
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2019

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

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

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Frost presents rural people in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frost presents the speaker's experience in the following poem.

The Wood-Pile

Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day,

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With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Jennings presents the experience of hospital patients.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a view of young people.

The Young Ones

They slip on to the bus, hair piled up high.
 New styles each month, it seems to me. I look,
 Not wanting to be seen, casting my eye
 Above the unread pages of a book.

They are fifteen or so. When I was thus, 5
 I huddled in school coats, my satchel hung
 Lop-sided on my shoulder. Without fuss
 These enter adolescence; being young

Seems good to them, a state we cannot reach, 10
 No talk of 'awkward ages' now. I see
 How childish gazes staring out of each
 Unfinished face prove me incredibly

Old-fashioned. Yet at least I have the chance 15
 To size up several stages— young yet old,
 Doing the twist, mocking an 'old-time' dance:
 So many ways to be unsure or bold.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present family relationships in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents rooms and their significance.

Rooms

I remember rooms that have had their part
In the steady slowing down of the heart.
The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide— 5
Rooms where for good or for ill—things died.
But there is the room where we (two) lie dead,
Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem
to sleep again
As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed 10
Out there in the sun—in the rain.

Charlotte Mew

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Helen says: 'I hope that for women too, "not to work" will soon become as shocking as "not to be married" was a hundred years ago.'

In the light of this statement, discuss Forster's presentation of social progress for women.

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

"As I said, either friends or the country, some"—she hesitated—"either some very dear person or some very dear place seems necessary to relieve life's daily grey, and to show that it *is* grey. If possible, one should have both."

Some of her words ran past Mr. Wilcox. He let them run past. Others he caught and criticised with admirable lucidity. 5

"Your mistake is this, and it is a very common mistake. This young bounder has a life of his own. What right have you to conclude it is an unsuccessful life, or, as you call it, 'grey'?"

"Because—"

"One minute. You know nothing about him. He probably has his own joys and interests—wife, children, snug little home. That's where we practical fellows" he smiled—"are more tolerant than you intellectuals. We live and let live, and assume that things are jogging on fairly well elsewhere, and that the ordinary plain man may be trusted to look after his own affairs. I quite grant—I look at the faces of the clerks in my own office, and observe them to be dull, but I don't know what's going on beneath. So, by the way, with London. I have heard you rail against London, Miss Schlegel, and it seems a funny thing to say but I was very angry with you. What do you know about London? You only see civilisation from the outside. I don't say in your case, but in too many cases that attitude leads to morbidity, discontent, and Socialism." 10 15 20

She admitted the strength of his position, though it undermined imagination. As he spoke, some outposts of poetry and perhaps of sympathy fell ruining, and she retreated to what she called her "second line"—to the special facts of the case.

"His wife is an old bore," she said simply. "He never came home last Saturday night because he wanted to be alone, and she thought he was with us." 25

"With *you*?"

"Yes." Evie tittered. "He hasn't got the cosy home that you assumed. He needs outside interests."

"Naughty young man!" cried the girl.

"Naughty?" said Margaret, who hated naughtiness more than sin. "When you're married Miss Wilcox, won't you want outside interests?" 30

"He has apparently got them," put in Mr. Wilcox slyly.

"Yes, indeed, father."

"He was tramping in Surrey, if you mean that," said Margaret, pacing away rather crossly. 35

"Oh, I dare say!"

"Miss Wilcox, he was!"

"M-m-m-m!" from Mr. Wilcox, who thought the episode amusing, if risqué. With most ladies he would not have discussed it, but he was trading on Margaret's reputation as an emancipated woman. 40

"He said so, and about such a thing he wouldn't lie."

They both began to laugh.

“That’s where I differ from you. Men lie about their positions and prospects, but not about a thing of that sort.”

