



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2008

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) 'How can you bear witness
with words?'

Referring to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Bhatt considers difficult circumstances, such as violence and upheaval, in her poetry.

- Or (b) Comment closely on the content, language and form of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Bhatt's poetry in the selection you have studied.

The Peacock

His loud sharp call seems to come from nowhere. Then, a flash of turquoise in the pipal tree. The slender neck arched away from you as he descends, and as he darts away, a glimpse of the very end of his tail.	5
 I was told that you have to sit in the veranda and read a book, preferably one of your favourites with great concentration. The moment you begin to live inside the book a blue shadow will fall over you. The wind will change direction, the steady hum of bees in the bushes nearby will stop.	10 15 20
The cat will awaken and stretch. Something has broken your attention; and if you look up in time you might see the peacock turning away as he gathers in his tail to shut those dark glowing eyes, violet fringed with golden amber. It is the tail that has to blink for eyes that are always open.	25

Songs of Ourselves (Section 4)

- 2 **Either** (a) 'I'm not sure such a thing [*life*]
should be put in the way of children'

Referring to **two** poems, discuss the ways the poets present aspects of human life.

- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on the ways in which the poet presents the planners.

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded, filled with permutations of possibilities. The buildings are in alignment with the roads which meet at desired points linked by bridges all hang in the grace of mathematics. They build and will not stop. Even the sea draws back and the skies surrender.	5
They erase the flaws, the blemishes of the past, knock off useless blocks with dental dexterity. All gaps are plugged with gleaming gold.	10
The country wears perfect rows of shining teeth. Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis. They have the means. They have it all so it will not hurt, so history is new again.	15
The piling will not stop. The drilling goes right through the fossils of last century.	20
But my heart would not bleed poetry. Not a single drop to stain the blueprint of our past's tomorrow.	25

Boey Kim Cheng

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poetry*

- 3** **Either** **(a)** Wordsworth wrote of the significance to poetry of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'. With reference to **two** poems, discuss Wordsworth's poetry in the light of this comment.
- Or** **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Wordsworth's methods and concerns.

Lines Written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man. 5

Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. 10

The birds around me hopped and played:
Their thoughts I cannot measure,
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure. 15

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

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Turn to page 6 for Question 4.

Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 Either (a) Beatrice tells Ikem that he has 'no clear role for women in his political thinking'. Discuss Achebe's presentation of women in the novel in the light of this comment.
- Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of information in the 'Special Announcement'.

It was clear that Major Samsonite Ossai and his boss were adopting a quiet line. Therefore he must embark on a massive publicizing of the abduction. He knew he could count on some of the representatives in Bassa of foreign news agencies, their press and radio. On the home front there was no comparable resource to lean on but there was the enormous potential of that great network nicknamed VOR, the Voice of Rumour, the despair of tyrants and shady dealers in high places. Before evening both systems, foreign and local seemed set to start buzzing in the interest of the abducted man.

5

Then at six o'clock yet another Special Announcement from the Directorate of State Research Council was on the air:

10

In the discharge of its duty in safeguarding the freedom and security of the State and of every law-abiding citizen of Kangan the State Research Council has uncovered a plot by unpatriotic elements in Kangan working in concert with certain foreign adventurers to destabilize the lawful government of this country.

15

This dastardly plot was master-minded by Mr Ikem Osodi until recently Editor of the government-owned *National Gazette*.

Investigations by top security officers of SRC have revealed Mr Osodi's involvement in three separate aspects of the plot:

(1) He was the key link between the plotters in Kangan and their foreign collaborators.

20

(2) He was the lynchpin between the plotters in Bassa and a group of disgruntled and unpatriotic chiefs in the Province of Abazon.

(3) Under the guise of a public lecture at the University of Bassa on 26 September, Mr Osodi furthered the aim of the plotters by inciting the students of the University to disaffection and rebellion against the government and the life of His Excellency the President and the peace and security of the State.

