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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/22**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen **May/June 2021**

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.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

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

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Section A: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

1 Either (a) In London, 'human beings heard each other speak with greater difficulty, breathed less of the air, and saw less of the sky.'

In the light of this description, discuss Forster's presentation of London in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Forster portrays Margaret's behaviour in the following passage.

'Margaret, you look upset!' said Henry.

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He himself might need support, for there was trouble ahead.

(*from* Chapter 36)

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ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Levy presents loving relationships in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Levy presents Hortense and Celia in the following passage.

All seemed to be decided between them so I felt it important for me to ask, 'But what about your mother, Celia?

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'Celia,' I tried to call after her, but that wretched girl had smacked all voice from me.

(*from* Chapter 6)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 Either (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories portray male characters.

Or (b) Comment closely on Atwood's presentation of Mrs Burridge in the following passage from *When It Happens*.

Mrs Burridge is putting up green tomato pickles. There are twelve quarts in each lot with a bit left over, and that is the end of the jars. At the store they tell her there's a strike on at the factory where they get made. She doesn't know anything about that but you can't buy them anywhere, and even before this they were double what they were last year; she considers herself lucky she had those in the cellar. She has a lot of green tomatoes because she heard on the weather last night there was going to be a killer frost, so she put on her parka and her work gloves and took the lantern out to the garden in the pitch-dark and picked off all the ones she could see, over three bushels. She can lift the full baskets herself but she asked Frank to carry them in for her; he grumbles, but he likes it when she asks. In the morning the news said the growers had been hit and that would shoot the price up, not that the growers would get any of it themselves, everyone knows it's the stores that make the money.

She feels richer than she did yesterday, but on the other hand there isn't that much you can do with green tomatoes. The pickles hardly made a dint in them, and Frank has said, as he does every year, that they will never eat twenty-four quarts of green tomato pickle with just the two of them and the children gone. Except when they come to visit and eat me out of house and home, Mrs Burridge adds silently. The truth is she has always made two batches and the children never liked it anyway, it was Frank ate them all and she knows perfectly well he'll do it again, without even noticing. He likes it on bread and cheese when he's watching the hockey games, during every commercial he goes out to the kitchen and makes himself another slice, even if he's just had a big meal, leaving a trail of crumbs and bits of pickle from the counter across the floor and over the front-room rug to his big chair. It used to annoy Mrs Burridge, especially the crumbs, but now she watches him with a kind of sadness; she once thought their life together would go on forever but she has come to realize this is not the case.

She doesn't even feel like teasing him about his spare tire any more, though she does it all the same because he would miss it if she stopped. 'There you go,' she says, in the angular, prodding, metallic voice she cannot change because everyone expects it from her, if she spoke any other way they would think she was ill, 'you keep on munching away like that and it'll be easy for me to get you out of bed in the mornings, I'll just give you a push and you'll roll all the way down the stairs like a barrel.' And he answers in his methodical voice, pretending to be lazy even though he isn't, 'You need a little fun in life,' as though his pickles and cheese are slightly disreputable, almost like an orgy. Every year he tells her she's made too much but there would be a fuss all right if he went down to the cellar one day and there wasn't any left.

Mrs Burridge has made her own pickles since 1952, which was the first year she had the garden. She remembers it especially because her daughter Sarah was on the way and she had trouble bending down to do the weeding. When she herself was growing up everyone did their own pickles, and their own canning and preserving too. But after the war most women gave it up, there was more money then and it was easier to buy things at the store. Mrs Burridge never gave it up, though most of her friends thought she was wasting her time, and now she is glad she didn't, it kept her in practice while the others were having to learn all over again. Though with the sugar going up the way it is, she can't understand how long anyone is going to be able to afford even the homemade things.

(*from* When It Happens)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

4 **Either** **(a)** Munira says, 'In our Kenya you can make a living out of anything. Even fear.'

Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ presents this idea in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the presentation of the relationship between Wanja and Munira in the following passage.

Between Wanja and Munira there gradually grew an understanding without demands:

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He was surprised how little he knew about Abdulla, about anybody.

(*from* Chapter 2)

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TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss ways in which the following passage presents Martin Linke's arrest and his response to it.

Consider the writer's choice of language, dialogue and narrative methods in your answer.

He took down a suitcase and folded into it a winter suit and other warm clothes, and, after some thought, lighter clothes for the approaching summer. He wrapped his slippers and shoes in newspaper and placed them, together with four books and his razor, strop, brush and lather stick, in a hollow between his suit and trousers. He took off his work clothes and dressed in his everyday suit, a clean white cotton shirt, a red and black tie, and shoes that kept a smart shine but were also sturdy. Who knew what indignities were ahead of him. An appeal hearing, a march through the streets, forced labour. He telephoned his brother-in-law, for today had not been unexpected. He fetched his overcoat and hat from the hooks by the back door and said, 'Now we can go.'

As Martin Linke stood on his back step saying goodbye to his home, Paul and Nina walked around the side of the house, eager to see who was visiting. They stopped at once, afraid to come closer, swinging their school satchels. Martin put down his case, took their hands, and walked them away from the captain and the arresting officers, the so-called gentlemen. He blinked his wet eyes. Paul was desolate, he would not accept it, and Martin left him in the charge of his brave girl. He said, 'Your Aunt Jean and your Uncle Hartley will be here soon. Now, you must be good for them.'

He was thankful for the good people in the world who had not deserted him.

The two detectives sat in the front seat of the black car. Martin sat in the back seat with Frank Lucas. The drive to the police station took five minutes. Martin said, as they passed the flower beds outside the Institute, the shrubs and shaped lawns of the children's playground on the river bank, 'I did that. And that. Seventeen years, my God.'

At the police station Sergeant Richards said to the three escorts, 'None of this is necessary, you know.' Martin saw that he still had friends.

'You're responsible now,' said the detective sergeant, and he left, taking the other man with him.

Frank Lucas took off his captain's cap. 'Will you be all right now, Martin?'

Martin Linke – sitting in an office armchair and not on a cell bunk, drinking a cup of tea – said, 'Yes, thank you, Frank. I am among friends.'

'Don't be like that, Martin. I had no choice. You must have been expecting something like this sooner or later.'

'These are confusing times,' said Martin, leaning back in comfort. 'You had your orders to carry out. I understand.'

Mayor Lucas put on his cap and left, swearing.

'It's not right, Martin, it's just not right,' said Sergeant Richards. 'But let us at least get your affairs in order.'

The train that was to take Martin to Sydney was due at seven o'clock. Sergeant Richards left a constable in charge and drove Martin to visit the bank manager, the pastor, two friends and his solicitor. They promised not to let the government take away his children or his house, or give the children into their mother's care.

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At a quarter past six Sergeant Richards drove Martin home to say goodbye to the children. *45*

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Or

6 Discuss ways in which the following poem presents shoes.

Consider the writer's choice of language, imagery and structure in your answer.

Red shoes

Where the heel strap and arch strap
join there will be a blister at first
I know when I get them home
out of the box and the wrapping paper.

They are the colour of red lacquer.
The colour of a beautiful chest
fastened with mock gold fastenings
and the maker's name is in gold lettering.

I shall wear them with everything
red complements which is everything
I own: those that fail shall be discarded
into bags for the Salvation Army[1].

With red shoes who can doubt
the heart has a means of action
as feeling moves forward to accomplishment
as I stretch out my shod feet on the white sofa.

[1] *Salvation Army*: a charitable organisation

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