



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/42

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

February/March 2022

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
Section A: answer **one** question.
Section B: answer **one** question.
- 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.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Austen present relationships between sisters in *Persuasion*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's exploration of social connections in the novel as a whole.

How to have this anxious business set to rights, and be admitted as cousins again, was the question; and it was a question which, in a more rational manner, neither Lady Russell nor Mr Elliot thought unimportant. 'Family connexions were always worth preserving, good company always worth seeking; Lady Dalrymple had taken a house, for three months, in Laura-place, and would be living in style. She had been at Bath the year before, and Lady Russell had heard her spoken of as a charming woman. It was very desirable that the connexion should be renewed, if it could be done, without any compromise of propriety on the side of the Elliots.'

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Sir Walter, however, would choose his own means, and at last wrote a very fine letter of ample explanation, regret and entreaty, to his right honourable cousin. Neither Lady Russell nor Mr Elliot could admire the letter; but it did all that was wanted, in bringing three lines of scrawl from the Dowager Viscountess. 'She was very much honoured, and should be happy in their acquaintance.' The toils of the business were over, the sweets began. They visited in Laura-place, they had the cards of Dowager Viscountess Dalrymple, and the Hon. Miss Carteret, to be arranged wherever they might be most visible; and 'Our cousins in Laura-place,' – 'Our cousins, Lady Dalrymple and Miss Carteret,' were talked of to every body.

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Anne was ashamed. Had Lady Dalrymple and her daughter even been very agreeable, she would still have been ashamed of the agitation they created, but they were nothing. There was no superiority of manner, accomplishment, or understanding. Lady Dalrymple had acquired the name of 'a charming woman,' because she had a smile and a civil answer for every body. Miss Carteret, with still less to say, was so plain and so awkward, that she would never have been tolerated in Camden-place but for her birth.

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Lady Russell confessed that she had expected something better; but yet 'it was an acquaintance worth having,' and when Anne ventured to speak her opinion of them to Mr Elliot, he agreed to their being nothing in themselves, but still maintained that as a family connexion, as good company, as those who would collect good company around them, they had their value. Anne smiled and said,

25

'My idea of good company, Mr Elliot, is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company.'

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'You are mistaken,' said he gently, 'that is not good company, that is the best. Good company requires only birth, education and manners, and with regard to education is not very nice. Birth and good manners are essential; but a little learning is by no means a dangerous thing in good company, on the contrary, it will do very well. My cousin, Anne, shakes her head. She is not satisfied. She is fastidious. My dear cousin, (sitting down by her) you have a better right to be fastidious than almost any other woman I know; but will it answer? Will it make you happy? Will it not be wiser to accept the society of these good ladies in Laura-place, and enjoy all the advantages of the connexion as far as possible? You may depend upon it, that they will move in the first set in Bath this winter, and as rank is rank, your being known to be related to them will have its use in fixing your family (our family let me say) in that degree of consideration which we must all wish for.'

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'Yes,' sighed Anne, 'we shall, indeed, be known to be related to them!' – then recollecting herself, and not wishing to be answered, she added, 'I certainly do think there has been by far too much trouble taken to procure the acquaintance. I suppose (smiling) I have more pride than any of you; but I confess it does vex me, that we should be so solicitous to have the relationship acknowledged, which we may be very sure is a matter of perfect indifference to them.'

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(from Volume 2 Chapter 4)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Love is a gretter lawe, by my pan,
Than may be yeve to any erthely man.'

With Arcite's comment in mind, discuss some of the ways Chaucer presents love in *The Knight's Tale*.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's concerns in *The Knight's Tale*.

