



# Cambridge International AS Level

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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8695/21**

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2023**

**2 hours**



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total, each from a different section.
- 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.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [ ].

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This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## Section A: Drama

THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Middleton and Rowley shape an audience's response to De Flores in *The Changeling*. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of the relationship between Alsemero and Beatrice in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

*Jasperino:* All may prove nothing;  
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

*Alsemero:* No question it may prove nothing; let's partake it, though.

*Jasperino:* 'Twas Diaphanta's chance (for to that wench  
I pretend honest love, and she deserves it) 5  
To leave me in a back part of the house,  
A place we chose for private conference;  
She was no sooner gone, but instantly  
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;  
And lending more attention, found De Flores 10  
Louder than she.

*Alsemero:* De Flores? Thou art out now.

*Jasperino:* You'll tell me more anon.

*Alsemero:* Still I'll prevent thee;  
The very sight of him is poison to her. 15

*Jasperino:* That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta  
At her return confirm'd it.

*Alsemero:* Diaphanta!

*Jasperino:* Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd  
Like those that challenge interest in a woman. 20

*Alsemero:* Peace, quench thy zeal; 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.

*Jasperino:* Then truth is full of peril.

*Alsemero:* Such truths are.  
– Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth,  
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts, 25  
And touch'd, she sleeps not here! Yet I have time,  
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof;  
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

*Jasperino:* I never weigh'd friend so.

*Alsemero:* Done charitably. 30  
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [Gives key.]  
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've made  
My study upon some; bring from my closet  
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,  
And question not my purpose. 35

*Jasperino:* It shall be done, sir. [Exit.]

*Alsemero:* How can this hang together? Not an hour since,  
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,  
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin

	That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest, She charg'd her weep out her request to me, That she might come obscurely to my bosom. [Enter BEATRICE.]	40
Beatrice	[aside.]: All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose; Necessity compels it; I lose all else.	45
Alsemero	[aside.]: Push, modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead. I cannot be too sure though. [To her.] – My Joanna!	
Beatrice:	Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you, Pardon my modest fears.	50
Alsemero	[aside.]: The dove's not meeker, She's abus'd, questionless. [Enter JASPERINO [with glass].] – Oh, are you come, sir?	
Beatrice	[aside.]: The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.	55
Jasperino:	Sir, this is M.	
Alsemero:	'Tis it.	
Beatrice	[aside.]: I am suspected.	
Alsemero:	How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!	
Beatrice:	What is't, my lord?	60
Alsemero:	No hurt.	
Beatrice:	Sir, pardon me, I seldom taste of any composition.	
Alsemero:	But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.	
Beatrice:	I fear 'twill make me ill.	65
Alsemero:	Heaven forbid that.	
Beatrice	[aside.]: I'm put now to my cunning; th'effects I know, If I can now but feign 'em handsomely. [Drinks.]	
Alsemero	[to JASPERINO.]: It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir, Upon a virgin.	70
Jasperino:	Treble qualified? [BEATRICE gapes, then sneezes.]	
Alsemero:	By all that's virtuous it takes there, proceeds!	
Jasperino:	This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.	
Beatrice:	Ha, ha, ha! You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.	75
Alsemero:	No, thou hast given me such joy of heart, That never can be blasted.	
Beatrice:	What's the matter, sir?	
Alsemero	[to JASPERINO.]: See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy, Keeps both the time and method; [to her] my Joanna! Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb, That brings the day forth; thus my love encloses thee. [Embraces her.]	80

(from Act 4, Scene 2)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Shakespeare present deception in *Measure for Measure*? [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of the relationship between Isabella and Claudio in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

