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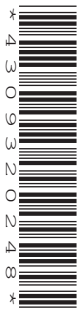
Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/23**

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)** Compare ways in which McEwan presents Emily Tallis and Grace Turner as mothers in *Atonement*.

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

The major's hand was on Turner's shoulder.

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He went on to say a good deal more, but it seemed to Turner that a muffling silence had descended on the bright late-morning scene.

(*from* Part 2)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of Reverend Jerrod Brown and the significance of his character to the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering Ngũgĩ's presentation of Karega and his reaction to Akinyi's news.

He saw the girl from a distance and wondered who she was.

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These parasites would always demand the sacrifice of blood from the working masses.

(*from* Chapter 13)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the presentation of families in **two** stories.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage from Aminatta Forna's *Hayward's Heath*, considering ways in which it creates changing moods.

Rosie said, 'Shall we do another turn, Attila? Another turn?' It was a phrase she had used often in the past: at the funfair, boating on a lake, on a dance floor. She teased him for being too serious.

Attila felt light-headed and – somewhat bizarrely – youthful. It was the effect of Rosie's mood, her enthusiasm for this unremarkable, chrysanthemum-bordered square of lawn, also the fact of being the youngest in the place by twenty years, excepting the staff. Fewer silver strands in Rosie's dark hair than in his own. He remembered she had no brothers or sisters.

They passed for the second time the woman on the bench, her daughter still speaking on the telephone. Rosie bent forward, plucked a sweet from the box on the old woman's lap and popped it into her mouth. Rosie gave an impish giggle. The sweet bulged in her cheek. 'She won't miss one. They're my favourite.' She gripped his arm and leaned her head against his shoulder. He inclined his head to hers and smelled the faint brackish odour of her hair, resisted the urge to kiss it. Behind them the old woman sat staring into the middle distance, her hands curled limply around the box of sweets. Attila could hear the daughter finish her call.

'Promise you'll come and visit me again, won't you?' Rosie said suddenly, raising her head. 'It's deathly dull in here.'

He gave his promise and meant it. Perhaps if he kept coming, she would eventually remember him, as she almost had today. On this slender hope he hung his heart.

Two months later he returned carrying a box of Newbury Fruits. The sweets had not been especially easy to find, and the packaging had changed, as might be expected after forty years. Along the way he had stopped at the same pub, where the publican remembered him, or, more accurately, the Jaguar, which had been replaced by a Vauxhall for this trip.

Rosie wasn't in the day room, or in the garden, though the weather was fine enough to permit it. Attila retraced his steps back towards reception. The woman, a different one to before, angled her head in the direction of a corridor. Attila advanced down it, bearing the box of sweets clamped in his huge hand.

In the dining room he found an afternoon dance underway; a dozen people moved slowly to the sound of 'The Blue Danube'. Mostly residents danced with members of staff. Around the room elders dozed and snored, made soporific as flies by music and heat.

There, in the centre, Rosie, cradled in the arms of the young African worker Attila had noticed during his last visit. Her forehead was pressed against his chest, her hand in his, eyes closed. The careworker had his head bent towards her. He had young, smooth skin and, Attila noticed for the first time, a small beard.

For some minutes Attila stood and watched. Then he placed the box of sweets down on a table and reached for a chair. As he did so, the music ground to a halt; people began to shuffle from the floor. He bent to pick up the box of sweets, heard Rosie say his name and looked up. The smile was already on his face.

But she was not looking his way, seemed not to be aware of his presence in the room. Rather she was looking up at the young careworker, who still held her in his arms. 'Shall we do another turn, Attila? Another turn. What do you say?'

And the young man replied, 'Whatever makes you happy, Rosie.'

Rosie nodded. The music began again. Attila replaced the box of Newbury Fruits on the table. He sat down and watched.

(from *Hayward's Heath*)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 Either (a) Towards the end of the novel, Huck says, 'Human beings *can* be awful cruel to one another.'

In the light of Huck's comment, discuss Twain's presentation of human nature.

Or (b) Comment closely on Twain's presentation of Jim's escape from captivity in the following passage.

So in they come, but couldn't see us in the dark, and most trod on us whilst we was hustling to get under the bed. But we got under all right, and out through the hole, swift but soft – Jim first, me next, and Tom last, which was according to Tom's orders. Now we was in the lean-to, and heard trampings close by outside. So we crept to the door, and Tom stopped us there and put his eye to the crack, but couldn't make out nothing, it was so dark; and whispered and said he would listen for the steps to get further, and when he nudged us Jim must glide out first, and him last. So he set his ear to the crack and listened, and listened, and listened, and the steps a scraping around, out there, all the time; and at last he nudged us, and we slid out, and stooped down, not breathing, and not making the least noise, and slipped stealthy towards the fence, in Injun file, and got to it, all right, and me and Jim over it; but Tom's britches catched fast on a splinter on the top rail, and then he hear the steps coming, so he had to pull loose, which snapped the splinter and made a noise; and as he dropped in our tracks and started, somebody sings out:

'Who's that? Answer, or I'll shoot!'

But we didn't answer; we just unfurled our heels and shoved. Then there was a rush, and a *bang, bang, bang*! and the bullets fairly whizzed around us! We heard them sing out:

'Here they are! They've broke for the river! after 'em, boys! And turn loose the dogs!'

So here they come, full tilt. We could hear them, because they wore boots, and yelled, but we didn't wear no boots, and didn't yell. We was in the path to the mill; and when they got pretty close onto us, we dodged into the bush and let them go by, and then dropped in behind them. They'd had all the dogs shut up, so they wouldn't scare off the robbers; but by this time somebody had let them loose, and here they come, making pow-wow enough for a million, but they was our dogs; so we stopped in our tracks till they catched up; and when they see it warn't nobody but us, and no excitement to offer them, they only just said howdy, and tore right ahead towards the shouting and clattering; and then we up steam again and whizzed along after them till we was nearly to the mill, and then struck up through the bush to where my canoe was tied, and hopped in and pulled for dear life towards the middle of the river, but didn't make no more noise than we was obleeged to. Then we struck out, easy and comfortable, for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out. And when we stepped onto the raft, I says:

'*Now*, old Jim, you're a free man *again*, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more.'

'En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz *done* beautiful; en dey ain't *nobody* kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz.'

We was all as glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all, because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

(*from* Chapter 40)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss the presentation of the exchange between Marlow and Miss Hardcastle in the following extract.

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

Miss Hardcastle [*disguised as a serving maid*]: We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow: Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle: O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow: To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching*.] Yet nearer I don't think so much. [*Approaching*.] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed –

[*Attempting to kiss her.*]

Miss Hardcastle: Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow: I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle: And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow [*Aside*.]: Egad! she has hit it sure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hardcastle: Oh! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow: Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hardcastle: Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Marlow: Yes, my dear. There's Mrs Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

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Miss Hardcastle: Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marlow: Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle: And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow [*Aside.*]: Egad! I don't quite like this chit[1]. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss Hardcastle: I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marlow [*Aside.*]: All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To her.*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle: Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow: Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*]

Miss Hardcastle: Ay, but the colours don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning.

[*Struggling.*]

Marlow: And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.

[1] *chit*: young woman

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Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the speaker's response to the singer in the following poem.

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

Fado[1] *Singer*

for Amalia Roderiguez

My skin is pumiced to a fault

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On grey melodic reins.

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