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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2019**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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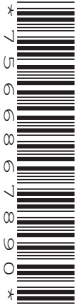
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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 the wildness of the natural world in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, focusing on ways in which Frost presents the trees and the speaker's response to them.

*Birches*

When I see birches bend to left and right  
 Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
 I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
 But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay  
 As ice storms do. Often you must have seen them 5  
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
 After a rain. They click upon themselves  
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored  
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
 Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells 10  
 Shattering and avalanching on the snow crust—  
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
 You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
 They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
 And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed 15  
 So low for long, they never right themselves:  
 You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
 Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground  
 Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair 20  
 Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
 But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
 With all her matter of fact about the ice storm,  
 I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
 As he went out and in to fetch the cows—  
 Some boy too far from town to learn baseball, 25  
 Whose only play was what he found himself,  
 Summer or winter, and could play alone.  
 One by one he subdued his father's trees  
 By riding them down over and over again  
 Until he took the stiffness out of them, 30  
 And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
 For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
 To learn about not launching out too soon  
 And so not carrying the tree away  
 Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise 35  
 To the top branches, climbing carefully  
 With the same pains you use to fill a cup  
 Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
 Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
 Kicking his way down through the air to the ground. 40  
 So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
 And so I dream of going back to be.

It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
And life is too much like a pathless wood  
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs 45  
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
From a twig's having lashed across it open.  
I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
And then come back to it and begin over.  
May no fate willfully misunderstand me 50  
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,  
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk 55  
*Toward* heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
But dipped its top and set me down again.  
That would be good both going and coming back.  
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Jennings explores relationships between the generations in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Jennings presents artistic skill and craft in the following poem.

*The Diamond Cutter*

Not what the light will do but how he shapes it  
And what particular colours it will bear,

And something of the climber's concentration  
Seeing the white peak, setting the right foot there.

Not how the sun was plausible at morning  
Nor how it was distributed at noon,

5

And not how much the single stone could show  
But rather how much brilliance it would shun;

Simply a paring down, a cleaving to  
One object, as the star-gazer who sees

10

One single comet polished by its fall  
Rather than countless, untouched galaxies.

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets explore issues of identity. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Milton presents the evening in the following extract from *Paradise Lost*.

from *Paradise Lost* ('Evening in Paradise')

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale; 5  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires; Hesperus that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length 10  
 Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;  
 When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair consort, the hour  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose; since God hath set 15  
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eyelids; other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest; 20  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account. 25  
 Tomorrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbour, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown, 30  
 That mock our scant manuring and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrewn unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ... 35

John Milton

## Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the Schlegels' house at Wickham Place is made significant in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Leonard's final moments.

Over Tewin Water it was day. To the left fell the shadow of the embankment and its arches; to the right Leonard saw up into the Tewin Woods and towards the church, with its wild legend of immortality. Six forest trees—that is a fact—grow out of one of the graves in Tewin churchyard. The grave's occupant—that is the legend—is an atheist, who declared that if God existed, six forest trees would grow out of her grave. These things in Hertfordshire; and farther afield lay the house of a hermit—Mrs. Wilcox had known him—who barred himself up, and wrote prophecies, and gave all he had to the poor. While, powdered in between, were the villas of business men, who saw life more steadily, though with the steadiness of the half-closed eye. Over all the sun was streaming, to all the birds were singing, to all the primroses were yellow, and the speedwell blue, and the country, however they interpreted her, was uttering her cry of "now." She did not free Leonard yet, and the knife plunged deeper into his heart as the train drew up at Hilton. But remorse had become beautiful. 5

Hilton was asleep, or at the earliest, breakfasting. Leonard noticed the contrast when he stepped out of it into the country. Here men had been up since dawn. Their hours were ruled, not by a London office, but by the movements of the crops and the sun. That they were men of the finest type only the sentimentalists can declare. But they kept to the life of daylight. They are England's hope. Clumsily they carry forward the torch of the sun, until such time as the nation sees fit to take it up. Half clodhopper, half board-school prig, they can still throw back to a nobler stock, and breed yeomen. 10

