

## SHORT STORY 1

## *A Mother in Manville*

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by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings was born in 1896 in America. She and her husband gave up their urban life to buy an orange grove in Florida, where Rawlings became entranced with the land and the characters of the people who lived in this rural area. Her husband did not enjoy living here, and they divorced. She wrote a book about the local characters, but was sued by a good friend who appeared in the book. Rawlings left the farm, and married again. She became particularly well-known when one of her books became a famous film, *The Yearling*, and others of her stories and novels also won acclaim. She died in 1953.

The orphanage is high in the Carolina mountains. Sometimes in winter the snow-drifts are so deep that the institution is cut off from the village below, from all the world. Fog hides the mountain peaks, the snow swirls down the valleys, and wind blows so bitterly that the orphanage boys who take the milk twice daily to the baby cottage reach the door with fingers stiff in an agony of numbness.

“Or when we carry trays from the cookhouse for the ones that are sick,” Jerry said, “we get our faces frostbit, because we can’t put our hands over them. I have gloves,” he added. “Some of the boys don’t have any.”

He liked the late spring, he said. The rhododendron was in bloom, a carpet of color, across the mountainsides, soft as the May winds that stirred the hemlocks. He called it laurel.

“It’s pretty when the laurel blooms,” he said. “Some of it’s pink and some of it’s white.”

I was there in the autumn. I wanted quiet, isolation, to do some troublesome writing. I wanted mountain air to blow out the malaria from too long a time in the subtropics. I was homesick, too, for all the flaming of maples in October, and for corn shocks and pumpkins and black-walnut trees and the lift of hills. I found them all, living in a cabin that belonged to the orphan-

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**institution** – organised place, in this case an orphanage, which is a home for children who have no parents

**agony** – pain  
**maples** – trees

age, half a mile beyond the orphanage farm. When I took the cabin, I asked for a boy or man to come and chop wood for the fireplace. The first few days were warm, I found what wood I needed about the cabin, no one came, and I forgot the order.

I looked up from my typewriter one late afternoon, a little startled. A boy stood at the door, and my pointer dog, my companion, was at his side and had not barked to warn me. The boy was probably twelve years old, but undersized. He wore overalls and a torn shirt, and was barefooted.

He said, "I can chop some wood today."

I said, "But I have a boy coming from the orphanage."

"I'm a boy."

"You? But you're small."

"Size don't matter, chopping wood," he said. "Some of the big boys don't chop good. I've been chopping wood at the orphanage a long time."

I visualised mangled and inadequate branches for my fires. I was well into my work and not inclined to conversation. I was a little blunt.

"Very well. There's the axe. Go ahead and see what you can do." I went back to work, closing the door. At first the sound of the boy dragging brush annoyed me. Then he began to chop. The blows were rhythmic and steady, and shortly I had forgotten him, the sound no more of an interruption than a consistent rain. I suppose an hour and a half passed, for when I stopped and stretched, and heard the boy's steps on the cabin stoop, the sun was dropping behind the farthest mountain, and the valleys were purple with something deeper than the asters.

The boy said, "I have to go to supper now. I can come back again tomorrow evening."

I said, "I'll pay you now for what you've done," thinking I should probably have to insist on an older boy. "Ten cents an hour?"

"Anything is all right."

We went together back to the cabin. An astonishing amount of solid wood had been cut. There were cherry logs and heavy roots of rhododendron, and blocks from the waste pine and oak left from the building of the cabin.

"But you've done as much as a man," I said. "This is a splendid pile."

I looked at him, actually, for the first time. His hair was the colour of corn shocks and his eyes, very direct, were like the mountain sky when rain is pending – grey, with a shadowing of that miraculous blue. As I spoke, a light came

**mangled** – spoiled, cut up badly

**inadequate** – not enough

**astonishing** – surprising

**pending** – about to happen



over him, as though the setting sun had touched him with the same suffused glory with which it touched the mountains. I gave him a quarter.

“You may come tomorrow,” I said, “and thank you very much.”

He looked at me, and at the coin, and seemed to want to speak, but could not, and turned away.

“I’ll split kindling tomorrow,” he said over his thin ragged shoulder. “You’ll need kindling and medium wood and logs and back-logs.”

