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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/22**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen **October/November 2021**

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.

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

1 Either (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of the relationship between the Schlegels and Leonard Bast in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage portrays the characters of Henry Wilcox and Margaret.

'But we're drifting away from our business. Let me begin at the beginning. You know that Evie is going to marry Percy Cahill.'

'Dolly's uncle.'

'Exactly. The girl's madly in love with him. A very good sort of fellow, but he demands – and rightly – a suitable provision with her. And in the second place, you will naturally understand, there is Charles. Before leaving town, I wrote Charles a very careful letter. You see, he has an increasing family and increasing expenses, and the I. and W.A. is nothing particular just now, though capable of development.'

'Poor fellow!' murmured Margaret, looking out to sea, and not understanding.

'Charles being the elder son, some day Charles will have Howards End; but I am anxious, in my own happiness, not to be unjust to others.'

'Of course not,' she began, and then gave a little cry. 'You mean money. How stupid I am! Of course not!'

Oddly enough, he winced a little at the word. 'Yes. Money, since you put it so frankly. I am determined to be just to all – just to you, just to them. I am determined that my children shall have no case against me.'

'Be generous to them,' she said sharply. 'Bother justice!'

'I am determined – and have already written to Charles to that effect –'

'But how much have you got?'

'What?'

'How much have you a year? I've six hundred.'

'My income?'

'Yes. We must begin with how much you have, before we can settle how much you can give Charles. Justice, and even generosity, depend on that.'

'I must say you're a downright young woman,' he observed, patting her arm and laughing a little. 'What a question to spring on a fellow!'

'Don't you know your income? Or don't you want to tell it me?'

'I –'

'That's all right' – now she patted him – 'don't tell me. I don't want to know. I can do the sum just as well by proportion. Divide your income into ten parts. How many parts would you give to Evie, how many to Charles, how many to Paul?'

'The fact is, my dear, I hadn't any intention of bothering you with details. I only wanted to let you know that – well, that something must be done for the others, and you've understood me perfectly, so let's pass on to the next point.'

'Yes, we've settled that,' said Margaret, undisturbed by his strategic blunderings. 'Go ahead; give away all you can, bearing in mind I've a clear six hundred. What a mercy it is to have all this money about one!'

'We've none too much, I assure you; you're marrying a poor man.'

'Helen wouldn't agree with me here,' she continued. 'Helen daren't slang the rich, being rich herself, but she would like to. There's an odd notion, that I haven't yet got hold of, running about at the back of her brain, that poverty is somehow

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"real". She dislikes all organization, and probably confuses wealth with the technique of wealth. Sovereigns in a stocking wouldn't bother her; cheques do. Helen is too relentless. One can't deal in her high-handed manner with the world.'

(*from* Chapter 20)

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ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Levy's presentation of Hortense and her role in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Levy presents Bernard's response to the baby in the following passage.

I moved around only when I thought she was at rest.

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Actually, he was a dear little thing.

(*from* Chapter 57)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which **two** stories present divisions in society.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on Saki's presentation of Van Cheele and the boy in the following passage from *Gabriel-Ernest*.

'What are you doing there?' he demanded.
'Obviously, sunning myself,' replied the boy.
'Where do you live?'
'Here, in these woods.'
'You can't live in the woods,' said Van Cheele.
'They are very nice woods,' said the boy, with a touch of patronage in his voice.
'But where do you sleep at night?'
'I don't sleep at night; that's my busiest time.'
Van Cheele began to have an irritated feeling that he was grappling with a problem that was eluding him.
'What do you feed on?' he asked.
'Flesh' said the boy, and he pronounced the word with slow relish, as though he were tasting it.
'Flesh! What flesh?'
'Since it interests you, rabbits, wild-fowl, hares, poultry, lambs in their season, children when I can get any; they're usually too well locked in at night, when I do most of my hunting. It's quite two months since I tasted child-flesh.'
Ignoring the chaffing nature of the last remark Van Cheele tried to draw the boy on the subject of possible poaching operations.
'You're talking rather through your hat when you speak of feeding on hares.' (Considering the nature of the boy's toilet the simile was hardly an apt one.) 'Our hillside hares aren't easily caught.'
'At night I hunt on four feet,' was the somewhat cryptic response.
'I suppose you mean that you hunt with a dog?' hazarded Van Cheele.
The boy rolled slowly over on to his back, and laughed a weird low laugh, that was pleasantly like a chuckle and disagreeably like a snarl.
'I don't fancy any dog would be very anxious for my company, especially at night.'
Van Cheele began to feel that there was something positively uncanny about the strange-eyed, strange-tongued youngster.
'I can't have you staying in these woods,' he declared authoritatively.
'I fancy you'd rather have me here than in your house,' said the boy.
The prospect of this wild, nude animal in Van Cheele's primly ordered house was certainly an alarming one.
'If you don't go I shall have to make you,' said Van Cheele.
The boy turned like a flash, plunged into the pool, and in a moment had flung his wet and glistening body half-way up the bank where Van Cheele was standing. In an otter the movement would not have been remarkable; in a boy Van Cheele found it sufficiently startling.