<i>Isabella:</i>	This outward-sainted deputy, Whose settled visage and deliberate word Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enew As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil; His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.	5
<i>Claudio:</i>	The precise Angelo!	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell The damned'st body to invest and cover In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio, If I would yield him my virginity Thou mightst be freed?	10
<i>Claudio:</i>	O heavens! it cannot be.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence, So to offend him still. This night's the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou diest to-morrow.	15
<i>Claudio:</i>	Thou shalt not do't.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O, were it but my life! I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.	20
<i>Claudio:</i>	Thanks, dear Isabel.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Yes. Has he affections in him That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose When he would force it? Sure it is no sin; Or of the deadly seven it is the least.	25
<i>Isabella:</i>	Which is the least?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	If it were damnable, he being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fin'd? – O Isabel!	30
<i>Isabella:</i>	What says my brother?	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Death is a fearful thing.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	And shamed life a hateful.	
<i>Claudio:</i>	Ay, but to die, and go we know not where; To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; This sensible warm motion to become A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit To bathe in fiery floods or to reside In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice; To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,	35 40

	And blown with restless violence round about The pendent world; or to be worse than worst Of those that lawless and incertain thought Imagine howling – 'tis too horrible. The weariest and most loathed worldly life That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment, Can lay on nature is a paradise To what we fear of death.	45
<i>Isabella:</i>	Alas, alas!	50
<i>Claudio:</i>	Sweet sister, let me live. What sin you do to save a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far That it becomes a virtue.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O you beast! O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? Is't not a kind of incest to take life From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair! For such a warped slip of wilderness Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance; Die; perish. Might but my bending down Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed. I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, No word to save thee.	55 60 65
<i>Claudio:</i>	Nay, hear me, Isabel.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	O fie, fie, fie! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd; 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.	70
<i>Claudio:</i>	O hear me, Isabella.	

(from Act 3, Scene 1)

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis***

- 3**   **Either**   (a) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of struggles for power in the **two** plays. [25]
- Or**        (b) How might an audience respond to the following extract, the end of the play? In your answer you should pay close attention to Soyinka's dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

[CHUME *rushes in, brandishing a cutlass.*]

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[*Blackout.*]

THE END

(*from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 5*)

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

- 4**   **Either**   **(a)** In what ways, and with what dramatic effects, does Williams present friendship in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*? [25]
- Or**        **(b)** Discuss the presentation of the relationship between Brick and Big Daddy in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

*[He goes over and touches BRICK's shoulder.]*

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You're my son, and I'm going to straighten you out; now that *I'm* straightened out, I'm going to straighten you out!

70

(from Act 2)

## Section B: Poetry

SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

- 5    **Either**    (a) Discuss some of the ways Armitage presents desire and its effects in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. [25]
- Or**        (b) Analyse ways Armitage presents the Green Knight in the following extract from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. [25]

Yet he wore no helmet and no hauberk either,

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a miracle or magic, or so they imagined.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

## ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Browning portrays violence in **two** poems from your selection. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the woman in the following poem. [25]

*A Light Woman*

1.

So far as our story approaches the end,  
Which do you pity the most of us three? –  
My friend, or the mistress of my friend  
With her wanton eyes, or me?

5

2.

My friend was already too good to lose,  
And seemed in the way of improvement yet,  
When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose  
And over him drew her net.

10

3.

When I saw him tangled in her toils,  
A shame, said I, if she adds just him  
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,  
The hundredth, for a whim!

15

4.

And before my friend be wholly hers,  
How easy to prove to him, I said,  
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,  
Though she snaps at a wren instead!

20

5.

So I gave her eyes my own eyes to take,  
My hand sought hers as in earnest need,  
And round she turned for my noble sake,  
And gave me herself indeed.

25

6.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,  
The wren is he, with his maiden face.  
– You look away and your lip is curled?  
Patience, a moment's space!

30

13

7.

For see – my friend goes shaking and white;  
He eyes me as the basilisk:  
I have turned, it appears, his day to night,  
Eclipsing his sun's disc. 35

8.

And I did it, he thinks, as a very thief:  
'Though I love her – that, he comprehends –  
One should master one's passions, (love, in chief)  
And be loyal to one's friends!' 40

9.

And she, – she lies in my hand as tame  
As a pear hung basking over a wall;  
Just a touch to try and off it came;  
'Tis mine, – can I let it fall? 45

10.

With no mind to eat it, that's the worst!  
Were it thrown in the road, would the case assist?  
'Twas quenching a dozen blue-flies' thirst  
When I gave its stalk a twist. 50

11.

