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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Sujata Bhatt has said, 'I feel that I'm an outsider wherever I am.'

Discuss how the perspective of the outsider is presented in **two** of her poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering in particular the presentation of the man and his relationship with the narrator.

*Sujata: The First Disciple of Buddha*

One morning, a tall lean man  
 stumbled towards me.  
 His large eyes: half closed  
 as if he were seasick;  
 his thick black hair full of dead leaves and bumble-bees 5  
 grew wild as weeds and fell way below his hips.  
 His beard swayed gently as an elephant's trunk.  
 'I'm hungry,' he muttered.  
 I took him home, fed him fresh yoghurt and bread.  
 Then, I bathed him, shaved his face clean and smooth, 10  
 coconut oiled his skin soft again.  
 It took four hours  
 to wash and comb his long hair,  
 which he refused to cut.  
 For four hours he bent his head this way and that 15  
 while I ploughed through his hair  
 with coconut oil on my fingers.  
 'And *how* did you get this way?' I asked.  
 'I haven't slept for years,' he said.  
 'I've been thinking, just thinking. 20  
 I couldn't sleep or eat  
 until I had finished thinking.'  
 After the last knot  
 had been pulled out of his hair, he slept,  
 still holding on to my sore fingers. 25  
 The next morning, before the sun rose,  
 before my father could stop me,  
 he led me to the wide-trunked, thick-leafed bodhi tree  
 to the shady spot where he had sat for years  
 and asked me to listen. 30

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the ways in which poets explore memories in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on the way the poet presents the idea of 'self'.

*Summer Farm*

Straws like tame lightnings lie about the grass  
 And hang zigzag on hedges. Green as glass  
 The water in the horse-trough shines.  
 Nine ducks go wobbling by in two straight lines.

A hen stares at nothing with one eye, 5  
 Then picks it up. Out of an empty sky  
 A swallow falls and, flickering through  
 The barn, dives up again into the dizzy blue.

I lie, not thinking, in the cool, soft grass, 10  
 Afraid of where a thought might take me – as  
 This grasshopper with plated face  
 Unfolds his legs and finds himself in space.

Self under self, a pile of selves I stand 15  
 Threaded on time, and with metaphysic hand  
 Lift the farm like a lid and see  
 Farm within farm, and in the centre, me.

Norman MacCaig

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up  
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear'.

In the light of this quotation, discuss ways in which Wordsworth explores the importance of his relationship with the natural world when he was a child.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on Wordsworth's presentation of the Leech Gatherer in the following extract from 'Resolution and Independence'.

*Resolution and Independence*

Himself he propped, his body, limbs, and face,  
Upon a long grey Staff of shaven wood:  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Beside the little pond or moorish flood  
Motionless as a Cloud the Old Man stood; 5  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call;  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

At length, himself unsettling, he the Pond  
Stirred with his Staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he coned, 10  
As if he had been reading in a book:  
And now such freedom as I could I took;  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'

A gentle answer did the Old Man make, 15  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew:  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
'What kind of work is that which you pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'  
He answered me with pleasure and surprize; 20  
And there was, while he spake, a fire about his eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
Yet each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest;  
Choice word, and measured phrase; above the reach 25  
Of ordinary men; a stately speech!  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and Man their dues.

He told me that he to this pond had come  
To gather Leeches, being old and poor: 30  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure:  
From Pond to Pond he roamed, from moor to moor,  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance. 35

The Old Man still stood talking by my side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;  
And the whole Body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;  
Or like a Man from some far region sent;  
To give me human strength, and strong admonishment.

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*4 **Either (a)** 'I used to rush into strange dreams at night.'

'It was half dream, half reality.'

Discuss the importance of dreams in the novel.

**Or (b)** Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on ways it presents the final union of Jane and Mr Rochester.

'READER, I married him. A quiet wedding we had: he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner, and John cleaning the knives, and I said –

'Mary, I have been married to Mr Rochester this morning.' The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent, phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one's ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me; the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air, and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process; but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only –

'Have you, miss? Well, for sure!'

