



# Cambridge International AS Level

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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8695/22**

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2022**

**2 hours**



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total, each from a different section.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

## INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [ ].

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This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## Section A: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss Miller's dramatic exploration of different attitudes to marriage in *All My Sons*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Miller's presentation of George in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

*George:* He's too smart for me, I can't prove a phone call.

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*Chris:*       The voice of God!

*(from Act 2)*

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing***

**2 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare shapes an audience's response to Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*. [25]

**Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Leonato and Hero in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

*Benedick:* How doth the lady?  
*Beatrice:* Dead, I think. Help, uncle!  
 Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

*Leonato:* O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!  
 Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
 That may be wish'd for. 5

*Beatrice:* How now, cousin Hero!

*Friar:* Have comfort, lady.

*Leonato:* Dost thou look up?

*Friar:* Yea; wherefore should she not? 10

*Leonato:* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing  
 Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
 The story that is printed in her blood?  
 Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;  
 For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die, 15  
 Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
 Strike at thy life. Griev'd I I had but one?  
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?  
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? 20  
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
 Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,  
 I might have said 'No part of it is mine; 25  
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins'?  
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much  
 That I myself was to myself not mine,  
 Valuing of her – why, she, O, she is fall'n 30  
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,  
 And salt too little which may season give  
 To her foul tainted flesh!

*Benedick:* Sir, sir, be patient. 35  
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
 I know not what to say.

*Beatrice:* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

*Benedick:* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beatrice:* No, truly not; although, until last night, 40  
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

- Leonato:* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made  
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!  
Would the two princes lie; and Claudio lie,  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness, 45  
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.
- Friar:* Hear me a little;  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd 50  
A thousand blushing apparitions  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire 55  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 60  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.
- Leonato:* Friar, it cannot be.  
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left  
Is that she will not add to her damnation 65  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it.  
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?
- Friar:* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
- Hero:* They know that do accuse me; I know none. 70  
If I know more of any man alive  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight 75  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
- Friar:* There is some strange misprision in the princes.
- Benedick:* Two of them have the very bent of honour;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this, 80  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

(from Act 4 Scene 1)

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis***

- 3** **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Soyinka develops the role and character of Jero as these plays unfold. [25]
- Or** (b) With close attention to detail of language and action, discuss Soyinka's presentation of the relationship between Amope and Chume in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*. [25]

[*Early morning.*

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Just help me unload the things and place them against  
the wall ... you know I wouldn't ask if it wasn't for the ankle.

*(from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 2)*

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Beatrice: This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me  
Than all my other passions.'

With Beatrice's comment about De Flores in mind, discuss Middleton and Rowley's presentation of her relationship with De Flores in *The Changeling*. [25]

- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of Isabella in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

[Enter Madmen above, some as birds, others as beasts.]

Antonio: What are these?

Isabella: Of fear enough to part us;  
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,  
That act their fantasies in any shapes 5  
Suiting their present thoughts; if sad, they cry;  
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again;  
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,  
Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all  
As their wild fancies prompt 'em. [Exeunt Madmen above.] 10  
[Enter LOLLIO.]

Antonio: These are no fears.

Isabella: But here's a large one, my man.

Antonio: Ha, he, that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lollio: I would my master were come home, 'tis too much for one 15  
shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can I believe that  
one churchman can instruct two benefices at once; there will  
be some incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the  
other. Come, Tony.

Antonio: Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still. 20

Lollio: No, you must to your book now you have play'd sufficiently.

Isabella: Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lollio: Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he will put you  
down one of these days. [Exeunt LOLLIO and ANTONIO.]

Isabella: Here the restrained current might make breach, 25  
Spite of the watchful bankers; would a woman stray,  
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,  
It would be brought home one ways or other:  
The needle's point will to the fixed north;  
Such drawing arctics women's beauties are. 30

[Enter LOLLIO.]

Lollio: How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isabella: How now?

Lollio: Come, there are degrees, one fool may be better than 35  
another.

Isabella: What's the matter?

Lollio: Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's-flesh, have at thee!

[Tries to kiss her.]

