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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 2023**

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.

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

1 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which McEwan presents the effects of telling lies in the novel.

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

I was experiencing, he said, a series of tiny, nearly imperceptible strokes.

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I'm only dying then, I'm fading into unknowing.

(*from* London, 1999)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ presents legal justice in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Ngũgĩ presents Abdulla and his actions in the following passage.

Kimeria was trembling inside.

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But the crowd, which was throwing water in a futile gesture of putting out the fire, saw this heap of two human bodies and pulled them to safety.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which the writers of **two** stories present characters' hopes.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Ken Liu's presentation of the interaction between the two boys in the following passage from *The Paper Menagerie*.

Mark, one of the neighborhood boys, came over with his Star Wars action figures. Obi-Wan Kenobi's lightsaber lit up and he could swing his arms and say, in a tinny voice, 'Use the Force!' I didn't think the figure looked much like the real Obi-Wan at all.

Together, we watched him repeat this performance five times on the coffee table. 'Can he do anything else?' I asked.

Mark was annoyed by my question. 'Look at all the details,' he said.

I looked at the details. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to say.

Mark was disappointed by my response. 'Show me your toys.'

I didn't have any toys except my paper menagerie. I brought Laohu out from my bedroom. By then he was very worn, patched all over with tape and glue, evidence of the years of repairs Mom and I had done on him. He was no longer as nimble and surefooted as before. I sat him down on the coffee table. I could hear the skittering steps of the other animals behind in the hallway, timidly peeking into the living room.

'*Xiao laohu*,' I said, and stopped. I switched to English. 'This is Tiger.' Cautiously, Laohu strode up and purred at Mark, sniffing his hands.

Mark examined the Christmas-wrap pattern of Laohu's skin. 'That doesn't look like a tiger at all. Your mom makes toys for you from trash?'

I had never thought of Laohu as *trash.* But looking at him now, he was really just a piece of wrapping paper.

Mark pushed Obi-Wan's head again. The lightsaber flashed; he moved his arms up and down. 'Use the Force!'

Laohu turned and pounced, knocking the plastic figure off the table. It hit the floor and broke, and Obi-Wan's head rolled under the couch. '*Rawwww*,' Laohu laughed. I joined him.

Mark punched me, hard. 'This was very expensive! You can't even find it in the stores now. It probably cost more than what your dad paid for your mom!'

I stumbled and fell to the floor. Laohu growled and leapt at Mark's face.

Mark screamed, more out of fear and surprise than pain. Laohu was only made of paper, after all.

Mark grabbed Laohu and his snarl was choked off as Mark crumpled him in his hand and tore him in half. He balled up the two pieces of paper and threw them at me. 'Here's your stupid cheap Chinese garbage.'

After Mark left, I spent a long time trying, without success, to tape together the pieces, smooth out the paper, and follow the creases to refold Laohu. Slowly, the other animals came into the living room and gathered around us, me and the torn wrapping paper that used to be Laohu.

My fight with Mark didn't end there. Mark was popular at school. I never want to think again about the two weeks that followed.

(*from* The Paper Menagerie)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Twain presents ordinary townspeople in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering Twain's presentation of life aboard the raft for Huck and Jim.

When it was beginning to come on dark, we poked our head out of the cottonwood thicket and looked up, and down, and across; nothing in sight; so Jim took up some of the top planks of the raft and built a snug wigwam to get under in blazing weather and rainy, and to keep the things dry. Jim made a floor for the wigwam, and raised it a foot or more above the level of the raft, so now the blankets and all the traps was out of the reach of steamboat waves. Right in the middle of the wigwam we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep with a frame around it for to hold it to its place; this was to build a fire on in sloppy weather or chilly; the wigwam would keep it from being seen. We made an extra steering oar, too, because one of the others might get broke, on a snag or something. We fixed up a short forked stick to hang the old lantern on; because we must always light the lantern whenever we see a steamboat coming down stream, to keep from getting run over; but we wouldn't have to light it for upstream boats unless we see we was in what they call a 'crossing'; for the river was pretty high yet, very low banks being still a little under water; so up-bound boats didn't always run the channel, but hunted easy water.

This second night we run between seven and eight hours, with a current that was making over four mile an hour. We catched fish, and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking loud, and it warn't often that we laughed, only a little kind of a low chuckle. We had mighty good weather, as a general thing, and nothing ever happened to us at all, that night, nor the next, nor the next.

Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights, not a house could you see. The fifth night we passed St Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up. In St Petersburg they used to say there was twenty or thirty thousand people in St Louis, but I never believed it till I see that wonderful spread of lights at two o'clock that still night. There warn't a sound there; everybody was asleep.

Every night, now, I used to slip ashore, towards ten o'clock, at some little village, and buy ten or fifteen cents' worth of meal or bacon or other stuff to eat; and sometimes I lifted a chicken that warn't roosting comfortable, and took him along. Pap always said, take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't ever forgot. I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway.

Mornings, before daylight, I slipped into corn fields and borrowed a watermelon, or a mushmelon, or a punkin, or some new corn, or things of that kind. Pap always said it warn't no harm to borrow things, if you was meaning to pay them back, sometime; but the widow said it warn't anything but a soft name for stealing, and no decent body would do it.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Comment closely on the following poem, considering its exploration of time.

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

The Burning of the Leaves

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.

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Nothing is certain, only the certain spring.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

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Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the exchange between Una and Angelo in the following extract.

In your answer, consider the writer's choice of language, dialogue and dramatic methods.

Una: Stephen adores me – he worships me – he'd do anything for me.

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