At daylight I was half awakened by the sound of chopping. Again it was so even in texture that I went back to sleep. When I left my bed in the cool of the morning, the boy had come and gone, and a stack of kindling was neat against the cabin wall. He came again after school in the afternoon and worked until it was time to return to the orphanage. His name was Jerry; he was twelve years old, and he had been at the orphanage since he was four. I could picture him at four, with the same grave grey-blue eyes and the same – independence? No, the word that comes to me is “integrity”.

The word means something very special to me, and the quality for which I use it is a rare one. My father had it – there is another of whom I am almost sure – but almost no man of my acquaintance possesses it with the clarity, the purity, the simplicity of a mountain stream. But the boy Jerry had it. It is bedded on courage, but it is more than brave. It is honest, but it is more than honesty. The axe handle broke one day. Jerry said the woodshop at the orphanage would repair it. I brought money to pay for the job and he refused it.

“I’ll pay for it,” he said. “I broke it. I brought the axe down careless.”

“But no one hits accurately every time,” I told him. “The fault was in the wood of the handle. I’ll see the man from whom I bought it.”

It was only then that he would take the money. He was standing back of his own carelessness. He was a free-will agent and he chose to do careful work, and if he failed, he took the responsibility without subterfuge.

And he did for me the unnecessary thing, the gracious thing, that we find done only by the great of heart. Things no training can teach, for they are done on the instant, with no predicated experience. He found a cubbyhole beside the fireplace that I had not noticed. There, of his own accord, he put kindling and “medium” wood, so that I might always have dry fire material ready in case of sudden wet weather. A stone was loose in the rough walk to the cabin. He dug a deeper hole and steadied it, although he came, himself, by a short cut over the bank. I found that when I tried to return his thoughtfulness with such things as candy and apples, he was wordless. “Thank you” was, perhaps,

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suffused – spread with colour

subterfuge – lying

an expression for which he had had no use, for his courtesy was instinctive. He only looked at the gifts and at me, and a curtain lifted, so that I saw deep into the clear well of his eyes, and gratitude was there, and affection, soft over the firm granite of his character.

He made simple excuses to come and sit with me. I could no more have turned him away than if he had been physically hungry. I suggested once that the best time for us to visit was just before supper, when I left my writing. After that, he waited always until my typewriter had been some time quiet. One day I worked until nearly dark. I went outside the cabin, having forgotten him. I saw him going up over the hill in the twilight toward the orphanage. When I sat down on my stoop, a place was warm from his body where he had been sitting.

He became intimate, of course, with my pointer, Pat. There is a strange communion between a boy and a dog. Perhaps they possess the same singleness of spirit, the same kind of wisdom. It is difficult to explain, but it exists. When I went across the state for a weekend, I left the dog in Jerry's charge. I gave him the dog whistle and the key to my cabin, and left sufficient food. He was to come two or three times a day and let out the dog, and feed and exercise him. I should return Sunday night, and Jerry would take the dog out for the last time Sunday afternoon and then leave the key under an agreed hiding place.

My return was belated and fog filled the mountain pass so treacherously that I dared not drive at night. The fog held the next morning, and it was Monday noon before before I reached the cabin. The dog had been fed and cared for that morning. Jerry came early in the afternoon, anxious.

"The superintendent said nobody would drive in the fog," he said. "I came just before bedtime last night and you hadn't come. So I brought Pat some of my breakfast this morning, I wouldn't have let anything happen to him."

"I was sure of that. I didn't worry."

"When I heard about the fog, I thought you'd know."

He was needed for work at the orphanage and he had to return at once. I gave him a dollar in payment, and he looked at it and went away. But that night he came in the darkness and knocked at the door.

"Come in, Jerry," I said, "if you're allowed to be away this late."

"I told maybe a story," he said. "I told them I thought you would want to see me."

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**instinctive** – came naturally with no teaching

**granite** – hard stone

**affection** – liking, caring

**communion** – sharing



“That’s true,” I assured him, and I saw his relief. “I want to hear about how you managed with the dog.”

He sat by the fire with me, with no other light, and told me of their two days together. The dog lay close to him, and found a comfort there that I did not have for him. And it seemed to me that being with my dog, and caring for him, had brought the boy and me, too, together, so that he felt that he belonged to me as well as to the animal.

