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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/21**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen **May/June 2022**

2 hours

0054137200

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.

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

1 Either (a) Discuss ways in which McEwan presents relationships between children and their parents in the novel.

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

Cecilia followed at a slow pace, passing the critical mirror with a glance and completely satisfied with what she saw.

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There would be other evenings like this, and to enjoy them she would have to be elsewhere.

(*from* Part 1 Chapter 9)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of Munira's role as a teacher in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Ngũgĩ's presentation of the ceremony in the following passage.

I was not breaking up soft voices

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It was like beholding a relic of beauty that had suddenly surfaced, or like listening to a solitary beautiful tune straying, for a time, from a dying world.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which the writers create puzzles or mysteries for the reader in **two** stories.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Forna presents Attila in the following passage from *Haywards Heath*.

The car radio issued a blast of sound so sudden and brutish that Attila nearly came to an emergency stop. It took a moment to gather himself. In his chest his heart beat wildly, and his scalp had shrunk against his skull, hair follicles tightened in alarm, altogether a sign he was more nervous than he let himself believe, though in every other way he was feeling pretty good about things. The weather, for one: a cool, clear spring day. The prospect of the drive on clean-surfaced, empty roads. An escape from the city, time to himself.

The youth at the car-hire desk must have turned on the radio when he brought the car round. The new generation could not tolerate the sound of silence. This was the second car, there having been little possibility of Attila's bulk being contained by the first. The desk clerk had failed to see what a fool could not have missed. Still, had it been otherwise, he wouldn't be driving a Jaguar XJ from the Prestige range for the same price. Attila fiddled with the radio until he found something pleasing. Gradually he felt his scalp withdraw its grip on his cranium.

At Crawley he left the M23. He thought he should eat and turned off the main road towards Haywards Heath. Haywards Heath. It had been a joke between himself and Rosie for a long time. The overseas students all had a hard time pronouncing it. *Ay-wads 'eat.* A sly tease, she would ask each new acquaintance to repeat the name of her hometown. After his turn she'd glanced at him over her sherry glass and he'd held her gaze until she'd turned away. He knew, from the way she stood, the way she walked, mostly from the way she refused to turn back in his direction, that she felt the mark of his gaze on her skin, like a touch on the back of her neck. Afterwards and perversely, many months into their affair, she denied she'd noticed him that evening. He wore a Malcolm X goatee and a suit to attend lectures. This made her feel sorry for him, she said. They were in their third year when they met, together for three more. By the time of their graduation ceremony he was already 6,000 miles away.

At the London hospital where he worked as a visiting consultant – visits that had occurred twice yearly for the last five years, because of his expertise in displaced populations, in trauma – he had exhaled all the breath in his lungs at the sound of her name. 'Early retirement,' his colleague replied in answer to Attila's careful enquiries. The idea for the trip came to him in a moment and had taken over. He had been consumed by the details: renting the car, planning the route, driving on the left-hand side of the road.

He thought again about food. At a pub he pulled over and parked. Inside he found a booth and ordered duck à l'orange, which arrived garnished with a rose of tomato peel, which he also consumed. He drew no stares. He opened the atlas out on the table. He reckoned he was less than five miles away. After he had eaten, he carried the map to the publican, who jerked his head at the Jaguar and said, 'What, no satnav? Where you headed?'

'Haywards Heath,' pronounced Attila, perfectly.

Next to Attila in the passenger seat, the publican pushed the buttons of the device and rubbed the tips of his fingers along the wood of the dashboard. Then, guided by the patient, electronic voice, Attila passed through one village after another. When he missed a turning, the voice redirected him in the same even tone. Attila found himself unaccountably irked by the smoothness of her voice. He took another wrong turn, quite deliberately. She proved unflappable.

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Now he knew how his patients felt. He analysed his own behaviour. Prevarication. He drove steadily for ten minutes following the voice's orders.

'You have arrived at your destination.'

(*from* Haywards Heath)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 Either (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents Huck's reluctance to be 'sivilized'.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Twain presents the different claimants to Peter Wilks's inheritance.