25

In the early hours of this morning a team of security officers effected the arrest of Mr Osodi in his official flat at 202 Kingsway Road in the Government Reservation Area and were taking him in a military vehicle for questioning at the SRC Headquarters when he seized a gun from one of his escorts. In the scuffle that ensued between Mr Osodi and his guards in the moving vehicle Mr Osodi was fatally wounded by gunshot.

30

His Excellency has already appointed a high-level inquiry into the accident to be headed by the Chief of Staff, Major-General Ahmed Lango, with the directive to commence investigations immediately and to report within fourteen days.

35

Meanwhile investigations are proceeding with a view to uncover all aspects of the plot and to bring to book any other person or persons, no matter how highly placed, involved in this treasonable conspiracy to divert our great and beloved country from its chosen path of orderly progress into renewed bloodshed and anarchy. Long live His Excellency the President! Long live the Republic of Kangan.

40

Signed Colonel Johnson Ossai,
Director of the State Research Council.

45

That is the end of this Special Announcement. There will be a repeat of the announcement at seven o'clock.

Chris threw a few things into his travelling bag while he waited nervously for Beatrice to arrive. As soon as she drove in he went out with the bag, locked the front door and left his house, as it turned out, for good.

50

The decision to leave had little at first to do with fear for his own safety although that factor was to loom larger with every passing day. But right now in his mind the overwhelming issue which had been crystallizing even as the announcement was issuing from the box was how to counter the hideous lie. Not tomorrow, it could be too late, but now!

55

Chapter 13

5 **Either** (a) George Eliot described Maggie as 'essentially noble but liable to great error'. How far do you find that Eliot's presentation of Maggie fits this description?

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the impression Tom and Mr Deane might make on the reader here.

Tom was going to speak, but Mr Deane put up his hand and said –
 "Stop! hear what I've got to say. You don't want to be a 'prentice, – I know, I know, – you want to make more haste – and you don't want to stand behind a counter. But if you're a copying-clerk, you'll have to stand behind a desk, and stare at your ink and paper all day: there isn't much out-look there, and you won't be much wiser at the end of the year than at the beginning. The world isn't made of pen, ink, and paper, and if you're to get on in the world, young man, you must know what the world's made of. Now the best chance for you 'ud be to have a place on a wharf, or in a warehouse, where you'd learn the smell of things – but you wouldn't like that, I'll be bound; you'd have to stand cold and wet, and be shouldered about by rough fellows. You're too fine a gentleman for that."

Mr Deane paused and looked hard at Tom, who certainly felt some inward struggle before he could reply –

"I would rather do what will be best for me in the end, sir; I would put up with what was disagreeable."

"That's well, if you can carry it out. But you must remember it isn't only laying hold of a rope – you must go on pulling. It's the mistake you lads make that have got nothing either in your brains or your pocket, to think you've got a better start in the world if you stick yourselves in a place where you can keep your coats clean, and have the shop-wench take you for fine gentlemen. That wasn't the way I started, young man: when I was sixteen, my jacket smelt of tar, and I wasn't afraid of handling cheeses. That's the reason I can wear good broadcloth now, and have my legs under the same table with the heads of the best firms in St Ogg's."

Uncle Deane tapped his box, and seemed to expand a little under his waistcoat and gold chain, as he squared his shoulders in the chair.

"Is there any place at liberty that you know of now, uncle, that I should do for? I should like to set to work at once," said Tom, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Stop a bit, stop a bit; we mustn't be in too great a hurry. You must bear in mind, if I put you in a place you're a bit young for, because you happen to be my nephew, I shall be responsible for you. And there's no better reason, you know, than your being my nephew; because it remains to be seen whether you're good for anything."

"I hope I should never do you any discredit, uncle," said Tom, hurt, as all boys are at the statement of the unpleasant truth that people feel no ground for trusting them. "I care about my own credit too much for that."

