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Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/33**

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 **8** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.

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Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

1 Either (a) Compare the effects of **two** poems which Frost sets in wintertime.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which this extract from 'The Ax-Helve' presents the encounter between the two men.

I've known ere now an interfering branch
Of alder catch my lifted ax behind me.
But that was in the woods, to hold my hand
From striking at another alder's roots,
And that was, as I say, an alder branch.
This was a man, Baptiste, who stole one day
Behind me on the snow in my own yard
Where I was working at the chopping block,
And cutting nothing not cut down already.
He caught my ax expertly on the rise,
When all my strength put forth was in his favor,
Held it a moment where it was, to calm me,
Then took it from me—and I let him take it.
I didn't know him well enough to know
What it was all about. There might be something
He had in mind to say to a bad neighbor
He might prefer to say to him disarmed.
But all he had to tell me in French-English
Was what he thought of—not me, but my ax,
Me only as I took my ax to heart.
It was the bad ax-helve someone had sold me—
"Made on machine," he said, plowing the grain
With a thick thumbnail to show how it ran
Across the handle's long-drawn serpentine,
Like the two strokes across a dollar sign.
"You give her one good crack, she's snap raght off.
Den where's your hax-ead flying t'rough de hair?"
Admitted; and yet, what was that to him?

"Come on my house and I put you one in
What's las' awhile—good hick'ry what's grow crooked,
De second growt' I cut myself—tough, tough!"

Something to sell? That wasn't how it sounded.

"Den when you say you come? It's cost you nothing.
Tonaght?"
As well tonight as any night.

from *The Ax-Helve*

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ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

2 **Either** **(a)** With reference to **two** poems, discuss Jennings's use of religious ideas and imagery.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which the following poem portrays fear.

I. PAIN

At my wits' end
And all resources gone, I lie here,
All of my body tense to the touch of fear,
And my mind,

Muffled now as if the nerves
Refused any longer to let thoughts form,
Is no longer a safe retreat, a tidy home,
No longer serves

My body's demands or shields
With fine words, as it once would daily,
My storehouse of dread. Now, slowly,
My heart, hand, whole body yield

To fear. Bed, ward, window begin
To lose their solidity. Faces no longer
Look kind or needed; yet I still fight the stronger
Terror—oblivion—the needle thrusts in.

from *Sequence in Hospital*

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Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems present death.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Rumens explores ideas of identity and belonging in the following poem.

The Border Builder

No sooner had one come down
  Than he began building again.
My bricks, O my genuine bricks
  Made of my genuine blood!
What would we be without borders?
  So which one are you? he said
And stuck out his hand to me.
  Birth certificate? Passport?
Which side are you on, which side?
  Merrily he unrolled
Starry dendrons of wire
  To give his wall ears and eyes.
Qualifications? he said.
  Residence permit? Tattoo?
Which colour are you, which colour?
  No colour, he said, no good.
He took my only passport,
  He slammed it down on the wire.
My hand, O my genuine hand!
  This is a border, he said.
A border likes blood. Which side's
  Your bloody hand on, which side?

Carol Rumens

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Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

4 Either (a) Discuss Lahiri's presentation of Maxine and the importance of her character to the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which this passage presents Gogol and Moushumi's early married life.

They put the money toward a security deposit for a one-bedroom apartment in the Twenties, off Third Avenue. It's slightly more than they can comfortably afford, but they are won over by the maroon awning, the part-time doorman, the lobby paved with pumpkin-colored tiles. The apartment itself is small but luxurious, with built-in mahogany bookcases rising to the ceiling and dark, oily, wide-planked floors. There is a living room with a skylight, a kitchen with expensive stainless-steel appliances, a bathroom with a marble floor and walls. There is a Juliet balcony off the bedroom, in one corner of which Moushumi sets up her desk, her computer and printer, her files. They are on the top floor, and if one leans far enough to the left outside the bathroom window it's possible to see the Empire State Building. They spend a few weekends taking the shuttle bus to Ikea and filling up the rooms: imitation Noguchi lamps, a black sectional sofa, kilim and flokati carpets, a blond wood platform bed. Both her parents and Ashima are at once impressed and puzzled when they come to visit for the first time. Isn't it a bit small, now that they are married? But Gogol and Moushumi aren't thinking of children at the moment, certainly not until Moushumi finishes her dissertation. On Saturdays they shop together for food at the farmers' market in Union Square, with canvas bags over their shoulders. They buy things they are not certain how to prepare, leeks and fresh fava beans and fiddleheads, looking up recipes in the cookbooks they've received for their wedding. From time to time when they cook they set off the fire alarm, which is overly sensitive, and they bang it into silence with the handle of a broom.

