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Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge International AS & A Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **9695/13**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry **October/November 2024**

**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: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

### ERROL JOHN: *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*

**1** **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the effects of John's dramatic presentation of the relationship between Sophia and Esther in *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*.

**Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to dramatic methods, discuss the significance of the following extract.

[*It is now the middle of the afternoon.*

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We ent

married yet, yer know!

(*from* Act 3, Scene 1)

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## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

**2 Either (a)** Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of different attitudes to sexual relationships in *Measure for Measure*.

**Or (b)** Discuss ways in which Shakespeare shapes an audience's response to Angelo in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

*Angelo:* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isabella:* Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

*Angelo* [*aside*]: She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. – Fare you well.

*Isabella:* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Angelo:* I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

*Isabella:* Hark how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back.

*Angelo:* How, bribe me?

*Isabella:* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio* [*to* ISABELLA]: You had marr'd all else.

*Isabella:* Not with fond sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

*Angelo:* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*Lucio* [*to* ISABELLA]: Go to; 'tis well; away.

*Isabella:* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Angelo* [*aside*]: Amen; for I
Am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.

*Isabella:* At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Angelo:* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isabella:* Save your honour!

[*Exeunt all but* ANGELO.]

*Angelo:* From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

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Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'red how.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 2)

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**[Turn over**

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**JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi***

**3 Either (a)** Discuss some of the dramatic effects created by Webster's presentation of different kinds of madness in *The Duchess of Malfi*.

**Or (b)** Comment closely on the following extract from the play, showing its significance to the play's meaning and effects. In your answer you should pay close attention to Webster's dramatic methods.

[*Enter* DUCHESS *with* CARIOLA *and* OLD LADY.]

*Duchess:* Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded. Bosola,
I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter,
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

*Bosola:* The Duchess used one when she was great with child.

*Duchess:* I think she did. [*To* OLD LADY] Come hither, mend my ruff.
Here, when? Thou art such a tedious lady, and
Thy breath smells of lemon pills. Would thou hadst done!
Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother.

*Bosola* [*aside*]: I fear too much.

*Duchess:* I have heard you say that the French courtiers
Wear their hats on 'fore the King.

*Antonio:* I have seen it.

*Duchess:* In the presence?

*Antonio:* Yes.

*Duchess:* Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt.
Be you the example to the rest o'th' court,
Put on your hat first.

*Antonio:* You must pardon me:
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th'Prince; and the distinction
Methought showed reverently.

*Bosola:* I have a present for your grace.

*Duchess:* For me, sir?

*Bosola:* Apricots, madam.

*Duchess:* O sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to-year.

*Bosola* [*aside*]: Good, her colour rises.

*Duchess:* Indeed I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones.
What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!
We shall have none this month.

*Bosola:* Will not your grace pare them?

*Duchess:* No, they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.

*Bosola:* I know not; yet I wish your grace had pared 'em.

*Duchess:* Why?

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*Bosola:* I forgot to tell you the knave gardener
Only to raise his profit by them the sooner,
Did ripen them in horse-dung.

*Duchess:* O you jest.
[*To* ANTONIO] You shall judge: pray taste one.

*Antonio:* Indeed, madam,
I do not love the fruit.

*Duchess:* Sir, you are loth
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit,
They say they are restorative.

*Bosola:* 'Tis a pretty art,
This grafting.

*Duchess:* 'Tis so: a bettering of nature.

*Bosola:* To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A damson on a blackthorn. [*Aside*] How greedily she eats them!
A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales,
For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gown,
I should have discovered apparently
The young springal cutting a caper in her belly.

*Duchess:* I thank you, Bosola, they were right good ones –
If they do not make me sick.

*Antonio:* How now, madam?

*Duchess:* This green fruit and my stomach are not friends.
How they swell me!

*Bosola* [*aside*]: Nay, you are too much swelled already.

*Duchess:* O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!

*Bosola:* I am very sorry.

*Duchess:* Lights to my chamber. O good Antonio,
I fear I am undone.

[*Exit* DUCHESS.]

(*from* Act 2, Scene 1)

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## TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

**4** **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the dramatic ways in which Williams shapes an audience's response to Maggie in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

**Or** **(b)** Discuss Williams's presentation of Big Mama in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

*Big Mama:* Now you listen to me, all of you, you listen here!

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[*She seizes the glass from his hand.*]

(*from* Act 3)

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## Section B: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

### MAYA ANGELOU: *And Still I Rise*

**5** **Either** **(a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Angelou explore change? In your answer you should refer to **two** poems from the selection.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on Angelou's presentation of the speaker in the following extract from *Just Like Job*.

*Just Like Job*

My Lord, My Lord,

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I'm stepping out on Your word.

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**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

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**SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight***

**6** **Either** **(a)** In what ways does Armitage's presentation of the Green Knight develop your understanding of chivalry in the poem?

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on Armitage's presentation of the welcome for Sir Gawain in the following extract.

In front of a flaming fireside a chair

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love’s tender language too.’

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**WILLIAM BLAKE: Selected Poems from *Songs of Innocence and of Experience***

**7** **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Blake explores the idea of being lost. In your answer you should refer to **two** poems from the selection.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on Blake's presentation of the infant in the following poem.

*A Cradle Song*

Sweet dreams form a shade,
O'er my lovely infants head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams.
By happy silent moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down,
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night,
Hover over my delight.
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles.
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep sleep happy child.
All creation slept and smil'd.
Sleep sleep. happy sleep.
While o'er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face,
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe once like thee,
Thy maker lay and wept for me

Wept for me for thee for all.
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee on me on all,
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

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***Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2***

**8** **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems present powerful emotions.

**Or** **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Patricia Beer presents the mother.

*The Lost Woman…*

My mother went with no more warning
than a bright voice and a bad pain.
Home from school on a June morning
And where the brook goes under the lane
I saw the back of a shocking white
Ambulance drawing away from the gate.

She never returned and I never saw
Her buried. So a romance began.
The ivy-mother turned into a tree
That still hops away like a rainbow down
The avenue as I approach.
My tendrils are the ones that clutch.

I made a life for her over the years.
Frustrated no more by a dull marriage
She ran a canteen through several wars.
The wit of a cliché-ridden village
She met her match at an extra-mural
Class and the OU summer school.

Many a hero in his time
And every poet has acquired
A lost woman to haunt the home,
To be compensated and desired,
Who will not alter, who will not grow,
A corpse they need never get to know.

She is nearly always benign. Her habit
Is not to stride at dead of night.
Soft and crepuscular in rabbit-
Light she comes out. Hear how they hate
Themselves for losing her as they did.
Her country is bland and she does not chide.

But my lost woman evermore snaps
From somewhere else: ‘you did not love me.
I sacrificed too much perhaps,
I showed you the way to rise above me
And you took it. You are the ghost
With the bat-voice, my dear. *I* am not lost.’

(Patricia Beer)

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