-In this passage, Scout tells of a time in her childhood when she and her brother, Jem, made a new friend. The story is set in America in the 1930s.

Read the passage carefully before answering the questions.

When I was almost six and Jem was nearly ten, our summertime boundaries (within calling distance of our father) were Mrs Dubose’s house two doors to the north of us, and the Radley Place three doors to the south. We were never tempted to break them. The Radley Place was inhabited by an unknown entity the mere description of whom was enough to make us behave for days on end; Mrs Dubose was plain hell.

That was the summer Dill came to us.

Early one morning as we were beginning our day’s play in the back yard, Jem and I heard something next door in Miss Rachel Haverford’s cabbage patch. We went to the wire fence to see if there was a puppy – Miss Rachel’s terrier was expecting – instead we found someone sitting looking at us. Sitting down, he wasn’t much higher than the cabbages. We stared at him until he spoke:

“Hey.”

“Hey yourself,” said Jem pleasantly.

“I’m Charles Baker Harris,” he said. “I can read.”

“So what?” I said.

“I just thought you’d like to know I can read. You got anything needs readin’ I can do it…”

“How old are you,” asked Jem, “four and a half?”

“Goin’ on seven.”

“Shoot no wonder then,” said Jem, jerking his thumb at me. “Scout’s been readin’ ever since she was born and she ain’t started school yet. You look right puny for going’ on seven.”

“I’m little but I’m old,” he said.

Jem brushed back his hair to get a better look. “Why don’t you come over, Charles Baker Harris?” he said. “Lord, what a name.”

“It’s not any funnier’n yours. Aunt Rachel says your name’s Jeremy Atticus Finch.” Jem scowled. “I’m big enough to fit mine,” he said. “Your name’s longer’n you are. Bet it’s a foot longer.”

“Folks call me Dill,” said Dill, struggling under the fence.

“Do better if you go over it instead of under it,” I said. “Where’d you come from?”

Dill was from Mississippi, was spending the summer with his aunt, Miss Rachel, and would be spending every summer there from now on. He told us that his mother had once entered his picture in a Beautiful Child contest and won five dollars. She gave the money to Dill, who went to the cinema show twenty times on it.

“Ever see anything good?” said Jem.

Dill had seen Dracula, a revelation that moved Jem to eye him with the beginning of respect. “Tell it to us,” he said.

Dill was a curiosity. He wore blue linen shorts that buttoned to his shirt, his hair was snow white and stuck to his head like duck-fluff; he was a year my senior but I towered over him. As he told us the tale his blue eyes would lighten and darken; his laugh was sudden and happy; he habitually pulled at a curl in the centre of his forehead.

When Dill reduced Dracula to dust, and Jem said the show sounded better than the book, I asked Dill where his father was: “You ain’t said anything about him.”

“I haven’t got one.”

“Is he dead?”

“No…”

“Then if he’s not dead you’ve got one, haven’t you?”

Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush, a sure sign that Dill had been studied and found acceptable. Thereafter the summer passed in routine contentment. Routine contentment was: improving our treehouse, fussing, running through a list of dramas. In this matter we were lucky to have Dill. He played the character parts formerly thrust upon me, such as the ape in Tarzan.

But by the end of August our repertoire was vapid from countless reproductions, and it was then that Dill gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

The Radley Place fascinated Dill. In spite of our warnings and explanations it drew him as the moon draws water, but drew him no nearer than the lamp post on the corner, a safe distance from the Radley gate. There he would stand with his arm around the fat pole, staring and wondering.

The Radley place jutted into a sharp curve beyond our house. The house was low, was once white with a deep front porch and green shutters, but had long ago darkened to the colour of the slate-grey yard around it. The wood was rain-rotten; oak trees kept the sun away; the front yard was never swept and weeds grew in abundance.

Inside the house lived Boo Radley: a malevolent phantom. People said he existed but Jem and I had never seen him. People said he went out at night when the moon was high, and peeped in windows. When people’s flowers froze in a cold snap, it was because he breathed on them, any crimes committed in town were his work. People would cross the road to avoid the place, especially at night. The school grounds adjoined the back of the house, but although the nut trees in the Radley yard shook their fruit into the playground, the nuts lay untouched by the children. A baseball hit into the Radley yard was a lost ball and no questions asked.

The more we told Dill about the Radleys, the more he wanted to know, the longer he would stand hugging the light-pole on the corner, the more he would wonder.

“Wonder what he looks like?” said Dill.