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Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/73**

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation **May/June 2018**

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.
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 **7** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

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1 Write a critical commentary on the following passage, the opening of the short story *The Night Reveals* (published in 1936) by Cornell Woolrich.

Harry Jordan awoke with a start in complete darkness. The only thing he could make out at first was a ghostly greenish halo looming at him from across the room, bisected by a right angle: the radium dial of the clock on the dresser. He squinted his blurred eyes to get it in focus, and the halo broke up into twelve numbers, with the hand at three and six. Half-past three in the morning, he'd only been asleep four hours and had four more to go.

Instead of turning over and trying again, he suddenly sat up, wide awake now. He'd had a strange feeling that he was alone in the room from the minute he first opened his eyes. He knew he wasn't, knew he must be wrong, still he couldn't get rid of it, any more than he could have explained it. Probably one of those dim instincts still lurking just below the surface in most human beings, he thought with a shiver, harking back to the days when they were just hairy tree dwellers.

He pivoted on his elbow, reached out gingerly to touch the Missis' shoulder, convince himself she was right where she was every night. Blank pillow was all that met his touch, and the instinct that had warned him seemed to be laughing down the ages—it had been right after all. He threshed around the other way, flipped on the light on that side of him, turned back again to look. The pillow bore an imprint where her head had rested, that was all; the bedclothes were turned triangularly down on that side. Oh well, maybe she'd got up to get a glass of water—

He sat there for awhile giving his head a massage. Then when she didn't come back he got up and went out to see if there was anything the matter. Maybe the kid was sick, maybe she'd gone to his room. He opened the closed door as quietly as he could. The room was dark.

"Marie," he whispered urgently. "You in here?"

He snapped on the light, just to make sure. She wasn't. The kid was just a white mound, sleeping the way only a nine-year-old can; flashlight powder wouldn't have awakened him. He eased the door shut once more. There wasn't any other place she could be, she wouldn't be in the living room at this hour of the morning. He gave that the lights too, then cut them again. So far he'd been just puzzled, now he was starting to get worried.

He went back to the bedroom, put on his shoes and pants. The window in there was only open from the top, so there hadn't been any accident or anything like that, nothing along those lines. Her clothes were missing from the chair, she'd dressed while he was asleep. He went out to the door of the apartment and stood looking up and down the prim[1] fireproof corridor. He knew she wouldn't be out there; if she'd come this far, then she would have gone the rest of the way—to wherever it was she was going. The empty milk bottle was still standing there with a curled up note in it, as he'd seen it when he locked up at eleven. There wasn't really anything to get scared about, it was just that it was so damned inexplicable! He'd given up all thought of trying to go back to sleep until this was solved. All the time he kept rubbing one hand down the back of his neck, where he needed a haircut.

He knew for a fact that she wasn't a sleepwalker, she'd never suffered from that as far as he could recall. She hadn't received an emergency call from some relatives in the dead of night, because neither of them had any. And she hadn't got sore at him suddenly and gone off and left him, because they got along hand-in-glove.[2] Take tonight for instance, just before turning in, when he'd filled his pipe for one last smoke, the way she'd insisted on lighting it for him instead of letting him do it himself, the affectionate way she'd held the match until the bowl glowed red, and that stunt she was so fond of doing, turning the match around in her fingers and holding the little stick by the head until the other end of it had burned down. When they got along so swell, how could she have anything against him? And the interest she showed in hearing him tell about his work each night, the way she

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drank in the dry details of his daily grind, asking him what premises if any he'd inspected that day and what report he was turning in to the office on them and all about it—that wasn't just pretended, it couldn't have been; she showed too much understanding, too much real eagerness. Instead of lessening, her interest in his job seemed to increase if anything as time went on. They'd never even had an angry word between them, not in five years now, not since that awful night riding in the cab when the door had opened suddenly and she fell out on her head and he thought for a minute he'd lost her.

He stepped across the corridor finally and punched the elevator button. If she'd been taken ill suddenly and needed medicine—but he'd been right in the room with her, and they had a telephone in the place. The elevator came up and the night operator shoved the slide out of the way. This was going to sound dumb, but she wasn't in the flat with him, that much he was sure of. "Did, did—Mrs. Jordan didn't go down with you little while ago, did she?" he asked.

"Yes sir, she did," the man said. "But that was quite awhile ago. I took her down about happast two."