At the chalk pit a motor passed him. In it was another type, whom Nature favours—the Imperial. Healthy, ever in motion, it hopes to inherit the earth. It breeds as quickly as the yeoman, and as soundly; strong is the temptation to acclaim it as a super-yeoman, who carries his country's virtue overseas. But the Imperialist is not what he thinks or seems. He is a destroyer. He prepares the way for cosmopolitanism, and though his ambitions may be fulfilled, the earth that he inherits will be grey. 15

To Leonard, intent on his private sin, there came the conviction of innate goodness elsewhere. It was not the optimism which he had been taught at school. Again and again must the drums tap, and the goblins stalk over the universe before joy can be purged of the superficial. It was rather paradoxical, and arose from his sorrow. Death destroys a man, but the idea of death saves him—that is the best account of it that has yet been given. Squalor and tragedy can beckon to all that is great in us, and strengthen the wings of love. They can beckon; it is not certain that they will, for they are not love's servants. But they can beckon, and the knowledge of this incredible truth comforted him. 20

As he approached the house all thought stopped. Contradictory notions stood side by side in his mind. He was terrified but happy, ashamed, but had done no sin. He knew the confession: "Mrs. Wilcox, I have done wrong," but sunrise had robbed its meaning, and he felt rather on a supreme adventure. 25

He entered a garden, steadied himself against a motor-car that he found in it, found a door open and entered a house. Yes, it would be very easy. From a room to

the left he heard voices, Margaret's amongst them. His own name was called aloud, 45  
and a man whom he had never seen said, "Oh, is he there? I am not surprised. I  
now thrash him within an inch of his life."

"Mrs. Wilcox," said Leonard, "I have done wrong."

The man took him by the collar and cried, "Bring me a stick."

Women were screaming. A stick, very bright, descended. It hurt him, not where 50  
it descended, but in the heart. Books fell over him in a shower. Nothing had sense.

"Get some water," commanded Charles, who had all through kept very calm.  
"He's shamming. Of course I only used the blade. Here, carry him out into the air."

Thinking that he understood these things, Margaret obeyed him. They laid  
Leonard, who was dead, on the gravel; Helen poured water over him. 55

"That's enough," said Charles.

"Yes, murder's enough," said Miss Avery, coming out of the house with the  
sword.

Chapter 41

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

5 **Either** (a) *Small Island* switches between 1948 and 'Before'. Discuss some of the effects Levy achieves by repeatedly changing the time period in the novel.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Hortense and Queenie.

'This shop is called a grocer's,' Mrs Bligh told me.

I nodded. It had groceries in the window, what else could it be? But I was waiting for this blue-eye-yet-black-hair woman to speak. Was she English, or foreign?

'Come on, let's go in,' Mrs Bligh said to me.

As the dark woman and her son had gone in before us I was happy to follow. 5  
The dark woman perusing the counter asked the shopkeeper, 'Have you got cheese today?' Impeccable English, rounded and haughty. My mouth could do nothing but gape. I had never seen an Englishwoman so dark before. At home her countenance would leave many elderly Jamaican men looking about them abashed.

Mrs Bligh, seeing my gaping mouth, said, 'In a grocery shop, you can get milk, 10  
biscuits, sugar, cornflakes, eggs, that sort of thing. Do you need eggs? Bacon? A lot of it's still on ration but most things are here. So remember that, it's a grocery shop.'

Now the man serving this dark woman had hair that was red. His face was speckled as a bird's egg with tiny red freckles. Scottish. I believed him to be Scottish. 15  
For in Jamaica it is only Scottish people that are so red. But no, he too was English.

'What can I do you for?' he asked me directly. A red Englishman!

'He wants to know if you'd like anything,' Mrs Bligh told me.

I obliged her concern by making a purchase. 'A tin of condensed milk, please,' I asked him.

But this red man stared back at me as if I had not uttered the words. No light of 20  
comprehension sparkled in his eye. 'I beg your pardon?' he said.

Condensed milk, I said, five times, and still he looked on me bewildered. Why no one in this country understand my English? At college my diction was admired by all. I had to point at the wretched tin of condensed milk, which resided just behind 25  
his head.

'Oh, condensed milk,' he told me, as if I had not been saying it all along.

