture the beauty of the natural world in **either** *Pied Beauty* (by Gerard Manley Hopkins) **or** *Summer Farm* (by Norman MacCaig)?

SECTION C: PROSE

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Nyasha remained stern for some time after Maiguru left us. The creases of concentration furrowed her brow ever more deeply. There was nothing for me to do – my bed had been made, my clothes were neatly packed in my suitcase. I sat on my bed and waited, not daring to speak to Nyasha, whose detachment, when she was not disarming you with the full force of her precocious charm, was very intimidating. Fortunately, it was not in her nature to remain detached for long. She could not resist eyeing me quickly and cautiously when she thought I wasn't looking, and I was able to catch her at it because of course I was doing the same. Our eyes met and Nyasha burst out laughing. 5

'We shall have to speak to each other sooner or later,' she laughed. 'And anyway, it's not you I'm cross with.' 10

She was, it seemed, well-disposed towards me. There followed the usual pleasantries about how the situation was at home and my eager questions about school at the mission. What time did lessons start in the morning? What time did they end? Were those buildings I had seen through the living-room window the classrooms? The siren, that was the bell, wasn't it? And what about the teachers, were they harsh or kind? 15

'I'm glad,' said Nyasha when we began to talk seriously, 'that we have to share this room. It means we'll be friends. But you curled your lip at us when we came back from England, so I didn't know what was going to happen when you came. I just said to myself, I'll try to be nice, I'll try to be friendly and we'll see what happens.' 20

'But I did not sneer at *you*,' I protested, speaking in Shona. Our conversation was laboured and clumsy because when Nyasha spoke seriously her thoughts came in English, whereas with me, the little English I had disappeared when I dropped my vigilance to speak of things that mattered. 'You know what happened? I was so disappointed when you wouldn't speak to me, you and Chido. Not a word! You didn't even greet me. Just Nhamo – he was your favourite.' 25

'Actually,' confessed Nyasha with unusual diffidence, so that if I had not heard her speak before I would have said she was shy, 'actually we were frightened that day. And confused. You know, it's easy to forget things when you're that young. We had forgotten what home was like. I mean really forgotten – what it looked like, what it smelt like, all the things to do and say and not to do and say. It was all strange and new. Not like anything we were used to. It was a real shock!' 30

Looking back, I see that that is how our friendship began. In fact it was more than friendship that developed between Nyasha and myself. The conversation that followed was a long, involved conversation, full of guileless openings up and intricate lettings out and lettings in. It was the sort of conversation that young girls have with their best friends, that lovers have under the influence of the novelty and uniqueness of their love, the kind of conversation that cousins have when they realise that they like each other in spite of not wanting to. You could say that my relationship with Nyasha was my first love-affair, the first time that I grew to be fond of someone of whom I did not wholeheartedly approve. 35 40 45

[from Chapter 5]

How does Dangarembga make this such a moving and revealing moment in the novel?

Or †20 How far does Dangarembga make your feelings about Tambu's mother change as you read the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 21 You are Chido. Babamukuru and Nyasha have just fought after the dance.

Write your thoughts.

ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting*

Either *22 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

It was during the sad aftermath of Anamika's marriage that all the relatives received letters from Papa to say,

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she could not help worrying how she would pull it off after the tea party was over.

[from Chapter 7]

What does Desai make you feel for Mama at this point in the novel? Support your answer with details from the writing.

Or †23 *'Desai creates a rich variety of characters.'*

Explore the ways in which she makes any **two** characters come to life for you. (Do **not** use the extract printed in question 22 in your answer.)

Or 24 You are Mrs Patton. You have just received a letter from your sister Mrs O'Henry telling you of the arrival of Arun in the USA.

Write your thoughts.

KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Either *25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Sampath lifted the ruddy globe of fruit to get a better view of its long-snouted face when,

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Sampath, working at the back desk in the Shahkot post office, however, did not consider himself to be so terribly lucky.