She'd been gone over an hour already! His face lengthened with anxiety, but it gave him a good excuse to say, "I think I'll go down with you, wait for her by the front door." On the way down he swallowed a few times, and finally came out with it more than he had wanted to. "She say where she was going?" He hung on the fellow's words, leaning toward him in the car.

"Said she couldn't sleep, just wanted to get a breath of fresh air."

[1] *prim*: neat and tidy
[2] *hand-in-glove*: happily

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2 Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Frank Chipasula (published in 1984).

Those Rainy Mornings

for my aunt aGwalanthi, with sweet memories

Mondays my aunt awoke with the first cockcrow, in
the orange dawn,
placed the porridge pot on the fire, making it sing to rain taps,
over leaping flames licking its sooty buttocks
and with her tough hoe-broken palms,
broke the rain-wet wood across her knee, feeding the fire.

I'd slither slowly out of the nagging nightmare
of a giant witch to her soft shadow
dancing, swerving, on the rough mud wall
and the crackling firewood and her soft, but husky call

Thinking of the torn sagging umbrella, chalk dust and
this rugged
woman who had embraced responsibility over these children
whose parents had strayed to the copper mines.
How could I see, oh how could I see
The great soft heart beating behind those scrawny ribs.

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3 Write a critical commentary on the following passage from the novel *My Friend Flicka* (published in 1941) by Mary O'Hara.

Report cards for the second semester were sent out soon after school closed in mid-June.

Kennie's was a shock to the whole family.

"If I could have a colt[1] all for my own," said Kennie, "I might do better."

Rob McLaughlin glared at his son. "Just as a matter of curiosity," he said, "how do you go about it to get *a zero* in an examination? Forty in arithmetic; seventeen in history! But a *zero?* Just as one man to another, what goes on in your head?"

"Yes; tell us how you do it, Ken," chirped Howard.

"Eat your breakfast, Howard," snapped his mother.

Kennie's blond head bent over his plate until his face was almost hidden. His cheeks burned.

McLaughlin finished his coffee and pushed his chair back. "You'll do an hour a day on your lessons all through the summer."

Nell McLaughlin saw Kennie wince as if something had actually hurt him.

Lessons and study in the summertime, when the long winter was just over and there weren't hours enough in the day for all the things he wanted to do!

Kennie took things hard. His eyes turned to the wide-open window with a look almost of despair.

The hill opposite the house, covered with arrow-straight jack pines, was sharply etched in the thin air of the eight-thousand-foot altitude. Where it fell away, vivid green grass ran up to meet it; and over range and upland poured the strong Wyoming sunlight that stung everything into burning color. A big jack rabbit sat under one of the pines, waving his long ears back and forth.

Ken had to look at his plate and blink back tears before he could turn to his father and say carelessly, "Can I help you in the corral with the horses this morning, Dad?"

"You'll do your study every morning before you do anything else." And McLaughlin's scarred boots and heavy spurs clattered across the kitchen floor. "I'm disgusted with you. Come, Howard."

Howard strode after his father, nobly refraining from looking at Kennie.

"Help me with the dishes, Kennie," said Nell McLaughlin as she rose, tied on a big apron, and began to clear the table.

Kennie looked at her in despair. She poured steaming water into the dishpan and sent him for the soap powder.

"If I could have a colt," he muttered again.

"Now get busy with that dish towel, Ken. It's eight o'clock. You can study till nine and then go up to the corral. They'll still be there."

At supper that night, Kennie said, "But Dad, Howard had a colt all of his own when he was only eight. And he trained it and schooled it all himself; and now he's eleven and Highboy is three, and he's riding him. I'm nine now, and even if you give me a colt now, I couldn't catch up to Howard because I couldn't ride it till it was a three-year-old and then I'd be twelve."

Nell laughed. "Nothing wrong with that arithmetic."

But Rob said, "Howard never gets less than seventy-five average at school; and hasn't disgraced himself and his family by getting more demerits than any other boy in his class."

Kennie didn't answer. He couldn't figure it out. He tried hard, he spent hours poring over his books. That was supposed to get you good marks, but it never did. Everyone said he was bright, why was it that when he studied he didn't learn? He had a vague feeling that perhaps he looked out the window too much; or looked through the walls to see clouds and sky and hills, and wonder what was happening out there. Sometimes it wasn't even a wonder, but just a pleasant drifting feeling

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of nothing at all, as if nothing mattered, as if there was always plenty of time, as if the lessons would get done of themselves. And then the bell would ring and study period was over.

If he had a colt—

[1] *colt*: a young male horse

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