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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 2022**

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.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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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 brothers and sisters in the novel.

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

There was no cottage in Wiltshire for them.

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He would never forgive himself if he did not encourage her.

(*from* Part 2)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of Karega after his return to Ilmorog following his absence.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Ngũgĩ presents Munira's responses to events.

'It was at this time we heard the terrible news: the lawyer had been murdered.

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My years of agony and doubt and pursuit of earthly pleasures were over …'

(*from* Chapter 12)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

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

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which James presents the young man and his story in the following passage from *A Warning to the Curious*.

It was in April 19— we were there, and by some chance we were almost the only people in the hotel. So the ordinary public rooms were practically empty, and we were the more surprised when, after dinner, our sitting-room door opened, and a young man put his head in. We were aware of this young man. He was rather a rabbity anaemic subject – light hair and light eyes – but not unpleasing. So when he said: 'I beg your pardon, is this a private room?' we did not growl and say: 'Yes, it is,' but Long said, or I did – no matter which: 'Please come in.' 'Oh, may I?' he said, and seemed relieved. Of course it was obvious that he wanted company; and as he was a reasonable kind of person – not the sort to bestow his whole family history on you – we urged him to make himself at home. 'I dare say you find the other rooms rather bleak,' I said. Yes, he did: but it was really too good of us, and so on. That being got over, he made some pretence of reading a book. Long was playing Patience, I was writing. It became plain to me after a few minutes that this visitor of ours was in rather a state of fidgets or nerves, which communicated itself to me, and so I put away my writing and turned to at engaging him in talk.

After some remarks, which I forget, he became rather confidential. 'You'll think it very odd of me' (this was the sort of way he began), 'but the fact is I've had something of a shock.' Well, I recommended a drink of some cheering kind, and we had it. The waiter coming in made an interruption (and I thought our young man seemed very jumpy when the door opened), but after a while he got back to his woes again. There was nobody he knew in the place, and he did happen to know who we both were (it turned out there was some common acquaintance in town), and really he did want a word of advice, if we didn't mind. Of course we both said: 'By all means,' or 'Not at all,' and Long put away his cards. And we settled down to hear what his difficulty was.

'It began,' he said, 'more than a week ago, when I bicycled over to Froston, only about five or six miles, to see the church; I'm very much interested in architecture, and it's got one of those pretty porches with niches and shields. I took a photograph of it, and then an old man who was tidying up in the churchyard came and asked if I'd care to look into the church. I said yes, and he produced a key and let me in. There wasn't much inside, but I told him it was a nice little church, and he kept it very clean, "but," I said, "the porch is the best part of it." We were just outside the porch then, and he said, "Ah, yes, that is a nice porch; and do you know, sir, what's the meanin' of that coat of arms there?"

'It was the one with the three crowns, and though I'm not much of a herald, I was able to say yes, I thought it was the old arms of the kingdom of East Anglia.

'"That's right, sir," he said, "and do you know the meanin' of them three crowns that's on it?"

'I said I'd no doubt it was known, but I couldn't recollect to have heard it myself.

'"Well, then," he said, "for all you're a scholard, I can tell you something you don't know. Them's the three 'oly crowns what was buried in the ground near by the coast to keep the Germans from landing – ah, I can see you don't believe that. But I tell you, if it hadn't have been for one of them 'oly crowns bein' there still, them Germans would a landed here time and again, they would. Landed with their ships, and killed man, woman and child in their beds. Now then, that's the truth what I'm telling you, that is; and if you don't believe me, you ast the rector. There he comes: you ast him, I says."

(*from* A Warning to the Curious)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Twain presents the attractions of a life outside organised society.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Twain presents Tom and Huck's trickery.

Tom was a good deal bothered about what to do for a spoon, but he said we'd got to have it; so he took a think. When he had ciphered it out, he told me how we was to do; then we went and waited around the spoon-basket till we see Aunt Sally coming, and then Tom went to counting the spoons and laying them out to one side, and I slid one of them up my sleeve, and Tom says:

'Why, Aunt Sally, there ain't but nine spoons, *yet*.'