They entertain together on occasion, throwing the sorts of parties their parents never had, mixing martinis in a stainless-steel shaker for a few of the architects at Gogol's work or Moushumi's graduate student friends at NYU. They play bossa nova and serve bread and salami and cheese. He transfers the money in his bank account over to hers, and they have pale green checks with both their names printed in the corner. The pass code they decide on for their ATM card, Lulu, is the name of the French restaurant where they had their first meal together. They eat most nights side by side on the stools at the kitchen counter or at the coffee table, watching TV. They make Indian food infrequently—usually it's pasta or broiled fish or take-out from the Thai restaurant down the block. But sometimes, on a Sunday, both craving the food they'd grown up eating, they ride the train out to Queens and have brunch at Jackson Diner, piling their plates with tandoori chicken and pakoras and kabobs, and shop afterward for basmati rice and the spices that need replenishing. Or they go to one of the hole-in-the-wall tea shops and drink tea in paper cups with heavy cream, asking the waitress in Bengali to bring them bowls of sweet yogurt and haleem. He calls every evening before leaving the office to say he is on his way home, asks if he needs to pick up lettuce or a loaf of bread. After dinner they watch television, as Moushumi writes out thank-you cards to all their parents' friends, for the checks they had needed twenty different slips to deposit. These are the things that make him feel married. Otherwise it's the same, only now they're always together. At night she sleeps beside him, always rolling onto her stomach, waking up every morning with a pillow pressed over her head.

Chapter 9

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EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

5 Either (a) Discuss ways in which Wharton explores the social importance of wealth in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Gerty and Lily in the following passage.

Gerty's first movement was one of revulsion. She shrank back as though Lily's presence flashed a too sudden light upon her misery. Then she heard her name in a cry, had a glimpse of her friend's face, and felt herself caught and clung to.

'Lily – what is it?' she exclaimed.

Miss Bart released her, and stood breathing brokenly, like one who has gained shelter after a long flight.

'I was so cold – I couldn't go home. Have you a fire?'

Gerty's compassionate instincts, responding to the swift call of habit, swept aside all her reluctances. Lily was simply someone who needed help – for what reason, there was no time to pause and conjecture: disciplined sympathy checked the wonder on Gerty's lips, and made her draw her friend silently into the sitting-room and seat her by the darkened hearth.

'There is kindling-wood here: the fire will burn in a minute.'

She knelt down, and the flame leapt under her rapid hands. It flashed strangely through the tears which still blurred her eyes, and smote on the white ruin of Lily's face. The girls looked at each other in silence; then Lily repeated: 'I couldn't go home.'

'No – no – you came here, dear! You're cold and tired – sit quiet, and I'll make you some tea.'

Gerty had unconsciously adopted the soothing note of her trade: all personal feeling was merged in the sense of ministry, and experience had taught her that the bleeding must be stayed before the wound is probed.

Lily sat quiet, leaning to the fire: the clatter of cups behind her soothed her as familiar noises hush a child whom silence has kept wakeful. But when Gerty stood at her side with the tea she pushed it away, and turned an estranged eye on the familiar room.

'I came here because I couldn't bear to be alone,' she said.

Gerty set down the cup and knelt beside her.

'Lily! Something has happened – can't you tell me?'

'I couldn't bear to lie awake in my room till morning. I hate my room at Aunt Julia's – so I came here –'

She stirred suddenly, broke from her apathy, and clung to Gerty in a fresh burst of fear.

'Oh, Gerty, the Furies … you know the noise of their wings – alone, at night, in the dark? But you don't know – there is nothing to make the dark dreadful to you –'

The words, flashing back on Gerty's last hours, struck from her a faint derisive murmur; but Lily, in the blaze of her own misery, was blinded to everything outside it.

