
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (US)

9276/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2015

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

Section A: Poetry

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) “Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm:
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.”
- How far are these lines from “The Chimney Sweeper” typical of the presentation of children in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which Blake presents night time.

Night

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower, 5
In heaven’s high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight; 10
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing, 15
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover’d warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm; 20
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey, 25
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful, 30
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries, 35
And walking round the fold,
Saying "Wrath, by his meekness,
And, by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day. 40

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river, 45
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Plath uses flowers and flower imagery in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Plath presents the bees in the following poem.

The Arrival of the Bee Box

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Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets use imagery of the natural world in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the imagery and form develop the speaker's thoughts in the following poem.

Sonnet 29

Pity me not because the light of day
At close of day no longer walks the sky;
Pity me not for beauties passed away
From field to thicket as the year goes by;
Pity me not the waning of the moon, 5
Nor that the ebbing tide goes out to sea,
Nor that a man's desire is hushed so soon,
And you no longer look with love on me.
This have I known always: Love is no more 10
Than the wide blossom which the wind assails,
Than the great tide that treads the shifting shore,
Strewing fresh wreckage gathered in the gales:
Pity me that the heart is slow to learn
When the swift mind beholds at every turn.

Edna St Vincent Millay

Section B: Prose

HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

- 4 **Either** (a) Catherine is described as a “dull, plain girl” and also “a quiet, lady-like girl.”

Discuss James’s presentation of Catherine Sloper in the light of these comments.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which James presents the conversation in the following passage.

The Doctor paused a moment, and then he added, abruptly, ‘You have suffered immensely for your brother!’

This exclamation was abrupt, as I say, but it was also perfectly calculated. The Doctor had been rather disappointed at not finding his compact and comfortable little hostess surrounded in a more visible degree by the ravages of Morris Townsend’s immorality; but he had said to himself that this was not because the young man had spared her, but because she had contrived to plaster up her wounds. They were aching there behind the varnished stove, the festooned engravings, beneath her own neat little poplin bosom; and if he could only touch the tender spot, she would make a movement that would betray her. The words I have just quoted were an attempt to put his finger suddenly upon the place, and they had some of the success that he looked for. The tears sprung for a moment to Mrs Montgomery’s eyes, and she indulged in a proud little jerk of the head. 5 10

‘I don’t know how you have found that out!’ she exclaimed.

‘By a philosophic trick – by what they call induction. You know you have always your option of contradicting me. But kindly answer me a question: Don’t you give your brother money? I think you ought to answer that.’ 15

‘Yes, I have given him money,’ said Mrs Montgomery.

‘And you have not had much to give him?’

She was silent a moment. ‘If you ask me for a confession of poverty, that is easily made. I am very poor.’ 20

‘One would never suppose it from your – your charming house,’ said the Doctor. ‘I learned from my sister that your income was moderate, and your family numerous.’

‘I have five children,’ Mrs Montgomery observed; ‘but I am happy to say I can bring them up decently.’ 25

‘Of course you can – accomplished and devoted as you are. But your brother has counted them over, I suppose?’

‘Counted them over?’

‘He knows there are five, I mean. He tells me it is he that brings them up.’

Mrs Montgomery stared a moment, and then quickly – ‘Oh yes; he teaches them – Spanish.’ 30

The Doctor laughed out. ‘That must take a great deal off your hands! Your brother also knows, of course, that you have very little money?’

‘I have often told him so,’ Mrs Montgomery exclaimed, more unreservedly than she had yet spoken. She was apparently taking some comfort in the Doctor’s clairvoyance. 35

‘Which means that you have often occasion to, and that he often sponges on you. Excuse the crudity of my language; I simply express a fact. I don’t ask you how much of your money he has had, it is none of my business. I have ascertained what I suspected – what I wished.’ And the Doctor got up, gently smoothing his hat. ‘Your brother lives on you,’ he said, as he stood there. 40

Mrs Montgomery quickly rose from her chair, following her visitor’s movements with a look of fascination. But then, with a certain inconsequence – ‘I have never complained of him,’ she said.