He shook his head. “Miss Schlegel, excuse me, but I know the type.” 45

“I said before—he isn’t a type. He cares about adventures rightly. He’s certain that our smug existence isn’t all. He’s vulgar and hysterical and bookish, but don’t think that sums him up. There’s manhood in him as well. Yes, that’s what I’m trying to say. He’s a real man.”

As she spoke their eyes met, and it was as if Mr. Wilcox’s defences fell. She saw back to the real man in him. Unwittingly she had touched his emotions. A woman and two men—they had formed the magic triangle of sex, and the male was thrilled to jealousy, in case the female was attracted by another male. Love, say the ascetics, reveals our shameful kinship with the beasts. Be it so: one can bear that; jealousy is the real shame. It is jealousy, not love, that connects us with the farmyard intolerably, and calls up visions of two angry cocks and a complacent hen. Margaret crushed complacency down because she was civilised. Mr. Wilcox, uncivilised, continued to feel anger long after he had rebuilt his defences, and was again presenting a bastion to the world. 55

Chapter 16

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

5 **Either** (a) England is described as ‘... a beloved relation whom you have never met.’

With this comment in mind, discuss Levy’s presentation of immigrants’ attitudes to England in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the riot.

‘Leave it,’ the NCO said. ‘Get back on, now.’ The truck started lurching off. Pulled up by the others, we climbed back just in time. Silly, but in the end the body was left where it had fallen.

They came running down the street. Gushing towards us like a flash flood. This horde of men. Jumping out from shabby windows and doorways. Down the alleys between the flimsy buildings that looked to be made of cardboard. Turned over a rickshaw. Tipped up a stall. Spilled the fruit. Pulverised it underfoot. All brandished something – a fist, a stick, the blink of a blade. Loud as a football crowd. Unstoppable. Rushing our lone truck. The NCO yelled for us all to ‘Stay calm! Stay calm!’ I hadn’t fixed my bayonet yet. Hands quivering, I dropped it. Scrabbling round. Maxi found it and handed it to me. I dropped it again. Hundreds of scruffy black-eyed coolies – maybe thousands – coming for us. We started lunging out with our bayonets. All yelling something. Get back. The NCO shouted, ‘Hold your line. Stay calm.’ My mechanic’s fingers – used to tinkering with kites – were trembling. Pulling on the trigger of the rifle. But no ammunition. Not a bullet between us. 5 10 15

‘Bang, bang,’ a young chap shouted. Desperate but not forlorn.

They surrounded us like water. Bobbing black faces at every side. But, strangely, once they were upon us they quietened. Crowding round the truck as if not knowing what to do. ‘Look fierce,’ the NCO whispered loudly. A chap fainted. Unsteadied several as he fell; he was left where he landed. There was a stand-off – us looking at them, them looking at us. Seemed like hours. But it could only have been seconds. Slowly the truck began to rock. We started to lose our footing, grabbing the sides of the truck and each other. 20

Maxi’s hand was squeezing my shoulder. I clutched a bunch of someone’s shirt. Everyone splayed their legs ready to stand firm. Jabbing bayonets out of the side of the truck. The NCO shouted, ‘Hold on. Grab something.’ 25

Maxi yelled, ‘It’s a hundred to one here. What do we do, Sarge?’ Everyone knew that if the truck went over we’d be spilled under the feet of this rabble and pounded to paste for the vultures. The NCO was banging the side of the truck with his rifle butt, aiming for the black hands and fingers that rocked us. Everyone joined in. Even Pierpoint was on his feet, hanging over the side, lashing out with his fists. His hapless friend was holding his legs. But we were being tossed around like a boat in a storm. 30

Suddenly there was gunfire. A police truck came round the corner and fired several rounds of bullets into the air. Our truck steadied in a cloud of dust. The rabble scattered like rodents, scurrying off down side-streets. Back through the windows and the doors. Chased by the ping of real gunfire. One dropped over here, another couple over there, tripping, grabbing at a wound, while some of the fallen were hurriedly pulled away. Chaps cheered, watching them go down. Slapping to the ground like a duck shoot at a fair. 35 40

Chapter 38

Turn over for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories create the sense of a particular place or setting.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the narrator and Mr Wills in the following passage from *The Taste of Watermelon*.