'You'll let me stay? I shan't mind when daylight comes – Is it late? Is the night nearly over? It must be awful to be sleepless – everything stands by the bed and stares –'

Miss Farish caught her straying hands. 'Lily, look at me! Something has happened – an accident? You have been frightened – what has frightened you? Tell me if you can – a word or two – so that I can help you.'

Lily shook her head.

'I am not frightened: that's not the word. Can you imagine looking into your glass some morning and seeing a disfigurement – some hideous change that has come to you while you slept? Well, I seem to myself like that – I can't bear to see myself in my own thoughts – I hate ugliness, you know – I've always turned from it – but I can't explain to you – you wouldn't understand.'

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She lifted her head and her eyes fell on the clock.

'How long the night is! And I know I shan't sleep tomorrow. Someone told me my father used to lie sleepless and think of horrors. And he was not wicked, only unfortunate – and I see now how he must have suffered, lying alone with his thoughts! But I am bad – a bad girl – all my thoughts are bad – I have always had bad people about me. Is that any excuse? I thought I could manage my own life – I was proud – proud! But now I'm on their level –'

Sobs shook her, and she bowed to them like a tree in a dry storm.

Gerty knelt beside her, waiting, with the patience born of experience, till this gust of misery should loosen fresh speech.

Book 1, Chapter 14

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Stories of Ourselves

6 Either (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present characters' fear.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *Journey* by Patricia Grace presents the old man's view of a changed world.

Ah warmth. A cold wait on the platform but the carriages had the heaters on, they were warm even though they stank. And he had the front half of the first carriage all to himself. Good idea getting away early. And right up front where you could see everything. Good idea coming on his own, he didn't want anyone fussing round looking after his ticket, seeing if he's warm and saying things twice. Doing his talking for him, made him sick. Made him sick them trying to walk slow so they could keep up with him. Yes he could see everything. Not many fishing boats gone out this morning and the sea's turning over rough and heavy – Tamatea that's why. That's something they don't know all these young people, not even those fishermen walking about on their decks over there. Tamatea a Ngana, Tamatea Aio, Tamatea Whakapau – when you get the winds – but who'd believe you these days. They'd rather stare at their weather on television and talk about a this and a that coming over because there's nothing else to believe in.

Now this strip here, it's not really land at all, it's where we used to get our pipis, any time or tide. But they pushed a hill down over it and shot the railway line across to make more room for cars. The train driver knows it's not really land and he is speeding up over this strip. So fast you wait for the nose dive over the edge into the sea, especially when you're up front like this looking. Well too bad. Not to worry, he's nearly old anyway and just about done his dash, so why to worry if they nose dive over the edge into the sea. Funny people putting their trains across the sea. Funny people making land and putting pictures and stories about it in the papers as though it's something spectacular, it's a word you can use if you get it just right and he could surprise quite a few people if he wanted to. Yet other times they go on as though land is just a nothing. Trouble is he let them do his talking for him. If he'd gone in on his own last time and left those fusspots at home he'd have got somewhere. Wouldn't need to be going in there today to tell them all what's what.

Lost the sea now and coming into a cold crowd. This is where you get swamped, but he didn't mind, it was good to see them all get in out of the wind glad to be warm. Some of his whanaungas lived here but he couldn't see any of them today. Good job too, he didn't want them hanging round wondering where he was off to on his own. Nosing into his business. Some of the old railway houses still there but apart from that everything new, houses, buildings, roads. You'd never know now where the old roads had been, and they'd filled a piece of the harbour up too to make more ground. A short row of sooty houses that got new paint once in a while, a railway shelter, and a lunatic asylum and that was all. Only you didn't call it that these days, he'd think of the right words in a minute.

There now the train was full and he had a couple of kids sitting by him wearing plastic clothes, they were gog-eyed stretching their necks to see. One of them had a snotty nose and a wheeze.

On further it's the same – houses, houses – but people have to have houses. Two or three farms once, on the cold hills, and a rough road going through. By car along the old road you'd always see a pair of them at the end of the drive waving with their hats jammed over their ears. Fat one and a skinny one. Psychiatric hospital, those were the words to use these days, yes don't sound so bad. People had to have houses and the two or three farmers were dead now probably. Maybe didn't live to see it all. Maybe died rich.

Journey

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