[from Chapter 3]

How does Desai make fun of both Mr Chawla and 'Government Service' at this moment in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or †26 In what ways does Desai make Kulfi a mysterious and fascinating character as the novel progresses? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 27 You are the District Collector on your first night in Shahkot. You are in your room.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

Either *28 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a pre-determined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger. 5

'But I have a claim on you, Eppie—the strongest of all claims. It is my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She is my own child—her mother was my wife. I have a natural claim on her that must stand before every other.' 10

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved, by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. 'Then, sir,' he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished—'then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen years ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine: you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in.' 15

'I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter,' said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words. 25

'I'm glad to hear it, sir,' said Marner, with gathering excitement; 'but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying "I'm her father" doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word.'

'But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner,' said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. 'It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you, and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same towards you.' 30

'Just the same?' said Marner, more bitterly than ever. 'How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? that's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two.' 35

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare; and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority. 40

'I should have thought, Marner,' he said, severely—'I should have thought your affection for Eppie would have made you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember that your own life is uncertain, and that she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home: she may marry some low working man, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well-off. You're putting 50

yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty.'

[from Chapter 19]

Does Eliot make you sympathise with Godfrey here – or despise him?

Or †29 How does Eliot vividly convey the effect of the Lantern Yard experience on Silas's life? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 30 You are Dolly. You are about to see your son Aaron marry Eppie.

Write your thoughts.

SUSAN HILL: *I'm the King of the Castle*

Either *31 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Kingshaw's eyes pricked, he thought of each bird, as it saw the others going before it down the line towards the knife. He wanted to open the cages and take each one out, hold it between his hands, he wanted them all to fly away. Fielding saw his face. He stopped, by a pile of logs. 'Look, they don't know anything about it,' he said, 'it's very quick. It's not *cruel*.' 5

'No.'

'Do you want to see my hamster?'

Kingshaw nodded, numb before this battery of experience, bewildered by so many sights and smells and terrible truths, but still willing to be led by Fielding, to be shown everything at once. Later, he would be by himself, he would think about all of it. 10

They went through a wash-house, and into a kitchen.

'This is Kingshaw. He lives at Warings, you know. Can he stay to dinner?'

'If he likes.'

Fielding went to the window-ledge and lifted up a blue-painted cage. 15

'Oh, look, he's messed all that new bed stuff up again.'

The woman was quite tall and wore trousers. She said, 'He has his bed the way he wants, not the way you want.'

'I know. But it's annoying. Look, Kingshaw.'

Kingshaw was still watching Fielding's mother. Her hair was very straight. She smiled at him, and then looked away again, peeling potatoes. He thought, that is how you ought to be. 20

'Don't you want to see it?'

He was still standing just inside the doorway, unsure of things. Now, he went slowly into the room. Fielding had put the cage on the table and taken off the wire front. 'You can hold him.' 25

Kingshaw felt the small bones through the hamster's soft, pale body, and thin claws pressing into his hand. He didn't know whether he liked it or not.

'Are you *going* to stay to dinner?'

'I – I don't know. I'd have to ask Mrs Boland.' 30

'Oh, I know her. Where's your mother?'

'At the hospital with Hooper. He's hurt, he fell off a wall.'

Fielding did not seem interested. 'You can just go and ask her now, then, you can take my bike if you want, it'll be quickest.' 35

Kingshaw stroked his finger along the plushy back of the hamster. Its eyes were like jet beads. He thought, this is my place, mine, it will never have anything to do with Hooper. Fielding is *my* friend, mine. This is all right.

Beyond the window, there was a long garden, with fruit trees at the bottom. The colours and shapes of everything were very sharp and clear and bright, in the sun. 40

'My bike's in the shed, I'll show you.'

Fielding took the hamster and dumped it back inside the blue cage.

'Come on.'

[from Chapter 14]

How do you think Hill makes this moment in the novel so moving?

