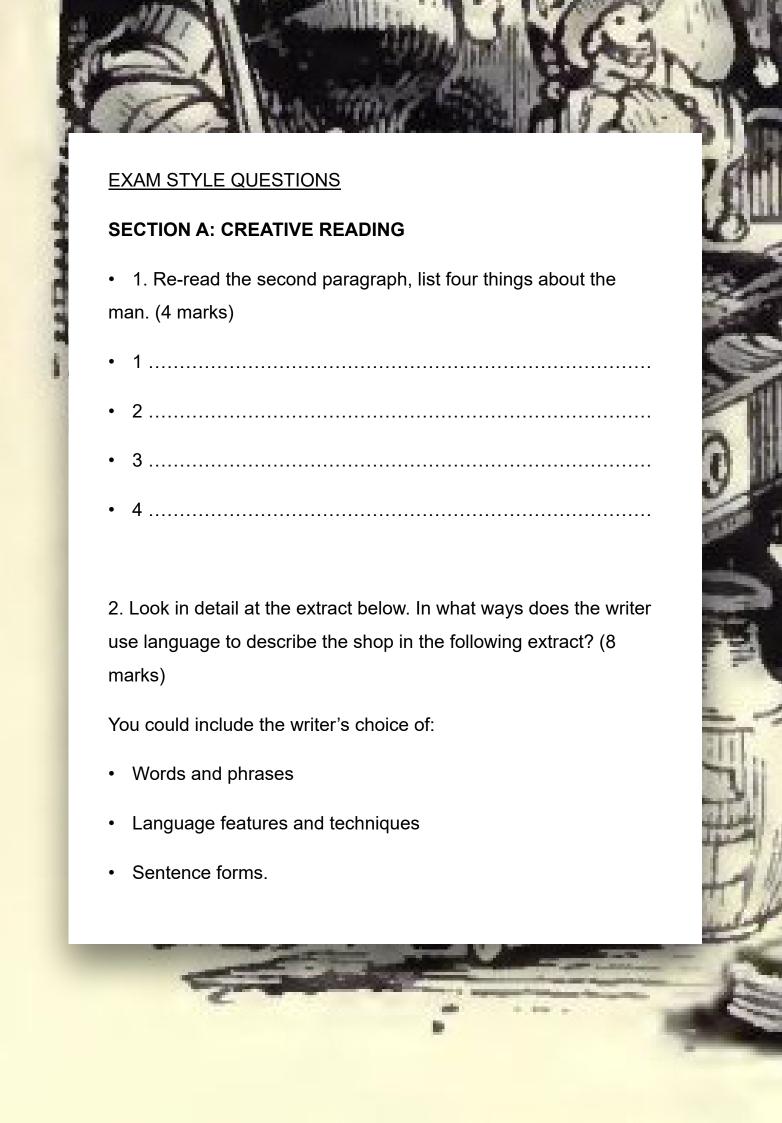


A part of this door was of glass unprotected by any shutter, which I did not observe at first, for all was very dark and silent within, and I was anxious (as indeed the child was also) for an answer to our summons. When she had knocked twice or thrice there was a noise as if some person were moving inside, and at length, a faint light appeared through the glass which, as it approached very slowly, the bearer having to make his way through a great many scattered articles, enabled me to see both what kind of person it was who advanced and what kind of place it was through which he came.

It was an old man with long grey hair, whose face and figure as he held the light above his head and looked before him as he approached, I could plainly see. Though much altered by age, I fancied I could recognize in his spare and slender form something of that delicate mold which I had noticed in a child. Their bright blue eyes were certainly alike, but his face was so deeply furrowed and so very full of care, that here all resemblance ceased.

The place through which he made his way at leisure was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in the armor here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory: tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place; he might have groped among old churches and tombs and deserted houses and gathered all the spoils with his own hands. There was nothing in the whole collection but was in keeping with himself, nothing that looked older or more worn than he.

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door is opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship. 'Why, bless thee, child,' said the old man, patting her on the head, 'how couldst thou miss thy way? What if I had lost thee, Nell!' 'I would have found my way back to YOU, grandfather,' said the child boldly; 'never fear.' The old man kissed her, then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting-room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together



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3. You now need to think about the whole of the source. How has the writer **structured** the text to **interest** you as a reader? (8 marks).

You could write about:

- What the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- How and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- Any other structural features that interest you.
- 4. A student said "The end of the extract, where we realize the man is the little girl's grandfather, is a **happy but unexpected** moment". **To what extent do you agree** with this viewpoint? Write a full **argumentative essay** explaining your opinion. (20 marks)

In your response, you could:

- Consider your own impressions of the man, the little girl and their relationship
- Evaluate how the writer conveys the narrator's reaction to what he discovers
- Support your response with references to the text.

SECTION B: CREATIVE WRITING



. Using the image above as inspiration, write a creative piece in which you describe an overly cramped or crowded place. (40 marks)



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