She says:

'Go 'long to your play, and don't bother me. I know better, I counted 'm myself.'

'Well, I've counted them twice, Aunty, and *I* can't make but nine.'

She looked out of all patience, but of course she come to count – anybody would.

'I declare to gracious ther' *ain't* but nine!' she says. 'Why, what in the world – plague *take* the things, I'll count 'm again.'

So I slipped back the one I had, and when she got done counting, she says:

'Hang the troublesome rubbage, ther's *ten* now!' and she looked huffy and bothered both. But Tom says:

'Why, Aunty, *I* don't think there's ten.'

'You numskull, didn't you see me *count* 'm?'

'I know, but –'

'Well, I'll count 'm *again*.'

So I smouched one, and they come out nine same as the other time. Well, she *was* in a tearing way – just a trembling all over, she was so mad. But she counted and counted, till she got that addled she'd start to count-in the *basket* for a spoon, sometimes; and so, three times they come out right, and three times they come out wrong. Then she grabbed up the basket and slammed it across the house and knocked the cat galley-west; and she said cle'r out and let her have some peace, and if we come bothering around her again betwixt that and dinner, she'd skin us. So we had the odd spoon; and dropped it in her apron pocket whilst she was a giving us our sailing-orders, and Jim got it all right, along with her shingle-nail, before noon. We was very well satisfied with this business, and Tom allowed it was worth twice the trouble it took, because he said *now* she couldn't ever count them spoons twice alike again to save her life; and wouldn't believe she'd counted them right, if she *did*; and said that after she'd about counted her head off, for the next three days, he judged she'd give it up and offer to kill anybody that wanted her to ever count them any more.

So we put the sheet back on the line, that night, and stole one out of her closet; and kept on putting it back and stealing it again, for a couple of days, till she didn't know how many sheets she had, any more, and said she didn't *care*, and warn't agoing to bullyrag the rest of her soul out about it, and wouldn't count them again not to save her life, she druther die first.

So we was all right now, as to the shirt and the sheet and the spoon and the candles, by the help of the calf and the rats and the mixed-up counting; and as to the candlestick, it warn't no consequence, it would blow over by-and-by.

(*from* Chapter 37)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss the presentation of Ampelos's story in the following extract.

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

[*The* CHORUS *part to reveal* AMPELOS*, wearing a horrific, bloody mask. He approaches* YOUNG DIONYSOS *and stands before him.*]

Ampelos: I went looking for a gift for you. I searched everywhere, across the whole mountain. I couldn't find anything. But I didn't give up. I went on searching. At last I came to a place where a stream ran down out of a rock, and a thicket of trees grew close together. And there, standing in front of the trees, on the other side of the stream, was a bull.

[*An actor enters, wearing a bull-mask.* AMPELOS *turns to face the* BULL.]

Pure white, it was. The most magnificent creature I'd ever seen. And it just stood there, looking at me. So I took a step forward, and another, and another, and still it didn't move. And soon, I'd crossed the stream and I was standing right in front of it.

[AMPELOS *stands directly facing the* BULL *now.*]

I reached out my hand and touched its muzzle. I could feel its hot breath on my hands. I could feel the whole heat of its body like a great oven burning. And I knew I'd found the gift I was looking for. This bull would be my gift to you. So I stroked its neck, and the bull bowed its head, and I grasped its shoulders, and swung myself up, and I sat there, straddling the bull's back.

[AMPELOS *turns to* YOUNG DIONYSOS *again.*]

And that's when I knew, too late, my mistake.

[*Suddenly, the* CHORUS *chant, at the same time beating rhythmically on drums.*]

Chorus:

The bull rears up and buckles under him
And it's like the world's exploding around
Like riding the back of a terrible earthquake
And he's jerkthumped, tumbled into the air
Scrabbling with fingers, trying to climb
But he can't and he's falling into the ground
And the world with its hooves is smashing his body
Gored and stamped and thumped and pounded
His whole life's being ransacked out of him
And he lies on the ground, torn and broken
A bag of crushed and bloody bones
Scrapped on the wasteheap of the earth.

