



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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 **two** questions, one from Section A and one 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.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Bhatt uses observations of the natural world to make comments about human experience.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Bhatt's poetry.

*For Nanabhai Bhatt*

In this dream my grandfather  
comes to comfort me.  
He stands apart  
silent  
and in his face I see 5  
the patience of his trees  
on hot typhoid days  
that promise no rain.

His eyes 10  
the colour of a crow's feather in children's mud,  
yet filled with sharp mountain-top light.

I'm sure this was the face the true bald man,  
Gandhiji saw when he confessed  
about the Harijan girl, the six-year-old 15  
he adopted and tried to educate.

I'm sure these were the eyes the true hermaphrodite,  
Gandhiji saw while he explained  
how this girl cared too much for clothes,  
how one day she went and had her hair bobbed,  
*the latest fashion*, she said. 20

It was too much.  
She had to be set straight,  
the sooner the better.  
So he had her head shaved  
to teach her 25  
not to look in mirrors so often.

At this point Gandhiji turned  
towards my grandfather and allowed, so softly:  
'But she cried. 30  
I couldn't stop her crying.  
She didn't touch dinner.  
She cried all night.

I brought her to my room,  
tucked her in my bed, sang her *bhajans*,  
but she still cried. 35  
I stayed awake beside her.

So this morning I can't think clearly,  
I can't discuss our plans  
for building schools in villages.' 40  
And my grandfather  
looked at him with the same face  
he shows in my dream.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the presentation of landscape is important to **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Halligan develops his observations of the cockroach in the following poem.

*The Cockroach*

I watched a giant cockroach start to pace,  
Skirting a ball of dust that rode the floor.  
At first he seemed quite satisfied to trace  
A path between the wainscot and the door,  
But soon he turned to jog in crooked rings, 5  
Circling the rusty table leg and back,  
And flipping right over to scratch his wings –  
As if the victim of a mild attack  
Of restlessness that worsened over time.  
After a while, he climbed an open shelf 10  
And stopped. He looked uncertain where to go.  
Was this due payment for some vicious crime  
A former life had led to? I don't know,  
Except I thought I recognised myself.

Kevin Halligan

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

3 **Either** (a) 'The still, sad music of humanity ...'

How far do you find Wordsworth's presentation of human life pessimistic?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Wordsworth develops tone and mood in the following poem.

*Nutting*

\_\_\_\_\_It seems a day,  
 One of those heavenly days which cannot die,  
 When forth I sallied from our cottage-door,  
 And with a wallet o'er my shoulder slung,  
 A nutting crook in hand, I turned my steps 5  
 Towards the distant woods, a Figure quaint,  
 Tricked out in proud disguise of Beggar's weeds  
 Put on for the occasion, by advice  
 And exhortation of my frugal Dame.  
 Motley accoutrements! of power to smile 10  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, and, in truth,  
 More ragged than need was. Among the woods,  
 And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way  
 Until, at length, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough 15  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation, but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung,  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart 20  
 As joy delights in; and with wise restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet, or beneath the trees I sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
 A temper known to those, who, after long 25  
 And weary expectation, have been blessed  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.—  
 —Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye, 30  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
 For ever, and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
 That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
 Lay round me scattered like a flock of sheep, 35  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease, and, of its joy secure  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones, 40  
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage; and the shady nook  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,

Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being: and unless I now  
Confound my present feelings with the past,  
Even then, when from the bower I turned away,  
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees and the intruding sky.—

Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch,—for there is a Spirit in the woods.

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The growth and development of Rochester's character is as important to the novel as that of Jane.'

How far do you agree with this assessment?

- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, discussing ways in which Brontë presents the character of Miss Temple.

Having invited Helen and me to approach the table, and placed before each of us a cup of tea with one delicious but thin morsel of toast, she got up, unlocked a drawer, and taking from it a parcel wrapped in paper, disclosed presently to our eyes a good-sized seed-cake.

