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Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/32**

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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Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

1 Either (a) Compare the effects of **two** poems which are set at different seasons of the year.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following extract, the opening of 'Home Burial', creates mood and atmosphere.

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it
To raise herself and look again. He spoke
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see
From up there always?—for I want to know."
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull.
He said to gain time: "What is it you see?"
Mounting until she cowered under him.
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."
She, in her place, refused him any help,
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,
Blind creature; and awhile he didn't see.
But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."

"What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

"You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight
On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those.*
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound—"

"Don't, don't, don't,
don't," she cried.

from *Home Burial*

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ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Jennings's treatment of death in **two** poems from your selection.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the presentation of the speaker's feelings in the following poem.

V. THE VISITORS

They visit me and I attempt to keep
A social smile upon my face. Even here
Some ceremony is required, no deep
Relationship, simply a way to clear
    Emotion to one side; the fear
I felt last night is buried in drugged sleep.

They come and all their kindness makes me want
To cry (they say the sick weep easily).
When they have gone I shall be limp and faint,
My heart will thump and stumble crazily;
    Yet through my illness I can see
One wish stand clear no pain, no fear can taint.

Your absence has been stronger than all pain
And I am glad to find that when most weak
Always my mind returned to you again.
Through all the noisy nights when, harsh awake,
    I longed for day and light to break—
In that sick desert, you were life, were rain.

from *Sequence in Hospital*

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems present the feelings of people parting from each other.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Dharker presents the situation.

These Are the Times We Live In

You hand over your passport. He
looks at your face and starts
reading you backwards from the last page.

You could be offended,
but in the end, you decide
it makes as much sense
as anything else,
given the times we live in.

You shrink to the size
of the book in his hand.
You can see his mind working:
Keep an eye on that name.
It contains a Z, and it just moved house.
The birthmark shifted recently
to another arm or leg.
Nothing is quite the same
as it should be.
But what do you expect?
It's a sign of the times we live in.

In front of you,
he flicks to the photograph,
and looks at you suspiciously.

That's when you really have to laugh.
While you were flying,
up in the air
they changed your chin
and redid your hair.

They scrubbed out your mouth
and rubbed out your eyes.
They made you over completely.

And all that's left is his look of surprise,
because you don't match your photograph.
Even that is coming apart.

The pieces are there
But they missed out your heart.

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Half your face splits away,
drifts on to the page of a newspaper
that's dated today.

It rustles as it lands.

Imtiaz Dharker

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Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

4 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and role of Sonia, Gogol's sister, in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage explores the significance of names and naming.

Though Astrid and Donald have welcomed Gogol heartily into their lives, sometimes he has the feeling they still think she's with Graham. Once Astrid even called him Graham by mistake. No one had noticed except Gogol. They had all been a little drunk, but he knew he'd heard correctly, toward the end of an evening much like this one. "Mo, why don't you and Graham take some of this pork loin home," Astrid had said as they'd been clearing the dishes. "It's great for sandwiches."

At the moment, the guests are united in a single topic of conversation, talking about names for the baby. "What we want is something totally unique," Astrid is saying. Lately Gogol has started to notice a trend: now that they inhabit this world of couples, dinner party small talk gravitates to the naming of children. If a woman at the table happens to be pregnant, as Astrid is now, the subject is inevitable.

"I always liked the names of popes," Blake says.

"You mean John and Paul?" Louise asks.

"More like Innocent and Clement."

There are nonsensical names, like Jet and Tipper. These elicit groans. Someone claims to have once known a girl named Anna Graham—"Get it? Anagram!"—and everyone laughs.

Moushumi argues that a name like hers is a curse, complains that no one can say it properly, that the kids at school pronounced it Moosoomi and shortened it to Moose. "I hated being the only Moushumi I knew," she says.

"See now, I'd have loved that," Oliver tells her.

Gogol pours himself another juice glass of Chianti. He hates contributing to these conversations, hates listening. A number of name books are passed around the table: *Finding the Perfect Name*, *Alternative Baby Names*, *The Idiot's Guide to Naming Your Baby.* One is called *What Not to Name Your Baby.* Pages are folded down, some with stars and checks in the margins. Someone suggests Zachary. Someone else says she once had a dog named Zachary. Everyone wants to look up his or her own name to see what it means, is by turns pleased and disappointed. Both Gogol and Moushumi are absent from these books, and for the first time all evening he feels a hint of that odd bond that had first drawn them together. He goes over to where she's sitting, takes one of her hands, which have been resting flat on the surface of the table, her arms extended. She turns to look at him.