And I, – what I seem to my friend, you see –  
What I soon shall seem to his love, you guess.  
What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?  
No hero, I confess. 55

12.

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,  
And matter enough to save one's own.  
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals  
He played with for bits of stone! 60

13.

One likes to show the truth for the truth;  
That the woman was light is very true:  
But suppose she says, – never mind that youth –  
What wrong have I done to you? 65

14.

Well, any how, here the story stays,  
So far at least as I understand;  
And, Robert Browning, you writer of plays,  
Here's a subject made to your hand! 70

## GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Clarke present women? You should refer to **two** poems in your answer. [25]
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the apples in the following poem. [25]

*Apples*

They fill with heat, dewfall, a night of rain.  
 In a week they have reddened, the seed gone black  
 in each star-heart. Soft thud of fruit  
 in the deepening heat of the day.  
 Out of the delicate petals of secret skin  
 and that irreversible moment when the fruit set,  
 such a hard harvest, so cold and sharp on the tongue.

5

They look up from the grass, too many to save.  
 A lapful of windfalls with worms in their hearts,  
 under my thumb the pulse of original sin,  
 flesh going brown as the skin curls over my knife.  
 I drown them in water and wine, pushing them under,  
 then breathe apples simmering in sugar and spice,  
 fermenting under the tree in sacs of juice  
 so swollen they'd burst under a wasp's foot.

10

15

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 8 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems present the effects of the seasons. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss the writing and effects of the following poem, analysing ways in which George Herbert presents love. [25]

*Love (III)*

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,  
   Guilty of dust and sin.  
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
   From my first entrance in,  
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning, 5  
   If I lacked anything.

A guest, I answered, worthy to be here:  
   Love said, You shall be he.  
 I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,  
   I cannot look on thee. 10  
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
   Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame  
   Go where it doth deserve.  
 And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame? 15  
   My dear, then I will serve.  
 You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:  
   So I did sit and eat.

**FINIS.**

*Glory be to God on high, and on earth* 20  
*peace, good will towards men.*

(George Herbert)

## Section C: Prose

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which McEwan explores injustice in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering McEwan's presentation of Briony and the performance of *The Trials of Arabella*. [25]

Suddenly, she was right there before me, that busy, priggish, conceited little girl, and she was not dead either, for when people tittered appreciatively at 'evanesce' my feeble heart – ridiculous vanity! – made a little leap.

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Not my best, I thought.

(from *London*, 1999)



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

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of the Nairobi lawyer and his importance to the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Ngũgĩ's presentation of Munira and Wanjia's first meeting in the following passage. [25]

For a few seconds Munira's heart stood still: he could hardly believe his eyes.

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He was only an outsider, fated to watch, adrift,  
but never one to make things happen.

(from Chapter 2)

*Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 11 **Either** (a) Compare some of the ways in which the writers of **two** stories present characters' memories and their importance. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on M R James's presentation of Paxton's story and revelation in the following passage from *A Warning to the Curious*. [25]

'I know something about digging in these barrows: I've opened many of them in the down country. But that was with owner's leave, and in broad daylight and with men to help. I had to prospect very carefully here before I put a spade in: I couldn't trench across the mound, and with those old firs growing there I knew there would be awkward tree roots. Still the soil was very light and sandy and easy, and there was a rabbit hole or so that might be developed into a sort of tunnel. The going out and coming back at odd hours to the hotel was going to be the awkward part. When I made up my mind about the way to excavate I told the people that I was called away for a night, and I spent it out there. I made my tunnel: I won't bore you with the details of how I supported it and filled it in when I'd done, but the main thing is that I got the crown.'

Naturally we both broke out into exclamations of surprise and interest. I for one had long known about the finding of the crown at Rendlesham and had often lamented its fate. No one has ever seen an Anglo-Saxon crown – at least no one had. But our man gazed at us with a rueful eye. 'Yes,' he said, 'and the worst of it is I don't know how to put it back.'

