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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**February/March 2019**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.



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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 human relationships in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the response to the fallen soldier in the following poem.

*A Soldier*

He is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,

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Further than target ever showed or shone.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Jennings portrays young people in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents feelings of love.

*Love Poem*

There is a shyness that we have  
Only with those whom we most love.  
Something it has to do also  
With how we cannot bring to mind  
A face whose every line we know. 5  
O love is kind, O love is kind.

That there should still remain the first  
Sweetness, also the later thirst—  
This is why pain must play some part  
In all true feelings that we find 10  
And every shaking of the heart.  
O love is kind, O love is kind.

And it is right that we should want  
Discretion, secrecy, no hint  
Of what we share. Love which cries out, 15  
And wants the world to understand,  
Is love that holds itself in doubt.  
For love is quiet, and love is kind.

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which feelings of loss are explored in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Wyatt presents the experience of love in the following poem.

*I Find No Peace*

I find no peace, and all my war is done.  
 I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice.  
 I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;  
 And nought I have, and all the world I season.  
 That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison 5  
 And holdeth me not—yet can I scape no wise—  
 Nor letteth me live nor die at my device,  
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
 Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain.  
 I desire to perish, and yet I ask health. 10  
 I love another, and thus I hate myself.  
 I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain;  
 Likewise displeaseth me both life and death,  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

**Turn over for Section B.**

## Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of Tibby Schlegel, considering his significance to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation and significance of the episode in the following passage.

On the whole she sided with men as they are. Henry would save the Basts as he had saved Howards End, while Helen and her friends were discussing the ethics of salvation. His was a slap-dash method, but the world has been built slap-dash, and the beauty of mountain and river and sunset may be but the varnish with which the unskilled artificer hides his joins. Oniton, like herself, was imperfect. Its apple-trees were stunted, its castle ruinous. It, too, had suffered in the border warfare between the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt, between things as they are and as they ought to be. Once more the west was retreating, once again the orderly stars were dotting the eastern sky. There is certainly no rest for us on the earth. But there is happiness, and as Margaret descended the mound on her lover's arm, she felt that she was having her share. 5 10

To her annoyance, Mrs. Bast was still in the garden; the husband and Helen had left her there to finish her meal while they went to engage rooms. Margaret found this woman repellent. She had felt, when shaking her hand, an overpowering shame. She remembered the motive of her call at Wickham Place, and smelt again odours from the abyss—odours the more disturbing because they were involuntary. For there was no malice in Jacky. There she sat, a piece of cake in one hand, an empty champagne glass in the other, doing no harm to anybody. 15

"She's overtired," Margaret whispered.

"She's something else," said Henry. "This won't do. I can't have her in my garden in this state." 20

"Is she—" Margaret hesitated to add "drunk." Now that she was going to marry him, he had grown particular. He discountenanced risqué conversations now.

Henry went up to the woman. She raised her face, which gleamed in the twilight like a puff-ball. 25

"Madam, you will be more comfortable at the hotel," he said sharply.

Jacky replied: "If it isn't Hen!"

"Ne crois pas que le mari lui ressemble," apologised Margaret. "Il est tout à fait différent." 30

"Henry!" she repeated, quite distinctly.

Mr. Wilcox was much annoyed. "I congratulate you on your protégés," he remarked.

"Hen, don't go. You do love me, dear, don't you?"

"Bless us, what a person!" sighed Margaret, gathering up her skirts.

Jacky pointed with her cake. "You're a nice boy, you are." She yawned. "There now, I love you." 35

"Henry, I am awfully sorry."

"And pray why?" he asked, and looked at her so sternly that she feared he was ill. He seemed more scandalised than the facts demanded.

"To have brought this down on you." 40

"Pray don't apologise."

The voice continued.

"Why does she call you 'Hen'?" said Margaret innocently. "Has she ever seen you before?"

“Seen Hen before!” said Jacky. “Who hasn’t seen Hen? He’s serving you like 45  
me, my boys! You wait—Still we love ’em.”

“Are you now satisfied?” Henry asked.

Margaret began to grow frightened. “I don’t know what it is all about,” she said.  
“Let’s come in.”

But he thought she was acting. He thought he was trapped. He saw his whole 50  
life crumbling. “Don’t you indeed?” he said bitingly. “I do. Allow me to congratulate  
you on the success of your plan.”

“This is Helen’s plan, not mine.”

“I now understand your interest in the Basts. Very well thought out. I am amused 55  
at your caution, Margaret. You are quite right—it was necessary. I am a man, and  
have lived a man’s past. I have the honour to release you from your engagement.”

Still she could not understand. She knew of life’s seamy side as a theory; she  
could not grasp it as a fact.

Chapter 26

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Levy explores ideas about home in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Gilbert and Hortense's relationship in the following passage.

The Englishwoman downstairs tell me that the English like to serve chip with egg. This was pleasing to me because I had learned at college to cook an egg like the English do. Four minutes in boiling water. So I had served up Gilbert the chip potato with the egg. I thought to take the shell from the egg but I had in mind to watch how this man I had married would eat the egg. It was in domestic science 5  
that Miss Henry had showed we girls the proper way to eat an egg. Sliced across the top with a knife. On no account were we to tap the egg with a spoon to remove the shell, and only the uncouth could be found dipping a slice of bread into the yolk.

'What is this?' he say again. All the while this egg is rolling round on the plate.  
'It is chips with an egg,' I tell him. 10

He gaze on me inscrutable for a long while, only his breath in motion. 'You can't cook at all, can you?' he finally say.

'Eat up,' I tell him, 'before it gets perishing.'