"Hey there," she says. She smiles at him, temporarily leaning her head on his shoulder, and he realizes that she's drunk.

"What *does* Moushumi mean?" Oliver asks on the other side of her.

"A damp southwesterly breeze," she says, shaking her head, rolling her eyes.

"Sort of like the one outside?"

"I always knew you were a force of nature," Astrid says, laughing.

Gogol turns to Moushumi. "Really?" he says. He realizes that it's something he'd never thought to ask about her, something he hadn't known.

"You never told me that," he says.

She shakes her head, confused. "I haven't?"

Chapter 9

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Turn over for Question 5.

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EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

5 Either (a) 'She has set her heart – poor dear – on my marrying – marrying a great deal of money.'

In the light of this quotation, discuss ways in which the novel explores links between marriage and money.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents both Selden's and Gerty's feelings about Lily.

Selden himself had never been aware of any change in their relation. He found Gerty as he had left her, simple, undemanding and devoted, but with a quickened intelligence of the heart which he recognised without seeking to explain it. To Gerty herself it would once have seemed impossible that she should ever again talk freely with him of Lily Bart; but what had passed in the secrecy of her own breast seemed to resolve itself, when the mist of the struggle cleared, into a breaking down of the bounds of self, a deflecting of the wasted personal emotion into the general current of human understanding.

It was not till some two weeks after her visit from Lily that Gerty had the opportunity of communicating her fears to Selden. The latter, having presented himself on a Sunday afternoon, had lingered on through the dowdy animation of his cousin's tea-hour, conscious of something in her voice and eye which solicited a word apart; and as soon as the last visitor was gone Gerty opened her case by asking how lately he had seen Miss Bart.

Selden's perceptible pause gave her time for a slight stir of surprise.

'I haven't seen her at all – I've perpetually missed seeing her since she came back.'

This unexpected admission made Gerty pause too; and she was still hesitating on the brink of her subject when he relieved her by adding: 'I've wanted to see her – but she seems to have been absorbed by the Gormer set since her return from Europe.'

'That's all the more reason: she's been very unhappy.'

'Unhappy at being with the Gormers?'

'Oh, I don't defend her intimacy with the Gormers; but that too is at an end now, I think. You know people have been very unkind since Bertha Dorset quarrelled with her.'

'Ah –' Selden exclaimed, rising abruptly to walk to the window, where he remained with his eyes on the darkening street while his cousin continued to explain: 'Judy Trenor and her own family have deserted her too – and all because Bertha Dorset has said such horrible things. And she is very poor – you know Mrs Peniston cut her off with a small legacy, after giving her to understand that she was to have everything.'

'Yes – I know,' Selden assented curtly, turning back into the room, but only to stir about with restless steps in the circumscribed space between door and window. 'Yes – she's been abominably treated; but it's unfortunately the precise thing that a man who wants to show his sympathy can't say to her.'

His words caused Gerty a slight chill of disappointment. 'There would be other ways of showing your sympathy,' she suggested.

Selden, with a slight laugh, sat down beside her on the little sofa which projected from the hearth. 'What are you thinking of, you incorrigible missionary?' he asked.

Gerty's colour rose, and her blush was for a moment her only answer. Then she made it more explicit by saying: 'I am thinking of the fact that you and she used to be great friends – that she used to care immensely for what you thought of her – and that, if she takes your staying away as a sign of what you think now, I can imagine its adding a great deal to her unhappiness.'

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'My dear child, don't add to it still more – at least to your conception of it – by attributing to her all sorts of susceptibilities of your own.' Selden, for his life, could not keep a note of dryness out of his voice; but he met Gerty's look of perplexity by saying more mildly: 'But, though you immensely exaggerate the importance of anything I could do for Miss Bart, you can't exaggerate my readiness to do it – if you ask me to.' He laid his hand for a moment on hers, and there passed between them, on the current of the rare contact, one of those exchanges of meaning which fill the hidden reservoirs of affection.

Book 2, Chapter 8

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Stories of Ourselves

6 Either (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present communities or societies.

Or (b) Comment closely on the effects of the writing in the following passage from *The Yellow Wall Paper*, considering how it presents the narrator's state of mind.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wall paper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw – not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper – the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad. Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlour, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it – there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odour, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyse it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad – at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odour I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house – to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the *colour* of the paper – a yellow smell!

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mopboard. A streak that runs around the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch,* as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round – round and round and round – it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move – and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern – it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside-down, and makes their eyes white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so bad.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

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And I'll tell you why – privately – I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbours, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer, now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her she *may* be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

The Yellow Wall Paper

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