They was fetching a very nice looking old gentleman along, and a nice looking younger one, with his right arm in a sling. And my souls, how the people yelled, and laughed, and kept it up. But I didn't see no joke about it, and I judged it would strain the duke and the king some to see any. I reckoned they'd turn pale. But no, nary a pale did *they* turn. The duke he never let on he suspicioned what was up, but just went a goo-gooing around, happy and satisfied, like a jug that's googling out butter-milk; and as for the king, he just gazed and gazed down sorrowful on them newcomers like it give him the stomach-ache in his very heart to think there could be such frauds and rascals in the world. Oh, he done it admirable. Lots of the principal people gethered around the king, to let him see they was on his side. That old gentleman that had just come looked all puzzled to death. Pretty soon he begun to speak, and I see, straight off, he pronounced *like* an Englishman, not the king's way, though the king's *was* pretty good, for an imitation. I can't give the old gent's words, nor I can't imitate him; but he turned around to the crowd, and says, about like this:

'This is a surprise to me which I wasn't looking for; and I'll acknowledge, candid and frank, I ain't very well fixed to meet it and answer it; for my brother and me has had misfortunes, he's broke his arm, and our baggage got put off at a town above here, last night in the night by a mistake. I am Peter Wilks's brother Harvey, and this is his brother William, which can't hear nor speak – and can't even make signs to amount to much, now 't he's only got one hand to work them with. We are who we say we are; and in a day or two, when I get the baggage, I can prove it. But, up till then, I won't say nothing more, but go to the hotel and wait.'

So him and the new dummy started off; and the king he laughs, and blethers out:

'Broke his arm – *very* likely *ain't* it? – and very convenient, too, for a fraud that's got to make signs, and hain't learnt how. Lost their baggage! That's *mighty* good! – and mighty ingenious – under the *circumstances*!'

So he laughed again; and so did everybody else, except three or four, or maybe half a dozen.

(*from* Chapter 29)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss the presentation of the interaction between the characters in the following passage.

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

She brightened and she was fascinated because he took off his glasses and she saw the deep serious shadows of his eyes and the pale drooping of the naked lids. The eyes looked tired and as if they had seen many things and she was tired too.

'I bin ill,' she said. Her story came irresistibly to her lips. 'The doctor told us to come here. My husband gave up his job and everything. Things are different here. The money's not so good –' Her voice quickened. 'But I try to make it up with the teas.'

She paused, trying to read from his face if she should say any more. She seemed to be standing on the edge of another country. The pale-blue eyes seemed to be the pale sky of a far-away place where she had been living.

'I nearly died,' she said. She was a little amazed by this fact.

'You're O.K. now,' Sid said.

'I'm better,' she said. 'But it seems I get lonely now I'm better.'

'You want your health, but you want a bit of company,' Sid said.

'My husband says: "You got your health, what you want company for?"'

She put this to Sid in case her husband was not right, but she picked up her husband's waistcoat from the chair and looked over its buttons because she felt, timorously, she had been disloyal to her husband.

'A woman wants company,' said Sid.

He looked shy now to her, like Bert, the young one; but she was most astonished that someone should agree with her and not her husband.

Then she flushed and put out her hand to the little girl, who came to her mother's side, pressing against her. The woman felt safer and raised her eyes and looked more boldly at him.

'You and your friends going far?'

He told her. She nodded, counting the miles as if she were coming along with them. And then Sid felt a hand touch his.

It was the child's hand touching the ring on his finger.

'Ha!' laughed Sid. 'You saw that before.' He was quick. The child was delighted with his quickness. The woman put the waistcoat down at once. He took off the ring and put it in the palm of his hand and bent down so that his head nearly brushed the woman's arm. 'That's lucky,' he said. 'Here,' he said. He slipped the ring on the child's little finger. 'See,' he said. 'Keeps me out of mischief. Keep a ring on your little finger and you'll be lucky.'

The child looked at him without belief.

'Here y'are,' he said, taking back the ring. 'Your mother wants it,' he said, winking at the woman. 'She's got hers on the wrong finger. Little one luck, big one trouble.'

She laughed and she blushed and her eyes shone. He moved to the door and her pale lips pouted a little. Then, taking the child by the hand she hurried over to him as if both of them would cling to him. Excitedly, avidly, they followed him to the other room.

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Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the old woman in the following poem.

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

Why the old woman limps

Do you know why the old woman sings?

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I know why the old woman limps.

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