'I meant to give each of you some of this to take with you,' said she; 'but as there is so little toast, you must have it now,' and she proceeded to cut slices with a generous hand. 5

We feasted that evening as on nectar and ambrosia; and not the least delight of the entertainment was the smile of gratification with which our hostess regarded us, as we satisfied our famished appetites on the delicate fare she liberally supplied. Tea over and the tray removed, she again summoned us to the fire; we sat one on each side of her, and now a conversation followed between her and Helen, which it was indeed a privilege to be admitted to hear. 10

Miss Temple had always something of serenity in her air, of state in her mien, of refined propriety in her language, which precluded deviation into the ardent, the excited, the eager: something which chastened the pleasure of those who looked on her, and listened to her, by a controlling sense of awe; and such was my feeling now: but as to Helen Burns, I was struck with wonder. 15

The refreshing meal, the brilliant fire, the presence and kindness of her beloved instructress, or, perhaps, more than all these, something in her own unique mind, had roused her powers within her. They woke, they kindled: first, they glowed in the bright tint of her cheek, which till this hour I had never seen but pale and bloodless; then they shone in the liquid lustre of her eyes, which had suddenly acquired a beauty more singular than that of Miss Temple's – a beauty neither of fine colour nor long eyelash, nor pencilled brow, but of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell; has a girl of fourteen a heart large enough, vigorous enough to hold the swelling spring of pure, full, fervid eloquence? Such was the characteristic of Helen's discourse on that, to me, memorable evening; her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence. 20 25 30

They conversed of things I had never heard of; of nations and times past; of countries far away; of secrets of nature discovered or guessed at: they spoke of books: how many they had read! What stores of knowledge they possessed! Then they seemed so familiar with French names and French authors: but my amazement reached its climax when Miss Temple asked Helen if she sometimes snatched a moment to recall the Latin her father had taught her, and, taking a book from a shelf, bade her read and construe a page of Virgil; and Helen obeyed, my organ of veneration expanding at every sounding line. She had scarcely finished ere the bell announced bedtime; no delay could be admitted; Miss Temple embraced us both, saying, as she drew us to her heart – 35 40

'God bless you, my children!'

Helen she held a little longer than me; she let her go more reluctantly. It was Helen her eye followed to the door; it was for her she a second time breathed a sad sigh; for her she wiped a tear from her cheek.

Chapter 8

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

5 **Either** (a) 'Babamukuru was indeed a man of consequence however you measured him.'

Explore Dangarembga's characterisation of Babamukuru and his role in the novel.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering the significance of this episode to the novel.

The old woman looked at me shaking her head. 'Ts-ts-ts-ts!' she clicked.

'Come, Doris,' the man said, anxiously grasping her elbow. 'We don't need any mealies.'

'Shocking, simply shocking,' protested Doris. 'I'd be shocking myself if I walked by and didn't say anything, George! Oi, young man, yes you!' she said, raising her voice to address Mr Matimba. 'Is she your little girl?' Without waiting for an answer she gave him a piece of her mind. 'Child labour. Slavery! That's what it is. And I'm sure you don't need to make the poor mite work. You are natty enough, but look at the mite, all rags and tears.' 5

Doris' husband turned down the corners of his mouth at Mr Matimba, apologetically, embarrassed, annoyed. 10

'Come now, Doris, it's none of our business.'

This appeared to be the opinion of the other Whites in the street. They crossed over before they reached us. Some did walk by, but I think they did not speak English; in fact no one spoke at all except for one beefy youth. 15

'What's the matter, lady? The munt being cheeky?'

A crowd of black people gathered. 'What's the matter with the old ones?' asked a young man in sunglasses and a tweed cap irrepressibly set over one eye. He spiked the beefy youth with a vigilant eye. I was obliged to tell him that I did not know because I did not speak English. But, I assured him, I was going to learn English when I went back to school. 20

Doris would not keep quiet. 'The child ought to be in school, learning her tables and keeping out of mischief,' she railed. 'Now, don't tell me there aren't any schools, young man, because I know the Governor is doing a lot for the natives in the way of education.' 25

'They're kaffirs,' interjected the youth. 'They don't want to learn anything. Too much like hard work.'

'Speak up for yourself, now,' Doris commanded Mr Matimba.