"Well done, Tom, well done! That's the right spirit, and I never refuse to help anybody if they've a mind to do themselves justice. There's a young man of two-and-twenty I've got my eye on now. I shall do what I can for that young man – he's got some pith in him. But then, you see, he's made good use of his time – a first-rate calculator – can tell you the cubic contents of anything in no time, and put me up the other day to a new market for Swedish bark; he's uncommonly knowing in manufactures, that young fellow."

"I'd better set about learning book-keeping, hadn't I, uncle?" said Tom, anxious to prove his readiness to exert himself.

"Yes, yes, you can't do amiss there. But ... ah, Spence, you're back again. Well, Tom, there's nothing more to be said just now, I think, and I must go to business again. Goodbye. Remember me to your mother."

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Turn to page 10 for Question 6.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield's stories tend to conclude with disappointment – either for the characters' expectations or the reader's.'

What are the effects of this sense of disappointment in Mansfield's stories? Refer to **two** stories in your answer.

- Or** (b) Commenting closely on the language of the following passage, discuss the ways Mansfield creates uncertainty and excitement.

'Of course the photograph is deplorable,' I said, scarcely breathing with terror, 'but it has been viséd and viséd.'

He raised his big bulk and went over to God II.

'Courage!' I said to my muff and held it firmly, 'Courage!'

God II held up a finger to me, and I produced Aunt Julie's letter and her card. 5
But he did not seem to feel the slightest interest in her. He stamped my passport idly, scribbled a word on my ticket, and I was on the platform again.

'That way – you pass out that way.'

Terribly pale, with a faint smile on his lips, his hand at salute, stood the little corporal. I gave no sign, I am sure I gave no sign. He stepped behind me. 10

'And then follow me as though you do not see me,' I heard him half whisper, half sing.

How fast he went, through the slippery mud towards a bridge. He had a postman's bag on his back, a paper parcel and the *Matin* in his hand. We seemed to dodge through a maze of policemen, and I could not keep up at all with the little corporal who began to whistle. From the toll-house 'our good friend, Madame Grinçon', her hands wrapped in a shawl, watched our coming, and against the toll-house there leaned a tiny faded cab. *Montez vite, vite!* said the little corporal, hurling my suitcase, the postman's bag, the paper parcel and the *Matin* on to the floor. 15

'A-ie! A-ie! Do not be so mad. Do not ride yourself. You will be seen,' wailed 'our good friend, Madame Grinçon.' 20

'Ah, je m'en f ...' said the little corporal.

The driver jerked into activity. He lashed the bony horse and away we flew, both doors, which were the complete sides of the cab, flapping and banging.

'*Bon jour, mon amie.*' 25

'*Bon jour, mon ami.*'

And then we swooped down and clutched at the banging doors. They would not keep shut. They were fools of doors.

'Lean back, let me do it!' I cried. 'Policemen are as thick as violets everywhere.' 30

At the barracks the horse reared up and stopped. A crowd of laughing faces blotted the window.

'*Prends ça, mon vieux,*' said the little corporal, handing the paper parcel.

'It's all right,' called someone.

We waved, we were off again. By a river, down a strange white street, with the little houses on either side, gay in the late sunlight. 35

'Jump out as soon as he stops again. The door will be open. Run straight inside. I will follow. The man is already paid. I know you will like the house. It is quite white. And the room is white too, and the people are –'

'White as snow.' 40

We looked at each other. We began to laugh. 'Now,' said the little corporal.

Out I flew and in at the door. There stood, presumably, my Aunt Julie. There in the background hovered, I supposed, my Uncle Paul.

'*Bon jour, Madame!*' '*Bon jour, Monsieur!*'

'It is all right, you are safe,' said my Aunt Julie. Heavens, how I loved her! 45
And she opened the door of the white room and shut it upon us. Down went the
suitcase, the postman's bag, the *Matin*. I threw my passport up into the air, and
the little corporal caught it.

An Indiscreet Journey

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