



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

9695/03

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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 **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 Either (a) 'The other night
I dreamt English
Was my middle name.'

Referring to **two** or **three** poems you have studied, discuss ways in which Bhatt's poetry explores different cultural influences.

- Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which it presents the vibrancy of life in India.

The Doors Are Always Open

Everywhere you turn there are goats,
some black and lumpy.
Others, with oily mushroom-soft hair,
sticky yellow in Muslim sand
shaded by the mosque. 5
Next door
there's a kerosene smeared kitchen.
We share a window
with the woman who lives with goats.
Now she unwraps some cheese 10
now she beats and kneads
a little boy and screams
'Idiot! Don't you tease that pregnant goat again!'
I look away: outside
the rooster runs away 15
from his dangling sliced head
while the pregnant goat lies with mourning hens.
Her bleating consolations
make the children spill
cheesy milk and run outside. 20
Wet soccer ball bubbles roll out
from a hole beneath the lifted tail.
The goat licks her kids free,
pushing, pushing
until they all wobble about. 25
We've counted five.
Hopping up and down, we push each other
until we see
the goat pushing her kids
to stand up, until 30
mothers call us back
to thick milk.

- Pied Beauty*

Gerard Manley Hopkins

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems***3 Either (a)** 'The Child is Father of the Man.'

Discuss ways in which Wordsworth explores the value of childhood experiences in **two** of the poems you have studied.

Or (b) Comment closely on the effects of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry that you have studied.*London 1802*

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea; 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In chearful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

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Turn to page 6 for Question 4.

Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) Ikem suggests that imperialism and Africans themselves are equally to blame for Kangan's problems. To what extent do you find this view borne out in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on the presentation of politics and power.

The Attorney-General was perched on the edge of his chair, his left elbow on the table, his neck craning forward to catch His Excellency's words which he had chosen to speak with unusual softness as if deliberately to put his hearer at a disadvantage; or on full alert on pain of missing a life and death password. As he watched his victim straining to catch the vital message he felt again that glow of quiet jubilation that had become a frequent companion especially when as now he was disposing with consummate ease of some of those troublesome people he had thought so formidable in his apprentice days in power. It takes a lion to tame a leopard, say our people. How right they are!

As he savoured this wonderful sense of achievement gained in so short a time spreading over and soaking into the core of his thinking and his being like fresh-red tasty palm-oil melting and diffusing itself over piping hot roast yam he withdrew his voice still further into his throat and, for good measure, threw his head back on his huge, black, leather chair so that he seemed to address his words at the high, indifferent ceiling rather than the solicitous listener across the table.

Suddenly suspicious like a quarry sniffing death in the air but uncertain in what quarter it might lurk the Attorney-General decided to stall. For a whole minute almost, he stood on one spot, making no move, offering no reply.

'Well?' His Excellency was stung into loudness by the other's delay and silence. He was also now sitting bolt upright. 'Did you hear what I said or should I repeat?'

'No need to repeat, Your Excellency. I heard you perfectly. You see, Your Excellency, your humble servant is a lawyer. My profession enjoins me to trust only hard evidence and to distrust personal feeling and mere suspicion.'

'Attorney-General, I sent for you not to read me a lecture but to answer my question. You may be the Attorney but don't forget I am the General.'

The Attorney-General exploded into peals of laughter, uncontrollable and beer-bellied. Through it he repeated again and again whenever he could: 'That's a good one, Your Excellency, that's a good one!' His Excellency, no doubt pleased with the dramatic result his wit had produced but not deigning to show it, merely fixed a pair of immobile but somewhat indulgent eyes on his Attorney-General, patiently waiting for his mirth to run its course. Finally it began to as he took the neatly-folded silk handkerchief out of his breast-pocket and dabbed his eyes daintily like a fat clown.

'You will now answer my question?' said His Excellency in a slightly amused tone.

'I am sorry, Your Excellency. Don't blame me; blame your Excellency's inimitable sense of humour ... To speak the truth, Your Excellency, I have no evidence of disloyalty on the part of my honourable colleague.' He paused for effect. But nothing showed on His Excellency's face. 'But lawyers are also human. I have a personal feeling which may not stand up in court, I agree, but I hold it very strongly and if Chris were here I would say it to his face. I don't think Chris is one hundred per cent behind you.'

'Why do you think you have that feeling?'

'Why do I have it? Well let's put it this way. I have watched my colleague in question closely in the last year or so and my impression is that he does not show

any joy, any enthusiasm in matters concerning this government in general and Your Excellency in particular. I was saying precisely that to him only a few minutes ago. Why do you go about with this tight face all the time, I said. Cheer up my friend. But he can't cheer up. Why? The reason is not far to seek. Two of you were after all class-mates at Lord Lugard College. He looks back to those days and sees you as the boy next door. He cannot understand how this same boy with whom he played all the boyish pranks, how he can today become this nation's Man of Destiny. You know, Your Excellency it was the same trouble Jesus had to face with his people. Those who knew him and knew his background were saying: "Is it not the same fellow who was born in a goat shed because his father had no money to pay for a chalet?" ...'

