



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2011

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*1 **Either** (a) 'This is the child's curiosity ...'

With close reference to the poetic methods and effects in **two** of her poems, discuss Bhatt's use of the point of view of a child.

Or (b) Comment closely on the language, imagery and form of the following poem.

29 April 1989

| | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| She's three-months-old now, asleep at last for the afternoon. I've got some time to myself again but I don't know what to do. | 5 |
| Outside everything is greyish green and soggy with endless Bremen-Spring drizzle. I make a large pot of Assam tea and search through the books in my room, shift through my papers. I'm not looking for anything, really, just touching my favourite books. | 10 |
| I don't even know what I'm thinking, but there's a rich round fullness in the air like living inside Beethoven's piano on a day when he was particularly energetic. | 15 |

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Hardy uses imagery of nature in his poetry. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language and tone of the following poem, considering how it presents the narrator's concern for his place in people's memories after his death.

Afterwards

When the Present has latched its postern behind my
 tremulous stay,
 And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like
 wings,
 Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
 'He was a man who used to notice such things'?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink, 5
 The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
 'To him this must have been a familiar sight.'

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and
 warm, 10
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
 One may say, 'He strove that such innocent creatures
 should come to no harm,
 But he could do little for them; and now he is gone.'

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand
 at the door, 15
 Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no
 more,
 'He was one who had an eye for such mysteries'?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the
 gloom, 20
 And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
 'He hears it not now, but used to notice such things'?

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection present the idea of loss.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering how its language and structure help present the journey with Death.

Because I Could Not Stop For Death

Because I could not stop for Death –
 He kindly stopped for me –
 The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
 And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste 5
 And I had put away
 My labor and my leisure too,
 For his Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove 10
 At Recess – in the Ring –
 We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –
 We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –
 The Dews drew quivering and chill –
 For only Gossamer, my Gown – 15
 My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed 20
 A Swelling of the Ground –
 The Roof was scarcely visible –
 The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
 Feels shorter than the Day
 I first surmised the Horses' Heads
 Were toward Eternity –

Emily Dickinson

Turn to page 6 for Question 4.

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

4 **Either** (a) 'God directed me to a correct choice: I thank His providence for the guidance!'

In what ways does Brontë present the importance of religious direction in Jane's characterisation?

Or (b) Comment closely on ways Brontë presents Jane's and Rochester's response to Jane's experience in the following passage.

'It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large, with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on: it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I cannot tell.'

'Did you see her face?'

'Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place: she held it up, gazed at it long, and then, she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark oblong glass.' 5

'And how were they?'

'Fearful and ghastly to me – oh, sir, I never saw a face like it! It was a discoloured face – it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments!' 10

'Ghosts are usually pale, Jane.'

'This, sir, was purple: the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed: the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?' 15

'You may.'

'Of the foul German spectre – the vampire.'

'Ah! – what did it do?'

'Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and flinging both on the floor, trampled on them.' 20

'Afterwards?'

'It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out; perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside the figure stopped: the fiery eyes glared upon me – she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware her lurid visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness: for the second time in my life – only the second time – I became insensible from terror.' 25

'Who was with you when you revived?'

'No one, sir, but the broad day. I rose, bathed my head and face in water, drank a long draught; felt that though enfeebled I was not ill, and determined that to none but you would I impart this vision. Now, sir, tell me who and what that woman was?' 30

'The creature of an over-stimulated brain; that is certain, I must be careful of you, my treasure: nerves like yours were not made for rough handling.'

'Sir, depend on it, my nerves were not in fault; the thing was real: the transaction actually took place.' 35

'And your previous dreams, were they real too? Is Thornfield Hall a ruin? Am I severed from you by insuperable obstacles? Am I leaving you without a tear – without a kiss – without a word?'

'Not yet.' 40

‘Am I about to do it? Why, the day is already commenced which is to bind us indissolubly; and when we are once united, there shall be no recurrence of these mental terrors: I guarantee that.’

‘Mental terrors, sir! I wish I could believe them to be only such: I wish it more now than ever; since even you cannot explain to me the mystery of that awful visitant.’ 45

‘And since I cannot do it, Jane, it must have been unreal.’

