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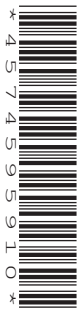
Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge International AS & A Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **9695/21**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen **October/November 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.



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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 war and its effects in the novel.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on McEwan's presentation of the relationship between Emily and Jack Tallis in the following passage.

'Tallises?'

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'Wait …'

(*from* Part 1 Chapter 12)

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## MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

**2 Either (a)** Discuss the presentation of Tom Sawyer, considering his significance to the novel.

**Or (b)** Comment closely on Twain's presentation of Huck's ideas about Miss Watson and Pap in the following passage.

Well, I got a good going-over in the morning, from old Miss Watson, on account of my clothes; but the widow she didn't scold, but only cleaned off the grease and clay and looked so sorry that I thought I would behave a while if I could. Then Miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it. She told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By-and-by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down, one time, back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuff-box that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was 'spiritual gifts'. This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant – I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it – except for the other people – so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go. Sometimes the widow would take me one side and talk about Providence in a way to make a body's mouth water; but maybe next day Miss Watson would take hold and knock it all down again. I judged I could see that there was two Providences, and a poor chap would stand considerable show with the widow's Providence, but if Miss Watson's got him there warn't no help for him any more. I thought it all out, and reckoned I would belong to the widow's, if he wanted me, though I couldn't make out how he was agoing to be any better off then than what he was before, seeing I was so ignorant and so kind of low-down and ornery.

Pap he hadn't been seen for more than a year, and that was comfortable for me; I didn't want to see him no more. He used to always whale me when he was sober and could get his hands on me; though I used to take to the woods most of the time when he was around. Well, about this time he was found in the river drowned, about twelve mile above town, so people said. They judged it was him, anyway; said this drowned man was just his size, and was ragged, and had uncommon long hair – which was all like pap – but they couldn't make nothing out of the face, because it had been in the water so long it warn't much like a face at all. They said he was floating on his back in the water. They took him and buried him on the bank. But I warn't comfortable long, because I happened to think of something. I knowed mighty well that a drownded man don't float on his back, but on his face. So I knowed, then, that this warn't pap, but a woman dressed up in man's clothes. So I was uncomfortable again. I judged the old man would turn up again by-and-by, though I wished he wouldn't.

(*from* Chapter 3)

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***Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2***

**3** **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which **two** stories present cruel behaviour.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage from *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*, considering ways in which Thomas Hardy presents the background to the story.

Here stretch the downs, high and breezy and green, absolutely unchanged since those eventful days. A plough has never disturbed the turf, and the sod that was uppermost then is uppermost now. Here stood the camp; here are distinct traces of the banks thrown up for the horses of the cavalry, and spots where the midden-heaps lay are still to be observed. At night when I walk across the lonely place it is impossible to avoid hearing, amid the scourings of the wind over the grass-bents and thistles, the old trumpet and bugle calls, the rattle of the halters; to help seeing rows of spectral tents and the *impedimenta* of the soldiery; from within the canvases come guttural syllables of foreign tongues, and broken songs of the fatherland; for they were mainly regiments of the King's German legion that slept round the tent-poles hereabout at that time.

It was nearly ninety years ago. The British uniform of the period, with its immense epaulettes, queer cocked hat, breeches, gaiters, ponderous cartridge-box, buckled shoes, and what not, would look strange and barbarous now. Ideas have changed; invention has followed invention. Soldiers were monumental objects then. A divinity still hedged kings here and there; and war was considered a glorious thing.

Secluded old manor-houses and hamlets lie in the ravines and hollows among these hills, where a stranger had hardly ever been seen till the King chose to take the baths yearly at the sea-side watering-place a few miles to the south; as a consequence of which battalions descended in a cloud upon the open country around. Is it necessary to add that the echoes of many characteristic tales, dating from that picturesque time, still linger about here, in more or less fragmentary form to be caught by the attentive ear? Some of them I have repeated; most of them I have forgotten; one I have never repeated, and assuredly can never forget.

Phyllis told me the story with her own lips. She was then an old lady of seventy-five, and her auditor a lad of fifteen. She enjoined silence as to her share in the incident till she should be 'dead, buried, and forgotten.' Her life was prolonged twelve years after the day of her narration, and she has now been dead nearly twenty. The oblivion which, in her modesty and humility, she courted for herself, has only partially fallen on her, with the unfortunate result of inflicting an injustice upon her memory; since such fragments of her story as got abroad at the time, and have been kept alive ever since, are precisely those which are most unfavourable to her character.

It all began with the arrival of the York Hussars, one of the foreign regiments above alluded to. Before that day scarcely a soul had been seen near her father's house for weeks. When a noise like the brushing skirt of a visitor was heard on the doorstep it proved to be a scudding leaf; when a carriage seemed to be nearing the door it was her father grinding his sickle on the stone in the garden for his favourite relaxation of trimming the box-tree borders to the plots. A sound like luggage thrown down from the coach was a gun far away at sea; and what looked like a tall man by the gate at dusk was a yew bush cut into a quaint and attenuated shape. There is no such solitude in country places now as there was in those old days.