(*from* Gabriel-Ernest)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ presents Kenya's history in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Ngũgĩ presents the end of the journey to the city in the following passage.

Munira, Karega and Abdulla were detained at the city's Central Police Station for a night.

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A government spokesman promised to despatch experts to see how Ilmorog fitted into the government long-term rural development schemes; to see if plans could be speeded up so that in future Ilmorog and similar areas could be self-sufficient to meet threatening droughts.

(*from* Chapter 6)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss the presentation of social arrangements in the following extract.

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

Elaine: Well, mother, *I* don't have to be at the table. It's your party, anyway. Everybody's married and older than I am.

Mrs Pringle [*Pointing to the table diagram in* ELAINE*'s hand.*]: Didn't I put you next to Oliver Farnsworth? Millions! He's worth millions!

Elaine: Well, he won't be giving me any.

Mrs Pringle: Can't he marry you? Aren't you going to try to make a good match for yourself? I fling every eligible man I can at your head. Can't you finish the rest yourself?

Elaine: It's no use, mother, your trying to marry me off to anyone as important as he is. He frightens me to death. I lose my tongue. I'm as afraid of him as I'd be afraid of the Prince of Wales!

Mrs Pringle: The Prince of Wales! Oh! What wouldn't I give to have the Prince of Wales in my house! New York has lost its heart to him. I was just telling Mr Farnsworth yesterday that I'd give anything to have the Prince here. I would establish my social position for life! And I've such a reputation for being a wonderful hostess. [*The telephone rings.*] Dear me! – the phone – Hello – Mrs Sedgwick – Yes – this is Mrs Pringle – What? No – Oh! Caught in a snow drift – can't get another car? [*She puts her hand over the telephone and speaks delightedly to* ELAINE.] Good! The widow can't come – that leaves us twelve – remove two plates, Dunham. [DUNHAM *removes two plates and* ELAINE *changes the table-cards.* MRS PRINGLE *continues into the telephone.*] Oh! That's a shame! I'm heartbroken. Oh! My dear, how can we get along without you! But have you really *tried?* Oh, I'm reduced to tears. Good-bye, dear. [*She hangs up the receiver, and takes it down again.*] Well, I'm glad she dropped out – Central – give me Lakeview 5971 – Dunham, with two *less*, you can *save* two cocktails and at least four glasses of champagne. [*Into the telephone.*] Has Mr Morgan come in yet? Well, don't give him the message I telephoned before about crossing the street to Mrs Pringle's for dinner. It's too late – you understand? [*She hangs up the receiver.*] Well, anyway, I've invited Clem, returned my indebtedness and saved my champagne besides –

Dunham: The liquor is getting low, madam – what with prohibition[1] and entertaining so much –

Elaine [*In dismay.*]: But, mother, if you only have twelve people, Father can't sit at the head of the table.

Mrs Pringle: But he *has* to sit at the head. It looks too undignified when the man of the house is pushed to the side –

Elaine: There's no other way. There must be a woman at each end –

Mrs Pringle [*Distraught.*]: How absurd! I always forget. Of course twelve is

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an impossible number – [*She goes around the table looking at the place cards.*] I don't want to put any of these women at the head – there's Mrs Darby – such a cat – I wouldn't give her the honor and Mrs – [*The telephone rings.*] Answer it, Dunham.

Dunham: Hello – Mrs Pringle's residence – a message? Yes, sir – What, sir? – Mr Darby – the doctor says your baby has the chicken-pox –

Mrs Pringle: Chicken-pox! Elaine!

Elaine: Mother!

Dunham: Yes, sir. [*He hangs up the receiver.*] Mr Darby sends his apologies – but owing to the transmutability of the disease, Mr and Mrs Darby feel obliged to regret and also their house-guests, Mr and Mrs Fleetwood –

Mrs Pringle: That's four out.

