

## Question 2

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following excerpt from the novel *Moon Tiger* (1987) by Penelope Lively, a brother and sister are searching for fossils while their mother waits nearby. Read the passage carefully. Then write a well-organized essay in which you analyze how Lively uses literary devices to dramatize the complex relationship among the three characters.

Line She climbs a little higher, on to another sliding  
shelving plateau of the cliff, and squats searching  
furiously the blue grey fragments of rock around her,  
5 hunting for those enticing curls and ribbed whorls,  
pouncing once with a hiss of triumph—an ammonite,  
almost whole. The beach, now, is quite far below; its  
shrill cries, its barkings, its calls are clear and loud but  
from another world, of no account.

10 And all the time out of the corner of her eye she  
watches Gordon, who is higher yet, tap-tapping at an  
outcrop. He ceases to tap; she can see him examining  
something. What has he got? Suspicion and rivalry  
burn her up. She scrambles through little bushy  
plants, hauls herself over a ledge.

15 ‘This is my bit,’ cries Gordon. ‘You can’t come  
here. I’ve bagged it.’

‘I don’t care,’ yells Claudia. ‘Anyway I’m going up  
higher—it’s much better further up.’ And she hurls  
herself upwards over skinny plants and dry stony soil  
20 that cascades away downwards under her feet, up  
towards a wonderfully promising enticing grey  
expanse she has spotted where surely *Asteroceras* is  
lurking by the hundred.

25 Below, on the beach, unnoticed, figures scurry to  
and fro; faint bird-like cries of alarm waft up.

She must pass Gordon to reach that alluring upper  
shelf. ‘*Mind . . .*’ she says. ‘Move your *leg . . .*’

‘Don’t *shove*,’ he grumbles. ‘Anyway you can’t  
come here. I said this is my bit, you find your own.’

30 ‘Don’t shove yourself. I don’t want your stupid  
bit . . .’

His leg is in her way—it thrashes, she thrusts, and  
a piece of cliff, of the solid world which evidently is  
not so solid after all, shifts under her clutching hands  
35 . . . crumbles . . . and she is falling thwack backwards  
on her shoulders, her head, her outflung arm, she is  
skidding rolling thumping downwards. And comes to  
rest gasping in a thorn bush, hammered by pain, too  
affronted even to yell.

40 He can feel her getting closer, encroaching, she is  
coming here on to his bit, she will take all the best  
fossils. He protests. He sticks a foot to impede. Her  
hot infuriating limbs are mixed up with his.

‘You’re *pushing* me,’ she shrieks.

45 ‘I’m not,’ he snarls. ‘It’s you that’s shoving.  
Anyway this is my place so go somewhere else.’  
‘It’s not your stupid place,’ she says. ‘It’s anyone’s  
place. Anyway I don’t . . .’

50 And suddenly there are awful tearing noises and  
thumps and she is gone, sliding and hurtling down,  
and in horror and satisfaction he stares.

‘He pushed me.’

‘I didn’t. Honestly mother, I didn’t. She slipped.’

‘He pushed me.’

55 And even amid the commotion—the clucking  
mothers and nurses, the improvised sling, the  
proffered smelling salts—Edith Hampton can marvel  
at the furious tenacity of her children.

‘Don’t argue. Keep still, Claudia.’

60 ‘Those are *my* ammonites. Don’t let him get them,  
mother.’

‘I don’t *want* your ammonites.’

‘Gordon, be quiet!’

65 Her head aches; she tries to quell the children and  
respond to advice and sympathy; she blames the  
perilous world, so unreliable, so malevolent. And the  
intransigence of her offspring whose emotions seem  
the loudest sound on the beach.

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