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Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2018**

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.

This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

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CAMBRIDGE International Examinations

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Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

1 Either (a) Compare ways in which Frost presents the natural world in **two** poems.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which this extract, the opening of 'The Black Cottage', presents the cottage.

We chanced in passing by that afternoon
To catch it in a sort of special picture
Among tar-banded ancient cherry trees,
Set well back from the road in rank lodged grass,
The little cottage we were speaking of,
A front with just a door between two windows,
Fresh painted by the shower a velvet black.
We paused, the minister and I, to look.
He made as if to hold it at arm's length
Or put the leaves aside that framed it in.
"Pretty," he said. "Come in. No one will care."
The path was a vague parting in the grass
That led us to a weathered windowsill.
We pressed our faces to the pane. "You see," he said,
"Everything's as she left it when she died.
Her sons won't sell the house or the things in it.
They say they mean to come and summer here
Where they were boys. They haven't come this year.
They live so far away—one is out West—
It will be hard for them to keep their word.
Anyway they won't have the place disturbed."
A buttoned haircloth lounge spread scrolling arms
Under a crayon portrait on the wall,
Done sadly from an old daguerreotype.
"That was the father as he went to war.
She always, when she talked about the war,
Sooner or later came and leaned, half knelt,
Against the lounge beside it, though I doubt
If such unlifelike lines kept power to stir
Anything in her after all the years.
He fell at Gettysburg or Fredericksburg,
I ought to know—it makes a difference which:
Fredericksburg wasn't Gettysburg, of course.
But what I'm getting to is how forsaken
A little cottage this has always seemed…

from *The Black Cottage*

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ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Jennings explores religious faith in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Jennings presents the patient's state of mind in the following poem.

III. AFTER AN OPERATION

What to say first? I learnt I was afraid,
Not frightened in the way that I had been
When wide awake and well, I simply mean
Fear became absolute and I became
Subject to it; it beckoned, I obeyed.

Fear which before had been particular,
Attached to this or that scene, word, event,
Here became general. Past, future meant
Nothing. Only the present moment bore
This huge, vague fear, this wish for nothing more.

Yet life still stirred and nerves themselves became
Like shoots which hurt while growing, sensitive
To find not death but further ways to live.
And now I'm convalescent, fear can claim
No general power. Yet I am not the same.

from *Sequence in Hospital*

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 Either (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems explore feelings of grief.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hendriks presents the woman and her situation in the following poem.

The Migrant

She could not remember anything about the voyage,
Her country of origin, or if someone had paid for the passage:
Of such she had no recollection.

She was sure only that she had travelled;
Without doubt had been made welcome.

For a while she believed she was home,
Rooted and securely settled,
Until it was broken to her
That in fact she was merely in transit
Bound for some other destination,
Committed to continue elsewhere.

This slow realization sharpened,
She formed plans to postpone her departure
Not observing her movement en route to the exit.

When she did, it was piteous how, saddened,
She went appreciably closer towards it.
Eventually facing the inescapable
She began reading travel brochures,
(Gaudy, competitive, plentiful)
Spent time considering the onward journey,
Studied a new language,
Stuffed her bosom with strange currency,
Nevertheless dreading the boarding announcements.

We watch her go through
The gate for *Embarking Passengers Only*,
Fearful and unutterably lonely,
Finger our own documents,
Shuffle forward in the queue.

A. L. Hendriks

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Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

4 Either (a) Discuss the presentation of Moushumi and her significance to the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Ashoke's and Ashima's responses to their new surroundings.

The job is everything Ashoke has ever dreamed of. He has always hoped to teach in a university rather than work for a corporation. What a thrill, he thinks, to stand lecturing before a roomful of American students. What a sense of accomplishment it gives him to see his name printed under "Faculty" in the university directory. What joy each time Mrs. Jones says to him, "Professor Ganguli, your wife is on the phone." From his fourth-floor office he has a sweeping view of the quadrangle, surrounded by vine-covered brick buildings, and on pleasant days he takes his lunch on a bench, listening to the melody of bells chiming from the campus clock tower. On Fridays, after he has taught his last class, he visits the library, to read international newspapers on long wooden poles. He reads about U.S. planes bombing Vietcong supply routes in Cambodia, Naxalites being murdered on the streets of Calcutta, India and Pakistan going to war. At times he wanders up to the library's sun-filled, unpopulated top floor, where all the literature is shelved. He browses in the aisles, gravitating most often toward his beloved Russians, where he is particularly comforted, each time, by his son's name stamped in golden letters on the spines of a row of red and green and blue hardbound books.

