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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

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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

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Hardy's poetry often treats emotions in a strangely detached way.'

Commenting on the effects of **two** poems, say how far you agree with this view.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the following poem in detail, commenting on ways in which Hardy treats the subject of death.

Your Last Drive

Here by the moorway you returned,
And saw the borough lights ahead
That lit your face – all undiscerned
To be in a week the face of the dead,
And you told of the charm of that haloed view
That never again would beam on you.

5

And on your left you passed the spot
Where eight days later you were to lie,
And be spoken of as one who was not;
Beholding it with a heedless eye
As alien from you, though under its tree
You soon would halt everlastingly.

10

I drove not with you ... Yet had I sat
At your side that eve I should not have seen
That the countenance I was glancing at
Had a last-time look in the flickering sheen,
Nor have read the writing upon your face,
'I go hence soon to my resting-place;

15

'You may miss me then. But I shall not know
How many times you visit me there,
Or what your thoughts are, or if you go
There never at all. And I shall not care.
Should you censure me I shall take no heed,
And even your praises no more shall need.'

20

True: never you'll know. And you will not mind.
But shall I then slight you because of such?
Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find
The thought 'What profit,' move me much?
Yet abides the fact, indeed, the same, –
You are past love, praise, indifference, blame.

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SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Heaney's poetry springs directly from his historical and social world.'

Discuss the poetic methods and effects of **two** poems in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which Heaney presents memories of visits to Harry Boyle.

A Clip

Harry Boyle's one-room, one-chimney house
 With its settle bed was our first barber shop.
 We'd go not for a haircut but 'a clip':
 Cold smooth creeping steel and snicking scissors,
 The strong-armed chair, the plain mysteriousness 5
 Of your sheeted self inside that neck-tied cope –
 Half sleeveless surplice, half hoodless Ku Klux cape.
 Harry Boyle's one-roomed, old bog-road house
 Near enough to home but unfamiliar:
 What was it happened there? 10
 Weeds shoulder-high up to the open door,
 Harry not shaved, close breathing in your ear,
 Loose hair in windfalls blown across the floor
 Under the collie's nose. The collie's stare.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare the effects created by poets' use of striking imagery in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer treats the value of friendship in the following poem.

Friend

Do you remember
that wild stretch of land
with the lone tree guarding the point
from the sharp-tongued sea?

The fort we built out of branches 5
wrenched from the tree, is dead wood now.
The air that was thick with the whirr of
toetoe spears succumbs at last to the grey gull's wheel.

Oyster-studded roots
of the mangrove yield no finer feast 10
of silver-bellied eels, and sea-snails
cooked in a rusty can.

Allow me to mend the broken ends
of shared days:
but I wanted to say 15
that the tree we climbed
that gave food and drink
to youthful dreams, is no more.
Pursed to the lips her fine-edged
leaves made whistle – now stamp 20
no silken tracery on the cracked
clay floor.

Friend,
in this drear
dreamless time I clasp 25
your hand if only for reassurance
that all our jewelled fantasies were
real and wore splendid rags.

Perhaps the tree
will strike fresh roots again: 30
give soothing shade to a hurt and
troubled world.

Hone Tuwhare

Turn to page 6 for Question 4

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Dangarembga presents men and male authority in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Dangarembga presents Tambu's view of family relationships in the following passage.

My mother's family was very poor, poorer even than my own. At the time that my father took my mother, there were no cattle at all in my grandfather's kraal. Because of this, some people had believed it was a blessing that the first two of my maternal grandparents' children were girls. 'Otherwise,' they reasoned optimistically, 'if he had had sons, how would those sons have taken wives? See now, the daughters will bring cattle, the cattle will enable the old man to work his fields, the family will prosper, and when the sons are of an age to marry, by then they will have accumulated their *roora*.' The wise and the cynical disagreed. 'Who knows?' they dissented. 'If there had been sons earlier, they would have helped the old man on the land. The family would have been better off than they are now. Besides', they added significantly, 'a man can't be sure about daughters!'

Thus the debate continued in my mother's village, way up in the north-west of the country, until my father, visiting a distant relative, saw my mother, impregnated her and was obliged to take her home with him. It was unfortunate that it happened this way because, under these circumstances, my grandfather could not claim a very high bride-price for his daughters and so my mother's marriage did not improve her family's condition very much. That was when my grandfather's daughters gained a reputation for being loose women. 'At least the elder one did the respectable thing and went with her man,' the villagers said. And then they clapped their hands in horror and shook their heads. 'But look at that Lucia! Ha! There is nothing of a woman there. She sleeps with anybody and everybody, but she hasn't borne a single child yet. She's been bewitched. More likely she's a witch herself.' Thus poor Lucia was indicted for both her barrenness and her witchery; and so, when after nineteen years my mother sent word that she had lost her first surviving child and was going through a difficult pregnancy, my grandparents were only too happy to pack my aunt Lucia off to look after her sister.