'Father,' I said, 'I've got to talk to Mr Wills. Right now. I wish you would come with me.'

He stopped, watching me. 'What's the matter?' he said. 'Did you steal that melon of his?'

'Will you come with me?' I said. 5

His face was dark and thoughtful. 'Why do you want me?'

'Because I'm afraid he'll shoot me,' I said. My voice didn't tremble much, but I couldn't keep it all out.

'Then why are you going?' he said.

'Because I've got to,' I said. 10

My father watched me for a moment. 'Yes,' he said quietly, 'I guess you do.' He came down the steps and stood beside me. 'I'll go with you,' he said.

We walked the short distance between our house and his. Though it was so near, I had never been in his yard before. I felt my legs trembling as I went up the brick walk and stood at the bottom of the steps, the paper sack in my hand. I knocked on the porch floor, and Willadean came to the screen door. 15

I did not look at her. 'I want to talk to your father.'

She stared at me for a moment, then she disappeared. In a moment Mr Wills appeared in the doorway. His face was marked by the night, his cheeks sunken, his mouth bitten in. He stared at me absentmindedly, as though I were only a speck in his thinking. 20

'What do you want, boy?' he said.

I felt my teeth grit against the words I had to say. I held out the paper bag toward him. 'Mr Wills,' I said, 'here's the seeds from your seed melon. That's all I could bring back.' 25

I could feel my father standing quietly behind me. Willadean was standing in the doorway, watching. I couldn't take my eyes away from Mr Wills's face.

'Did you steal it?' he said.

'Yes, sir,' I said.

He advanced to the edge of the porch. The shotgun was standing near the door, and I expected him to reach for it. Instead he came toward me, a great powerful man, and leaned down to me. 30

'Why did you steal it?' he said.

'I don't know,' I said.

'Didn't you know it was my seed melon?'

'Yes, sir,' I said, 'I knew it.' 35

He straightened up again and his eyes were beginning to gleam. I wanted to run, but I couldn't move.

'And my sick wife hungered for the taste of that melon,' he said. 'Not for herself, like I thought. But to invite the whole neighbourhood in for a slice of it. She knew I wouldn't ever think of anything like that myself. She hungered for that.' 40

I hung my head. 'I'm sorry,' I said.

He stopped still then, watching me. 'So you brought me the seeds,' he said softly. 'That's not much, boy.'

I lifted my head. 'It was all I could think to do,' I said. 'The melon is gone. But the seeds are next year. That's why I brought them to you.' 45

'But you ruined this year,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' I said. 'I ruined this year.'

I couldn't look at him any more. I looked at Willadean standing behind him. Her eyes were a puzzle, watching me, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking or feeling. 50

'I'm about as ashamed of myself last night as you are of yourself,' Mr Wills said. He frowned at me with his heavy brows. 'You ruined the half of it, and I ruined the other. We're both to blame, boy. Both to blame.'

It seemed there ought to be something more for me to say. 55

I searched for it in my mind and discovered only the thought that I had found this morning in the grey light of dawning.

'The seeds are next year,' I said. I looked at him humbly. 'I'll help you plant them, Mr Wills. I'll work very hard.'

Mr Wills looked at my father for the first time. There was a small hard smile on his face, and his eyes didn't look as fierce as they had before. 60

'A man with a big farm like mine needs a son,' he said. 'But Willadean here was all the good Lord saw fit to give me. Sam, I do wish I had me a boy like that.'

He came close to me then, put his hand on my shoulder. 'We can't do anything about this year,' he said. 'But we'll grow next year, won't we? We'll grow it together.' 65

'Yes, sir,' I said.

The Taste of Watermelon

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