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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2017**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **8** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.

**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss Hughes's use of setting.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the crane-fly in the following poem.

*A Crane-fly in September*

She is struggling through grass-mesh – not flying,

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With her cumbering limbs and cumbered brain.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Jennings presents illness in **two** poems.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents 'the savage world'.

*Song for a Birth or a Death*

Last night I saw the savage world  
 And heard the blood beat up the stair;  
 The fox's bark, the owl's shrewd pounce,  
 The crying creatures—all were there,  
 And men in bed with love and fear. 5

The slit moon only emphasised  
 How blood must flow and teeth must grip.  
 What does the calm light understand,  
 The light which draws the tide and ship  
 And drags the owl upon its prey 10  
 And human creatures lip to lip?

Last night I watched how pleasure must  
 Leap from disaster with its will:  
 The fox's fear, the watch-dog's lust  
 Know that all matings mean a kill: 15  
 And human creatures kissed in trust  
 Feel the blood throb to death until

The seed is struck, the pleasure's done,  
 The birds are thronging in the air;  
 The moon gives way to widespread sun. 20  
 Yes but the pain still crouches where  
 The young fox and the child are trapped  
 And cries of love are cries of fear.

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present difficult human relationships in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses the speaker's attitude to death.

*Last Lines*

*'The following are the last lines my sister Emily ever wrote.'*  
(Charlotte Brontë)

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast, 5  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me has rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds 10  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one 15  
Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love 20  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death, 25  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou—thou art Being and Breath,  
And what thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë

## Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which the novel presents family relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Gogol's thoughts about the journey to India.

On the plane Gogol is seated several rows behind his parents and Sonia, in another section altogether. His parents are distressed by this, but Gogol is secretly pleased to be on his own. When the stewardess approaches with her cart of beverages he tries his luck and asks for a Bloody Mary, tasting the metallic bite of alcohol for the first time in his life. They fly first to London, and then to Calcutta via Dubai. When they fly over the Alps, his father gets out of his seat to take pictures of the snowcapped peaks through the window. On past trips, it used to thrill Gogol that they were flying over so many countries; again and again he would trace their itinerary on the map in the seat pocket below his tray and feel somehow adventurous. But this time it frustrates him that it is to Calcutta that they always go. Apart from visiting relatives there was nothing to do in Calcutta. He's already been to the planetarium and the Zoo Gardens and the Victoria Memorial a dozen times. They have never been to Disneyland or the Grand Canyon. Only once, when their connecting flight in London was delayed, did they leave Heathrow and take a double-decker bus tour of the city. 5 10 15

On the final leg of the trip there are only a few non-Indians left on the plane. Bengali conversation fills the cabin; his mother has already exchanged addresses with the family across the aisle. Before landing she slips into the bathroom and changes, miraculously in that minuscule space, into a fresh sari. A final meal is served, an herbed omelette topped with a slice of grilled tomato. Gogol savors each mouthful, aware that for the next eight months nothing will taste quite the same. Through the window he sees palm trees and banana trees, a damp, drab sky. The wheels touch the ground, the aircraft is sprayed with disinfectant, and then they descend onto the tarmac of Dum Dum Airport, breathing in the sour, stomach-turning, early morning air. They stop to wave back at the row of relatives waving madly from the observation deck, little cousins propped up on uncles' shoulders. As usual the Gangulis are relieved to learn that all their luggage has arrived, together and unmolested, and relieved further still when customs doesn't make a fuss. And then the frosted doors slide open and once again they are officially there, no longer in transit, swallowed by hugs and kisses and pinched cheeks and smiles. There are endless names Gogol and Sonia must remember to say, not aunt this and uncle that but terms far more specific: *mashi* and *pishi*, *mama* and *maima*, *kaku* and *jethu*, to signify whether they are related on their mother's or their father's side, by marriage or by blood. Ashima, now Monu, weeps with relief, and Ashoke, now Mithu, kisses his brothers on both cheeks, holds their heads in his hands. Gogol and Sonia know these people, but they do not feel close to them as their parents do. Within minutes, before their eyes Ashoke and Ashima slip into bolder, less complicated versions of themselves, their voices louder, their smiles wider, revealing a confidence Gogol and Sonia never see on Pemberton Road. "I'm scared, Goggles," Sonia whispers to her brother in English, seeking his hand and refusing to let go. 20 25 30 35 40

Chapter 4

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and presentation of Simon Rosedale in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Gerty Farish in the following passage.

Alone with her cousin's kiss, Gerty stared upon her thoughts. He had kissed her before – but not with another woman on his lips. If he had spared her that she could have drowned quietly, welcoming the dark flood as it submerged her. But now the flood was shot through with glory, and it was harder to drown at sunrise than in darkness. Gerty hid her face from the light, but it pierced to the crannies of her soul. 5  
 She had been so contented, life had seemed so simple and sufficient – why had he come to trouble her with new hopes? And Lily – Lily, her best friend! Womanlike, she accused the woman. Perhaps, had it not been for Lily, her fond imagining might have become truth. Selden had always liked her – had understood and sympathised with the modest independence of her life. He, who had the reputation of weighing all things in the nice balance of fastidious perceptions, had been uncritical and simple 10  
 in his view of her: his cleverness had never overawed her because she had felt at home in his heart. And now she was thrust out, and the door barred against her by Lily's hand! Lily, for whose admission there she herself had pleaded! The situation was lighted up by a dreary flash of irony. She knew Selden – she saw 15  
 how the force of her faith in Lily must have helped to dispel his hesitations. She remembered, too, how Lily had talked of him – she saw herself bringing the two together, making them known to each other. On Selden's part, no doubt, the wound inflicted was inconscient; he had never guessed her foolish secret; but Lily – Lily must have known! When, in such matters, are a woman's perceptions at fault? And 20  
 if she knew, then she had deliberately despoiled her friend, and in mere wantonness of power, since, even to Gerty's suddenly flaming jealousy, it seemed incredible that Lily should wish to be Selden's wife. Lily might be incapable of marrying for money, but she was equally incapable of living without it, and Selden's eager investigations into the small economies of housekeeping made him appear to Gerty as tragically 25  
 duped as herself.