'Put it back?' we cried out. 'Why, my dear sir, you've made one of the most exciting finds ever heard of in this country. Of course it ought to go to the Jewel House at the Tower. What's your difficulty? If you're thinking about the owner of the land, and treasure-trove, and all that, we can certainly help you through. Nobody's going to make a fuss about technicalities in a case of this kind.'

Probably more was said, but all he did was to put his face in his hands, and mutter: 'I don't know how to put it back.'

At last Long said: 'You'll forgive me, I hope, if I seem impertinent, but are you *quite* sure you've got it?' I was wanting to ask much the same question myself, for of course the story did seem a lunatic's dream when one thought over it. But I hadn't quite dared to say what might hurt the poor young man's feelings. However, he took it quite calmly – really, with the calm of despair, you might say. He sat up and said: 'Oh yes, there's no doubt of that: I have it here, in my room, locked up in my bag. You can come and look at it if you like: I won't offer to bring it here.'

We were not likely to let the chance slip. We went with him; his room was only a few doors off. The boots was just collecting shoes in the passage: or so we thought: afterwards we were not sure. Our visitor – his name was Paxton – was in a worse state of shivers than before, and went hurriedly into the room, and beckoned us after him, turned on the light, and shut the door carefully. Then he unlocked his kit-bag, and produced a bundle of clean pocket-handkerchiefs in which something was wrapped, laid it on the bed, and undid it. I can now say I *have* seen an actual Anglo-Saxon crown. It was of silver – as the Rendlesham one is always said to have been – it was set with some gems, mostly antique intaglios and cameos, and was of rather plain, almost rough workmanship. In fact, it was like those you see on the coins and in the manuscripts. I found no reason to think it was later than the ninth century. I was intensely interested, of course, and I wanted to turn it over in my hands, but Paxton prevented me.

'Don't *you* touch it,' he said, 'I'll do that.' And with a sigh that was, I declare to you, dreadful to hear, he took it up and turned it about so that we could see every part of it. 'Seen enough?' he said at last, and we nodded.

50

(*from A Warning to the Curious*)

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

**12 Either** (a) 'Huck is a story-teller, inventing stories constantly.'

With this comment in mind, discuss how reliable you find Huck as a narrator. [25]

**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Twain presents the meeting between Huck and Tom in the following passage. [25]

So I started for town, in the wagon, and when I was half-way I see a wagon coming, and sure enough it was Tom Sawyer, and I stopped and waited till he come along. I says 'Hold on!' and it stopped alongside, and his mouth opened up like a trunk, and staid so; and he swallowed two or three times like a person that's got a dry throat, and then says:

5

'I hain't ever done you no harm. You know that. So then, what you want to come back and ha'n't *me* for?'

I says:

'I hain't come back – I hain't been *gone*.'

When he heard my voice, it righted him up some, but he warn't quite satisfied yet. He says:

10

'Don't you play nothing on me, because I wouldn't on you. Honest injun, now, you ain't a ghost?'

'Honest injun, I ain't,' I says.

'Well – I – I – well, that ought to settle it, of course; but I can't somehow seem to understand it, no way. Looky here, warn't you ever murdered *at all*?'

15

'No. I warn't ever murdered at all – I played it on them. You come in here and feel of me if you don't believe me.'

So he done it; and it satisfied him; and he was that glad to see me again, he didn't know what to do. And he wanted to know all about it right off; because it was a grand adventure, and mysterious, and so it hit him where he lived. But I said, leave it alone till by-and-by; and told his driver to wait, and we drove off a little piece, and I told him the kind of a fix I was in, and what did he reckon we better do? He said, let him alone a minute, and don't disturb him. So he thought and thought, and pretty soon he says:

20

'It's all right, I've got it. Take my trunk in your wagon, and let on it's your'n; and you turn back and fool along slow, so as to get to the house about the time you ought to; and I'll go towards town a piece, and take a fresh start, and get there a quarter or a half an hour after you; and you needn't let on to know me, at first.'

25

I says:

'All right; but wait a minute. There's one more thing – a thing that *nobody* don't know but me.'

30

(from Chapter 33)







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