Elaine: Then you're only eight! Quick, the plates, Dunham –

[*She begins to remove chairs and gathers up silver and plates feverishly.* MRS PRINGLE *getting more and more distraught, helps. With so much unaccustomed help,* DUNHAM *gets confused and goes through many unnecessary motions; removes plates, breaks them, drops silver, aimlessly trying to hurry, his fingers all thumbs.*]

Mrs Pringle: Don't we know someone to invite the last minute –

Elaine: The Hatwoods –

Mrs Pringle: They don't serve drinks when they entertain – I can't afford to invite them to drink mine –

Elaine: The Greens –

Mrs Pringle: She's not interesting enough.

Elaine: Mr Conley –

Mrs Pringle: He never makes a dinner call, even after all the times I have invited him.

Elaine: Hester Longley –

Mrs Pringle: *Not* at the same table with *you* and Oliver Farnsworth. She's far too pretty, too clever –

Elaine: Where's our book? [*She runs her finger down the address book.*] The Tuppers?

Mrs Pringle: The Tuppers! Good Heavens, Elaine, six in the family.

Elaine: That would get us back to fourteen; then father could sit at the *head* of the table.

Mrs Pringle: Well, try them. I'll rush and tell your father to hold up the drawing room –

[*Exit left.*]

[1]*prohibition* – a ban on the sale and import of alcoholic beverages in the USA in the early twentieth century

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Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the brothers' experience in the following passage.

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

He moved along to his brother, and it can't have taken him long to realize the lad was in a bad way. John was lying as no human being ought to lie, and there wasn't a limb or part of a limb that he could move.

James made him as comfortable as he could, put a stone – which was all there was – under his head, and his own coat over his body, and began to tell him he wasn't as bad as all that and they'd be picked up before long. 'Just you keep still, old man,' he said, 'and you'll be as right as rain in no time.'

There was no need to tell John to keep still. It was as much as he could do to raise an eyelid. But he still had the use of his voice, and with that voice he kept saying one word – '*Water'.* If John wants water, thought his brother, he must have some, and he began to look about him.

It was pretty clear there was no water on the ledge; but he remembered having stepped into a little brook not far from where his brother slipped, and he decided to go up and fetch water down from there. The only thing he had to bring it in was his brother's bowler hat, which was still on him when he landed – his own was about a hundred feet below.

He put that hat on his head and began to try and climb straight up the slab. You might as well try to climb Niagara Falls. It was then he noticed what had happened to his fingers, but he seems to have taken it quite coolly, as just something else he'd have to allow for on the climb. He looked round and caught sight of the chimney. 'It was only ten yards away,' he said, 'so I decided to go across.'

How that man made those ten yards – in that condition, in those clothes, without a rope, or proper boots, or the experience of climbing a back-yard wall – is a mountain mystery. They are impossible, and he did it. That's all there is to say. Having got across, he went up the chimney, reached the spring, bathed his face and hands, and filled the bowler hat. When he got back to the chimney he realized he didn't know how to get the bowler hat down to his brother. But by this time he wouldn't have been stopped by the President of the Alpine Club.

He took off his tie, looped it over his neck, made holes in the hat, knotted the ends of the tie through, and began to go down, with this thing like a beggar's money-box round his neck. He got to the bottom, passed the hat over on to his back, and scrambled across those same ten yards of rock.

I tell you, it makes me ill to think of that journey even for a fit man, who'd lived in mountains all his life. Well, you *can't* think of it, that's all. It isn't near enough possible to think of.

When James got back onto the ledge there was still about an inch and a half of water in the hat, and he poured it into his brother's mouth and down his face. It was dark almost by now, so he must have taken the best part of four hours to do those sixty feet up and down.

How James Busson got through that night, I don't know. Whether he walked up and down; or shouted; or lay still beside his brother; or sang – or stood on his head. He had only his ordinary suit on, and he'd put his coat over his brother. He was in a bad way himself, and he'd no food except some bits of sandwiches, which he reckoned his brother wouldn't want.

In the morning, John was pretty near gone, but not quite – and he still kept saying 'Water'. I suppose because his stomach was mashed-up.

'After a bit, I couldn't stand it any more,' said James. 'I thought I'd go up to the top again and fill the hat.' Fill the hat! – as you or I might talk of filling buckets at a

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well.

If the journey had been difficult before, it was five times more difficult now. The lad was chilled to the bone. He was hungry, and his wounds were all tender with exposure. He told me he was crying the whole way, but there must have been a bit of something in him, or else the angels bore him up, because he got across those ten yards again and part way up the chimney. *50*

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