

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2014

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

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

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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Section A: Poetry

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss **two** poems, commenting on ways in which Heaney develops the significance of particular objects.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Heaney uses the blackbird to prompt memories.

The Blackbird of Glanmore

On the grass when I arrive,

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In the ivy when I leave.

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WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems in detail, discuss ways in which Owen's poetry seeks to 'destroy the heartless complacency of those at home'.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents different views of the 'dead-beat' soldier.

The Dead-Beat

He dropped – more sullenly than wearily,
 Lay stupid like a cod, heavy like meat,
 And none of us could kick him to his feet;
 Just blinked at my revolver, blearily;
 – Didn't appear to know a war was on, 5
 Or see the blasted trench at which he stared.
 'I'll do 'em in,' he whined. 'If this hand's spared,
 I'll murder them, I will.'

5

A low voice said,
 'It's Blighty, p'raps, he sees; his pluck's all gone, 10
 Dreaming of all the valiant, that aren't dead:
 Bold uncles, smiling ministerially;
 Maybe his brave young wife, getting her fun
 In some new home, improved materially.
 It's not these stiffs have crazed him; nor the Hun.' 15

10

We sent him down at last, out of the way.
 Unwounded; – stout lad, too, before that strafe.
 Malingering? Stretcher-bearers winked, 'Not half.'
 Next day I heard the Doc's well-whiskied laugh:
 'That scum you sent last night soon died. Hooray!' 20

20

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems treat the loss of love.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it explores the relationship between writer and reader.

A Farewell To The Reader

Good reader, now you tasted have	
And smelt of all my flowers,	
The which to get some pain I took,	
And travailed many hours.	
I must request you spoil them not,	5
Nor do in pieces tear them;	
But if thyself do loathe the scent,	
Give others leave to wear them.	
I shall no whit be discontent,	
For nothing is so pure	10
But one or other will mislike,	
Thereof we may be sure.	
If he for whom I gathered them	
Take pleasure in the same,	
And that for my presumption	15
My friends do not me blame;	
And that the savour take effect	
In such as I do know,	
And bring no harm to any else,	
In place where it shall go;	20
And that when I am distant far,	
It worn be for my sake;	
That some may say, 'God speed her well	
That did this nosegay make.'	

Isabella Whitney

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) “*The World Was Silent When We Died*. It is a good title.”
- Discuss the significance to the novel of the title for Richard’s book.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Ugwu’s growing unease.

Ugwu shivered. A shadow hung over the house.

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One baby had been stung and almost died.

Chapter 19

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The caves are more than the place where Aziz is said to have assaulted Quested.'

What do you consider to be the significance to the novel of the Marabar Caves?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the argument between Fielding and Aziz in the following passage, considering its significance as the ending of the novel.

Aziz grew more excited. He rose in his stirrups and pulled at his horse's head in the hope it would rear. Then he should feel in a battle. He cried: 'Clear out, all you Turtons and Burtons. We wanted to know you ten years back – now it's too late. If we see you and sit on your committees, it's for political reasons, don't you make any mistake.' His horse did rear. 'Clear out, clear out, I say. Why are we put to so much suffering? We used to blame you, now we blame ourselves, we grow wiser. Until England is in difficulties we keep silent, but in the next European war – aha, aha! Then is our time.' He paused, and the scenery, though it smiled, fell like a gravestone on any human hope. They cantered past a temple to Hanuman – God so loved the world that he took monkey's flesh upon him – and past a Saivite temple, which invited to lust, but under the semblance of eternity, its obscenities bearing no relation to those of our flesh and blood. They splashed through butterflies and frogs; great trees with leaves like plates rose among the brushwood. The divisions of daily life were returning, the shrine had almost shut. 5 10

'Who do you want instead of the English? The Japanese?' jeered Fielding, drawing rein. 15

'No, the Afghans. My own ancestors.'

'Oh, your Hindu friends will like that, won't they?'

'It will be arranged – a conference of oriental statesmen.'

'It will indeed be arranged.' 20

'Old story of "We will rob every man and rape every woman from Peshawar to Calcutta", I suppose, which you get some nobody to repeat and then quote every week in the *Pioneer* in order to frighten us into retaining you! We know!' Still he couldn't quite fit in Afghans at Mau, and, finding he was in a corner, made his horse rear again until he remembered that he had, or ought to have, a mother-land. Then he shouted: 'India shall be a nation! No foreigners of any sort! Hindu and Moslem and Sikh and all shall be one! Hurrah! Hurrah for India! Hurrah! Hurrah!' 25

India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab nineteenth-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour of the world to take her seat! She, whose only peer was the Holy Roman Empire, she shall rank with Guatemala and Belgium perhaps! Fielding mocked again. And Aziz in an awful rage danced this way and that, not knowing what to do, and cried: 'Down with the English anyhow. That's certain. Clear out, you fellows, double quick, I say. We may hate one another, but we hate you most. If I don't make you go, Ahmed will, Karim will, if it's fifty or five hundred years we shall get rid of you, yes, we shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then' – he rode against him furiously – 'and then,' he concluded, half kissing him, 'you and I shall be friends.' 30 35

'Why can't we be friends now?' said the other, holding him affectionately. 'It's what I want. It's what you want.'