- Isabella:* You bold slave, you!
- Lollio:* I could follow now as t'other fool did: 40  
 'What should I fear,  
 Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,  
 And love shall play the wanton on your lip,  
 Meet and retire, retire and meet again:  
 Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes 45  
 I shall behold my own deformity,  
 And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape  
 Becomes me not –' And so as it follows; but is not this  
 the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my  
 little Lacedemonian. Let me feel how thy pulses beat; 50  
 thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure,  
 I'll lay my hand on't.
- Isabella:* Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered  
 This love's knight-errant, who hath made adventure  
 For purchase of my love; be silent, mute, 55  
 Mute as a statue, or his injunction  
 For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat:  
 I'll do it, though for no other purpose,  
 And be sure he'll not refuse it.
- Lollio:* My share, that's all; I'll have my fool's part with you. 60
- Isabella:* No more! Your master.

(from Act 3 Scene 3)

## Section B: Poetry

## ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Browning presents attitudes to death in **two** poems from your selection. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the effects of the painting in the following extract from *Pictor Ignotus*. [25]

from *Pictor Ignotus*

Florence, 15—

I could have painted pictures like that youth's  
 Ye praise so. How my soul springs up! No bar  
 Stayed me—ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!  
 —Never did fate forbid me, star by star, 5  
 To outburst on your night with all my gift  
 Of fires from God: nor would my flesh have shrunk  
 From seconding my soul, with eyes uplift  
 And wide to heaven, or, straight like thunder, sunk 10  
 To the centre, of an instant; or around  
 Turned calmly and inquisitive, to scan  
 The licence and the limit, space and bound,  
 Allowed to truth made visible in man.  
 And, like that youth ye praise so, all I saw,  
 Over the canvas could my hand have flung, 15  
 Each face obedient to its passion's law,  
 Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue;  
 Whether Hope rose at once in all the blood,  
 A-tiptoe for the blessing of embrace,  
 Or Rapture drooped the eyes, as when her brood 20  
 Pull down the nesting dove's heart to its place;  
 Or Confidence lit swift the forehead up,  
 And locked the mouth fast, like a castle braved,—

O human faces, hath it spilt, my cup?  
 What did ye give me that I have not saved? 25  
 Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)  
 Of going—I, in each new picture,—forth,  
 As, making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,  
 To Pope or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North,  
 Bound for the calmly-satisfied great State, 30  
 Or glad aspiring little burgh, it went,  
 Flowers cast upon the car which bore the freight,  
 Through old streets named afresh from the event,

Till it reached home, where learned age should greet  
 My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct 35  
 Above his hair, lie learning at my feet!—  
 Oh, thus to live, I and my picture, linked  
 With love about, and praise, till life should end,  
 And then not go to heaven, but linger here,

Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend,—  
The thought grew frightful, 't was so wildly dear!  
But a voice changed it. Glimpses of such sights  
Have scared me, like the revels through a door  
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Sheers presents landscapes in **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Sheers's presentation of the speaker's experience in the following poem. In your answer you should comment in detail on poetic methods. [25]

*Hedge School*

'Though that hir soules goon a-blakeberied'  
Chaucer, *The Pardoner's Prologue*

The walk home from school got longer  
those first weeks of September,  
listening to the mini bus diminish 5  
through the hedges and trees,  
then slipping the straps of my bag over each shoulder  
to free up both hands for the picking of blackberries.

Another lesson perhaps, this choice of how to take them.  
One by one, tracing their variety on my tongue, 10  
from the bitterness of an unripe red  
tightly packed as a nervous heart,  
to the rain-bloated looseness of those older,  
cobwebbed and dusty as a Claret  
laid down for years in a cellar. 15

Or to hoard them? Piling in the palm  
until I cupped a coiled black pearl necklace,  
a hedgerow caviar, the bubbles of just poured wine  
stilled in my fingers which I'd take together, 20  
each an eye of one great berry, a sudden symphony.

Or as I did just once, strolling towards the low house  
growing at the lane's end,  
not to eat them at all,  
but slowly close my palm into a fist instead, 25  
dissolving their mouthfeel over my skin  
and emerging from the hedge and tree tunnel,  
my knuckles scratched and my hand blue-black red,  
as bloodied as a butcher's or a farmer's at lambing,  
or that of a boy who's discovered for the very first time,  
just how dark he runs inside. 30

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems present relationships coming to an end. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's feelings about the wedding. [25]

*The Wedding*

I expected a quiet wedding  
high above a lost city  
a marriage to balance on my head

like a forest of sticks, a pot of water.  
The ceremony tasted of nothing  
had little colour – guests arrived

5

stealthy as sandalwood smugglers.  
When they opened their suitcases  
England spilled out.