First in the temple of Venus maystow se
Wroght on the wal, ful pitous to biholde,
The broken slepes, and the sikes colde,
The sacred teeris, and the waymentynge, 5
The firy strokes of the desiryng
That loves servantz in this lyf endure;
The othes that hir covenantz assuren;
Plesaunce and Hope, Desir, Foolhardynesse,
Beautee and Youthe, Bauderie, Richesse, 10
Charmes and Force, Lesynges, Flaterye,
Despense, Bisynesse, and Jalousye,
That wered of yelewe gooldes a gerland,
And a cokkow sittyng on hir hand;
Festes, instrumentz, caroles, daunces,
Lust and array, and alle the circumstaunces 15
Of love, which that I rekned and rekne shal,
By ordre weren peynted on the wal,
And mo than I kan make of mencion.
For soothly al the mount of Citheroun,
Ther Venus hath hir principal dwellyng, 20
Was shewed on the wal in portreyng,
With al the gardyn and the lustynesse.
Nat was foryeten the porter, Ydelnesse,
Ne Narcisus the faire of yore agon,
Ne yet the folye of kyng Salomon, 25
Ne yet the grete strengthe of Ercules —
Th'enchautementz of Medea and Circes —
Ne of Turnus, with the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus, kaytyf in servage, 30
Thus may ye seen that wysdom ne richesse,
Beautee ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardynesse,
Ne may with Venus holde champartie,
For as hir list the world than may she gye.
Lo, alle these folk so caught were in hir las,
Til they for wo ful ofte seyde "allas!" 35
Suffiseth heere ensamples oon or two,
And though I koude rekene a thousand mo.
The statue of Venus, glorious for to se,
Was naked, fletyng in the large see,
And fro the navele doun al covered was 40
With wawes grene, and brighte as any glas.
A citole in hir right hand hadde she,
And on hir heed, ful semely for to se,
A rose gerland, fressh and wel smellyng;

Above hir heed hir dowves flikerynge.
Biforn hire stood hir sone Cupido;
Upon his shuldres wynges hadde he two,
And blynd he was, as it is often seene;
A bowe he bar and arwes brighte and kene.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

- 3 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Dickens present friendship in the novel *Oliver Twist*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to the language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket; and producing a canvas bag, told out twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.

'Now,' he said, 'gather them up; and when this cursed peal of thunder, which I feel is coming up to break over the house-top, is gone, let's hear your story.'

The thunder, which seemed in fact much nearer, and to shiver and break almost over their heads, having subsided, Monks, raising his face from the table, bent forward to listen to what the woman should say. The faces of the three nearly touched, as the two men leant over the small table in their eagerness to hear, and the woman also leant forward to render her whisper audible. The sickly rays of the suspended lantern falling directly upon them, aggravated the paleness and anxiety of their countenances: which, encircled by the deepest gloom and darkness, looked ghastly in the extreme. 5

'When this woman, that we called old Sally, died,' the matron began, 'she and I were alone.'

'Was there no one by?' asked Monks, in the same hollow whisper; 'no sick wretch or idiot in some other bed? No one who could hear, and might, by possibility, understand?' 15

'Not a soul,' replied the woman; 'we were alone. I stood alone beside the body when death came over it.'

'Good,' said Monks, regarding her attentively. 'Go on.' 20

'She spoke of a young creature,' resumed the matron, 'who had brought a child into the world some years before; not merely in the same room, but in the same bed, in which she then lay dying.'

'Ay?' said Monks, with quivering lip, and glancing over his shoulder, 'Blood! How things come about!' 25

'The child was the one you named to him last night,' said the matron, nodding carelessly towards her husband; 'the mother this nurse had robbed.'

'In life?' asked Monks.

'In death,' replied the woman, with something like a shudder. 'She stole from the corpse, when it had hardly turned to one, that which the dead mother had prayed her, with her last breath, to keep for the infant's sake.' 30

'She sold it?' cried Monks, with desperate eagerness; 'did she sell it? Where? When? To whom? How long before?'

'As she told me, with great difficulty, that she had done this,' said the matron, 'she fell back and died.' 35

'Without saying more?' cried Monks, in a voice which, from its very suppression, seemed only the more furious. 'It's a lie! I'll not be played with. She said more. I'll tear the life out of you both, but I'll know what it was.'

'She didn't utter another word,' said the woman, to all appearance unmoved (as Mr Bumble was very far from being) by the strange man's violence; 'but she clutched my gown, violently, with one hand, which was partly closed; and when I saw that she was dead, and so removed the hand by force, I found it clasped a scrap of dirty paper.' 40

'Which contained – ' interposed Monks, stretching forward.

'Nothing,' replied the woman; 'it was a pawnbroker's duplicate.' 45

'For what?' demanded Monks.

'In good time I'll tell you,' said the woman. 'I judge that she had kept the trinket,

for some time, in the hope of turning it to better account; and then had pawned it; and had saved or scraped together money to pay the pawnbroker's interest year by year, and prevent its running out; so that if anything came of it, it could still be redeemed. Nothing had come of it; and, as I tell you, she died with the scrap of paper, all worn and tattered, in her hand. The time was out in two days; I thought something might one day come of it too; and so redeemed the pledge.' 50

'Where is it now?' asked Monks quickly.