A short time after she pursued, 'I seed you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed'; and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

'I telled Mary how it would be,' he said: 'I knew what Mr Edward' (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore he often gave him his Christian name) – 'I knew what Mr Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long either: and he's done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, miss!' and he politely pulled his forelock.

'Thank you, John. Mr Rochester told me to give you and Mary this.'

I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words –

'She'll happen do better for him nor ony o' t' grand ladies.' And again, 'If she ben't one o' th' handsomest, she's noan faal, and varry good-natured; and i' his een she's fair beautiful, onybody may see that.'

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me.

'She had better not wait till then, Jane,' said Mr Rochester, when I read her letter to him; 'if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine.'

How St John received the news I don't know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr Rochester's name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and though very serious, kind. He has maintained a regular, though not frequent correspondence ever since: he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things.

You have not quite forgotten little Adèle, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe, for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another – my husband needed them all.

*Chapter 38*

- 5 **Either** (a) ‘...no longer could I accept Sacred Heart and what it represented as a sunrise horizon. Quietly, unobtrusively and extremely fitfully, something in my mind began to assert itself...’

In what ways has Tambu developed over the course of the novel?

- Or** (b) Discuss in detail the presentation of Nyasha in the following extract, commenting on this episode’s significance to the novel.

Yet it was serious. Nyasha was losing weight steadily, constantly, rapidly. It dropped off her body almost hourly and what was left of her was grotesquely unhealthy from the vital juices she flushed down the toilet. Did he not know? Did he not see? I could not ask him these questions. The most I could do was ask in a small, timid voice to be allowed to stay, with Nyasha, I specified, for a few more days. Nobody was more surprised by my audacity than I was. Babamukuru did not answer, but I was not taken home. I did not take it as a victory though. I took it as proof that Babamukuru was good. 5

Nyasha grew weaker by the day. She weaved when she walked and every night was the same. Although we were on vacation she studied fourteen hours a day to make sure that she passed her ‘O’ levels. She worked late into the night to wake me up regularly and punctually at three o’clock with a problem – a chemical equation to balance, the number of amperes in a circuit to be calculated or an irregular Latin verb to be conjugated, although I was only in Form One and could not often help her. ‘I have to get it right,’ she would whisper with an apologetic smile. It was truly alarming, but nobody commented, nobody acted; we were all very frightened. One evening, at supper, she passed out into her plate. It didn’t last long, only a minute or two, but it was enough to overtax her father’s precarious patience. Babamukuru, who thought she was making a scene, ordered her to her bedroom, where she lay open-eyed and quiet all night. At three o’clock she woke me up. 10

‘Can I get into bed with you, Tambu?’ she whispered, but when I rolled over to make room for her to climb in she shook her head and smiled. ‘It’s all right,’ she said. ‘I just wanted to see if you would let me.’ Then she sat on her bed and looked at me out of her sunken eyes, her bony knees pressed together so that her nightdress fell through the space where her thighs had been, agitated and nervous and picking her skin. ‘I don’t want to do it, Tambu, really I don’t, but it’s coming, I feel it coming.’ Her eyes dilated. ‘They’ve done it to me,’ she accused, whispering still. ‘Really, they have.’ And then she became stern. ‘It’s not their fault. They did it to them too. You know they did,’ she whispered. ‘To both of them, but especially to him. They put him through it all. But it’s not his fault, he’s good.’ Her voice took on a Rhodesian accent. ‘He’s a good boy, a good munt. A bloody good kaffir,’ she informed in sneering sarcastic tones. Then she was whispering again. ‘Why do they do it, Tambu,’ she hissed bitterly, her face contorting with rage, ‘to me and to you and to him? Do you see what they’ve done? They’ve taken us away. Lucia. Takesure. All of us. They’ve deprived you of you, him of him, ourselves of each other. We’re grovelling. Lucia for a job, Jeremiah for money. Daddy grovels to them. We grovel to him.’ She began to rock, her body quivering tensely. ‘I won’t grovel. Oh no, I won’t. I’m not a good girl. I’m evil. I’m not a good girl.’ I touched her to comfort her and that was the trigger. ‘I won’t grovel, I won’t die,’ she raged and crouched like a cat ready to spring. 25 30 35