They scratched at my veil  
like beggars on a car window.  
I insisted my dowry was simple –

10

a smile, a shadow, a whisper,  
my house an incredible structure  
of stiffened rags and bamboo.

15

We travelled along roads with English  
names, my bridegroom and I.  
Our eyes changed colour

like traffic-lights, so they said.  
The time was not ripe  
for us to view each other.

20

We stared straight ahead as if  
we could see through mountains  
breathe life into new cities.

I wanted to marry a country  
take up a river for a veil  
sing in the Jinnah Gardens

25

hold up my dream, tricky  
as a snake-charmer's snake.  
Our thoughts half-submerged

30

like buffaloes under dark water  
we turned and faced each other  
with turbulence

and imprints like maps on our hands.

(Moniza Alvi)

## GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Clarke present the relationship between humans and animals in **two** poems? [25]
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the dead body in the following poem. [25]

*Lunchtime Lecture*

And this from the second or third millennium  
 B.C., a female, aged about twenty-two.  
 A white, fine skull, full up with darkness  
 As a shell with sea, drowned in the centuries.  
 Small, perfect. The cranium would fit the palm 5  
 Of a man's hand. Some plague or violence  
 Destroyed her, and her whiteness lay safe in a shroud  
 Of silence, undisturbed, unrained on, dark  
 For four thousand years. Till a tractor in summer  
 Biting its way through the longcairn for supplies 10  
 Of stone, broke open the grave and let a crowd of light  
 Stare in at her, and she stared quietly back.

As I look at her I feel none of the shock  
 The farmer felt as, unprepared, he found her.  
 Here in the Museum, like death in hospital, 15  
 Reasons are given, labels, causes, catalogues.  
 The smell of death is done. Left, only her bone  
 Purity, the light and shade beauty that her man  
 Was denied sight of, the perfect edge of the place  
 Where the pieces join, with no mistakes, like boundaries. 20

She's a tree in winter, stripped white on a black sky,  
 Leafless formality, brow, bough in fine relief.  
 I, at some other season, illustrate the tree  
 Fleshed, with woman's hair and colours and the rustling  
 Blood, the troubled mind that she has overthrown. 25  
 We stare at each other, dark into sightless  
 Dark, seeing only ourselves in the black pools,  
 Gulping the risen sea that booms in the shell.

**TURN OVER FOR SECTION C.**

## Section C: Prose

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss McEwan's presentation and use of the London hospital setting in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Briony in the following passage. [25]

Mrs Tallis read the seven pages of *The Trials of Arabella* in her bedroom, at her dressing table, with the author's arm around her shoulder the whole while.

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In the box were treasures that dated back four years, to her ninth birthday when she began collecting: a mutant double acorn, fool's gold, a rain-making spell bought at a funfair, a squirrel's skull as light as a leaf.

(from Part 1 Chapter 1)

**NGŪGĪ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood***

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of the Journey before the villagers reach the city. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Ngũgĩ presents Munira and his father, and their relationship. [25]

He stayed the night at Furaha house in Ruwa-ini.

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He was given as an example of 'the recent trials and temptations of Brother Ezekiel'.

(from Chapter 2)

*Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 11 **Either** (a) Compare the presentation and significance of rooms as settings in **two** stories. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *Death in the Woods* presents the life of poor rural people. [25]

She was an old woman and lived on a farm near the town in which I lived. All country and small-town people have seen such old women, but no one knows much about them. Such an old woman comes into town driving an old worn-out horse or she comes afoot carrying a basket. She may own a few hens and have eggs to sell. She brings them in a basket and takes them to a grocer. There she trades them in. She gets some salt pork and some beans. Then she gets a pound or two of sugar and some flour. 5

Afterwards she goes to the butcher's and asks for some dog-meat. She may spend ten or fifteen cents, but when she does she asks for something. Formerly the butchers gave liver to any one who wanted to carry it away. In our family we were always having it. Once one of my brothers got a whole cow's liver at the slaughter-house near the fairgrounds in our town. We had it until we were sick of it. It never cost a cent. I have hated the thought of it ever since. 10

The old farm woman got some liver and a soup-bone. She never visited with any one, and as soon as she got what she wanted she lit out for home. It made quite a load for such an old body. No one gave her a lift. People drive right down a road and never notice an old woman like that. 15

