

PAPER 2C: LITERATURE

For information only, not to be translated: The following text is an extract from Miss Garnet's Angel, the novel by Salley Vickers published by Harper Collins in 2000. The main character in the novel is Julia Garnet, a spinster and former teacher who has decided to spend the first few months of her retirement discovering Venice. Here she is visiting St Mark's Basilica. Translate into your target language for publication in an anthology of literature on Venice.

TRANSLATION TO BEGIN HERE:

A movement at the edge of her peripheral vision made her turn. High up and towards a roped-off area – for parts of the cathedral were closed off to the shuffling visitors – a small bird had somehow penetrated the interior and was flitting from carved ledge to ledge.

5 Julia, watching its speckled brownness, felt a school-marmish urge to reprove the bird for its unauthorised entry into the famous church. But on the heels of the school-marmishness followed another impulse: a kind of respectful admiration for the audacity of the thing.

10 As she watched, the sparrow landed on a carved figure in the marble. A face, the Madonna's face, and in her arms a child. An intense desire to approach closer to the face beset Julia Garnet and she did a thing she had never done before in her life: she defied an implicit order and ducked under the prohibiting rope.

15 No one was about. It was towards the end of the day and the cathedral was preparing to close. The long silver lamps were slowly being switched off. Julia's eyes, grown accustomed to the dimness, made out a low stool at the foot of the carving. Removing her shoes, she stepped upon it in stockinged feet and stretching up she kissed the marble Madonna's hand.

20 That night Julia Garnet slept without pursuant dreams. When she woke sun had made its way through the edges of the shutters and was painting oblique bars upon the walls. Going out onto the balcony she felt it warm her shoulders. Although only February the air carried traces of Spring.

She set a pan of water to boil while she went down to look for post. And yes, there was a package on the radiator-shelf. Signora Mignelli must have been in already. Julia took it upstairs before making her tea in the enamel pot.

25 There was no milk, but the scalding tea was reviving and there was a piece of stale almond cake too, which she took pleasure in dunking in the golden liquid. Her father would have disapproved.

30 'Bloody old bastard!' Julia Garnet spoke aloud. She tidied up her breakfast things, sprinkling the crumbs over the balcony for the birds, before opening the package. Vera Kessel had not been surprised when her friend had written asking if she would be good enough to purchase and send on to her a King James Bible. The tone of the letter had been sufficiently like what Vera had known of her old friend not to be too alarmed at the content. *It must be the 1611 translation*, the letter had specified. *No other version will do. And I absolutely do not want* (this had been underlined) *one of*
35 *those editions which sickly everything over with a pale cast of modernity.*