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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 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 explores justice in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which McEwan presents Briony's treatment of the injured soldier.

'Don't mind me if I scream,' he murmured.

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She swallowed and said neutrally, 'I think it's healing well.'

(*from* Part 3)

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NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ portrays the struggle for freedom in the novel.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Ngũgĩ presents changes in Ilmorog.

It had been a year of changes and progress!

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Ilmorog and everybody was changed, utterly changed.

(*from* Chapter 11)

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Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which **two** stories present relationships between employers and their employees.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which Ralph Ellison presents the narrator in the following passage from *The Black Ball*.

He had stopped his play and was still on his knees, beside the chair in his blue overalls.

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A boy that size will make you do that.

(*from* The Black Ball)

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MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 **Either** **(a)** Twain wrote: 'boy-life out on the Mississippi […] had peculiar charm for me', adding that 'I can't get away from the boyhood period'.

In the light of this comment, discuss some of the ways in which Twain presents boyhood in the novel.

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

'Come out here, Sherburn! Come out and meet the man you've swindled. You're the houn' I'm after, and I'm a gwyne to have you, too!'

And so he went on, calling Sherburn everything he could lay his tongue to, and the whole street packed with people listening and laughing and going on. By-and-by a proud-looking man about fifty-five – and he was a heap the best dressed man in that town, too – steps out of the store, and the crowd drops back on each side to let him come. He says to Boggs, mighty ca'm and slow – he says:

'I'm tired of this; but I'll endure it till one o'clock. Till one o'clock, mind – no longer. If you open your mouth against me only once, after that time, you can't travel so far but I will find you.'

Then he turns and goes in. The crowd looked mighty sober; nobody stirred, and there warn't no more laughing. Boggs rode off blackguarding Sherburn as loud as he could yell, all down the street; and pretty soon back he comes and stops before the store, still keeping it up. Some men crowded around him and tried to get him to shut up, but he wouldn't; they told him it would be one o'clock in about fifteen minutes, and so he *must* go home – he must go right away. But it didn't do no good. He cussed away, with all his might, and throwed his hat down in the mud and rode over it, and pretty soon away he went a-raging down the street again, with his gray hair a-flying. Everybody that could get a chance at him tried their best to coax him off his horse so they could lock him up and get him sober; but it warn't no use – up the street he would tear again, and give Sherburn another cussing. By-and-by somebody says –

'Go for his daughter! – quick, go for his daughter; sometimes he'll listen to her. If anybody can persuade him, she can.'

So somebody started on a run. I walked down street a ways, and stopped. In about five or ten minutes, here comes Boggs again – but not on his horse. He was a-reeling across the street towards me, bareheaded, with a friend on both sides of him aholt of his arms and hurrying him along. He was quiet, and looked uneasy; and he warn't handing back any, but was doing some of the hurrying himself. Somebody sings out –

'Boggs!'

I looked over there to see who said it, and it was that Colonel Sherburn. He was standing perfectly still, in the street, and had a pistol raised in his right hand – not aiming it, but holding it out with the barrel tilted up towards the sky. The same second I see a young girl coming on the run, and two men with her. Boggs and the men turned round, to see who called him, and when they see the pistol the men jumped to one side, and the pistol barrel come down slow and steady to a level – both barrels cocked. Boggs throws up both of his hands, and says, 'O Lord, don't shoot!' Bang! goes the first shot, and he staggers back clawing at the air – bang! goes the second one, and he tumbles backwards onto the ground, heavy and solid, with his arms spread out. That young girl screamed out, and comes rushing, and down she throws herself on her father, crying, and saying, 'Oh, he's killed him, he's killed him!'

(*from* Chapter 21)

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Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it presents a parent's view of family.

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

Sonnets

Most loving is my eldest and I love him most;
Almost a man in seeming, yet a child;
And may it long be thus! I would not boast;
But of his age who taller? less defiled?
My next, the beauty of our home, is meek;
Not so deep-loving haply, but less wild
Than her dear brother—brow and blushing cheek
Her nature slow, serene, and pure, and mild
As evening's early star. And Last of all,
Puny and elf-like, with dishevelled tresses,
Self-willed and shy, ne'er heeding that I call,
Intent to pay her tenderest addresses
To bird or cat—but most intelligent,
This is the family which to me is lent.
To me is 'lent'—*was* rather—one is gone,
Gone where the 'many mansions' glorious rise;
The one most loving, in whose innocent eyes,
As in a mirror, his pure nature shone;
And I am left heart-broken and alone
With weary mind to count the weary days.
On happy hours! when dwelt with me mine own;
Your very memory half my grief allays,
Whispering, what matters if we part awhile?
Love never dies, and there no parting's known—
The hour approaches, soon the morn must smile,
And I shall stand before the awful throne
With him my loved one, where the ransomed raise
The never-ending hymn of prayer and praise.