There was such an old woman who used to come into town past our house one Summer and Fall when I was a young boy and was sick with what was called inflammatory rheumatism. She went home later carrying a heavy pack on her back. Two or three large gaunt-looking dogs followed at her heels. 20

The old woman was nothing special. She was one of the nameless ones that hardly any one knows, but she got into my thoughts. I have just suddenly now, after all these years, remembered her and what happened. It is a story. Her name was Grimes, and she lived with her husband and son in a small unpainted house on the bank of a small creek four miles from town. 25

The husband and son were a tough lot. Although the son was but twenty-one, he had already served a term in jail. It was whispered about that the woman's husband stole horses and ran them off to some other county. Now and then, when a horse turned up missing, the man had also disappeared. No one ever caught him. Once, when I was loafing at Tom Whitehead's livery-barn, the man came there and sat on the bench in front. Two or three other men were there, but no one spoke to him. He sat for a few minutes and then got up and went away. When he was leaving he turned around and stared at the men. There was a look of defiance in his eyes. 'Well, I have tried to be friendly. You don't want to talk to me. It has been so wherever I have gone in this town. If, some day, one of your fine horses turns up missing, well, then what?' He did not say anything actually. 'I'd like to bust one of you on the jaw,' was about what his eyes said. I remember how the look in his eyes made me shiver. 30

The old man belonged to a family that had had money once. His name was Jake Grimes. It all comes back clearly now. His father, John Grimes, had owned a sawmill when the country was new, and had made money. Then he got to drinking and running after women. When he died there wasn't much left. 35

Jake blew in the rest. Pretty soon there wasn't any more lumber to cut and his land was nearly all gone. 40

He got his wife off a German farmer, for whom he went to work one June day in the wheat harvest. She was a young thing then and scared to death. You see, 45

the farmer was up to something with the girl – she was, I think, a bound girl and his wife had her suspicions. She took it out on the girl when the man wasn't around. Then, when the wife had to go off to town for supplies, the farmer got after her. She told young Jake that nothing really ever happened, but he didn't know whether to believe it or not.

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*(from Death in the Woods)*

**MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents inequality in society. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Huck's view of Emmeline Grangerford. [25]

*Ode to Stephen Dowling Bots, Dec'd.*

And did young Stephen sicken,  
 And did young Stephen die?  
 And did the sad hearts thicken,  
 And did the mourners cry? 5

No; such was the fate of  
 Young Stephen Dowling Bots;  
 Though sad hearts round him thickened,  
 'Twas not from sickness' shots.

No whooping-cough did rack his frame, 10  
 Nor measles drear, with spots;  
 Not these impaired the sacred name  
 Of Stephen Dowling Bots.

Despised love struck not with woe  
 That head of curly knots, 15  
 Nor stomach troubles laid him low,  
 Young Stephen Dowling Bots.

O no. Then list with tearful eye,  
 Whilst I his fate do tell.  
 His soul did from this cold world fly, 20  
 By falling down a well.

They got him out and emptied him;  
 Alas it was too late;  
 His spirit was gone for to sport aloft  
 In the realms of the good and great. 25

If Emmeline Grangerford could make poetry like that before she was fourteen, there ain't no telling what she could a done by-and-by. Buck said she could rattle off poetry like nothing. She didn't ever have to stop to think. He said she would slap down a line, and if she couldn't find anything to rhyme with it she would just scratch it out and slap down another one, and go ahead. She warn't particular, she could write about anything you choose to give her to write about, just so it was sadful. Every time a man died, or a woman died, or a child died, she would be on hand with her 'tribute' before he was cold. She called them tributes. The neighbors said it was the doctor first, then Emmeline, then the undertaker – the undertaker never got in ahead of Emmeline but once, and then she hung fire on a rhyme for the dead person's name, which was Whistler. She warn't ever the same, after that; she never complained, but she kind of pined away and did not live long. Poor thing, many's the time I made myself go up to the little room that used to be hers and get out her poor old scrap-book and read in it when her pictures had been aggravating me and I had soured on her a little. I liked all that family, dead ones and all, and warn't going to let anything come between us. Poor Emmeline made poetry about all the dead people 30  
 35  
 40

when she was alive, and it didn't seem right that there warn't nobody to make some about her, now she was gone; so I tried to sweat out a verse or two myself, but I couldn't seem to make it go, somehow. They kept Emmeline's room trim and nice and all the things fixed in it just the way she liked to have them when she was alive, and nobody ever slept there.

45

*(from Chapter 17)*





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