



Cambridge International AS & A Level

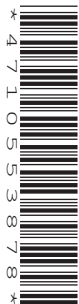
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2020

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
Section A: answer **one** question.
Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Frost presents relationships between people in **two** poems.
Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the encounter in the following poem.

Two Look At Two

Love and forgetting might have carried them

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Had made them certain earth returned their love.

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to the writing and effects of **two** poems, discuss ways in which Sheers presents war.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem explores relationships.

Winter Swans

The clouds had given their all –
two days of rain and then a break
in which we walked,

the waterlogged earth
gulping for breath at our feet 5
as we skirted the lake, silent and apart,

until the swans came and stopped us
with a show of tipping in unison.
As if rolling weights down their bodies to their heads

they halved themselves in the dark water, 10
icebergs of white feather, paused before returning again
like boats righting in rough weather.

'They mate for life' you said as they left,
porcelain over the stilling water. I didn't reply
but as we moved on through the afternoon light, 15

slow-stepping in the lake's shingle and sand,
I noticed our hands, that had, somehow,
swum the distance between us

and folded, one over the other,
like a pair of wings settling after flight. 20

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems, discuss different ways poets present night-time or sleep.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the end of a relationship in the following poem.

When We Two Parted

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow— 10
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken, 15
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear? 20
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— 25
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee
 After long years, 30
 How should I greet thee?
 With silence and tears.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Forster presents the lives of the wealthy in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Leonard Bast.

Leonard left it at that—so long as she did not guess the man. She stood at the window and slowly pulled up the blinds. The hotel looked over a dark square. The mists had begun. When she turned back to him her eyes were shining. “Don’t you worry,” he pleaded. “I can’t bear that. We shall be all right if I get work. If I could only get work—something regular to do. Then it wouldn’t be so bad again. I don’t trouble after books as I used. I can imagine that with regular work we should settle down again. It stops one thinking.” 5

“Settle down to what?”

“Oh, just settle down.”

“And that’s to be life!” said Helen, with a catch in her throat. “How can you, with all the beautiful things to see and do—with music—with walking at night—” 10

“Walking is well enough when a man’s in work,” he answered. “Oh, I did talk a lot of nonsense once, but there’s nothing like a bailiff in the house to drive it out of you. When I saw him fingering my Ruskins and Stevensons, I seemed to see life straight and real, and it isn’t a pretty sight. My books are back again, thanks to you, but they’ll never be the same to me again, and I shan’t ever again think night in the woods is wonderful.” 15

“Why not?” asked Helen, throwing up the window.

“Because I see one must have money.”

“Well, you’re wrong.” 20

“I wish I was wrong, but—the clergyman—he has money of his own, or else he’s paid; the poet or the musician—just the same; the tramp—he’s no different. The tramp goes to the work-house in the end, and is paid for with other people’s money. Miss Schlegel the real thing’s money, and all the rest is a dream.”

“You’re still wrong. You’ve forgotten Death.” 25

Leonard could not understand.

“If we lived forever, what you say would be true. But we have to die, we have to leave life presently. Injustice and greed would be the real thing if we lived for ever. As it is, we must hold to other things, because Death is coming. I love Death—not morbidly, but because He explains. He shows me the emptiness of Money. Death and Money are the eternal foes. Not Death and Life. Never mind what lies behind Death, Mr. Bast, but be sure that the poet and the musician and the tramp will be happier in it than the man who has never learnt to say, ‘I am I.’” 30

“I wonder.”

“We are all in a mist—I know, but I can help you this far—men like the Wilcoxes are deeper in the mist than any. Sane, sound Englishmen! Building up empires, levelling all the world into what they call common sense. But mention Death to them and they’re offended, because Death’s really Imperial, and He cries out against them for ever.” 35

“I am as afraid of Death as any one.” 40

“But not of the idea of Death.”

“But what is the difference?”

“Infinite difference,” said Helen, more gravely than before.

Leonard looked at her wondering, and had the sense of great things sweeping out of the shrouded night. But he could not receive them, because his heart was still 45

full of little things. As the lost umbrella had spoilt the concert at Queen's Hall, so the lost situation was obscuring the diviner harmonies now. Death, Life, and Materialism were fine words, but would Mr. Wilcox take him on as a clerk? Talk as one would, Mr. Wilcox was king of this world, the superman, with his own morality, whose head remained in the clouds.

50

"I must be stupid," he said apologetically.

Chapter 27

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, to you, seems to be the significance of the novel's title, *Small Island*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Gilbert's thoughts in the following passage.

I was a giant living on land no bigger than the soles of my shoes. Everywhere I turn I gazed on sea. The palm trees that tourists thought rested so beautiful on every shore were my prison bars. Horizons my tormenting borders. I envied the pelican, I envied the crow – with wings they could fly easy from this place to rest in some other. I became a big-talk man – even when the clinking of small change in my ragged pockets accused me of being a fool. Oh, there were plenty men like me, wandering this small island, their head cluttered with the sights they had once looked on. If you would listen then we would talk – widen your eyes with stories of war and the Mother Country. Tell you of bombs, planes, bullets and guns. Fog and snow and autumn mist. Come, ask a question you have always wanted to know. The King – oh, a fine man, and Shakespeare too. Paved with gold, no – but, yes, diamonds appear on the ground in the rain. 5

When my mirror could only return to me a look of disgust, a dainty girl like Celia Langley, who would gasp excited at my traveller's tales, puffed me proud as a prince. I had no thought of courtship, my only need was her adoration. Entrance her, dazzle her. Come, let me tell her those truths, those lies, those half-baked dreams. 15