'*There,*' replied the woman. And, as if glad to be relieved of it, she hastily threw upon the table a small kid bag scarcely large enough for a French watch, which Monks pouncing upon, tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold locket: in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding-ring. 55

(from Chapter 38)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Ourself behind ourself, concealed –
Should startle most.'
(from *One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted*)

With this quotation in mind, discuss some of the ways Dickinson explores self-knowledge in her poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Dickinson's methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

A Bird came down the Walk

A Bird came down the Walk –
He did not know I saw –
He bit an Angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew 5
From a convenient Grass –
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around – 10
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought –
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb 15
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam –
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim. 20

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JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Milton explore different kinds of love in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of his concerns in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock
 Over the vexed abyss, following the track
 Of Satan, to the selfsame place where he
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe 5
 From out of Chaos to the outside bare
 Of this round world: with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable; and now in little space
 The confines met of empyréan Heav'n 10
 And of this world, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interposed; three several ways
 In sight, to each of these three places led.
 And now their way to earth they had descried,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold 15
 Satan in likeness of an angel bright
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
 Disguised he came, but those his children dear
 Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise. 20
 He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought 25
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned 30
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gathered his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned, 35
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased. 40
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
 Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.
 O parent, these are thy magnificent deeds,
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
 Thou art their author and prime architect: 45

For I no sooner in my heart divined,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, joined in connection sweet,
That thou on earth hadst prospered, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt 50
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure 55
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within Hell gates till now, thou us empow' red
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge the dark abyss. 60

(from Book 10)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Stoker's use of different narrators in the novel *Dracula*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage from Mina Murray's journal, showing what it adds to Stoker's presentation of Mina and Lucy in the novel as a whole.

Whatever my expectation was, it was not disappointed, for there, on our favourite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on light almost immediately; but it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell; I did not wait to catch another glance, but flew down the steep steps to the pier and along by the fish-market to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed as dead, for not a soul did I see; I rejoiced that it was so, for I wanted no witness of poor Lucy's condition. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled and my breath came laboured as I toiled up the endless steps to the Abbey. I must have gone fast, and yet it seemed to me as if my feet were weighted with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty. When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, 'Lucy! Lucy!' and something raised a head, and from where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between me and the seat, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came in view again the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy half-reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about.

When I bent over her I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing – not softly, as usual with her, but in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full at every breath. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her night-dress close round her throat. Whilst she did so there came a little shudder through her, as though she felt the cold. I flung the warm shawl over her, and drew the edges tight round her neck, for I dreaded lest she should get some deadly chill from the night air, unclad as she was. I feared to wake her all at once, so, in order to have my hands free that I might help her, I fastened the shawl at her throat with a big safety-pin; but I must have been clumsy in my anxiety and pinched or pricked her with it, for by-and-by, when her breathing became quieter, she put her hand to her throat again and moaned.

(from Chapter 8, Mina Murray's Journal)

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Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Atwood shapes a reader's response to the role and characterisation of Aunt Lydia in *The Handmaid's Tale*.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Atwood's narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

I lie on my bed, pretending to nap.

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some.

It always means worse, for

(from Chapter 32)

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt create a sense of place in her poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Genealogy

My daughter
 when she was four
 once described herself as a tiny egg,
 so small, she was inside me
 at a time when I was still not born 5
 when I was still within her grandmother.
 And so, she concluded triumphantly,
I was also inside Aaji.

When she showed me
 her newest painting, she said: 10

*At night the sun is black
 and the moon turns yellow.
 Look, that's how I painted it.
 This is the sky at night
 so the sun is also black.* 15

*What are the angels doing at night?
 It's not bad to die
 because then you can become
 an angel – and you can fly and that's so nice –
 I'll be happy to be an angel.* 20

Later, I overheard her say to her father:

*When I am a grandmother
 I'll be very old
 and you'll be dead.
 But I hope you've learned 25
 to fly by that time*

*because then you can
 fly over to my house
 and watch me with my grandchildren.*

JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

- 9 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present social injustice in her poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following poem, considering Kay's poetic presentation of the relationship between parents and children, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Divorce

I did not promise
to stay with you till death do us part, or
anything like that,
so part I must, and quickly. There are things
I cannot suffer 5
any longer: Mother, you never, ever said
a kind word
or a thank-you for all the tedious chores I have done;
Father, your breath 10
smells like a camel's and gives me the hump;
all you ever say is:
'Are you off in the cream puff, Lady Muck?'
In this day and age?
I would be better off in an orphanage.