“He stayed right with me,” he told me, “except when he ran in the laurel. He likes the laurel. I took him up over the hill and we both ran fast. There is a place where the grass was high and I lay down in it and hid. I could hear Pat hunting for me. He found my trail and he barked. When he found me, he acted crazy, and he ran around and around me, in circles.”

We watched the flames.

“That’s an apple log,” he said. “It burns the prettiest of any wood.” We were very close.

He was suddenly impelled to speak of things he had not spoken of before, nor had I cared to ask him.

“You look a little bit like my mother,” he said. Especially in the dark, by the fire.”

“But you were only four, Jerry, when you came here. You have remembered how she looked, all these years?”

“My mother lives in Mannville,” he said.

For a moment, finding that he had a mother shocked me greatly as anything in my life has ever done, and I did not know why it disturbed me. Then I understood my distress. I was filled with a passionate resentment that any woman should go away and leave her son. A fresh anger added itself. A son like this one – The orphanage was a wholesome place, the executives were kind, good people, the food was adequate, the boys were healthy, a ragged shirt was no hardship, nor the doing of clean labour. Granted, perhaps, that the boy felt no lack, what blood fed the bowels of a woman who did not yearn over this child’s lean body that had come in parturition out of her own? At four he would have looked the same as now. Nothing, I thought, nothing in life could change those eyes. His quality must be apparent to an idiot, a fool. I burned with questions I could not ask. In any, I was afraid, there would be pain.

“Have you seen her, Jerry – lately?”

“I see her every summer. She sends for me.”

**resentment** – anger

**parturition** – giving birth

**executives** – people who run a place

I wanted to cry out, “Why are you not with her? How can she let you go away again?”

He said, “She comes up here from Mannville whenever she can. She doesn’t have a job now.”

His face shone in the firelight.

“She wanted to give me a puppy, but they can’t let any one boy keep a puppy. You remember the suit I had on last Sunday?” He was plainly proud. “She sent me that for Christmas. The Christmas before that” – he drew a long breath, savouring the memory – “she sent me a pair of skates.”

“Roller skates?”

My mind was busy, making pictures of her, trying to understand her. She had not, then, entirely deserted or forgotten him. But why, then – I thought, “I must not condemn her without knowing.”

“Roller skates. I let the other boys use them. They’re always borrowing them. But they’re careful of them.”

What circumstance other than poverty –

“I’m going to take the dollar you gave me for taking care of Pat,” he said, “and buy her a pair of gloves.”

I could only say, “That will be nice. Do you know her size?”

“I think it’s 8½,” he said.

He looked at my hands.

“Do you wear 8½?” he asked.

“No. I wear a smaller size, a 6.”

“Oh! Then I guess her hands are bigger than yours.”

I hated her. Poverty or no, there was other food than bread, and the soul could starve as quickly as the body. He was taking his dollar to buy gloves for her big stupid hands, and she lived away from him, in Mannville, and contented herself with sending him skates.

“She likes white gloves,” he said. “Do you think I can get them for a dollar?”

“I think so,” I said.

I decided that I should not leave the mountains without seeing her and knowing for myself why she had done this thing.

The human mind scatters its interest as though made of thistle-down, and every wind stirs and moves it. I finished my work. It did not please me, and I gave my thoughts to another field. I should need some Mexican material.

I made arrangements to close my Florida place. Mexico immediately, and

doing the writing there, if conditions were favourable. Then, Alaska with my brother. After that, heaven knew what or where.

I did not take time to go to Mannville to see Jerry's mother, nor even to talk with the orphanage officials about her. I was a trifle abstracted about the boy, because of my work and plans. And after my first fury at her – we did not speak of her again – his having a mother, any sort at all, not far away, in Mannville, relieved me of the ache I had had about him. He did not question the anomalous relation. He was not lonely. It was none of my concern.

He came every day and cut my wood and did small helpful favours and stayed to talk. The days had become cold, and often I let him come inside the cabin. He would lie on the floor in front of the fire, with one arm across the pointer, and they would both doze and wait quietly for me. Other days they ran with a common ecstasy through the laurel, and since the asters were now gone, he brought me back vermilion maple leaves, and chestnut boughs dripping with imperial yellow. I was ready to go.