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Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the relationship between Mrs Prout and Christine in the following extract.

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

[MRS PROUT*'s study: luxuriously furnished; large table in centre, upon which are a new novel, press-cuttings, and the usual apparatus of literary composition.* CHRISTINE *is seated at the large table, ready for work, and awaiting the advent of* MRS PROUT*. To pass the time she picks up the novel, the leaves of which are not cut, and glances at a page here and there. Enter* MRS PROUT*, hurried and preoccupied; the famous novelist is attired in a plain morning gown, which in the perfection of its cut displays the beauty of her figure. She nods absently to* CHRISTINE*, and sits down in an armchair away from the table*.]

Christine: Good morning, Mrs Prout. I'm afraid you are still sleeping badly?

Mrs Prout: Do I look it, girl?

Christine: You don't specially look it, Mrs Prout. But I observe. You are my third novelist, and they have all taught me to observe. Before I took up novelists I was with a Member of Parliament, and he never observed anything except five-line whips.[1]

Mrs Prout: Really! Five-line whips! Oblige me by putting that down in Notebook No. 2. There will be an M.P. in that wretched thirty-thousand word thing I've promised for the Christmas number of the New York Surpriser and it might be useful. I might even make an epigram out of it.

Christine: Yes, Mrs Prout. [*Writes*.]

Mrs Prout: And what are your observations about me?

Christine [*while writing*]: Well, this is twice in three weeks that you've been here five minutes late in the morning.

Mrs Prout: Is that all? You don't think my stuff's falling off?

Christine: Oh, no, Mrs Prout! I know it's not falling off. I was just going to tell you. The butler's been in, and wished me to inform you that he begged to give notice. [*Looking up*] It seems that last night you ordered him to cut the leaves[2] of our new novel [*patting book maternally*]. He said he just looked into it, and he thinks it's disgraceful to ask a respectable butler to cut the leaves of such a book. So he begs to give warning. Oh, no, Mrs Prout, your stuff isn't falling off.

Mrs Prout [*grimly*]: What did you say to him, girl?

Christine: First I looked at him, and then I said, "Brown, you will probably be able to get a place on the reviewing staff of The Methodist Recorder."

Mrs Prout: Christine, one day, I really believe, you will come to employ a secretary of your own.

Christine: I hope so, Mrs Prout. But I intend to keep off the morbid introspection line. You do that so awfully well. I think I shall

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go in for smart dialogue, with marquises and country houses, and a touch of old-fashioned human nature at the bottom. It appears to me that's what's coming along very shortly … Shall we begin, Mrs Prout?

Mrs Prout [*disinclined*]: Yes, I suppose so. [*Clearing her throat*] By the way, anything special in the press-cuttings?

Christine [*fingering the pile of press-cuttings*]: Nothing very special. The Morning Call says, "genius in every line."

Mrs Prout [*blasé*]: Hum!

Christine: The Daily Reporter: "Cora Prout may be talented – we should hesitate to deny it – but she is one of several of our leading novelists who should send themselves to a Board School in order to learn grammar."

Mrs Prout: Grammar again! They must keep a grammar in the office! Personally I think it's frightfully bad form to talk about grammar to a lady. But they never had any taste at the Reporter. Don't read me any more. Let us commence work.

Christine: Which will you do, Mrs Prout? [*Consulting a diary of engagements*] There's the short story for the Illustrated Monthly, six thousand, promised for next Saturday. There's the article on "Women's Diversions" for the British Review – they wrote for that Yesterday. There's the serial that begins in the Sunday Daily Sentinel in September – you've only done half the first instalment of that. And of course there's Heart Ache.

Mrs Prout: I think I'll go with Heart Ache. I feel it coming. I'll do the short story for the Illustrated tomorrow.

1 *Five-line whips*: a compulsory vote in parliament
2 *Cut the leaves*: in the past, pages of new books had to be separated with a knife

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