‘But, sir, when I said to myself on rising this morning, and when I looked round the room to gather courage and comfort from the cheerful aspect of each familiar object in full daylight, there – on the carpet – I saw what gave the distinct lie to my hypothesis – the veil, torn from top to bottom in two halves!’ 50

I felt Mr Rochester start and shudder; he hastily flung his arms round me. ‘Thank God!’ he exclaimed, ‘that if anything malignant did come near you last night, it was only the veil that was harmed. Oh, to think what might have happened!’

Chapter 25

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) Dangarembga has said that ‘Tambu and Nyasha represent different kinds of girlhood or young womanhood.’

In what ways does she present these two characters as contrasting in the novel?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing in particular the presentation of the nuns and their effect on the girls.

They made us write a test, which we thought was unfair because we had not been warned and had not prepared. Mr Sanyati said we should not worry because it was general knowledge and general ability, but this only confused us more. General knowledge was all right, but general ability was a subject we had not taken. It sounded foreign and sophisticated and ever so difficult. Mr Sanyati told us that the nuns had come all the way from their own mission to have us write this test and herded all the girls in Grade Seven A into the classroom to answer questions about Louisa M. Alcott and *Little Women*, to multiply seven acorns by twenty-three acorns by forty-eight acorns by no acorns and to pick the odd item out in a set of gumboots, galoshes, snow shoes and bedroom slippers. 5 10

After the examination the nuns wanted to talk to us. One by one we were ushered in to see them. We were actually very impressed with them after that. We thought they were very kind and definitely holy to take such an interest in us, for interested they were, asking us all sorts of questions about our parents and our friends and what we liked to do in our free time. I was delighted that people, white people for that matter, thought my background was interesting. I thought I should tell them about Babamukuru as well, to show them that my family had a progressive branch, but they were more interested in my own father and my life on the homestead. 15

As it turned out, the nuns had come to recruit us. There was much excited discussion when we found out that we had written an entrance examination. One or two girls knew some Catholics and they told us in hushed voices of the nuns’ nefarious practices. Apparently what they did was this: they took you to school and after your Form Two they persuaded you to join the order. Their methods were not particularly subtle. Further scholarships were offered and it was made clear that refusal indicated a damnable lack of grace. In this position many of the girls thought it practical to slip into a novice’s habit, but most of them found it did not suit them. The vows were even more compromising and the girls often got pregnant to avoid making them. These were the widespread accusations against the nuns, but they didn’t do much to dispel the glamour that, in a most attractive manner, surrounded the prospect of going to school at a convent. And not just any convent, but a multiracial convent. A prestigious private school that manufactured guaranteed young ladies. At that convent, which was just outside town but on the other side, to the south, you wore pleated terylene skirts to school every day and on Sundays a tailor-made two-piece linen suit with gloves, yes, even with gloves! We all wanted to go. That was only natural. But only two places were on offer, two places for all the African Grade Seven girls in the country. The effect was drastic and dangerous. We stopped liking each other as much as we used to in case the other was offered the place and we had to suffer the pangs of jealousy while she rose in status and esteem. It wasn’t fair, we thought, which was true; but then nothing about that examination had been fair. Nobody else had prepared for the test, whereas I had been preparing ever since I came to the mission. With Nyasha’s various and exotic library to digest, with having to cope with her experimental disposition, her insistence on alternatives, her passion for transmuting the present into the possible; having to cope with all this, which I did at a purely intellectual level, not because I thought it was rational but 20 25 30 35 40

because it was amusing and I loved my cousin and admired her, having coped with these intellectual challenges for close on two years, I was far ahead of my peers in both general knowledge and general ability. So it was not in the least surprising that I performed brilliantly in that entrance examination, thereby earning the privilege of associating with the elite of that time, the privilege of being admitted on an honorary basis into their culture.

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Chapter 9

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss different ways in which **two** stories present individual characters who feel out of touch with the world around them.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to the way the climax of the story is presented.

He thought: 'I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?' Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dinghy, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. 'Come to the boat! Come to the boat!' 5

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement – a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief; and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt. 10

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him. 15

'Come to the boat!' called the captain.

'All right, Captain.' As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man. 20

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the undertow pulled at him. 25

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain; but the captain waved him away and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked – naked as a tree in winter; but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulae, said, 'Thanks, old man.' But suddenly the man cried, 'What's that?' He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said, 'Go.' 30

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea. 35

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful to him.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffeepots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous; but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave. 40

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on the shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters. 45

The Open Boat

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