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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 2023**

2 hours

5615389542

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 McEwan's presentation of the love between Cecilia and Robbie in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering McEwan's presentation of Briony and her thoughts.

Within the half hour Briony would commit her crime.

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It was promotion.

(*from* Chapter 13)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

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

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

The lawyer started talking.

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Still they are condemned … damned.

(*from* The Journey)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

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

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage from Philip K Dick's *Stability*, considering its effectiveness as the end of the story.

He stared at the round ball in disbelief. The Controller looked at Benton with an amused glance.

'Odd, how stupid we may be for a time, isn't it?' he said. 'But eventually we wake up. *Don't touch it!*'

Benton slowly stepped back, his hands shaking.

'Well?' he demanded. The globe was angry at being in the Controller's hand. It began to buzz, and vibrations crept down the Controller's arm. He felt them, and took a firmer grip on the globe.

'I think it wants me to break it,' he said, 'it wants me to smash it on the floor so that it can get out.' He watched the tiny spires and building tops in the murky mistiness of the globe, so tiny that he could cover them all with his fingers.

Benton dived. He came straight and sure, the way he had flown so many times in the air. Now every minute that he had hurtled about the warm blackness of the atmosphere of the City of Lightness came back to help him. The Controller, who had always been too busy with his work, always too piled up ahead to enjoy the airsports that the City was so proud of, went down at once. The globe bounced out of his hands and rolled across the room. Benton untangled himself and leaped up. As he raced after the small shiny sphere, he caught a glimpse of the frightened, bewildered faces of the Members, of the Controller attempting to get to his feet, face contorted with pain and horror.

The globe was calling to him, whispering to him. Benton stepped swiftly toward it, and felt a rising whisper of victory and then a scream of joy as his foot crushed the glass that imprisoned it.

The globe broke with a loud popping sound. For a time it lay there, then a mist began to rise from it. Benton returned to the couch and sat down. The mist began to fill the room. It grew and grew, it seemed almost like a living thing, so strangely did it shift and turn.

Benton began to drift into sleep. The mist crowded about him, curling over his legs, up to his chest, and finally milled about his face. He sat there, slumped over on the couch, his eyes closed, letting the strange, aged fragrance envelop him.

Then he heard the voices. Tiny and far away at first, the whisper of the globe multiplied countless times. A concert of whispering voices rose from the broken globe in a swelling crescendo of exultation. Joy of victory! He saw the tiny miniature city within the globe waver and fade, then change in size and shape. He could hear it now as well as see it. The steady throbbing of the machinery like a gigantic drum. The shaking and quivering of squat metal beings.

These beings were tended. He saw the slaves, sweating, stooped, pale men, twisting in their efforts to keep the roaring furnaces of steel and power happy. It seemed to swell before his eyes until the entire room was full of it, and the sweating workmen brushed against him and around him. He was deafened by the raging power, the grinding wheels and gears and valves. Something was pushing against him, compelling him to move forward, forward to the City, and the mist gleefully echoed the new, victorious sounds of the freed ones.

When the sun came up he was already awake. The rising bell rang, but Benton had left his sleeping-cube some time before. As he fell in with the marching ranks of his companions, he thought he recognized familiar faces for an instant – men he had known someplace before. But at once the memory passed. As they marched toward the waiting machines, chanting the tuneless sounds their ancestors had chanted for

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centuries, and the weight of his tools pressed against his back, he counted the time before his next rest day. It was only about three weeks to go now, and anyhow, he *might* be in line for a bonus if the Machines saw fit –

For had he not been tending *his* machine faithfully?

(*from* Stability)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 **Either** **(a)** Huck says: 'I got so down-hearted and scared, I did wish I had some company.'

In the light of Huck's comment, discuss ways in which Twain presents companionship in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Twain's presentation of the duke and the king in the following passage.

'Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on and sufferin' rightful King of France.'

Well, he cried and took on so, that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do, we was so sorry – and so glad and proud we'd got him with us, too. So we set in, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort *him.* But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him 'Your Majesty', and waited on him first at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me set to majestying him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and standing up till he told us we might set down. This done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable. But the duke kind of soured on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things was going; still, the king acted real friendly towards him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father and was allowed to come to the palace considerable; but the duke staid huffy a good while, till by-and-by the king says:

'Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time, on this h-yer raft, Bilgewater, and so what's the use o' your bein' sour? It'll only make things oncomfortable. It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king – so what's the use to worry? Make the best o'things the way you find 'em, says I – that's my motto. This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here – plenty grub and an easy life – come, give us your hand, Duke, and less all be friends.'

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It took away all the uncomfortableness, and we felt mighty good over it, because it would a been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family; and it wan't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap, I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

(*from* Chapter 19)

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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 the presentation of the speaker's feelings about rejection in the following poem.

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

At Last Withdraw Your Cruelty

At last withdraw your cruelty
Or let me die at once.
It is too much extremity,
Devised for the nonce,[1]
To hold me still alive
In pains still for to strive.
What may I more sustain,
Alas, that die would fain[2]
And cannot die for pain?

For to the flame wherewith I burn
My thought and my desire,
When into ashes it should turn
My heart by fervent fire
You send a stormy rain
That doth it quench again
And makes my eyes express
The tears that do redress
My life in wretchedness.

Then when these should have drowned
And overwhelmed my heart
The heat doth them confound,
Renewing all my smart.
Then doth the flame increase.
My torment cannot cease.
My pains doth then revive
And I remain alive
With death still for to strive.

But if that you will have my death
And that you would no nother[3]
Then shortly for to stop my breath
Withdraw the one or other,
For this your cruelness
Doth let itself, doubtless,
And that is reason why
No man alive nor I
Of double death can die.

[1] *nonce*: moment
[2] *would fain*: would like to
[3] *no nother*: nothing else

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Or

6 Discuss the presentation of the events in the following extract.

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

'Hey, you!' the police inspector called to Sunday.

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The startled crowd had stopped singing and was staring open-mouthed at the spectacle.

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