I want a divorce. 15
There are parents in the world whose faces turn
up to the light
who speak in the soft murmur of rivers
and never shout.
There are parents who stroke their children's cheeks 20
in the dead of night
and sing in the colourful voices of rainbows,
red to blue.
These parents are not you. I never chose you.
You are rough and wild, 25
I don't want to be your child. All you do is shout
and that's not right.
I will file for divorce in the morning at first light.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 10** **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kingsolver present relationships between sisters in the novel?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Kingsolver's presentation of Leah's view of her father, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Mother kept her promise.

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Without
that rock of certainty underfoot, the Congo is a fearsome place to have to sink or
swim.

(from Leah: Book 3, The Judges)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

- 11 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Spender presents the experience of being a soldier in his poems. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

XII

My parents kept me from children who were rough

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I longed to forgive them, yet they never smiled.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 12 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Woolf shapes a reader's response to Peter Walsh in the novel.
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Woolf's presentation of Septimus, here and elsewhere in the novel.

Septimus was one of the first to volunteer. He went to France to save an England which consisted almost entirely of Shakespeare's plays and Miss Isabel Pole in a green dress walking in a square. There in the trenches the change which Mr Brewer desired when he advised football was produced instantly; he developed manliness; he was promoted; he drew the attention, indeed the affection of his officer, Evans by name. It was a case of two dogs playing on a hearth-rug; one worrying a paper screw, snarling, snapping, giving a pinch, now and then, at the old dog's ear; the other lying somnolent, blinking at the fire, raising a paw, turning and growling good-temperedly. They had to be together, share with each other, fight with each other, quarrel with each other. But when Evans (Rezia, who had only seen him once, called him 'a quiet man', a sturdy red-haired man, undemonstrative in the company of women), when Evans was killed, just before the Armistice, in Italy, Septimus, far from showing any emotion or recognising that here was the end of a friendship, congratulated himself upon feeling very little and very reasonably. The War had taught him. It was sublime. He had gone through the whole show, friendship, European War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and was bound to survive. He was right there. The last shells missed him. He watched them explode with indifference. When peace came he was in Milan, billeted in the house of an innkeeper with a courtyard, flowers in tubs, little tables in the open, daughters making hats, and to Lucrezia, the younger daughter, he became engaged one evening when the panic was on him – that he could not feel. 5

For now that it was all over, truce signed, and the dead buried, he had, especially in the evening, these sudden thunder-claps of fear. He could not feel. As he opened the door of the room where the Italian girls sat making hats, he could see them; could hear them; they were rubbing wires among coloured beads in saucers; they were turning buckram shapes this way and that; the table was all strewn with feathers, spangles, silks, ribbons; scissors were rapping on the table; but something failed him; he could not feel. Still, scissors rapping, girls laughing, hats being made protected him; he was assured of safety; he had a refuge. But he could not sit there all night. There were moments of waking in the early morning. The bed was falling; he was falling. Oh for the scissors and the lamplight and the buckram shapes! He asked Lucrezia to marry him, the younger of the two, the gay, the frivolous, with those little artist's fingers that she would hold up and say 'It is all in them.' Silk, feathers, what not were alive to them. 10

'It is the hat that matters most,' she would say, when they walked out together. Every hat that passed, she would examine; and the cloak and the dress and the way the woman held herself. Ill-dressing, over-dressing she stigmatised, not savagely, rather with impatient movements of the hands, like those of a painter who puts from him some obvious well-meant glaring imposture; and then, generously, but always critically, she would welcome a shop-girl who had turned her little bit of stuff gallantly, or praise, wholly, with enthusiastic and professional understanding, a French lady descending from her carriage, in chinchilla, robes, pearls. 15

'Beautiful!' she would murmur, nudging Septimus, that he might see. But beauty was behind a pane of glass. Even taste (Rezia liked ices, chocolates, sweet things) had no relish to him. He put down his cup on the little marble table. He looked at people outside; happy they seemed, collecting in the middle of the street, shouting, laughing, squabbling over nothing. But he could not taste, he could not feel. 20

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