



LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2013

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

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

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems in your answer, discuss ways in which Hardy's poetry vividly evokes particular incidents.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hardy expresses a sense of loss in the following poem.

The Shadow on the Stone

I went by the Druid stone
 That broods in the garden white and lone,
 And I stopped and looked at the shifting shadows
 That at some moments fall thereon
 From the tree hard by with a rhythmic swing, 5
 And they shaped in my imagining
 To the shade that a well-known head and shoulders
 Threw there when she was gardening.

I thought her behind my back,
 Yea, her I long had learned to lack, 10
 And I said: 'I am sure you are standing behind me,
 Though how do you get into this old track?'
 And there was no sound but the fall of a leaf
 As a sad response; and to keep down grief
 I would not turn my head to discover 15
 That there was nothing in my belief.

Yet I wanted to look and see
 That nobody stood at the back of me;
 But I thought once more: 'Nay, I'll not unvision
 A shape which, somehow, there may be.' 20
 So I went on softly from the glade,
 And left her behind me throwing her shade,
 As she were indeed an apparition –
 My head unturned lest my dream should fade.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Heaney uses different settings in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, discussing ways in which Heaney suggests possibilities of renewal and hope.

Through every check and scan I carried with me

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And spirited myself into the street.

from The Tollund Man in Springtime

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which poets express dissatisfaction with the world in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the language and tone with which the writer presents the dream in the following poem.

A Dream

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
I went to the window to see the sight;
All the Dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they passed, and on they passed; 5
Townsfellows all, from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lane,
Quenched in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we played 10
At soldiers once – but now more staid;
Those were the strangest sight to me
Who were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;
Some that I loved, and gasped to speak to; 15
Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd – where each seemed lonely,
Yet of them all there was one, one only,
Raised a head or looked my way:
She lingered a moment, – she might not stay. 20

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
Ah! Mother dear! might I only place
My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were pressed!

On, on, a moving bridge they made 25
Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
Young and old, women and men;
Many long-forgot, but remembered then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
A sound of tears the moment after; 30
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning, day by day,
I strive to recall it if I may.

William Allingham

Turn to Page 6 for Question 4

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and role of Odenigbo, the 'revolutionary freedom fighter'.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents the terror of violence.

A voice, speaking English with an elegant Hausa accent, announced that the passengers from the London flight should proceed to board the flight for Lagos. Richard was relieved. 'It has been nice talking to you, *jisie ike*,' he said.

'Yes, sir. Greet Kainene.'

Nnaemeka turned to go back to his desk. Richard picked up his briefcase. The side entrance burst open and three men ran in holding up long rifles. They were wearing green army uniforms, and Richard wondered why soldiers would make such a spectacle of themselves, dashing in like that, until he saw how red and wildly glassy their eyes were. 5

The first soldier waved his gun around. '*Ina nyamiri!* Where are the Igbo people? Who is Igbo here? Where are the infidels?' 10

A woman screamed.

'You are Igbo,' the second soldier said to Nnaemeka.

'No, I come from Katsina! Katsina!'

The soldier walked over to him. 'Say Allahu Akbar!' 15

The lounge was silent. Richard felt cold sweat weighing on his eyelashes.

'Say Allahu Akbar!' the soldier repeated.

Nnaemeka knelt down. Richard saw fear etched so deeply onto his face that it collapsed his cheeks and transfigured him into a mask that looked nothing like him. He would not say Allahu Akbar because his accent would give him away. Richard willed him to say the words, anyway, to try; he willed something, anything, to happen in the stifling silence and as if in answer to his thoughts, the rifle went off and Nnaemeka's chest blew open, a splattering red mass, and Richard dropped the note in his hand. 20

Passengers were crouched behind the chairs. Men got on their knees to lower their heads to the floor. Somebody was shouting in Igbo, 'My mother, oh! My mother, oh! God has said no!' It was the bartender. One of the soldiers walked up close and shot him and then aimed at the bottles of liquor lined up behind and shot those. The room smelt of whisky and Campari and gin. 25

There were more soldiers now, more shots, more shouts of '*Nyamiri!*' and '*Araba, araba!*' The bartender was writhing on the floor and the gurgle that came from his mouth was guttural. The soldiers ran out to the tarmac and into the aeroplane and pulled out Igbo people who had already boarded and lined them up and shot them and left them lying there, their bright clothes splashes of colour on the dusty black stretch. The security guards folded their arms across their uniforms and watched. Richard felt himself wet his trousers. There was a painful ringing in his ears. He almost missed his flight because, as the other passengers walked shakily to the plane, he stood aside, vomiting. 35

Chapter 12

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

5 **Either** (a) 'Miss Quested was only a victim, but young Heaslop was a martyr.'

Discuss ways in which Forster uses the events at the Marabar caves to characterise the English.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents the Hindu ceremony in the following passage.

Hundreds of electric lights had been lit in His honour (worked by an engine whose thumps destroyed the rhythm of the hymn). Yet His face could not be seen. Hundreds of His silver dishes were piled around Him with the minimum of effect. The inscriptions which the poets of the state had composed were hung where they could not be read, or had twitched their drawing-pins out of the stucco, and one of them (composed in English to indicate His universality) consisted, by an unfortunate slip of the draughtsman, of the words, 'God si Love.' 5

God si Love. Is this the final message of India?