I said to him, "You have been a good friend, Jerry. I shall often think of you and miss you. Pat will miss you too. I am leaving tomorrow."

He did not answer. When he went away, I remember that a new moon hung over the mountains, and I watched him go in silence up the hill. I expected him the next day, but he did not come. The details of packing my personal belongings, loading my car, arranging the bed over the seat, where the dog would ride, occupied me until late in the day. I closed the cabin and started the car, noticing that the sun was in the west and I should do well to be out of the mountains by nightfall. I stopped at the orphanage and left the cabin key and money for my light bill with Miss Clark.

"And will you call Jerry for me to say good-by to him?"

"I don't know where he is," she said. "I'm afraid he's not well. He didn't eat his dinner this noon. One of the other boys saw him going over the hill into the laurel. He was supposed to fire the boiler this afternoon. It's not like him; he's unusually reliable."

I was almost relieved, for I knew I should never see him again, and it would be easier not to say good-by to him.

I said, "I wanted to talk with you about his mother – why he's here – but I'm in more of a hurry than I expected to be. It's out of the question for me to see her now too. But here's some money I'd like to leave with you to buy things for him at Christmas and on his birthday. It will be better than for me to try

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**abstracted** – thinking about something else

**ecstasy** – extreme happiness

**anomalous** – something that doesn't fit in



and send him things. I could so easily duplicate – skates, for instance.”

She blinked her honest spinster’s eyes.

“There’s not much use for skates here,” she said.

Her stupidity annoyed me.

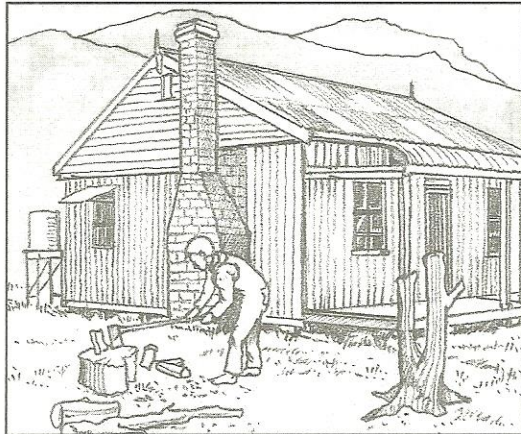
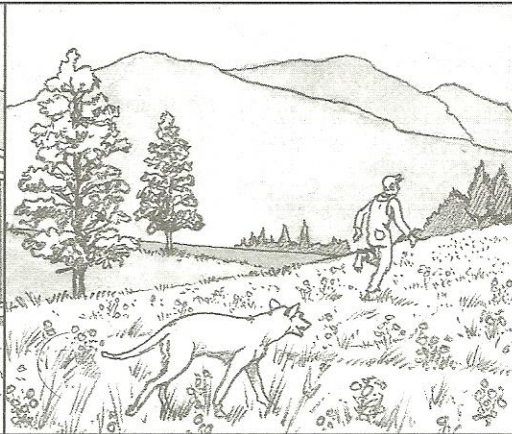



“What I mean,” I said, “is that I don’t want to duplicate things his mother sends him. I might have chosen skates if I didn’t know she had already given them to him.”

She stared at me.

“I don’t understand,” she said, “He has no mother. He has no skates.”



Summary in pictures

	
<p><b>1. Jerry chops wood outside the cottage</b></p>	<p><b>2. Jerry and the writer's dog</b></p>
 <p>My mother lives in Mannville.</p> <p>Have you seen her, Jerry – lately?</p>	 <p>I wanted to talk with you about his mother.</p> <p>Jerry has no mother.</p>
<p><b>3. Jerry tells the writer about his mother</b></p>	
 <p>You have been a good friend, Jerry. I shall often think of you and miss you.</p>	
<p><b>4. The writer packs to leave</b></p>	<p><b>5. The writer finds out Jerry has no mother</b></p>

# A Mother in Mannville

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

## Glossary

**institution** - an organisation, in this case an orphanage, which is a home for children whose parents are dead or have abandoned them

