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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/23**

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) 'It certainly is a funny world, but so long as men like my husband and his sons govern it, I think it'll never be a bad one.'

How far does Forster's presentation of the Wilcox family lead you to agree with Margaret's statement?

Or (b) Comment closely on Forster's presentation of the argument in the following passage.

'Helen commands my sympathy,' said Henry.

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You have the insolence to talk to me of differences, Henry?'

(*from* Chapter 38)

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ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Levy presents relationships as developing through the course of the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the return of Bernard's father from the war.

My father had been in the army in the last lot.

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But he was never my pa again.

(*from* Chapter 43)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

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

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Adagha's presentation of events in the following passage from *The Plantation*.

Not long after, the local people from the village and nearby fishing villages converged at the spill site to fetch petrol. The day had progressed to a burning noon, with the sun gliding overhead like a circle of fire. The market, the school and the farms were all deserted. Fishermen, artisans, farmers and women abandoned their wares and swarmed to the plantation, which seemed to glitter with a wave of sweat-drenched, dark bodies. Away to the right, to the left, and all around, the plantation sparked with keen contests as the people jostled and fought each other for space around the site. Metal pans and buckets clashed and flashed in the sweltering heat like weapons of survival.

The petrol was gradually swallowed by huge cans, pans and any element of storage the villagers could muster. But it flowed on still, steadily giving in to the ceaseless mania of sucking, the avid thirst of animals long deprived of nurturing milk. The plantation reeled from the endless trampling of feet, but took it all in; except for the petrol, foreign to its depths, which was resisted and only allowed to brim over the soil surface; enough for the villagers to swim or sink in.

Namidi, his clothes dripping with perspiration and petrol, stationed Ochuko at an embankment, some distance away from the bustle. He was to watch over the family possessions while his parents and siblings did their best at the pits.

But the boy wandered about intermittently and played with his friend, Onome. It was in their manner to climb a tree wherever they could find one. They could not resist the lure of the plantation and the rubber trees. Up they climbed, laughing and swinging playfully from branch to branch, while the villagers below bubbled and brawled.

To the children, the fortune-hunters presented hearty entertainment. They giggled with glee at the sound of high-pitched voices drawn tight with tension; as grown men charged and shoved riotously at each other; as here and there a woman lost her footing, and rolled in a heap in the slimy soil. Onome taunted Ochuko with mimicries of his father's belligerent displays in the heat of battle. 'Hey you, get away from there. Is this your plantation?' Namidi barked at anyone that came close to him. 'Hey you, get away from that tree. Is this your plantation?' Onome screamed at Ochuko in parody.

They lost interest in the brawling at the site and kept themselves busy with all manner of play. Soon they were playing soldiers, launching between branches and taking mock shots at each other – their fingers serving as makeshift guns. Onome took aim at Ochuko and fired. And as Ochuko swerved to duck behind a branch, there was a flash of light from inside the spill site and a deafening explosion that shook the tree he was hanging on. His young adversary fell headlong from the tree, screamed and lay still.

Ochuko froze. There followed a brief moment when the world seemed engulfed in a blanket of yellow light. And then it broke loose with a gut-wrenching choir of yelling that rang out all at once. The boy stared at the growing roost of figures that broke out frenziedly from the smoky interior, running and swaying in scattered directions. He watched it all with a childish fascination.

But it was the heat that finally got to him – the hot, stifling sensation that suddenly seized him in a tight, airless embrace and threw him from the tree. In a flash, he was up on his feet and running off towards the village clearing. He ran, followed by the acrid smell of burnt chicken feathers; by the long grasses and the screaming demons that leaped up and down behind him. The sky had turned grey

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and cast over him like imminent nightfall; but instead of easing down stealthily, the demons picked up pace, screaming and gathering behind him in a swift veil of smoke and blackness. It made him run faster and faster towards the village and the familiar outlines of his father's hut.

Huge billows of smoke rose from the heart of the plantation as the dust-laden boy – his eyes itching with soot and tears – emerged from it. He ran into the hut and hid himself under his mother's bed.

(*from* The Plantation)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

4 Either (a) Munira says, '… everybody is in prison …'

In what ways does Ngũgĩ make this a central idea in the novel?

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Wanja's narrative presents changes in Kenya in the following passage.

Thank you for this beer …

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We were another tribe: another family.

(*from* Chapter 5)

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TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Comment closely on the following extract, considering ways in which it presents Lakunle's argument with Sadiku.

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

Sadiku [*bursts into her cackling laughter*]:

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You send my Sidi to his shame. …

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Or

6 Discuss the presentation of the husband and his feelings for his wife in the following passage.

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

They operated on Janet on June 30th. It was a hot morning.

Her condition is called hydrocephalus. Water builds up inside the skull and presses on the brain. If the water can't be drained off, parts of the brain atrophy. Then the person slips away – back into the past or to any place where she can't be reached. The success rate of the operation to drain off the water is variable according to age. About thirty per cent of those operated on die.

Death, to me, has always been synonymous with falling. This is how my mind sees it; a long, black, sickening fall. And Janet saw it the same. I once asked her.

Before Janet's operation, the surgeon came to see me. He said: 'Go home. Dig the yard. Mend a fence. This is a long operation. She's in our hands now. There's nothing you can do.'

I said: 'Sure. I understand.'

But I didn't leave. I sat on a chair in a Waiting Area and concentrated my mind on holding Janet up.

I held her in different ways. I carried her above my head, holding her waist and her thigh. When this got tiring, I put her on my back – her back to my back – and her legs made an arc around mine. Then I flew her above me, my hands on her tummy. I stood her on my shoulders and hung onto her feet …

People came into the Waiting Area. They looked at magazines. They read the words 'Ford' or 'Toyota' on their car key tags. They didn't bother me. They recognised that I was busy.

To help me, I sang songs in my mind and I whirled Janet around in time to these. I dressed her in a floaty kind of dress to make her lighter in my imaginary arms. As the hours passed, she got younger. Her hair hung down like it used to when she was a Revlon girl …

Then someone spoke to me. It was the surgeon. He seemed to have learned my first name. 'Donald,' he said, 'I'm pretty sure your wife's going to make it.'

They kept her in hospital quite a long while. Then I took her home and the summer passed and then the fall and now here we are again in the winter and this morning we woke up to find Our Creek covered with ice.

Every day, I watch Janet. I watch and wait, for the least sign that she's slipping back to Danesville, but none comes.

She's in fine spirits, too, keen to do things. She says we should travel again, see more of the world before we leave it.

Today, we dress up warm and go down to the creek and Janet says: 'Come on, Don, look at this great ice! Let's dance and fool around on it like we did before.'

She's at the end of the jetty. She's all ready to climb down onto the frozen water.

But I can see that this ice is pretty thin. It's not like it was in that other winter, two foot thick; it's a different kind of ice.

So I call Janet back. I say: 'Honey, don't go down there. It's too dangerous. Enough dancing already. Right? Just stay up here with me.'

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