Or †32 In what ways does Hill make you feel that Kingshaw's death is inevitable? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

Or 33 You are Mr Hooper on the night of your son's accident. You have returned from the hospital.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either *34 Read this extract from *The Son's Veto* (by Thomas Hardy), and then answer the question that follows it:

The vicar just left a widower was at this time a man about forty years of age, of good family, and childless. He had led a secluded existence in this college living, partly because there were no resident landowners; and his loss now intensified his habit of withdrawal from outward observation. He was seen still less than heretofore, kept himself still less in time with the rhythm and racket of the movements called progress in the world without. For many months after his wife's decease the economy of his household remained as before; the cook, the housemaid, the parlour-maid, and the man out-of-doors performed their duties or left them undone, just as nature prompted them – the vicar knew not which. It was then represented to him that his servants seemed to have nothing to do in his small family of one. He was struck with the truth of this representation, and decided to cut down his establishment. But he was forestalled by Sophy, the parlour-maid, who said one evening that she wished to leave him. 5

'And why?' said the parson. 15

'Sam Hobson has asked me to marry him, sir.'

'Well – do you want to marry?'

'Not much. But it would be a home for me. And we have heard that one of us will have to leave.'

A day or two after she said: 'I don't want to leave just yet, sir, if you don't wish it. Sam and I have quarrelled.' 20

He looked up at her. He had hardly ever observed her before, though he had been frequently conscious of her soft presence in the room. What a kitten-like, flexuous, tender creature she was! She was the only one of the servants with whom he came into immediate and continuous relation. What should he do if Sophy were gone? 25

Sophy did not go, but one of the others did, and things went on quietly again.

When Mr Twycott, the vicar, was ill, Sophy brought up his meals to him, and she had no sooner left the room one day than he heard a noise on the stairs. She had slipped down with the tray, and so twisted her foot that she could not stand. The village surgeon was called in; the vicar got better, but Sophy was incapacitated for a long time; and she was informed that she must never again walk much or engage in any occupation which required her to stand long on her feet. As soon as she was comparatively well she spoke to him alone. Since she was forbidden to walk and bustle about, and, indeed, could not do so, it became her duty to leave. She could very well work at something sitting down, and she had an aunt a seamstress. 30

The parson had been very greatly moved by what she had suffered on his account, and he exclaimed, 'No, Sophy; lame or not lame, I cannot let you go. You must never leave me again!' 35

He came close to her, and, though she could never exactly tell how it happened, she became conscious of his lips upon her cheek. He then asked her to marry him. Sophy did not exactly love him, but she had a respect for him which almost amounted to veneration. Even if she had wished to get away from him she hardly dared refuse a personage so reverend and august in her eyes, and she assented forthwith to be his wife. 40

Thus it happened that one fine morning, when the doors of the church were naturally open for ventilation, and the singing birds fluttered in and alighted on the tie-beams of the roof, there was a marriage-service 45

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at the communion-rails, which hardly a soul knew of. The parson and a neighbouring curate had entered at one door, and Sophy at another, followed by two necessary persons, whereupon in a short time there emerged a newly-made husband and wife.

Mr Twycott knew perfectly well that he had committed social suicide by this step, despite Sophy's spotless character, and he had taken his measures accordingly. An exchange of livings had been arranged with an acquaintance who was incumbent of a church in the south of London, and as soon as possible the couple removed thither, abandoning their pretty country home, with trees and shrubs and glebe, for a narrow, dusty house in a long, straight street, and their fine peal of bells for the wretchedest one-tongued clangour that ever tortured mortal ears. It was all on her account. They were, however, away from every one who had known her former position; and also under less observation from without than they would have had to put up with in any country parish.

Sophy the woman was as charming a partner as a man could possess, though Sophy the lady had her deficiencies. She showed a natural aptitude for little domestic refinements, so far as related to things and manners; but in what is called culture she was less intuitive. She had now been married more than fourteen years, and her husband had taken much trouble with her education; but she still held confused ideas on the use of 'was' and 'were', which did not beget a respect for her among the few acquaintances she made. Her great grief in this relation was that her only child, on whose education no expense had been and would be spared, was now old enough to perceive these deficiencies in his mother, and not only to see them but to feel irritated at their existence.

How does Hardy make you feel sympathetic towards Sophy here?

Or †35 How does the writer make the narrator so memorable in **either** *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie) **or** *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif)? Support your ideas with details from the story you have chosen.

Or 36 You are McAllister in *The Custody of the Pumpkin*. Lord Emsworth has just offered to double your salary and begged you to come back to Blandings Castle.

Write your thoughts.

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