**agony** - intense pain

**mangled** - damaged, cut up badly

**inadequate** - not enough

**astonishing** - surprising

**pending** - about to happen

**suffused** - spread with colour

**subterfuge** - lying, untruths

**instinctive** - came naturally without being taught

**predicated** - previous

**granite** - very hard stone

**communion** - sharing

**resentment** - anger

**executives** - people who are in charge of a place

**parturition** - giving birth

**condemn** - judge

**abstracted** - thinking about something else

**anomalous** - not fitting in

**ecstasy** - extreme happiness

## Summary

A writer went to live in a cottage in the grounds of an orphanage in the mountains of Carolina in North America. Jerry, a boy from the orphanage, came to help her chop wood. They developed a friendship. The boy told the writer about his mother in Mannville. He said he saw her every year and she loved him and had given him some skates. The writer cannot understand a mother who would leave her child in an orphanage. The writer finishes her work and decides to leave. She goes to the orphanage to say goodbye to Jerry. He is not there that day. She hears from one of the staff at the orphanage that Jerry has no mother.

## Explanation and analysis

### Background and setting

- **Cottage in the mountains**
- **Early 1900s**

The story is set in the mountains of the state of Carolina in the United States in the early part of the last century. All the action takes place in a cottage the narrator hired in the grounds of an orphanage. The narrator describes the mountains and the trees in detail.

The narrator makes it clear from the first that she is a writer. The story is narrated in the first person and from the narrator's point of view.



## Themes

- **Love and the need for love**

The main theme is that of love and the need for love. The boy, Jerry, is an orphan whose need for love makes him make up a mother who does not exist. He also longs for a home. He performs all kinds of labours of love for the narrator without seeking a reward or making demands on her or her time. During the course of her stay at the cottage he becomes close to her and to her dog. By the end of the story we realise that this is the nearest he has come to a close relationship with a mother figure and to some kind of home (non-institutional) life.

The writer offers him what companionship she can spare from her writing. She admires him for his “integrity” and feels indignant that his “mother” could abandon him in an orphanage.

By the end of the story she leaves us to draw the conclusion that she was not paying him close enough attention. She was involved in her own concerns and did not realise the extent of his craving for close companionship and for love.

## Character

- **Jerry:** orphan, integrity, courteous, affectionate
- **The writer/narrator:** caring (to a limited extent), absorbed in her own life

The orphan boy, **Jerry**, is the main character. The writer describes him as beautiful: “His hair was the colour of corn shocks and his eyes ... like the mountain sky.” She admires his “integrity” and strength of character: “the firm granite of his character”. She describes his courtesy, gratitude and affection.

Jerry enjoys the writer’s company and that of her dog. He performs many small kindnesses for her without expecting a reward. He fantasises about having a mother. He tells the writer in detail about a mother “in Mannville” whom the writer finds out at the end does not exist.

**The writer**, through the details she includes in the story and her way of telling it, reveals herself to be caring of the boy but to a limited extent. She is absorbed in her writing and in her own life. She pays him what attention she can. By the end of the story we realise that she fell short of Jerry’s needs for a mother and a family. She failed him. She also abandoned him. When she goes to say goodbye, he is not at the orphanage. She felt “almost relieved, for I knew I should never see him again and it would be easier not to say good-bye to him”.

## Key quote

And it seemed to me that being with my dog, and caring for him, had brought the boy and me, too, together, so that he felt that he belonged to me as well as to the animal.

## Key quote

For a moment, finding out that he had a mother shocked me greatly as anything in my life has done, and I did not know why it disturbed me. Then I understood my distress I was filled with a passionate resentment that any woman should go away and leave her son.

## Key quote

“The Christmas before that” - he drew a long breath, savouring the memory - “she sent me a pair of skates.”




**Key quote**

"I don't understand," she said, "He has no mother. He has no skates."


**Plot**

There is twist at the end of the story. The writer was convinced that Jerry had "a mother in Mannville" since he told her about this "mother" in detail. The writer wanted to believe him so that she would not feel that she had completely abandoned him. The story ends abruptly with the information "He has no mother." We do not know how the narrator felt or responded to this news. She does not describe or explain her feelings. So we, the readers, are surprised and shocked. There are no words to console us or to make it easier to understand.