'Tukaram, Tukaram ...'

continued the choir, reinforced by a squabble behind the purdah curtain, where two mothers tried to push their children at the same moment to the front. A little girl's leg shot out like an eel. In the courtyard, drenched by the rain, the small Europeanized band stumbled off into a waltz. 'Nights of Gladness' they were playing. The singers were not perturbed by this rival, they lived beyond competition. It was long before the tiny fragment of Professor Godbole that attended to outside things decided that his pince-nez was in trouble, and that until it was adjusted he could not choose a new hymn. He laid down one cymbal, with the other he clashed the air, with his free hand he fumbled at the flowers round his neck. A colleague assisted him. Singing into one another's gray moustaches, they disentangled the chain from the tinsel into which it had sunk. Godbole consulted the music-book, said a word to the drummer, who broke rhythm, made a thick little blur of sound, and produced a new rhythm. This was more exciting, the inner images it evoked more definite, and the singers' expressions became fatuous and languid. They loved all men, the whole universe, and scraps of their past, tiny splinters of detail, emerged for a moment to melt into the universal warmth. Thus Godbole, though she was not important to him, remembered an old woman he had met in Chandrapore days. Chance brought her into his mind while it was in this heated state, he did not select her, she happened to occur among the throng of soliciting images, a tiny splinter, and he impelled her by his spiritual force to that place where completeness can be found. Completeness, not reconstruction. His senses grew thinner, he remembered a wasp seen he forgot where, perhaps on a stone. He loved the wasp equally, he impelled it likewise, he was imitating God. And the stone where the wasp clung – could he ... no, he had been wrong to attempt the stone, logic and conscious effort had seduced, he came back to the strip of red carpet and discovered that he was dancing upon it. Up and down, a third of the way to the altar and back again, clashing his cymbals, his little legs twinkling, his companions dancing with him and each other. Noise, noise, the Europeanized band louder, incense on the altar, sweat, the blaze of lights, wind in the bananas, noise, thunder, eleven-fifty by his wrist-watch, seen as he threw up his hands and detached the tiny reverberation that was his soul. Louder shouts in the crowd. He danced on. The boys and men who were squatting in the aisles were lifted forcibly and dropped without changing their shapes into the laps of their neighbours. Down the path thus cleared advanced a litter. 10
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It was the aged Ruler of the State, brought against the advice of his physicians to witness the Birth ceremony.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories from your selection present difficult human relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Woolf's writing in the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which it explores the idea of reflection.

But, outside, the looking-glass reflected the hall table, the sunflowers, the garden path so accurately and so fixedly that they seemed held there in their reality unescapably. It was a strange contrast – all changing here, all stillness there. One could not help looking from one to the other. Meanwhile, since all the doors and windows were open in the heat, there was a perpetual sighing and ceasing sound, the voice of the transient and the perishing, it seemed, coming and going like human breath, while in the looking-glass things had ceased to breathe and lay still in the trance of immortality. 5

Half an hour ago the mistress of the house, Isabella Tyson, had gone down the grass path in her thin summer dress, carrying a basket, and had vanished, sliced off by the gilt rim of the looking-glass. She had gone presumably into the lower garden to pick flowers; or as it seemed more natural to suppose, to pick something light and fantastic and leafy and trailing, traveller's joy, or one of those elegant sprays of convolvulus that twine round ugly walls and burst here and there into white and violet blossoms. She suggested the fantastic and the tremulous convolvulus rather than the upright aster, the starched zinnia, or her own burning roses alight like lamps on the straight posts of their rose trees. The comparison showed how very little, after all these years, one knew about her; for it is impossible that any woman of flesh and blood of fifty-five or sixty should be really a wreath or a tendril. Such comparisons are worse than idle and superficial – they are cruel even, for they come like the convolvulus itself trembling between one's eyes and the truth. There must be truth; there must be a wall. Yet it was strange that after knowing her all these years one could not say what the truth about Isabella was; one still made up phrases like this about convolvulus and traveller's joy. As for facts, it was a fact that she was a spinster; that she was rich; that she had bought this house and collected with her own hands – often in the most obscure corners of the world and at great risk from poisonous stings and Oriental diseases – the rugs, the chairs, the cabinets which now lived their nocturnal life before one's eyes. Sometimes it seemed as if they knew more about her than we, who sat on them, wrote at them, and trod on them so carefully, were allowed to know. In each of these cabinets were many little drawers, and each almost certainly held letters, tied with bows of ribbon, sprinkled with sticks of lavender or rose leaves. For it was another fact – if facts were what one wanted – that Isabella had known many people, had had many friends; and thus if one had the audacity to open a drawer and read her letters, one would find the traces of many agitations, of appointments to meet, of upbraidings for not having met, long letters of intimacy and affection, violent letters of jealousy and reproach, terrible final words of parting – for all those interviews and assignations had led to nothing – that is, she had never married, and yet, judging from the mask-like indifference of her face, she had gone through twenty times more of passion and experience than those whose loves are trumpeted forth for all the world to hear. Under the stress of thinking about Isabella, her room became more shadowy and symbolic; the corners seemed darker, the legs of chairs and tables more spindly and hieroglyphic. 10
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Suddenly these reflections were ended violently and yet without a sound. A large black form loomed into the looking-glass; blotted out everything, strewed the table with a packet of marble tablets veined with pink and grey, and was gone. But the picture was entirely altered. For the moment it was unrecognisable and irrational and entirely out of focus. One could not relate these tablets to any human purpose. 35
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And then by degrees some logical process set to work on them and began ordering and arranging them and bringing them into the fold of common experience. One realised at last that they were merely letters. The man had brought the post.

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The Lady in the Looking-Glass: a Reflection

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