Tired of this silly dance of miscomprehension, I did not bother to ask for the loaf of bread – I just point to the bread on the counter. The man enclose his big hand 30  
over the loaf, his freckled fingers spreading across it. I stared on him. Was I to eat this bread now this man had touch it up? With his other hand he wiped his nose as he held out the bread for me to take. I did not take it, for I was waiting on him to place the bread into a bag to wrap it.

'There you are,' he said to me, pushing the loaf forward enough for me to see a thin black line of dirt arching under each fingernail. It was Mrs Bligh who came and took the bread from him. Her dirty hand having pinch up my loaf as well, she placed 35  
it into my shopping bag.

Then she tell me loud for all to hear, 'This is bread.'

She think me a fool that does not know what is bread? But my mind could not believe what my eye had seen. That English people would buy their bread in this way. This man was patting on his red head and wiping his hand down his filthy white 40  
coat. Cha, why he no lick the bread first before giving it to me to eat?

I whispered into the ear of Mrs Bligh, 'He has not wrapped the bread.'

But she paid me no mind, so busy was she joining this shopkeeper in rolling their eyes to the heavens as I paid my money over.



**Turn over for Question 6.**

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of children and young people in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Hollow of the Three Hills* presents the old woman and her powers.

The old woman seated herself on the trunk of the fallen tree, threw aside the hood that shrouded her gray locks, and beckoned her companion to draw near.

‘Kneel down,’ she said, ‘and lay your forehead on my knees.’

She hesitated a moment, but the anxiety, that had long been kindling, burned fiercely up within her. As she knelt down, the border of her garment was dipped into the pool; she laid her forehead on the old woman’s knees, and the latter drew a cloak about the lady’s face, so that she was in darkness. Then she heard the muttered words of a prayer, in the midst of which she started, and would have arisen. 5

‘Let me flee, – let me flee and hide myself, that they may not look upon me!’ she cried. But, with returning recollection, she hushed herself, and was still as death. 10

For it seemed as if other voices – familiar in infancy, and unforgotten through many wanderings, and in all the vicissitudes of her heart and fortune – were mingling with the accents of the prayer. At first the words were faint and indistinct, not rendered so by distance, but rather resembling the dim pages of a book, which we strive to read by an imperfect and gradually brightening light. In such a manner, as the prayer proceeded, did those voices strengthen upon the ear; till at length the petition ended, and the conversation of an aged man, and of a woman broken and decayed like himself, became distinctly audible to the lady as she knelt. But those strangers appeared not to stand in the hollow depth between the three hills. Their voices were encompassed and re-echoed by the walls of a chamber, the windows of which were rattling in the breeze; the regular vibration of a clock, the crackling of a fire, and the tinkling of the embers as they fell among the ashes, rendered the scene almost as vivid as if painted to the eye. By a melancholy hearth sat these two old people, the man calmly despondent, the woman querulous and tearful, and their words were all of sorrow. They spoke of a daughter, a wanderer they knew not where, bearing dishonor along with her, and leaving shame and affliction to bring their gray heads to the grave. They alluded also to other and more recent woe, but in the midst of their talk, their voices seemed to melt into the sound of the wind sweeping mournfully among the autumn leaves; and when the lady lifted her eyes, there was she kneeling in the hollow between three hills. 15 20 25 30

‘A weary and lonesome time yonder old couple have of it,’ remarked the old woman, smiling in the lady’s face.

‘And did you also hear them!’ exclaimed she, a sense of intolerable humiliation triumphing over her agony and fear.

‘Yea; and we have yet more to hear,’ replied the old woman. ‘Wherefore, cover thy face quickly.’ 35

Again the withered hag poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable in Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to thicken, gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound, and were succeeded by the singing of sweet female voices, which in their turn gave way to a wild roar of laughter, broken suddenly by groanings and sobs, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror and mourning and mirth. Chains were rattling, fierce and stern voices uttered threats, and the scourge resounded at their command. All these noises deepened and became substantial to the listener’s ear, till she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died causelessly into funeral hymns. She shuddered at the unprovoked wrath which blazed up like the spontaneous kindling of flame, and she grew faint at the fearful 40 45

merriment, raging miserably around her. In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose up in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine-trees on those three lonely hills. The lady looked up, and there was the withered woman smiling in her face.

*The Hollow of the Three Hills*

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