



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge Pre-U Certificate

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

9765/03

May/June 2014

2 hours 15 minutes

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.
DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer Question 1 and **one** other Question.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank pages.



Answer Question 1 and **one** other question.

All questions carry equal marks.

In your answers you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form in the poems or passages, and pay attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the following prose passages, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

A	It seemed to me that I was doing more than my fair share of the work on this trip, and I was beginning to feel strongly on the subject.	
	It always does seem to me that I am doing more work than I should do. It is not that I object to the work, mind you; I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart.	5
	You cannot give me too much work; to accumulate work has almost become a passion with me; my study is so full of it now that there is hardly an inch of room for any more. I shall have to throw out a wing soon.	10
	And I am careful of my work, too. Why, some of the work that I have by me now has been in my possession for years and years, and there isn't a finger-mark on it. I take a great pride in my work; I take it down now and then and dust it. No man keeps his work in a better state of preservation than I do.	15
	But, though I crave for work, I still like to be fair. I do not ask for more than my proper share.	
	But I get it without asking for it – at least, so it appears to me – and this worries me.	20
	George says he does not think I need trouble myself on the subject. He thinks it is only my over-scrupulous nature that makes me fear I am having more than my due; and that, as a matter of fact, I don't have half as much as I ought. But I expect he only says this to comfort me.	25

From *Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome (1859–1927)

- B** As he approached the office he walked faster and faster, muttering, "Guess better hustle." All about him the city was hustling, for hustling's sake. Men in motors were hustling to pass one another in the hustling traffic. Men were hustling to catch trains, with another train a minute behind, and to leap from the trains, to gallop across the pavement, to hurl themselves into buildings, into hustling express elevators. Men in dairy lunches were hustling to gulp down the food which cooks had hustled to fry. Men in barber shops were snapping, "Jus' shave me once over. Gotta hustle." Men were feverishly getting rid of visitors in offices adorned with the signs, "This Is My Busy Day" and "The Lord Created the World in Six Days—You Can Spiel All You Got to Say in Six Minutes." Men who had made five thousand, the year before last, and ten thousand last year, were urging on nerve-yelping bodies and parched brains so that they might make twenty thousand this year; and the men who had broken down immediately after making their twenty thousand dollars were hustling to catch trains, to hustle through the vacations which the hustling doctors had ordered. 5 10 15
- Among them Babbitt hustled back to his office, to sit down with nothing much to do except see that the staff looked as though they were hustling. 20

From *Babbitt* by Sinclair Lewis (1885–1951)

- 2 Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

The Salutation

These little limbs,
 These eyes and hands which here I find,
 This panting heart wherewith my life begins,
 Where have ye been? Behind
 What curtain were ye from me hid so long? 5
 Where was, in what abyss, my new-made tongue?

When silent I
 So many thousand thousand years
 Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
 How could I smiles or tears 10
 Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
 Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
 Was nothing from eternity,
 Did little think such joys as ear and tongue 15
 To celebrate or see:
 Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
 Such eyes and objects, on the ground to meet.

New burnished joys
 Which finest gold and pearl excel! 20
 Such sacred treasures are the limbs of boys,
 In which a soul doth dwell;
 Their organized joints and azure veins
 More wealth include than the dead world contains.

From dust I rise, 25
 And out of nothing now awake;
 These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
 A gift from God I take.
 The earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
 The sun and stars are mine; if these I prize. 30

A stranger here
 Strange things doth meet, strange glory see;
 Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear,
 Strange all and new to me;
 But that they mine should be, who nothing was, 35
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

Thomas Traherne (c.1637–1674)

Turn over for Question 3

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, which is the opening of *Alphabetical Order* (1975) by Michael Frayn, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

ACT I

The library of a provincial newspaper office.