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[*The drumming stops and the* CHORUS *falls silent.* AMPELOS *speaks to* YOUNG DIONYSOS.]

Ampelos: And this is the gift I've brought. This is the gift I found on the mountain. My torn body, my broken bones, my spilled blood. Take it. It's yours. My gift to you.

[AMPELOS *takes off his bloody mask and lays it at* YOUNG DIONYSOS*'s feet. Then he turns and walks back to the* CHORUS.]

[YOUNG DIONYSOS *wakes and cries out*.]

Young Dionysos: Ampelos!

Katsaki: He woke with a cry.

[YOUNG DIONYSOS *picks up the mask*.]

Young Dionysos: Ampelos!

Katsaki: He went searching for his friend.

[YOUNG DIONYSOS *flings the mask away.*]

Young Dionysos: Ampelos!

Katsaki: All over the mountain, but he couldn't find him.

Young Dionysos: Ampelos! Ampelos!

Katsaki: He came to the place of the trees and the stream.

Young Dionysos: Ampelos!

Katsaki: But there was nothing there, and he couldn't find him.

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Or

6 Comment closely on the following passage, considering the presentation of the relationship between the two brothers.

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

'Get your fat face out of mine,' he said. He walked along.

Then I picked up a root and, coming at his back – although I have never hit a man from the back before – I swung the root, heavy with sea water, behind me, and the momentum sped my arm and I gave him, my brother, a blow on the head that forced him to his knees on the sand, and I saw the blood come out and begin to darken his hair. Then I wished that he was dead, dead and about to be buried, not buried but about to be buried, because I did not want to be denied ceremony and decorum in putting him away, in putting him out of my consciousness, and I saw the rest of us – Chaddy and Mother and Diana and Helen – in mourning in the house on Belvedere Street that was torn down twenty years ago, greeting our guests and our relatives at the door and answering their mannerly condolences with mannerly grief. Nothing decorous was lacking so that even if he had been murdered on a beach, one would feel before the tiresome ceremony ended that he had come into the winter of his life and that it was a law of nature, and a beautiful one, that Tifty should be buried in the cold, cold ground.

He was still on his knees. I looked up and down. No one had seen us. The naked beach, like a piece of the moon, reached to invisibility. The spill of a wave, in a glancing run, shot up to where he knelt. I would still have liked to end him, but now I had begun to act like two men, the murderer and the Samaritan. With a swift roar, like hollowness made sound, a white wave reached him and encircled him, boiling over his shoulders, and I held him against the undertow. Then I led him to a higher place. The blood had spread all through his hair, so that it looked black. I took off my shirt and tore it to bind up his head. He was conscious, and I didn't think he was badly hurt. He didn't speak. Neither did I. Then I left him there.

I walked a little way down the beach and turned to watch him, and I was thinking of my own skin then. He had got to his feet and he seemed steady. The daylight was still clear, but on the sea wind fumes of brine were blowing in like a light fog, and when I had walked a little way from him, I could hardly see his dark figure in this obscurity. All down the beach I could see the heavy salt air blowing in. Then I turned my back on him and as I got near to the house, I went swimming again, as I seem to have done after every encounter with Lawrence[1] that summer.

When I got back to the house, I lay down on the terrace. The others came back. I could hear Mother defaming the flower arrangements that had won prizes. None of ours had won anything. Then the house quieted, as it always does at that hour. The children went into the kitchen to get supper and the others went upstairs to bathe. Then I heard Chaddy making cocktails, and the conversation about the flower-show judges was resumed. Then Mother cried, 'Tifty! Tifty! Oh, Tifty!'

He stood in the door, looking half dead. He had taken off the bloody bandage and he held it in his hand. 'My brother did this,' he said. 'My brother did it. He hit me with a stone – something – on the beach.' His voice broke with self-pity. I thought he was going to cry. No one else spoke.

[1] Lawrence is also referred to as 'Tifty' by his family

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