For Ashima, migrating to the suburbs feels more drastic, more distressing than the move from Calcutta to Cambridge had been. She wishes Ashoke had accepted the position at Northeastern so that they could have stayed in the city. She is stunned that in this town there are no sidewalks to speak of, no streetlights, no public transportation, no stores for miles at a time. She has no interest in learning how to drive the new Toyota Corolla it is now necessary for them to own. Though no longer pregnant, she continues, at times, to mix Rice Krispies and peanuts and onions in a bowl. For being a foreigner, Ashima is beginning to realize, is a sort of lifelong pregnancy—a perpetual wait, a constant burden, a continuous feeling out of sorts. It is an ongoing responsibility, a parenthesis in what had once been ordinary life, only to discover that that previous life has vanished, replaced by something more complicated and demanding. Like pregnancy, being a foreigner, Ashima believes, is something that elicits the same curiosity from strangers, the same combination of pity and respect.

Her forays out of the apartment, while her husband is at work, are limited to the university within which they live, and to the historic district that flanks the campus on one edge. She wanders around with Gogol, letting him run across the quadrangle, or sitting with him on rainy days to watch television in the student lounge. Once a week she makes thirty samosas to sell at the international coffeehouse, for twenty-five cents each, next to the linzer squares baked by Mrs. Etzold, and baklava by Mrs. Cassolis. On Fridays she takes Gogol to the public library for children's story hour. After he turns four, she drops him off and fetches him from the university-run nursery school three mornings a week. For the hours that Gogol is at nursery school, finger-painting and learning the English alphabet, Ashima is despondent, unaccustomed, all over again, to being on her own. She misses her son's habit of always holding on to the free end of her sari as they walk together. She misses the sound of his sulky, high-pitched little-boy voice, telling her that he is hungry, or tired, or needs to go to the bathroom. To avoid being alone at home she sits in the reading room of the public library, in a cracked leather armchair, writing letters to her mother, or reading magazines or one of her Bengali books from home.

Chapter 3

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Turn over for Question 5.

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EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

5 Either (a) Discuss ways in which Wharton presents the importance of respect and reputation in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Lily's situation.

Mrs Fisher, moreover, had no embarrassing curiosity. She did not wish to probe the inwardness of Lily's situation, but simply to view it from the outside, and draw her conclusions accordingly; and these conclusions, at the end of a confidential talk, she summed up to her friend in the succinct remark: 'You must marry as soon as you can.'

Lily uttered a faint laugh – for once Mrs Fisher lacked originality. 'Do you mean, like Gerty Farish, to recommend the unfailing panacea of "a good man's love"?'

'No – I don't think either of my candidates would answer to that description,' said Mrs Fisher after a pause of reflection.

'Either? Are there actually two?'

'Well perhaps I ought to say one and a half – for the moment.'

Miss Bart received this with increasing amusement. 'Other things being equal, I think I should prefer a half-husband: who is he?'

'Don't fly out at me till you hear my reasons – George Dorset.'

'Oh – ' Lily murmured reproachfully; but Mrs Fisher pressed on unrebuffed. 'Well, why not? They had a few weeks' honeymoon when they first got back from Europe, but now things are going badly with them again. Bertha has been behaving more than ever like a madwoman, and George's powers of credulity are very nearly exhausted. They're at their place here, you know, and I spent last Sunday with them. It was a ghastly party – no one else but poor Neddy Silverton, who looks like a galley-slave (they used to talk of my making that poor boy unhappy!) – and after luncheon George carried me off on a long walk, and told me the end would have to come soon.'

Miss Bart made an incredulous gesture. 'As far as that goes, the end will never come – Bertha will always know how to get him back when she wants him.'

Mrs Fisher continued to observe her tentatively. 'Not if he has anyone else to turn to! Yes – that's just what it comes to: the poor creature can't stand alone. And I remember him such a good fellow, full of life and enthusiasm.' She paused, and went on, dropping her glance from Lily's: 'He wouldn't stay with her ten minutes if he *knew* – '

'Knew – ?' Miss Bart repeated.

'What *you* must, for instance – with the opportunities you've had! If he had positive proof, I mean – '

Lily interrupted her with a deep blush of displeasure. 'Please let us drop the subject, Carry: it's too odious to me.' And to divert her companion's attention she added, with an attempt at lightness: 'And your second candidate? We must not forget him.'

Mrs Fisher echoed her laugh. 'I wonder if you'll cry out just as loud if I say – Sim Rosedale?'