**Symbols**

The jobs that Jerry did for the writer, for example the wood that Jerry chopped and the loose stone that he secured in the path, symbolise all the **kindnesses, or labours of love**, that he did for the writer.

The **writer's dog** became Jerry's companion and is a symbol of love and belonging.

**Language**

The writer describes the mountains and their vegetation in all seasons in loving and lyrical (musical) detail. In winter "the snow swirls down the valleys". In late spring "The rhododendron was in bloom, a carpet of colour, across the mountainsides ..."

She describes Jerry's personality in detail, comparing Jerry's beauty to the mountains and the light on them "as though the setting sun had touched him with the same suffused glory with which it touched the mountains".

**Exam preparation**
**Sample contextual question**

This question contains TWO extracts. Answer the questions on both extracts.

**Extract 1**

Read the extract from "*But you've done as much as a man, I said*" to "*medium wood and logs and back-logs*" and answer these questions:

1. "... you've done as much as a man"
  - 1.1 What had the boy just done for the narrator? (1)
  - 1.2 What surprised the narrator and why? (2)
2. "*This is a splendid pile.*" To what is the narrator referring? (1)
  - 3.1 Where was the narrator staying and for what purpose? (2)
  - 3.2 What was her relationship with the boy, Jerry? (2)
4. "*I looked at him, actually, for the first time ... I gave him a quarter.*"
  - 4.1 Identify two figures of speech in this paragraph. (2)

- 4.2 In each case, say what two things are being compared. (4)  
 (See “Figures of speech” in the glossary on page 230 for help.)
5. “... like the mountain when rain is pending.” Write down just the letter of your answer. “Pending” in this sentence means the same as:  
 a. pouring  
 b. about to happen  
 c. finishing  
 d. spreading (1)  
 (To answer a multiple-choice question, find the option that is MOST correct. It’s easier if you cross out incorrect answers first.)
6. “... the same suffused glory.” Write down just the letter of your answer. “Suffused” means the same as:  
 a. spread with colour  
 b. fading  
 c. blinding  
 d. extreme (1)  
 (Remember it’s easier if you cross out incorrect answers first.)
7. “‘You may come tomorrow,’ I said.” What was the boy planning to do for the narrator the next day? (1)
8. “... his thin ragged shoulder.” Why was the boy’s shoulder “ragged”? (2)
- [19]

AND

### Extract 2

Read the extract: “‘And will you call Jerry for me to say good-bye to him?’ ... skates, for instance.” and answer these questions:

9. “... to say good-bye to him” Where was the narrator going? (1)
10. “‘I’m afraid he’s not well ... going over the hill into the laurel.’” In the context of the story, how do you think Jerry was feeling at this point in the story and why? (3)  
 (Try to imagine how you would feel if you were an orphan like Jerry.)
11. “... he’s unusually reliable” What had Jerry done that was uncharacteristic of him? (2)
12. “‘I don’t know where he is...’” How did the narrator feel when she heard Jerry was not at the orphanage and why? (2)  
 (Try to imagine how you would feel if you were the narrator. The answer is in the extract. Try to use your own words.)
13. “‘I wanted to talk to you about his mother.’”
- 13.1 Is the following true or false? Jerry’s mother lived near the orphanage in Mannville. (1)
- 13.2 Give a reason for your answer. (2)
14. How did the narrator feel earlier in the story when Jerry told her about his mother? (2)  
 (The answer is not in the extract. You need to know the story.)

15. Why did the narrator feel she should leave money for Jerry instead of sending him presents? (2)
16. "... skates, for instance" State whether the following statement is true or false: Jerry's mother had given him skates for Christmas. (1)

[16]

**Total marks: 35**

### Sample essay question

Write the following essay as well as the two paragraphs:

#### Structured essay

- A The narrator failed Jerry in the end. Write an essay of 100–120 words in which you discuss the relationship between the narrator and the boy, Jerry. Include how the narrator felt about Jerry, and he about her, and whether in the end she did or did not fail him. [15]

*Before you start writing you need to:*

- *reread the story carefully*
- *jot down all the things you can find or think of that describe contact between Jerry and the narrator while she stayed in the cottage and he came every day*
- *decide whether the narrator's treatment of him was up to his expectations of her or not.*