She remained long in her sitting-room, where the embers were crumbling to cold grey, and the lamp paled under its gay shade. Just beneath it stood the photograph of Lily Bart, looking out imperially on the cheap gimcracks, the cramped furniture of the little room. Could Selden picture her in such an interior? Gerty felt the poverty, 30  
 the insignificance of her surroundings: she beheld her life as it must appear to Lily. And the cruelty of Lily's judgements smote upon her memory. She saw that she had dressed her idol with attributes of her own making. When had Lily ever really felt, or pitied, or understood? All she wanted was the taste of new experiences: she seemed like some cruel creature experimenting in a laboratory. 35

The pink-faced clock drummed out another hour, and Gerty rose with a start. She had an appointment early the next morning with a district visitor on the Eastside. She put out her lamp, covered the fire, and went into her bedroom to undress. In the little glass above her dressing-table she saw her face reflected against the shadows of the room, and tears blotted the reflection. What right had she to dream 40  
 the dreams of loveliness? A dull face invited a dull fate. She cried quietly as she undressed, laying aside her clothes with her habitual precision, setting everything in order for the next day, when the old life must be taken up as though there had been no break in its routine. Her servant did not come till eight o'clock, and she prepared her own tea-tray and placed it beside the bed. Then she locked the door 45  
 of the flat, extinguished her light and lay down. But on her bed sleep would not come, and she lay face to face with the fact that she hated Lily Bart. It closed with her in the darkness like some formless evil to be blindly grappled with. Reason, judgement, renunciation, all the sane daylight forces, were beaten back in the sharp

struggle for self-preservation. She wanted happiness – wanted it as fiercely as Lily 50 did, but without Lily’s power of obtaining it. And in her conscious impotence she lay shivering, and hated her friend.

Book 1, Chapter 14

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories present a character coming to a significant realisation.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *The Village Saint*, considering ways in which it presents Mma-Mompatati.

And so life went on in that great house. The tribal intrigues and explosions came; the intrigues and explosions became irrelevant. The great lady of the town, Mma-Mompatati, was seen everywhere. She had the close, guarded eyes of one who knows too much and isn't telling. She presided over teas and luncheons in her home, just like any English lady, with polished etiquette and the professional smile of the highborn who don't really give a damn about people or anything. And as though to off-set all the intrigues and underworld deals that went on in her home behind closed doors, Mma-Mompatati assiduously cultivated her 'other image' of the holy woman. No villager could die without being buried by Mma-Mompatati: she attended the funerals of rich and poor. No one could fall ill without receiving the prayers of Mma-Mompatati. Two days a week she set aside for visits to the hospital and in the afternoon, during visiting hours, she made the rounds of the hospital ward, Bible in hand. She would stop at each bed and enquire solicitously: 5

'And what may ail you, my daughter? And what may ail you, my son?'

At which, of course, the grateful ailing one would break out with a long list of woes. She had a professional smile and a professional frown of concern for everything, just like the priests. But topping it all was the fluidity and ease with which she could pray. 15

'Oh,' she would say, stricken with sorrow. 'I shall pray for you,' and bending her head in deep concentration she would pray and pray to either God or Jesus for the suffering of the world. Needless to say these gestures were deeply appreciated. 20

Then one day, without any warning, Rra-Mompatati brought his world crashing down around his ears. He just preferred another woman and walked out of the security and prestige of his job and home to live with her. It was one of those scandals that rocked the village from end to end and for a time Rra-Mompatati shuffled around shame-faced at his appalling deed. He averted his face so as not to catch the angry looks of the villagers which clearly said: 'Now Rra-Mompatati, how could you leave a good woman like Mma-Mompatati? She is matchless in her perfection. There is no other woman like her.' 25

On this tide of indignation Mma-Mompatati swept sedately into the divorce court. The whole village memorised her great court oration because she repeated it so often thereafter. It was to God, the Church, the Bible, the Sick, the Poor, the Suffering, the Honour of an Honourable Woman, the Blessings of Holy Matrimony and so on. The court was very impressed by this noble, wronged woman. They ordered that Rra-Mompatati, who was rich, settle her handsomely for life, with many cattle. Life in the village became very difficult for Rra-Mompatati. People muttered curses at the very sight of him, and as for his new-found lady-love, she dared not show her face. He was also advised by the elders that a man of his low morals could not be in charge of the affairs of the tribe and he ought to look for another job. Rra-Mompatati failed to defend himself, except in odd ways. After a long silence he told a sympathetic friend that he was sick of the nonsense of the village and would retire permanently to his cattle-post and live henceforth the life of a cattle-man. He was highly indignant, in an illogical way, at people, for turning against him. 30 35 40

*The Village Saint*









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