Miss Bart did not cry out: she sat silent, gazing thoughtfully at her friend. The suggestion, in truth, gave expression to a possibility which, in the last weeks, had more than once recurred to her; but after a moment she said carelessly: 'Mr Rosedale wants a wife who can establish him in the bosom of the Van Osburghs and Trenors.'

Mrs Fisher caught her up eagerly. 'And so *you* could – with his money! Don't you see how beautifully it would work out for you both?'

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'I don't see any way of making him see it,' Lily returned, with a laugh intended to dismiss the subject.

But in reality it lingered with her long after Mrs Fisher had taken leave. She had seen very little of Rosedale since her annexation by the Gormers, for he was still steadily bent on penetrating to the inner Paradise from which she was now excluded; but once or twice, when nothing better offered, he had turned up for a Sunday, and on these occasions he had left her in no doubt as to his view of her situation. That he still admired her was, more than ever, offensively evident; for in the Gormer circle, where he expanded as in his native element, there were no puzzling conventions to check the full expression of his approval.

Book 2, Chapter 5

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Stories of Ourselves

6 Either (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories create a sense of threat.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Village Saint* presents the relationships between the characters.

This went on for ten years. Both mother and son lived a busy life and people imagined they were two peas in a pod, they seemed so alike in their interests and behaviour. Then Mompati fell in love with Mary Pule, a thin, wilting, willowy dreamy girl with a plaintive, tremulous voice. She had a façade too that concealed a tenacious will. She was so anxious to secure Mompati permanently as a husband that she played a hard game. All during the time he courted her, and it took months, she led him this way and that, with a charming smile. Oh, maybe she loved him. Maybe she did not. She wasn't sure. Mompati was intense about everything, so he was intensely in love. He shared his depressions and elations with his mother. The girl was invited to teas and showered with flattery and teasing until, in her own time, she accepted his proposal. It had nothing to do with either Mompati or his mother. It was her own plan.

A small flat was built in the yard in preparation for Mompati's future married life, and all proceeded well up to a certain point – the month after the marriage. Then Mma-Mompati began to undo herself. Throughout the ten years she had lived with her son, she had played a little game. Mompati used to bring his pay-packet home intact but she wanted him to buy her just a teeny-weeny something – a pair of stockings, a bottle of scent, a little handkerchief or a new dress. It just pleased her, she said, that her son cared about his mother. So she always extracted a teeny bit for her share and handed him the rest. She soon informed her daughter-in-law of this procedure and like all powerful personalities, she secretly despised the weak, wilting, plaintive little wretch her son had married. She needed to dominate and shove the wretch around. So at the end of that month, she over-stepped the mark. She opened the pay-packet as usual and suddenly needed an enormous amount of things all at once—a pair of shoes, a new dress, and a necklace.

What she handed over to her son could barely keep him and his wife in food for a week. She could not follow them into the privacy of their home, but unconsciously her vampire teeth were bared for battle. She noted that her daughter-in-law often looked gloomy and depressed in the ensuing days; her son was cold and reserved. She attacked the daughter-in-law with brittle smiles:

'Well, what's wrong with you, my child? Can't you greet an old person in a cheerful way?'

'There's nothing wrong, mother,' the girl replied, with a painful smile.

At the end of the next month, Mompati walked straight to his own flat and handed his pay-packet intact to his wife, ate a good supper, and fell into a sound sleep after many nights of worry and anguish. The following morning he left for work without even a glance at his mother's home. Then the storm burst. The pose of God and Jesus were blown to the winds and the demented vampire behind it was too terrible to behold. She descended on her daughter-in-law like a fury.

'You have done this to my son!' she snarled. 'You have turned him against me! His duty is to respect me and honour me and you cannot take it away from me! You see that water tap? You shall not draw any more water from it while you are in this yard! Go and draw water at the village tap in future!'

And so the whole village became involved in the spectacle. They stopped and blinked their eyes as they saw the newly-wed Mary carrying a water bucket a mile away from her own home to the village water taps.

'Mary,' they asked curiously, 'why is it you have to draw water here like everyone else when your mother-in-law has a water tap in her yard?'

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Mary talked freely and at great length – a long weepy story of misery and torture. And people said: 'Well, we can't believe that a good woman like Mma-Mompati could be so harsh to her own child,' and they shook their heads in amazement at this thunderbolt. That was the end of Mma-Mompati. No one ever believed in her again or her God or Jesus Christ but she still buried the dead and prayed for the sick.

Her son, Mompati, set up home in a far-off part of the village. He never discussed the abrupt break with his mother to whom he had once been so overwhelmingly devoted, but one day his voice suddenly boomed out through the store in reply to some request by a friend:

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I never do anything without first consulting my wife …'

The Village Saint

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