Chapter 2

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'It was *my* time to assume ascendancy. My powers were in play and in force.'

Discuss ways in which Brontë shows Jane gaining control of her own destiny in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the characterisation of Mr Brocklehurst and his ideals.

'Madam, allow me an instant. You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as the spoiling of a meal, the under or the over-dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of this institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on those occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of martyrs; to the exhortations of Our Blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, "If ye suffer hunger or thirst for My sake, happy are ye." Oh, madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!'

Mr Brocklehurst again paused – perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used –

'Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what – *what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled – curled all over?' And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

'It is Julia Severn,' replied Miss Temple very quietly.

'Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world so openly – here in an evangelical, charitable establishment – as to wear her hair one mass of curls?'

'Julia's hair curls naturally,' returned Miss Temple still more quietly.

'Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature. I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence – that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall.'

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they obeyed. Leaning a little back on

my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this manoeuvre; it was a pity Mr Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was farther beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinized the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then 50 pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom –

‘All these top-knots must be cut off.’

Chapter 7

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield portrays her characters, even within relationships, as isolated and lonely individuals.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Mansfield's characterisation, referring to **two** stories in your answer.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of Millie's attitude to the boy.

He was not much more than a boy, with fair hair and a growth of fair down on his lips and chin. His eyes were open, rolled up, showing the whites, and his face was patched with dust caked with sweat. He wore a cotton shirt and trousers, with sandshoes on his feet. One of the trousers was stuck to his leg with a patch of dark blood. 'I *can't*,' said Millie, and then, 'You've got to.' She bent over and felt his heart. 'Wait a minute,' she stammered, 'wait a minute,' and she ran into the house for brandy and a pail of water. 'What are you going to do, Millie Evans? Oh, I don't know. I never seen anyone in a dead faint before.' She knelt down, put her arm under the boy's head and poured some brandy between his lips. It spilled down both sides of his mouth. She dipped a corner of her apron in the water and wiped his face and his hair and his throat, with fingers that trembled. Under the dust and sweat his face gleamed, white as her apron, and thin, and puckered in little lines. A strange dreadful feeling gripped Millie Evans' bosom – some seed that had never flourished there, unfolded and struck deep roots and burst into painful leaf. 'Are yer coming round? Feeling all right again?' The boy breathed sharply, half choked, his eyelids quivered, and he moved his head from side to side. 'You're better,' said Millie, smoothing his hair. 'Feeling fine now again, ain't yer?' The pain in her bosom half suffocated her. 'It's no good you crying, Millie Evans. You got to keep your head.' Quite suddenly he sat up and leaned against the wood pile, away from her, staring on the ground. 'There now!' cried Millie Evans, in a strange, shaking voice.

The boy turned and looked at her, still not speaking, but his eyes were so full of pain and terror that she had to shut her teeth and clench her hands to stop from crying. After a long pause he said, in the little voice of a child talking in his sleep, 'I'm hungry.' His lips quivered. She scrambled to her feet and stood over him. 'You come right into the house and have a sit-down meal,' she said. 'Can you walk?' 'Yes,' he whispered, and swaying he followed her across the glaring yard to the veranda. At the bottom step he paused, looking at her again. 'I'm not coming in,' he said. He sat on the veranda step in the little pool of shade that lay round the house. Millie watched him. 'When did yer last 'ave anything to eat?' He shook his head. She cut a chunk off the greasy corned beef and a round of bread plastered with butter; but when she brought it he was standing up, glancing round him, and paid no attention to the plate of food. 'When are they coming back?' he stammered.

At that moment she knew. She stood, holding the plate, staring. He was Harrison. He was the English johnny who'd killed Mr Williamson. 'I know who you are,' she said, very slowly, 'yer can't fox me. That's who you are. I must have been blind in me two eyes not to 'ave known from the first.' He made a movement with his hands as though that was all nothing. 'When are they coming back?' And she meant to say, 'Any minute. They're on their way now.' Instead she said to the dreadful, frightened face, 'Not till 'arf-past ten.' He sat down, leaning against one of the veranda poles. His face broke up into little quivers. He shut his eyes, and tears streamed down his cheeks. 'Nothing but a kid. An' all them fellows after 'im. 'E don't stand any more of a chance than a kid would.' 'Try a bit of beef,' said Millie. 'It's the food you want. Something to steady your stomach.' She moved across the veranda and sat down beside him, the plate on her knees. 'Ere – try a bit.' She broke the bread and butter

into little pieces, and she thought, 'They won't ketch him. Not if I can 'elp it. Men is 45
all beasts. I don't care wot 'e's done, or wot 'e 'asn't done. See 'im through, Millie
Evans. 'E's nothink but a sick kid.'

Millie

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