(*from* The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion)

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## NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

**4** **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which the killing of Chui, Mzigo and Kimeria is made significant in the novel.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Munira is presented in the following passage.

So Godfrey Munira once again galloped his metal horse into Ilmorog, and this time people actually came out to greet him.

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One could more or less do without hard cash except when one went to Abdulla's shop or to Ruwa-ini.

(*from* Chapter 2)

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## Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

**Either**

**5** Comment closely on the following passage, considering the presentation of the young woman's situation.

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

There was still a faint splash of red on the western horizon. The watchman stood on the tank bund[1] and took a final survey. All the people who had come for evening walks had returned to their homes. Not a soul anywhere – except that obstinate angler, at the northern end, who sat with his feet in water, sadly gazing on his rod. It was no use bothering about him: he would sit there till midnight, hoping for a catch.

The Taluk office gong struck nine. The watchman was satisfied that no trespassing cattle had sneaked in through the wire fencing. As he turned to go, he saw, about a hundred yards away, a shadowy figure moving down the narrow stone steps that led to the water's edge. He thought for a second that it might be a ghost. He dismissed the idea, and went up to investigate. If it was anyone come to bathe at this hour … From the top step he observed that it was a woman's form. She stooped over the last step and placed something on it – possibly a letter. She then stepped into knee-deep water, and stood there, her hands pressed together in prayer. Unmistakable signs – always to be followed by the police and gruesome details, bringing the very worst possible reputation to a tank.

He shouted, 'Come out, there, come out of it.' The form looked up from the water. 'Don't stand there and gaze. You'll catch a cold, come up whoever you are …' He raced down the steps and picked up the letter. He hurriedly lit his lamp, and turned its wick till it burnt brightly, and held it up, murmuring: 'I don't like this. Why is everyone coming to the same tank? If you want to be dead, throw yourself under an engine,' he said.

The light fell upon the other's face. It was a young girl's, wet with tears. He felt a sudden pity. He said, 'Sit down, sit down and rest … no, no … go up two more steps and sit down. Don't sit so near the water …' She obeyed. He sat down on the last step between her and the water, placed the lantern on the step, took out a piece of tobacco, and put it in his mouth. She buried her face in her hands, and began to sob. He felt troubled and asked: 'Why don't you rise and go home, lady?'

She sputtered through her sob: 'I have no home in this world!'

'Don't tell me! Surely, you didn't grow up without a home all these years!' said the watchman.

'I lost my mother when I was five years old –' she said.

'I thought so …' replied the watchman, and added, 'and your father married again and you grew up under the care of your stepmother?'

'Yes, yes, how do you know?' she asked.

'I am sixty-five years old,' he said and asked, 'Did your stepmother trouble you?'

'No, there you are wrong,' the girl said. 'She is very kind to me. She has been looking after me ever since my father died a few years ago. She has just a little money on hand left by my father, and she spends it on us.'

The watchman looked at the stars, sighed for the dinner that he was missing. 'It's very late, madam, go home.'

'I tell you I've no home –' she retorted angrily.

'Your stepmother's house is all right from what you say. She is good to you.'

'But why should I be a burden to her? Who am I?'

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'You are her husband's daughter,' the watchman said, and added, 'That is enough claim.'

'No, no. I won't live on anybody's charity.'

'Then you will have to wait till they find you a husband –'

She glared at him in the dark. 'That's what I do not want to do. I want to study and become a doctor and earn my livelihood. I don't want to marry. I often catch my mother talking far into the night to her eldest son, worrying about my future, about my marriage. I know they cannot afford to keep me in college very long now; it costs about twenty rupees a month.'

'Twenty rupees!' the watchman exclaimed. It was his month's salary. 'How can anybody spend so much for books!'

'Till today,' she said, 'I was hoping that I would get a scholarship. That would have saved me. But this evening they announced; others have got it, not I. My name is not there –' and she broke down again. The watchman looked at her in surprise. He comprehended very little of all this situation. She added: 'And when they come to know of this, they will try to arrange my marriage. Someone is coming to have a look at me tomorrow.'

'Marry him and may God bless you with ten children.'

'No, no,' she cried hysterically. 'I don't want to marry. I want to study.'

[1] *bund*: an embankment to hold water

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**Or**

**6** Comment closely on the presentation of love in the following poem.

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

*I loved you first*

I loved you first: but afterwards your love
Outsoaring mine, sang such a loftier song
As drowned the friendly cooings of my dove.
Which owes the other most? my love was long,
And yours one moment seemed to wax more strong;
I loved and guessed at you, you construed me
And loved me for what might or might not be—
Nay, weights and measures do us both a wrong.
For verily love knows not "mine" or "thine;"
With separate "I" and "thou" free love has done,
For one is both and both are one in love:
Rich love knows nought of "thine that is not mine;"
Both have the strength and both the length thereof,
Both of us, of the love which makes us one.

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