'You needn't protest – you have not betrayed him. But I advise you not to give him any more money.' 45

Chapter 14

MAXINE HONG KINGSTON: *The Woman Warrior*5 **Either** (a) “It was when I found out I had to talk that school became a misery.”

Discuss the presentation of the narrator’s schooldays, and their significance to the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the narrator’s army and battles in the following passage.

‘Thank you, Mother. Thank you, Father,’ I said before leaving. They had carved their names and address on me, and I would come back.

Often I walked beside my horse to travel abreast of my army. When we had to impress other armies – marauders, columns of refugees filing past one another, boy gangs following their martial arts teachers – I mounted and rode in front. The soldiers who owned horses and weapons would pose fiercely on my left and right. The small bands joined us, but sometimes armies of equal or larger strength would fight us. Then screaming a mighty scream and swinging two swords over my head, I charged the leaders; I released my bloodthirsty army and my straining war-horse. I guided the horse with my knees, freeing both hands for sword-work, spinning green and silver circles all around me. 5 10

I inspired my army, and I fed them. At night I sang to them glorious songs that came out of the sky and into my head. When I opened my mouth, the songs poured out and were loud enough for the whole encampment to hear; my army stretched out for a mile. We sewed red flags and tied the red scraps around arms, legs, horses’ tails. We wore our red clothes so that when we visited a village, we would look as happy as for New Year’s Day. Then people would want to join the ranks. My army did not rape, only taking food where there was an abundance. We brought order wherever we went. 15

When I won over a goodly number of fighters, I built up my army enough to attack fiefdoms and to pursue the enemies I had seen in the water gourd. 20

My first opponent turned out to be a giant, so much bigger than the toy general I used to peep at. During the charge, I singled out the leader, who grew as he ran towards me. Our eyes locked until his height made me strain my neck looking up, my throat so vulnerable to the stroke of a knife that my eyes dropped to the secret death points on the huge body. First I cut off his leg with one sword swipe, as Chen Luan-feng had chopped the leg off the thunder god. When the giant stumped towards me, I cut off his head. Instantly he reverted to his true self, a snake, and slithered away hissing. The fighting around me stopped as the combatants’ eyes and mouths opened wide in amazement. The giant’s spells now broken, his soldiers, seeing that they had been led by a snake, pledged their loyalty to me. 25 30

In the stillness after battle I looked up at the mountaintops; perhaps the old man and woman were watching me and would enjoy my knowing it. They’d laugh to see a creature winking at them from the bottom of the water gourd. But on a green ledge above the battlefield I saw the giant’s wives crying. They had climbed out of their palanquins to watch their husband fight me, and now they were holding each other weeping. They were two sisters, two tiny fairies against the sky, widows from now on. Their long undersleeves, which they had pulled out to wipe their tears, flew white mourning in the mountain wind. After a time, they got back into their sedan chairs, and their servants carried them away. 35 40

I led my army northward, rarely having to sidetrack; the emperor himself sent the enemies I was hunting chasing after me. Sometimes they attacked us on two or three sides; sometimes they ambushed me when I rode ahead. We would always win, Kuan Kung, the god of war and literature riding before me. I would be told of in fairy tales myself. I overheard some soldiers – and now there were many who had not met me – say that whenever we had been in danger of losing, I made a throwing 45

gesture and the opposing army would fall, hurled across the battlefield. Hailstones as big as heads would shoot out of the sky and the lightning would stab like swords, but never at those on my side. 'On *his* side,' they said. I never told them the truth.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories from the selection portray unpleasant aspects of human behavior.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Highsmith presents the cat's perceptions of events.

