



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/43**

Paper 4

**May/June 2014**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials required.

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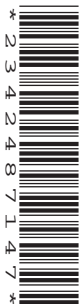
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **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.



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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:

*Jim:*       Where's your tobacco?

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*Keller:* How can you make him a horoscope? That's for the future, ain't it?

*[from Act 1]*

How do you think Miller makes this such an effective beginning to the play?

- Or** †2 How does Miller make Ann Deever such a moving character in the play? Support your ideas with details from the writing.
- Or** 3 You are Jim Bayliss. You have arrived with George Deever at the Kellers' house. You have left the car and you are walking up the driveway.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

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

	<i>Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.</i>	
<i>Brutus:</i>	What, Lucius, ho! I cannot by the progress of the stars Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say! I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!	5
	<i>Enter LUCIUS.</i>	
<i>Lucius:</i>	Call'd you, my lord?	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Get me a taper in my study, Lucius; When it is lighted, come and call me here.	10
<i>Lucius:</i>	I will, my lord. <span style="float: right;"><i>[Exit.</i></span>	
<i>Brutus:</i>	It must be by his death; and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for the general: he would be crown'd. How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, And that craves wary walking. Crown him – that! And then, I grant, we put a sting in him That at his will he may do danger with. Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may. Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus – that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities; And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.	15 20 25 30 35
	<i>Re-enter LUCIUS.</i>	
<i>Lucius:</i>	The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure It did not lie there when I went to bed.	40
	<i>[Giving him a letter.</i>	
<i>Brutus:</i>	Get you to bed again, it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?	
<i>Lucius:</i>	I know not, sir.	45
<i>Brutus:</i>	Look in the calender, and bring me word.	
<i>Lucius:</i>	I will, sir. <span style="float: right;"><i>[Exit.</i></span>	

- Brutus:* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.  
[Opens the letter and reads. 50  
'Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself.  
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!  
Brutus thou sleep'st; awake.'  
Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up. 55  
'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated 60  
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!  
*Re-enter LUCIUS.*
- Lucius:* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. 65  
[Knocking within.
- Brutus:* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.  
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing 70  
And the first motion all the interim is  
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then 75  
The nature of an insurrection.

[from Act 2 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare dramatically reveal Brutus's state of mind at this moment in the play?

**Or** †5 'A peevish schoolboy ... Join'd with a masker and a reveller!'

Do you think that Cassius is right when he says this about Octavius and Antony? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 6 You are Cassius. You have just left Brutus's house after the meeting with the other conspirators.

Write your thoughts.





## 9

Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left them  
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
 O'erstunk their feet. 50

*Prospero:* This was well done, my bird.  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still.  
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither  
 For stale to catch these thieves. 55

*Ariel:* I go, I go. [Exit.

*Prospero:* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
 Even to roaring. 60

[from Act 4 Scene 1]

How does Shakespeare make this moment in the play so dramatic and revealing?

**Or** †8 How moving do you find Shakespeare's portrayal of the relationship between Ferdinand and Miranda? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 9 You are Alonso. You have just landed on the island following the shipwreck.

Write your thoughts.

OSCAR WILDE: *The Importance of Being Earnest*

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

<i>Cecily:</i>	I keep a diary in order to enter the wonderful secrets of my life. If I didn't write them down, I should probably forget all about them.	
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	Memory, my dear Cecily, is the diary that we all carry about with us.	5
<i>Cecily:</i>	Yes, but it usually chronicles the things that have never happened, and couldn't possibly have happened. I believe that Memory is responsible for nearly all the three-volume novels that Mudie sends us.	
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	Do not speak slightingly of the three-volume novel, Cecily. I wrote one myself in earlier days.	10
<i>Cecily:</i>	Did you really, Miss Prism? How wonderfully clever you are! I hope it did not end happily? I don't like novels that end happily. They depress me so much.	
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what Fiction means.	15
<i>Cecily:</i>	I suppose so. But it seems very unfair. And was your novel ever published?	
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	Alas! no. The manuscript unfortunately was abandoned. [ <i>Cecily starts.</i> ] I use the word in the sense of lost or mislaid. To your work, child; these speculations are profitless.	20
<i>Cecily:</i>	[ <i>Smiling.</i> ] But I see dear Mr. Chasuble coming up through the garden.	
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	[ <i>Rising and advancing.</i> ] Dr. Chasuble! This is indeed a pleasure.	25
<i>Enter CANON CHASUBLE.</i>		
<i>Chasuble:</i>	And how are we this morning? Miss Prism, you are, I trust, well?	
<i>Cecily:</i>	Miss Prism has just been complaining of a slight headache. I think it would do her so much good to have a short stroll with you in the Park, Dr. Chasuble.	30
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	Cecily, I have not mentioned anything about a headache.	
<i>Cecily:</i>	No, dear Miss Prism, I know that, but I felt instinctively that you had a headache. Indeed I was thinking about that, and not about my German lesson, when the Rector came in.	35
<i>Chasuble:</i>	I hope, Cecily, you are not inattentive.	
<i>Cecily:</i>	Oh, I am afraid I am.	
<i>Chasuble:</i>	That is strange. Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips. [ <i>Miss Prism glares.</i> ] I spoke metaphorically.—My metaphor was drawn from bees. Ahem! Mr. Worthing, I suppose, has not returned from town yet?	40
<i>Miss Prism:</i>	We do not expect him till Monday afternoon.	
<i>Chasuble:</i>	Ah yes, he usually likes to spend his Sunday in London. He is not one of those whose sole aim is enjoyment, as, by all	45