He lower his head, stroking his hand down his chin before saying, 'What?'  
'How long you been in this country and you don't know what is perishing? Cold. 15  
Eat up before it get cold.' The man start to mumble and I know it is the Lord's name he is taking in vain.

'You can't even cook a simple thing like chips.'

'You are ungrateful, Gilbert Joseph.'

'Chips is fried,' he say, flicking angry at the potato on his plate. 20  
'Well, how can I do anything with your big leg in the way?' I tell him.

'Look,' he shout. 'I take away me leg. You know how to cook chips now?'

I averted my gaze from him, left my plate at the table and went to sit on the bed. This vile man would not make me cry. This uncouth ruffian would see no tear in my eye. And he cannot even see how I tidy up this wretched little room. How I 25  
make up the bed with the pretty bedspread. How I clean the sink, wash the walls. He does not notice that his precious armchair is resting on a wood box and not the Holy Bible. He does not see the plates cleaned and tidied away. The rug beaten. Or the cloth on the table. Just his big body blocking all the heat of the fire with steam rising from his coat like a dragon. It was I who should complain over this intolerable 30  
situation. But it was he that look over on me to sigh long and hard.

'I can show you how to make chips,' he say.

'I do not need any help from you, Gilbert Joseph,' I tell him.

'Have it your way, Miss Can't Cook.' He start to crack his egg as I had imagined he would. He smash the shell into little pieces to pick it off. But as the heat began to rise from the egg even I can smell it is bad. It renk like a gully in the heat. He jump up. 'Man, this egg gone bad!' 35

'It is not my fault you have a bad egg. I did not buy the egg,' I tell him. He throw the plate to the floor spilling the potatoes and the stinking runny egg over the beaten carpet. 40

'I can take no more of this!' he yell, for everyone in the house to hear. And he charge from the room slamming the door so ferocious the armchair collapse sideways off its box.

Chapter 31



**Turn over for Question 6.**

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which parents are presented in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *Sandpiper* presents the narrator and her situation.

Outside, there is a path. A path of beaten white stone bordered by a white wall – low, but not low enough for me to see over it from here. White sands drift across the path. From my window, I used to see patterns in their drift. On my way to the beach, I would try to place my foot, just the ball of my foot, for there never was much room, on those white spaces that glinted flat and free of sand. I had an idea that the patterns on the stone should be made by nature alone; I did not want one grain of sand, blown by a breeze I could not feel, to change its course because of me. What point would there be in trying to decipher a pattern that I had caused? It was not easy. Balancing, the toes of one bare foot on the hot stone, looking for the next clear space to set the other foot down. It took a long time to reach the end of the path. And then the stretch of beach. And then the sea. 5 10

I used to sit where the water rolled in, rolled in, its frilled white edge nibbling at the sand, withdrawing to leave great damp half moons of a darker, more brownish-beige. I would sit inside one of these curves, at the very midpoint, fitting my body to its contour, and wait. The sea unceasingly shifts and stirs and sends out fingers, paws, tongues to probe the shore. Each wave coming in is different. It separates itself from the vast, moving blue, rises and surges forward with a low growl, lightening as it approaches to a pale green, then turns over to display the white frill that slides like a thousand snakes down upon itself, breaks and skitters up the sandbank. I used to sit very still. Sometimes the wave would barely touch my feet, sometimes it would swirl around me then pull back, sifting yet another layer of sand from under me, leaving me wet to the waist. My heels rested in twin hollows that filled, emptied and refilled without a break. And subtle as the shadow of a passing cloud, my half moon would slip down the bank – only to be overtaken and swamped by the next leap of foaming white. 15 20 25

I used to sit in the curve and dig my fingers into the grainy, compact sand and feel it grow wetter as my fingers went deeper and deeper till the next rippling, frothing rush of white came and smudged the edges of the little burrow I had made. Its walls collapsed and I removed my hand, covered in wet clay, soon to revert to dry grains that I would easily brush away. 30

I lean against the wall of my room and count: twelve years ago, I met him. Eight years ago, I married him. Six years ago, I gave birth to his child.

For eight summers we have been coming here; to the beach-house west of Alexandria. The first summer had not been a time of reflection; my occupation then had been to love my husband in this – to me – new and different place. To love him as he walked towards my parasol, shaking the water from his black hair, his feet sinking into the warm, hospitable sand. To love him as he carried his nephew on his shoulders into the sea, threw him in, caught him and hoisted him up again; a colossus bestriding the waves. To love him as he played backgammon with his father in the evening, the slam of counters and the clatter of dice resounding on the patio while, at the dining-room table, his sister showed me how to draw their ornate, circular script. To love this new him, who had been hinted at but never revealed when we lived in my northern land, and who after a long absence, had found his way back into the heart of his country, taking me along with him. We walked in the sunset along the water's edge, kicking at the spray, my sun-hat fallen on my back, my hand, pale bronze in his burnt brown, my face no doubt mirroring his: aglow with health and love; a young couple in a glitzy commercial for life insurance or a two-week break in the sun. 35 40 45

My second summer here was the sixth summer of our love – and the last of our happiness. Carrying my child and loving her father, I sat on the beach, dug 50  
holes in the sand and let my thoughts wander. I thought about our life in my country,  
before we were married: four years in the cosy flat, precarious on top of a roof in  
a Georgian square, him meeting me at the bus-stop when I came back from work,  
Sundays when it did not rain and we sat in the park with our newspapers, late nights 55  
at the movies. I thought of those things and missed them – but with no great sense  
of loss. It was as though they were all there, to be called upon, to be lived again  
whenever we wanted.

*Sandpiper*

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