The man finished what was in his glass, muttered something at Ming, then set the glass on the table. He got up and tried to circle Ming, or to get him toward the edge of the terrace, Ming realised, and Ming also realised that the man was drunk – therefore moving slowly and a little clumsily. The terrace had a parapet about as high as the man's hips, but it was broken by grilles in three places, grilles with bars wide enough for Ming to pass through, though Ming never did, merely looked through the grilles sometimes. It was plain to Ming that the man wanted to drive him through one of the grilles, or grab him and toss him over the terrace parapet. There was nothing easier for Ming than to elude him. Then the man picked up a chair and swung it suddenly, catching Ming on the hip. That had been quick, and it hurt. Ming took the nearest exit, which was down the outside steps that led to the garden. 5

The man started down the steps after him. Without reflecting, Ming dashed back up the few steps he had come, keeping close to the wall which was in shadow. The man hadn't seen him, Ming knew. Ming leapt to the terrace parapet, sat down and licked a paw once to recover and collect himself. His heart beat fast as if he were in the middle of a fight. And hatred ran in his veins. Hatred burned his eyes as he crouched and listened to the man uncertainly climbing the steps below him. The man came into view. 10

Ming tensed himself for a jump, then jumped as hard as he could, landing with all four feet on the man's right arm near the shoulder. Ming clung to the cloth of the man's white jacket, but they were both falling. The man groaned. Ming hung on. Branches crackled. Ming could not tell up from down. Ming jumped off the man, became aware of direction and of the earth too late and landed on his side. Almost at the same time, he heard the thud of the man hitting the ground, then of his body rolling a little way, then there was silence. Ming had to breathe fast with his mouth open until his chest stopped hurting. From the direction of the man, he could smell drink, cigar, and the sharp odour that meant fear. But the man was not moving. 15

Ming could now see quite well. There was even a bit of moonlight. Ming headed for the steps again, had to go a long way through the bush, over stones and sand, to where the steps began. Then he glided up and arrived once more upon the terrace. 20

Elaine was just coming onto the terrace.

'Teddie?' she called. Then she went back into the bedroom where she turned on a lamp. She went into the kitchen. Ming followed her. Concha had left the light on, but Concha was now in her own room, where the radio played. 25

Elaine opened the front door.

The man's car was still in the driveway, Ming saw. Now Ming's hip had begun to hurt, or now he had begun to notice it. It caused him to limp a little. Elaine noticed this, touched his back, and asked him what was the matter. Ming only purred. 30

'Teddie? – Where are you?' Elaine called.

She took a torch and shone it down into the garden, down among the great trunks of the avocado trees, among the orchids and the lavender and pink blossoms of the bougainvilleas. Ming, safe beside her on the terrace parapet, followed the beam of the torch with his eyes and purred with content. The man was not below here, but below and to the right. Elaine went to the terrace steps and carefully, because there was no rail here, only broad steps, pointed the beam of the light downward. Ming did not bother looking. He sat on the terrace where the steps began. 35

'Teddie!' she said. '*Teddie!*' Then she ran down the steps. 40

45

Ming still did not follow her. He heard her draw in her breath. Then she cried: 'Concha!'

Elaine ran back up the steps.

50

Concha had come out of her room. Elaine spoke to Concha. Then Concha became excited. Elaine went to the telephone, and spoke for a short while, then she and Concha went down the steps together. Ming settled himself with his paws tucked under him on the terrace, which was still faintly warm from the day's sun. A car arrived. Elaine came up the steps, and went and opened the front door. Ming kept out of the way on the terrace, in a shadowy corner, as three or four strange men came out on the terrace and tramped down the steps. There was a great deal of talk below, noises of feet, breaking of bushes, and then the smell of all of them mounted the steps, the smell of tobacco, sweat, and the familiar smell of blood. The man's blood. Ming was pleased, as he was pleased when he killed a bird and created this smell of blood under his own teeth. This was big prey. Ming, unnoticed by any of the others, stood up to his full height as the group passed with the corpse, and inhaled the aroma of his victory with a lifted nose.

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Ming's Biggest Prey

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