At the same time, Uncle Takesure, a distant cousin of Babamukuru's, came down from Gandanzara to help on the land. I am not sure who propositioned whom, but in a very short time after Takesure's coming Lucia was carrying his baby. Naturally, people said she had done it on purpose in order to snare a husband. But Lucia knew that Takesure had two wives at his home whom he did not like and that this was why, in spite of a strong aversion to labour, he had been so ready to come and help my father when Babamukuru suggested the arrangement. Until a very late stage Babamukuru continued to believe, in his uncomplicated way, that Takesure had come to help out on the homestead so that with the money my uncle paid him he would be able to finish off the payments on his second wife. The problem was only with the second one because her family kept reminding Takesure of the outstanding amounts, whereas his first wife's family had allowed their reimbursement to lapse. But Babamukuru was mistaken. The truth of the matter was that Takesure wanted to get away. He did not like being a husband and Lucia knew that he neither wanted, nor could afford, nor was able to be one three times over. Takesure did not want to work either, but very correctly did not believe that my father would make him do that and so he agreed to come to the homestead, where he thought, I suppose, that burdens were relatively light.

Lucia, who had grown shrewd in her years of dealing with men, denied that the 45
foetus was Takesure's. She accredited it instead to my father, although this could not
have been true. My father, doing his best not to offend Babamukuru, had sensibly not
allowed himself to enjoy Lucia's voluptuousness until after she had fallen pregnant.
From this feat of self-control Lucia had deduced that my father had marginally more
stamina than Takesure and for this reason would make a better father. 50

Chapter 7

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

5 **Either (a)** 'Why can't we be friends now?'

How far would you agree that this question of friendship between the English and Indians is central to the novel?

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Forster introduces the setting of the novel in the opening chapter.

Except for the Marabar Caves – and they are twenty miles off – the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. Edged rather than washed by the river Ganges, it trails for a couple of miles along the bank, scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish it deposits so freely. There are no bathing-steps on the river front, as the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed there is no river front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. The streets are mean, the temples ineffective, and though a few fine houses exist they are hidden away in gardens or down alleys whose filth deters all but the invited guest. Chandrapore was never large or beautiful, but two hundred years ago it lay on the road between Upper India, then imperial, and the sea, and the fine houses date from that period. The zest for decoration stopped in the eighteenth century, nor was it ever democratic. In the bazaars there is no painting and scarcely any carving. The very wood seems made of mud, the inhabitants of mud moving. So abased, so monotonous is everything that meets the eye, that when the Ganges comes down it might be expected to wash the excrescence back into the soil. Houses do fall, people are drowned and left rotting, but the general outline of the town persists, swelling here, shrinking there, like some low but indestructible form of life. 5 10 15

Inland, the prospect alters. There is an oval maidan, and a long sallow hospital. Houses belonging to Eurasians stand on the high ground by the railway station. Beyond the railway – which runs parallel to the river – the land sinks, then rises again rather steeply. On this second rise is laid out the little Civil Station, and viewed hence Chandrapore appears to be a totally different place. It is a city of gardens. It is no city, but a forest sparsely scattered with huts. It is a tropical pleasance, washed by a noble river. The toddy palms and neem trees and mangoes and peepul that were hidden behind the bazaars now become visible and in their turn hide the bazaars. They rise from the gardens whose ancient tanks nourish them, they burst out of stifling purlieus and unconsidered temples. Seeking light and air, and endowed with more strength than man or his works, they soar above the lower deposit to greet one another with branches and beckoning leaves, and to build a city for the birds. Especially after the rains do they screen what passes below, but at all times, even when scorched or leafless, they glorify the city to the English people who inhabit the rise, so that newcomers cannot believe it to be as meagre as it is described, and have to be driven down to acquire disillusionment. As for the Civil Station itself, it provokes no emotion. It charms not, neither does it repel. It is sensibly planned, with a red-brick Club on its brow, and further back a grocer's and a cemetery, and the bungalows are disposed along roads that intersect at right angles. It has nothing hideous in it, and only the view is beautiful; it shares nothing with the city except the overarching sky. 20 25 30 35