AND

#### Paragraph questions

- B Describe the appearance and character of Jerry. Refer to incidents in the story. (Length 80–100 words) [10]

*Before you start writing:*

- *read carefully the physical description of Jerry by the narrator: his hair and his eyes*
- *jot down all the things the narrator says about Jerry's character*
- *jot down what he does, especially for the narrator, which reveal his character.*

AND

- C Write a paragraph on Jerry's "mother in Mannville". Include Jerry's reasons for creating a mother in Mannville, what he told the narrator about his mother and what happened at the end of the story. (Length 80–100 words) [10]

*Before you write your paragraph:*

- *try to imagine why Jerry would want to create a non-existent mother*
- *jot down all the things he told the narrator about his mother: her physical appearance and what she had done for him*
- *reread the very last section of the story.*

**Total marks: 35**



A Mother in Mannville (page 15)

Contextual question

Extract 1

- 1.1 He had chopped wood for her.✓ (1)
  - 1.2 She had thought that he was too small✓ and would not have the strength to chop so much wood.✓ (2)
  2. A pile of chopped wood. (1)
  - 3.1 She was staying in a cottage near an orphanage✓ in order to do some writing.✓ (2)
  - 3.2 He used to come everyday to chop wood✓ for her and do other small jobs around the cottage.✓ (2)
  - 4.1 Simile.✓ Personification.✓ (2)
  - 4.2 The colour of Jerry's eyes✓ and the mountain sky.✓ The light that lit him up✓ with the way the setting sun touched the mountains. ✓ (4)
  5. b✓ (1)
  6. a✓ (1)
  7. He was going to split or chop up kindling for her.✓ (1)
  8. He lived in an orphanage✓ so did not get new clothes.✓ (2)
- [19]

Extract 2

9. She was leaving to write in a new place. (Mexico) (1)
10. Jerry would be feeling sad and abandoned.✓ The narrator was leaving at short notice and he had experienced a sense of closeness✓ and belonging during her stay.✓ (any three relevant points) (3)
11. He had neglected✓ to fire the boiler.✓ (2)
12. She felt relieved. ✓She realised she would not see him again and it would be easier to not to have to say good-bye to him.✓ (2)
- 13.1 False✓ (1)
- 13.2 Mrs Clark at (or the lady at) the orphanage✓ told the writer he did not have a mother.✓ (2)
14. She felt angry (indignant)✓ that a mother could leave (abandon) such a wonderful boy in an orphanage.✓ (2)

15. She did not want to duplicate presents✓ his mother might give or have given him.✓ (2)
  16. False✓ (1)
- [16]

Total marks: 35

Essay question

A Structured essay

The narrator liked, admired and appreciated Jerry. She thought he was beautiful and that he had great strength of character. She was glad that he had a mother who loved him.

Jerry did not say much to the writer but everything he did for her he did with his heart and soul. He chopped wood for her and did other small things around the house. These were labours of love. He saw her as a mother figure and he loved her dog.

In the end you could say that the narrator failed Jerry as she did not understand until she was leaving the orphanage that he had made up the story about his mother and that he saw the narrator as a mother figure. She realised she had not given him the kind of love and caring that he desperately needed. [15]

Paragraph questions

B

Jerry was small for his age. He had blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. If anyone praised him he would light up with happiness. His clothes were ragged because he lived in an orphanage and was poor. He had great strength of character. He took responsibility for his own actions. When the handle of the axe broke he insisted on paying for it. He did things for the narrator, beyond his duty. He found a cubbyhole near the fireplace for the wood. He made sure a loose stone on the path was steady. He always showed gratitude for the narrator's kindness. [10]

C

Jerry told the narrator he had a mother. There could be several reasons for Jerry's creating her. He may have wanted to present himself to the narrator as someone who had a mother who cared about him so the narrator would not pity him. It could be that he longed so much for a mother that he made her real in his head. He gave the narrator many details about his mother: the colour of her hair, her glove size and the fact that she had bought him Christmas presents over the year. It could be a mixture of both of these reasons. The narrator found out at the end of the story that Jerry's mother was a fantasy of his. [10]

Total marks: 35