- accounts, that unfortunate young man his brother seems to be. But I must not disturb Egeria and her pupil any longer.
- Miss Prism:* Egeria? My name is Lætitia, Doctor.
- Chasuble:* [*Bowing.*] A classical allusion merely, drawn from the Pagan authors. I shall see you both no doubt at Evensong? 50
- Miss Prism:* I think, dear Doctor, I will have a stroll with you. I find I have a headache after all, and a walk might do it good.
- Chasuble:* With pleasure, Miss Prism, with pleasure. We might go as far as the schools and back.
- Miss Prism:* That would be delightful. Cecily, you will read your Political Economy in my absence. The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational. Even these metallic problems have their melodramatic side. 55
- [*Goes down the garden with Dr. Chasuble.*]
- Cecily:* [*Picks up books and throws them back on table.*] Horrid Political Economy! Horrid Geography! Horrid, horrid German! 60

[*from Act 2*]

How does Wilde amusingly reveal the thoughts of the characters here?

**Or** †11 Explore in detail **two** moments in the play which Wilde makes particularly amusing for you. Do **not** use the passage above in answering this question.

**Or** 12 You are Algernon at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

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

*On the Departure Platform*

We kissed at the barrier; and passing through  
She left me, and moment by moment got  
Smaller and smaller, until to my view  
She was but a spot;

A wee white spot of muslin fluff  
That down the diminishing platform bore  
Through hustling crowds of gentle and rough  
To the carriage door.

Under the lamplight's fitful glowers,  
Behind dark groups from far and near,  
Whose interests were apart from ours,  
She would disappear,

Then show again, till I ceased to see  
That flexible form, that nebulous white;  
And she who was more than my life to me  
Had vanished quite ...

We have penned new plans since that fair fond day,  
And in season she will appear again –  
Perhaps in the same soft white array –  
But never as then!

– ‘And why, young man, must eternally fly  
A joy you’ll repeat, if you love her well?’  
– O friend, nought happens twice thus; why,  
I cannot tell!

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How does Hardy movingly reveal the feelings of the speaker in this poem?

Or †14 How does Hardy memorably convey the effect on his mood of the thrush's song in *The Darkling Thrush*?

Or †15 Explore the ways in which Hardy makes you strongly sympathise with the speaker in **either** *Neutral Tones* **or** *At the Word 'Farewell'*.

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 4**

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

*The Cockroach*

I watched a giant cockroach start to pace,  
 Skirting a ball of dust that rode the floor.  
 At first he seemed quite satisfied to trace  
 A path between the wainscot and the door,  
 But soon he turned to jog in crooked rings, 5  
 Circling the rusty table leg and back,  
 And flipping right over to scratch his wings –  
 As if the victim of a mild attack  
 Of restlessness that worsened over time.  
 After a while, he climbed an open shelf 10  
 And stopped. He looked uncertain where to go.  
 Was this due payment for some vicious crime  
 A former life had led to? I don't know,  
 Except I thought I recognised myself.

(by Kevin Halligan)

Explore the ways in which Kevin Halligan comments on human behaviour in this poem.

- Or †17** In what ways does Allen Curnow memorably convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Continuum*?
- Or †18** How does Dante Gabriel Rossetti powerfully communicate feelings of grief in *The Woodspurge*?

## SECTION C: PROSE

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Lifting a round spoon-shaped object from the tray, Maiguru poured my tea.

‘What has amused you, Sisi Tambu?’ she asked, seeing a smile hover over my mouth.

‘That little sieve, Maiguru. Is it really just for sifting tea?’

‘The tea-strainer?’ my aunt replied. ‘Haven’t you seen one before? The tea wouldn’t be drinkable without it. It would be all tea-leaves.’

5

So this tea-strainer was another necessity I had managed without up until now. Maiguru seemed to think it was absolutely vital to have one. I would hardly have described it like that. Interesting, yes, but vital? And imagine spending money on a sieve so small it could only be used for sifting tea! When I went home I would see whether tea really was less pleasant to drink without the strainer.