The fabric of the building remains from the high tide of imperial and commercial confidence somewhere around the accession of George V. There are high wooden shelves around the walls containing standard works of reference, bound newspapers, unexplained brown envelopes and parcels and old milk bottles. Steel filing-cabinets, chest high, are arranged in walks and alleys like a maze. In front of the cabinets are two work-tables, pushed together to face each other, with three chairs. On the tables: a telephone, files of yellowing newspapers, folders, books. Every surface in the room is occupied by yellowing cuttings, open telephone directories, and yesterday's evening papers. Some of the drawers of the filing-cabinets are open, blocking the alleys. On one filing-cabinet stands a box of empty jam-jars; on another a broken chair.

LESLIE enters. She is in her mid-twenties—a shy, clever, violent girl. She looks round the room uncertainly, then sits down at one of the tables and waits. GEOFFREY enters. He is a hurrying, deft, well-disposed man of about sixty. He puts copies of the daily papers on the table.

Geoffrey: Oh, she's not here. Well, never mind. She'll be here in a minute.

Leslie: Thank you.

Geoffrey: Anyway, you'll be all right now.

Leslie: Yes.

Geoffrey: You know what they say. It's not much, but it's home.

Leslie: Yes.

Geoffrey: You can put your things on the window-ledge, look. That's where she puts hers. You'll be all right there.

Leslie: Thank you.

Geoffrey: That's right. That's the way. She won't be long. She'll explain everything to you. She sits there, so if you sit yourself down here you'll be all right, you'll be lovely.

Leslie: Thank you.

Geoffrey: I'll just move these things off.

Leslie: Sorry.

Geoffrey: Now you'll be all right. I'll put them here, look, if she wants them.

Leslie: Sorry.

Geoffrey: No, you'll be all right in here. Oh, yes, everyone likes Lucy.

Leslie: Yes, I met her at the interview.

Geoffrey: I'm the Messenger. I'm in and out all the time. I mind everybody's business. Yours included. Anything you want to know about this office, ask me.

Leslie: Right. Thank you.

Geoffrey: One thing I'll tell you now. This is my one word of advice, so listen carefully. The facts of life. All right? Every Tuesday, not later than half-past four, go and see Miss Fisher—that's down the corridor, through

the Tube Room, where you found me today, and second door on your right—Miss Fisher—the name's up on the door—every *Tuesday*; and she'll give you a clean hand-towel. All right?

Leslie: Yes. Thank you. 55

Geoffrey: All right. That's you all set up in life.

He goes out.

LESLIE gets up and walks slowly about the room, looking at everything. She turns over the pages of an ancient bound file of newspapers, then looks at her fingers and wipes the dust off. 60

She walks slowly along one of the alleys of the maze, gently but automatically closing the open drawers as she goes. She sits down, not where she was sat by GEOFFREY, or the chair where 'she' sits, but in the third chair. Pause. Then she gets up and opens all the drawers again, exactly as they were. She sits, in the third chair. 65

ARNOLD enters. He is a large man in his fifties, who moves and thinks very slowly.

LESLIE jumps up.

Arnold: (stopping at the sight of her) Oh. 70

Leslie: I'm afraid she's not here yet.

Arnold: Oh. (He thinks) Ummm . . .

Leslie: I don't think she'll be long.

Arnold: Ah.

Leslie: Could I help at all? 75

Arnold: Oh. (He rubs his eyes and thinks) Ummm . . .

Leslie: I'm the new Assistant Librarian. I'm afraid I don't really know where anything is. I don't know how the Library's arranged.

Arnold: Hmmmmmm. (He examines some papers he is holding. A long time passes) 80

Leslie: But perhaps I could . . . do something.

Arnold: Yes.

He gazes at the papers in silence for some time. Then he goes out. 85

LESLIE waits. Then she sits.

ARNOLD enters.

LESLIE jumps up.

Arnold: Thanks.

He goes out. 90

LESLIE sits. The telephone rings. She looks at it, undecided, until it stops ringing.

GEOFFREY enters, carrying a clean towel.

LESLIE jumps up.

Geoffrey: Here you are, then. Clean towel. Just to start you off. 95

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