But the horses didn't want it – they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single-file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not there.' 40

Turn to page 10 for Question 6

6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories present fear.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the relationship between the mother and her son.

One day she kept me home. She said, 'No school for you today. I just sick of tying your shoe-laces for you. Today you go have to learn that!'

I didn't think she was being fair. After all, in the country none of us wore shoes and I wasn't used to them.

That day she beat me and beat me and made me tie knot after knot and in the end I still couldn't tie my shoe-laces. For years afterwards it was a great shame to me that I couldn't do a simple thing like that, just as how I couldn't peel an orange. But about the shoes I made up a little trick. I never made my mother buy shoes the correct size. I pretended that those shoes hurt, and I made her get me shoes a size or two bigger. Once the attendant had tied the laces up for me, I never undid them, and merely slipped my feet in and out of the shoes. To keep them on my feet, I stuck paper in the toes. 5

To hear my mother talk, you would think I was a freak. Nearly every little boy she knew was better and more intelligent. There was one boy she knew who helped his mother paint her house. There was another boy who could mend his own shoes. There was still another boy who at the age of thirteen was earning a good twenty dollars a month, while I was just idling and living off her blood. 10

Still, there were surprising glimpses of kindness.

There was the time, for instance, when I was cleaning some tumblers for her one Saturday morning. I dropped a tumbler and it broke. Before I could do anything about it my mother saw what had happened. 20

She said, 'How you break it?'

I said, 'It just slip off. It smooth smooth.'

She said, 'Is a lot of nonsense drinking from glass. They break up so easy.'

And that was all. I got worried about my mother's health. 25

She was never worried about mine.

She thought that there was no illness in the world a stiff dose of hot Epsom Salts couldn't cure. That was a penance I had to endure once a month. It completely ruined my weekend. And if there was something she couldn't understand, she sent me to the Health Officer in Tragarete Road. That was an awful place. You waited and waited and waited before you went in to see the doctor. 30

Before you had time to say, 'Doctor, I have a pain'—he would be writing out a prescription for you. And again you had to wait for the medicine. All the Health Office medicines were the same. Water and pink sediment half an inch thick.

Hat used to say of the Health Office, 'The Government taking up faith healing.' 35

My mother considered the Health Office a good place for me to go to. I would go there at eight in the morning and return any time after two in the afternoon. It kept me out of mischief, and it cost only twenty-four cents a year.

But you mustn't get the impression that I was a saint all the time. I wasn't. I used to have odd fits where I just couldn't take an order from anybody, particularly my mother. I used to feel that I would dishonour myself for life if I took anybody's orders. And life is a funny thing, really. I sometimes got these fits just when my mother was anxious to be nice to me. 40

The day after Hat rescued me from drowning at Docksite I wrote an essay for my schoolmaster on the subject, 'A Day at the Seaside'. I don't think any schoolmaster ever got an essay like that. I talked about how I was nearly drowned and how calmly I was facing death, with my mind absolutely calm, thinking, 'Well, boy, this is the end.' The teacher was so pleased he gave me ten marks out of twelve. 45

He said, 'I think you are a genius.'

When I went home I told my mother, 'That essay I write today, I get ten out of twelve for it.'

My mother said, 'How you so bold-face to lie brave brave so in front of my face? You want me give you a slap to turn your face?'

In the end I convinced her.

She melted at once. She sat down in the hammock and said. 'Come and sit 55
down by me, son.'

Just then the crazy fit came on me.

I got very angry for no reason at all and I said, 'No, I not going to sit by you.'

She laughed and coaxed,

And the angrier she made me. 60

Slowly the friendliness died away. It had become a struggle between two wills. I was prepared to drown rather than dishonour myself by obeying.

'I ask you to come and sit down here.'

'I not sitting down.'

'Take off your belt.' 65

I took it off and gave it to her. She belted me soundly, and my nose bled, but still I didn't sit in the hammock.

At times like these I used to cry, without meaning it, 'If my father was alive you wouldn't be behaving like this.'

The Enemy

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