10

There was food too, lots of it. Lots of biscuits and cakes and jam sandwiches. Maiguru was offering me the food, but it was difficult to decide what to take because everything looked so appetising. We did not often have cake at home. In fact, I remembered having cake only at Christmas time or at Easter. At those times Babamukuru brought a great Zambezi slab home with him and cut it up in front of our eager eyes, all the children waiting for him to distribute it. This he did one piece each at a time so that for days on end, long after the confectionery had lost its freshness, we would be enraptured. We would spend many blissful moments picking off and nibbling, first the white coconut and then the pink icing and last the delicious golden cake itself, nibbling so slowly such little pieces at a time that we could hardly taste them, but could gloat when everyone else had finished that we still had some left. Biscuits were as much of a treat as cake, especially when they were dainty, dessert biscuits with cream in the middle or chocolate on top. Jam was another delicacy that appeared only on festive occasions.

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Maiguru must have guessed my thoughts from the expression on my face and the way I hesitated to help myself. Cordially she invited me to eat as much as I liked of anything I liked, even if that meant everything. Not wanting my aunt to think me greedy, I had to be more restrained than usual after that, so I chose one small biscuit that did not even have cream in the middle and bit into it slowly so that I would not be obliged to take anything else. This made Maiguru anxious. My sweet little aunt, who liked to please, interpreted my diffidence as her own shortcoming.

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‘Did you want Mazoe, Sisi Tambu? Or Fanta? Ginger Ale maybe? It is all there. Just say what you want.’

I hastened to reassure her by taking a great gulp of tea. Being used to enamel mugs which warned you when the tea was too hot by burning your lips before you let the liquid reach your mouth, the boiling tea scalded my tongue. I was in agony. My eyes watered and my nose too. Choking and spluttering, I deposited my cup shakily back in its saucer.

40

‘What are you doing to her, Mum? She looks about to burst into tears,’ asked Nyasha, bouncing into the living-room, all flour and rich baking smells.

45

‘Go and clean yourself up, Nyasha. Say hello to your cousin,’ instructed Maiguru.

'Hello,' my cousin said cheerfully, half-way across the room.  
'Nyasha!' Maiguru insisted.  
'I have said hello, before you came out,' Nyasha called, passing out of the living-room into the depths of the house. 'Anyway', she added pointedly, 'I'm going to clean myself up.'

50

[from Chapter 4]

Explore the ways in which Dangarembga makes this moment so amusing and revealing.

**Or** †20 How does Dangarembga movingly portray Babamukuru's generosity and its varying effects? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or** 21 You are Babamukuru. You are driving back to Umtali having left Nyasha in the clinic.

Write your thoughts.

**ANITA DESAI: *Fasting, Feasting***

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

The ceremony wound on at its own ponderous pace.

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He nodded and mumbled something like, 'In Meerut,' and disappeared.

*[from Chapter 8]*

How does Desai make this seem such a depressing beginning to Uma's married life?



- Or** †23 How does Desai vividly convey Arun's loneliness when he is in the USA? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** 24 You are Melanie Patton. Arun has just found you covered in dirt and vomit lying on the ground by the swimming hole.

Write your thoughts.

**KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard***

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

Mr Chawla ran to Sampath's tree to bring him down. He should really have been made to descend earlier.

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The crowd stood panting in the orchard.

*[from Chapter 25]*

In what ways does Desai make this moment so mysterious and amusing? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Or †26 *'Dreadful and chaotic'*  
*'Colourful and lively'*

In your opinion, which of these is the more accurate description of Desai's portrayal of Shahkot? Support your ideas with details from Desai's writing.

- Or 27 You are Hungry Hop. You are sitting at home, waiting for the milkman to deliver another note from Pinky.

Write your thoughts.

**GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner***

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

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love—only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him 'Old Master Marner.'

Yet even in this stage of withering a little incident happened, which showed that the sap of affection was not all gone. It was one of his daily tasks to fetch his water from a well a couple of fields off, and for this purpose, ever since he came to Raveloe, he had had a brown earthenware pot, which he held as his most precious utensil, among the very few conveniences he had granted himself. It had been his companion for twelve years, always standing on the same spot, always lending its handle to him in the early morning, so that its form had an expression for him of willing helpfulness, and the impress of its handle on his palm gave a satisfaction mingled with that of having the fresh clear water. One day as he was returning from the well, he stumbled against the step of the stile, and his brown pot, falling with force against the stones that overarched the ditch below him, was broken in three pieces. Silas picked up the pieces and carried them home with grief in his heart. The brown pot could never be of use to him any more, but he stuck the bits together and propped the ruin in its old place for a memorial.

This is the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew out his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labour; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them

up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half-earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once familiar herbs: these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread, that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

55

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[from Chapter 2]

How does Eliot make you feel sorry for Silas here?