But with Hortense my feet landed on solid ground with such a thump my ankles nearly snapped. How come this woman who was inches shorter than I could look down at me from so high a height that I felt like a dwarf? Oh, she was pretty – a golden complexion that left a faint blush of pink at her rounded cheeks. Eyes flashing alive – brown and wide with lashes that flapped like butterflies' wings. And her lips could have been soft and charming if not always pinched tight with vexation or lifted haughty about the corners to show her disdain. Man, when she doubted the truth her eyebrows would raise so high on her forehead they looked to be blown there by the wind. How did this woman learn to sneer so? Was it through bad odour or was she always smelling her top lip? Even her ears could cuss you. Come, let us face it, my big talk just shrivel in the face of her scorn. 20

She did not like me. My face distressed her, my jokes confused her, my tales of war bored her and talk of England made her yawn. So I thought she was messing with me when she offered me the twenty-eight pounds and ten shillings I needed for a passage to England. 'I can lend you the money,' was all she said. She followed it with no explanation. Man, I do not recall that she even smiled. I laughed – a sort of giggle you make when someone is having a joke you do not find funny. But she just stare on me in so serious a way it led me straight to wondering how I might pay her back. Excited now, I decided that every week I would send her money. A little at first until I find me feet, then I would build it up. Sometimes more, sometimes less, but regular until this woman was paid. I would write it down in a little book so no argument would occur. My honour would see the debt was paid. Hear this, I even thought to slit my finger to seal the deal in blood. But she had not finished with me yet. With no persuasion, with no fancy words, with no declarations of love, she let me know that I would have to marry her for the money. This woman was looking for escape and I was to be the back she would ride out on. 30

When I walked away from her that day I went to sit under the refuge of the guango tree. Tree lizards still scuttled up the bark and the cicadas still hissed like cymbals. But the ground was now parched and dry – too hard for me to push my fingers down into the earth. And it was there that I wept. I am not too proud to tell you I sobbed like a boy lost. I was beaten. There was no choice before me except one. If Hortense had money to buy me then, come, let us face it, my price was not too dear. 45

Turn over for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories from your selection present significant change for the characters.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *Elephant*, considering ways in which it presents family relationships.

I knew it was a mistake to let my brother have the money. I didn't need anybody else owing me. But when he called and said he couldn't make the payment on his house, what could I do? I'd never been inside his house – he lived a thousand miles away, in California; I'd never even *seen* his house – but I didn't want him to lose it. He cried over the phone and said he was losing everything he'd worked for. He said he'd pay me back. February, he said. Maybe sooner. No later, anyway, than March. He said his income-tax refund was on the way. Plus, he said, he had a little investment that would mature in February. He acted secretive about the investment thing, so I didn't press for details. 5

'Trust me on this,' he said. 'I won't let you down.' 10

He'd lost his job last July, when the company he worked for, a fiberglass insulation plant, decided to lay off two hundred employees. He'd been living on his unemployment since then, but now the unemployment was gone, and his savings were gone, too. And he didn't have health insurance any longer. When his job went, the insurance went. His wife, who was ten years older, was diabetic and needed treatment. He'd had to sell the other car – her car, an old station wagon – and a week ago he'd pawned his TV. He told me he'd hurt his back carrying the TV up and down the street where the pawnshops did business. He went from place to place, he said, trying to get the best offer. Somebody finally gave him a hundred dollars for it, this big Sony TV. He told me about the TV, and then about throwing his back out, as if this ought to cinch it with me, unless I had a stone in place of a heart. 15 20

'I've gone belly up,' he said. 'But you can help me pull out of it.'

'How much?' I said.

'Five hundred. I could use more, sure, who couldn't?' he said. 'But I want to be realistic. I can pay back five hundred. More than that, I'll tell you the truth, I'm not so sure. Brother, I hate to ask. But you're my last resort. Irma Jean and I are going to be on the street before long. I won't let you down,' he said. That's what he said. Those were his exact words. 25

We talked a little more – mostly about our mother and her problems – but, to make a long story short, I sent him the money. I had to. I felt I had to, at any rate – which amounts to the same thing. I wrote him a letter when I sent the check and said he should pay the money back to our mother, who lived in the same town he lived in and who was poor and greedy. I'd been mailing checks to her every month, rain or shine, for three years. But I was thinking that if he paid her the money he owed me it might take me off the hook there and let me breathe for a while. I wouldn't have to worry on that score for a couple of months, anyway. Also, and this is the truth, I thought maybe he'd be more likely to pay her, since they lived right there in the same town and he saw her from time to time. All I was doing was trying to cover myself some way. The thing is, he might have the best intentions of paying me back, but things happen sometimes. Things get in the way of best intentions. Out of sight, out of mind, as they say. But he wouldn't stiff his own mother. Nobody would do that. 30 35 40

I spent hours writing letters, trying to make sure everybody knew what could be expected and what was required. I even phoned out there to my mother several times, trying to explain it to her. But she was suspicious over the whole deal. I went through it with her on the phone step by step, but she was still suspicious. I told her the money that was supposed to come from me on the first of March and on the first 45

of April would instead come from Billy, who owed the money to me. She'd get her money, and she didn't have to worry. The only difference was that Billy would pay it to her those two months instead of me. He'd pay her the money I'd normally be sending to her, but instead of him mailing it to me and then me having to turn around and send it to her he'd pay it to her directly. On any account, she didn't have to worry. She'd get her money, but for those two months it'd come from him – from the money he owed me. My God, I don't know how much I spent on phone calls. And I wish I had fifty cents for every letter I wrote, telling him what I'd told her and telling her what to expect from him – that sort of thing.

Elephant

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