The noise brought Babamukuru and Maiguru running. They could do nothing, they could only watch. Nyasha was beside herself with fury. She rampaged, shredding her history book between her teeth ('Their history. Liars. Their bloody lies.'), breaking mirrors, her clay pots, anything she could lay her hands on and jabbing the fragments viciously into her flesh, stripping the bedclothes, tearing her clothes from the wardrobe and trampling them underfoot. 'They've trapped us. They've trapped us. But I won't be trapped. I'm not a good girl. I won't be trapped.' Then as suddenly as it came, the rage passed. 'I don't hate you, Daddy,' she said softly. 'They want me to, but I won't.' She lay down on her bed. 'I'm very tired,' she said in a voice that was recognisably hers. 'But I can't sleep. Mummy will you hold me?' She curled up in Maiguru's lap looking no more than five years old. 'Look what they've done to us,' she said softly. 'I'm not one of them but I'm not one of you.' She fell asleep.

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6 **Either** (a) 'Being inside the mind of a character is a thrilling reading experience.'

Discuss the effects of first person narrative in **two** stories from your selection.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing ways in which Narayan develops the humour of the conversation.

*A Horse and Two Goats*

The man said, 'I come from New York,' took out a wallet from his hip pocket, and presented his card.

Muni shrank away from the card. Perhaps he was trying to present a warrant and arrest him. Beware of khaki, one part of his mind warned. Take all the cigarettes or bhang or whatever is offered, but don't get caught. Beware of khaki. He wished he weren't seventy as the shopman had said. At seventy one didn't run, but surrendered to whatever came. He could only ward off trouble by talk. So he went on, all in the chaste Tamil for which Kritam was famous. (Even the worst detractors could not deny that the famous poetess Avvaiyar was born in this area, although no one could say whether it was in Kritam or Kuppam, the adjoining village.) Out of this heritage the Tamil language gushed through Muni in an unimpeded flow. He said, 'Before God, sir, Bhagwan, who sees everything, I tell you, sir, that we know nothing of the case. If the murder was committed, whoever did it will not escape. Bhagwan is all-seeing. Don't ask me about it. I know nothing.' A body had been found mutilated and thrown under a tamarind tree at the border between Kritam and Kuppam a few weeks before, giving rise to much gossip and speculation. Muni added an explanation, 'Anything is possible there. People over there will stop at nothing.' The foreigner nodded his head and listened courteously though he understood nothing.

'I am sure you know when this horse was made,' said the red man and smiled ingratiatingly.

Muni reacted to the relaxed atmosphere by smiling himself, and pleaded, 'Please go away, sir, I know nothing. I promise we will hold him for you if we see any bad character around, and we will bury him up to his neck in a coconut pit if he tries to escape; but our village has always had a clean record. Must definitely be the other village.'

Now the red man implored, 'Please, please, I will speak slowly, please try to understand me. Can't you understand even a simple word of English? Everyone in this country seems to know English. I have got along with English everywhere in this country, but you don't speak it. Have you any religious or spiritual scruples for avoiding the English speech?'

Muni made some indistinct sounds in his throat and shook his head. Encouraged, the other went on to explain at length, uttering each syllable with care and deliberation. Presently he sidled over and took a seat beside the old man, explaining, 'You see, last August, we probably had the hottest summer in history, and I was working in shirt sleeves in my office on the fortieth floor of the Empire State Building. You must have heard of the power failure, and there I was stuck for four hours, no elevator, no air conditioning. All the way in the train I kept thinking, and the minute I reached home in Connecticut, I told my wife Ruth, "We will visit India this winter, it's time to look at other civilisations." Next day she called the travel agent first thing and told him to fix it, and so here I am. Ruth came with me but is staying back at Srinagar, and I am the one doing the rounds and joining her later.'

Muni looked reflective at the end of this long peroration and said, rather feebly, 'Yes, no,' as a concession to the other's language, and went on in Tamil, 'When I was this high,' he indicated a foot high, 'I heard my uncle say...'

No one can tell what he was planning to say as the other interrupted him at this stage to ask, 'Boy, what is the secret of your teeth? How old are you?'

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