Mr Matimba did speak for himself. He spoke most sorrowfully and most beseechingly. Doris darkened like a chameleon. Money changed hands, paper money from Doris' hands to Mr Matimba's. The beefy youth was disgusted. 'That's more than two crates of *shumba*. Wasted on a kaffir!' Doris allowed her husband to lead her away. I offered my basket, repeating my slogan, for her to choose the biggest cobs. She patted my head and called me a plucky piccannin. 30

Some of the crowd cheered, saying she was more human than most of her kind. Others muttered that white people could afford to be, in fact ought to be, generous. 35

'What is good is not given,' warned the man in the cap. 'What will she do when the money runs out. Look for another old White?' He spat on the pavement. I did not know why he was so angry, but Mr Matimba was smiling conspiratorially, so I knew that everything was all right. 40

'There is no reason to stay,' he said. 'Pack the maize and we will go.' I did as I was told, although I was worried that we had not sold any maize. In the truck Mr Matimba explained what had happened, how Doris had accused him of making me work instead of sending me to school and how he had told her that I was an orphan, taken in by my father's brother but, being the thirteenth child under their roof, had not been sent to school for lack of fees. He had said that I was very clever, very hardworking and was selling mealies to raise my school fees with his assistance. 45



He told me that Doris had commended him for trying to help me, had donated ten pounds towards my school fees. He showed me the money, the crisp clean note. Ten pounds. We never even talked about that much money at home. Now here I was holding it in my hands! The money, the money, no thought for the method. 50

Chapter 2

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of conflicting ideals in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering in particular ways in which Wells presents the fantasy world of the garden.

'All I remember is the happiness and two dear playfellows who were most with me ... Then presently came a sombre dark woman, with a grave, pale face and dreamy eyes, a sombre woman, wearing a soft long robe of pale purple, who carried a book, and beckoned and took me aside with her into a gallery above a hall – though my playmates were loth to have me go, and ceased their game and stood watching as I was carried away. "Come back to us!" they cried. "Come back to us soon!" I looked up at her face, but she heeded them not at all. Her face was very gentle and grave. She took me to a seat in the gallery, and I stood beside her, ready to look at her book as she opened it upon her knee. The pages fell open. She pointed, and I looked, marvelling, for in the living pages of that book I saw myself, it was a story about myself, and in it were all the things that had happened to me since ever I was born ...

'It was wonderful to me, because the pages of that book were not pictures, you understand, but realities.'

Wallace paused gravely – looked at me doubtfully.

'Go on,' I said. 'I understand.'

'They were realities – yes, they must have been; people moved and things came and went in them; my dear mother, whom I had near forgotten; then my father, stern and upright, the servants, the nursery, all the familiar things of home. Then the front door and the busy streets, with traffic to and fro. I looked and marvelled, and looked half doubtfully again into the woman's face and turned the pages over, skipping this and that, to see more of this book and more, and so at last I came to myself hovering and hesitating outside the green door in the long white wall, and felt again the conflict and the fear.

"And next?" I cried, and would have turned on, but the cool hand of the grave woman delayed me.

"Next?" I insisted, and struggled gently with her hand, pulling up her fingers with all my childish strength, and as she yielded and the page came over she bent down upon me like a shadow and kissed my brow.

'But the page did not show the enchanted garden, nor the panthers, nor the girl who had led me by the hand, nor the playfellows who had been so loth to let me go. It showed a long grey street in West Kensington, in that chill hour of afternoon before the lamps are lit; and I was there, a wretched little figure, weeping aloud, for all that I could do to restrain myself, and I was weeping because I could not return to my dear playfellows who had called after me, "Come back to us! Come back to us soon!" I was there. This was no page in a book, but harsh reality; that enchanted place and the restraining hand of the grave mother at whose knee I stood had gone – whither had they gone?'

He halted again, and remained for a time staring into the fire.

'Oh! the woefulness of that return!' he murmured.

'Well?' I said, after a minute or so.

'Poor little wretch I was! – brought back to this grey world again! As I realised the fullness of what had happened to me, I gave way to quite ungovernable grief. And the shame and humiliation of that public weeping and my disgraceful home-coming remain with me still. I see again the benevolent-looking old gentleman in gold spectacles who stopped and spoke to me – prodding me first with his umbrella.

“Poor little chap,” said he; “and are you lost then?” – and me a London boy of five and more! And he must needs bring in a kindly young policeman and make a crowd of me, and so march me home. Sobbing, conspicuous, and frightened, I came back from the enchanted garden to the steps of my father’s house.’

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*The Door in the Wall*

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