**Or** †29 How does Eliot make the people of Raveloe village come to life for you at **two** moments in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the writing. (Do **not** use the extract printed in Question 28 in answering this question.)

**Or** 30 You are Godfrey Cass. Your brother Dunstan's body has been found in the drained stone-pit.

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:

Sweat was running down his forehead and into his eyes. He looked up. The crow kept on coming. He ran.

But it wasn't easy to run down this field, either, because of the tractor ruts. He began to leap wildly from side to side of them, his legs stretched as wide as they could go, and for a short time, it seemed that he did go faster. The crow dived again, and, as it rose, Kingshaw felt the tip of its black wing, beating against his face. He gave a sudden, dry sob. Then, his left foot caught in one of the ruts and he keeled over, going down straight forwards.

5

He lay with his face in the coarse grass, panting and sobbing by turns, with the sound of his own blood pumping through his ears. He felt the sun on the back of his neck, and his ankle was wrenched. But he would be able to get up. He raised his head, and wiped two fingers across his face. A streak of blood came off, from where a thistle had scratched him. He got unsteadily to his feet, taking in deep, desperate breaths of the close air. He could not see the crow.

10

But when he began to walk forwards again, it rose up from the grass a little way off, and began to circle and swoop. Kingshaw broke into a run, sobbing and wiping the damp mess of tears and sweat off his face with one hand. There was a blister on his ankle, rubbed raw by the sandal strap. The crow was still quite high, soaring easily, to keep pace with him. Now, he had scrambled over the third gate, and he was in the field next to the one that belonged to Warings. He could see the back of the house. He began to run much faster.

20

This time, he fell and lay completely winded. Through the runnels of sweat and the sticky tufts of his own hair, he could see a figure, looking down at him from one of the top windows of the house.

25

Then, there was a single screech, and the terrible beating of wings, and the crow swooped down and landed in the middle of his back.

Kingshaw thought that, in the end, it must have been his screaming that frightened it off, for he dared not move. He lay and closed his eyes and felt the claws of the bird, digging into his skin, through the thin shirt, and began to scream in a queer, gasping sort of way. After a moment or two, the bird rose. He had expected it to begin pecking at him with his beak, remembering terrible stories about vultures that went for living people's eyes. He could not believe in his own escape.

30

He scrambled up, and ran on, and this time, the crow only hovered above, though not very high up, and still following him, but silently, and no longer attempting to swoop down. Kingshaw felt his legs go weak beneath him, as he climbed the last fence, and stood in the place from which he had started out on his walk, by the edge of the copse. He looked back fearfully. The crow circled a few times, and then dived into the thick foliage of the beech trees.

40

Kingshaw wiped his face with the back of his hand again. He wanted to go to his mother. He was trembling all over. But he never did go to her, he made himself cope alone, he would not go because of a stupid bird. Then his eye caught a quick movement. He looked up. Hooper stood in the window of his bedroom. He watched and watched.

45

[from Chapter 3]

23

Explore the ways in which Hill vividly conveys Kingshaw's terror here.

**Or** †32 To what extent does Hill make you feel sympathy for Mrs Kingshaw? Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or** 33 You are Kingshaw as you travel to Warings for the first time.

Write your thoughts.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Either \*34 Read this extract from *Her First Ball* (by Katherine Mansfield), and then answer the question that follows it:

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked 'Ladies'. Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end. 5

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling. 10

Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodies, smoothing marble-white gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely. 15

'Aren't there any invisible hairpins?' cried a voice. 'How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hairpin.'

'Powder my back, there's a darling,' cried someone else.

'But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill,' wailed a third. 20

Then, 'Pass them along, pass them along!' The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask someone, 'Am I meant to have one too?' but she had just time to read: 'Waltz 3. *Two, Two in a Canoe*. Polka 4. *Making the Feathers Fly*', when Meg cried, 'Ready, Leila?' and they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall. 25

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying 'More pork' in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, 'How heavenly; how simply heavenly!' 30

All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage. 45

'This is my little country cousin Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing,' said Meg, going up to one girl after another.

Strange faces smiled at Leila – sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, 'Of course, my dear.' But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What were 50



they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. 'May I have the pleasure?' He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man – fat, with a big bald patch on his head – took her programme and murmured, 'Let me see, let me see!' And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. 'Oh, please don't bother,' she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. 'Do I remember this bright little face?' he said softly. 'Is it known to me of yore?' At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning ...

How does Mansfield vividly capture the excitement of the ball here?

- Or †35 What does Graham Greene make you feel about T. in *The Destructors*? Support your ideas with details from the story.
- Or 36 You are Sam in *The Son's Veto*. You have just watched Sophy's funeral procession go past your shop.

Write your thoughts.

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