The sky too has its changes, but they are less marked than those of the vegetation and the river. Clouds map it up at times, but it is normally a dome of blending tints, and the main tint blue. By day the blue will pale down into white where it touches the white of the land, after sunset it has a new circumference – orange, melting upwards into tenderest purple. But the core of blue persists, and so it is by night. Then the stars hang like lamps from the immense vault. The distance between the earth and them is as nothing to the distance behind them; and that further distance, though beyond colour, last freed itself from blue. 40 45

The sky settles everything – not only climates and seasons, but when the earth shall be beautiful. By herself she can do little – only feeble outbursts of flowers. But when the sky chooses, glory can rain into the Chandrapore bazaars, or a benediction pass from horizon to horizon. The sky can do this because it is so strong and so enormous. Strength comes from the sun, infused in it daily, size from the prostrate earth. No mountains infringe on the curve. League after league the earth lies flat, heaves a little, is flat again. Only in the south, where a group of fists and fingers are thrust up through the soil, is the endless expanse interrupted. These fists and fingers are the Marabar Hills, containing the extraordinary caves.

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Chapter 1

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss different ways in which writers of **two** stories explore the subject of love.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways the writing of the following passage presents the relationships within the family.

In late winter or spring we sometimes arrived back, on Saturdays, to see the last trembling light of sunset fade from the hills and land. We'd canter along a straight stretch, coast up a rise, rein in the horses, and there it was – his green kingdom, his tight tamed acres beneath the hills and beside the river, a thick spread of fenced grass from the dark fringe of hillscrub down to the ragged willows above the water. 5 And at the centre was his castle, the farmhouse, with the sheds scattered round, and the pine trees.

Reining in on that rise, I knew, gave him a good feeling. It would also be the time when he remembered all the jobs he'd neglected, all the work he should have done instead of going to the football. His conscience would keep him busy all day 10 Sunday.

At times he wondered – it was a conversation out loud with himself – why he didn't sell up and buy another place. There were, after all, more comfortable farms, in more convenient locations nearer towns or cities. 'I've built this place up from nothing,' he said, 'I've made it pay, and pay well. I've made this land worth something. 15 I could sell out for a packet. Why don't I?'

He never really – in my presence anyway – offered himself a convincing explanation. Why didn't he? He'd hardly have said he loved the land: love, in any case, would have been an extravagance. Part of whatever it was, I suppose, was the knowledge that he'd built where someone else had failed; part was that he'd given 20 too much of himself there, to be really free anywhere else. It wouldn't be the same, walking on to another successful farm, a going concern, everything in order. No, this place – this land from the river back up to the hills – was his. In a sense it had only ever been his. That was why he felt so secure.

If Sunday was often the day when he worked hardest, it was also the best day 25 for Jim and me, our free day. After morning milking, and breakfast, we did more or less what we liked. In summer we swam down under the river-willows; we also had a canoe tied there and sometimes we paddled up-river, under great limestone bluffs shaggy with toi toi, into country which grew wilder and wilder. There were huge bearded caves in the bush above the water which we explored from time to 30 time. There were also big eels to be fished from the pools of the river.

As he grew older Jim turned more into himself, and became still quieter. You could never guess exactly what he was thinking. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy life; he just had his own way of enjoying it. He didn't like being with his father, as I did; I don't even know that he always enjoyed being with me. He just tagged along with 35 me: we were, after all, brothers. When I was old enough, my father presented me with a .22 rifle; Jim never showed great enthusiasm for shooting. He came along with me, all right, but he never seemed interested in the rabbits or wild goat I shot, or just missed. He wandered around the hills, way behind me, entertaining himself and collecting things. He gathered leaves, and tried to identify the plants from which the 40 leaves came. He also collected stones, those of some interesting shape or texture; he had a big collection of stones. He tramped along, in his slow, quiet way, poking into everything, adding to his collections. He wasn't too slow and quiet at school, though; he was faster than most of us with an answer. He borrowed books from the teacher, and took them home. So in time he became even smarter with his answers. 45 I grew to accept his difference from most people. It didn't disturb me particularly: on the farm he was still quiet, small Jim. He was never too busy with his books to come along with me on Sundays.

There was a night when Jim was going through some new stones he'd gathered. Usually, in the house, my father didn't take much notice of Jim, his reading or his hobbies. He'd fought a losing battle for Jim, through the years, and now accepted his defeat. 50

The People Before

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