

# **Cambridge International AS Level**

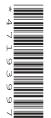
### LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/23

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)

#### **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 [ ].

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

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[Turn over

## Section A: Drama

## THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY: The Changeling

| 1 | Either | ` '         | vays, and with what effects, do Middleton and Rowley present difference in The Changeling?   | erent<br>[25] |
|---|--------|-------------|--|---------------|
|   | Or     |             | nt an audience react as the following scene unfolds? In your answer y close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.   | r you<br>[25] |
|   |        | Vermandero: | Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,<br>I wish I had a daughter now for you.  |               |
|   |        | Alsemero:   | The fellow of this creature were a partner For a king's love.  |               |
|   |        | Vermandero: | I had her fellow once, sir, But heaven has married her to joys eternal; 'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again. Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures Which my health chiefly joys in.   | 5             |
|   |        | Alsemero:   | I hear the beauty of this seat largely.  | 10            |
|   |        | Vermandero: | It falls much short of that.   |               |
|   |        |             | [Exeunt. Manet BEATRICE.]  |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | So, here's one step Into my father's favour; time will fix him. I have got him now the liberty of the house: So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom; And if that eye be darkened that offends me (I wait but that eclipse), this gentleman Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking, Through the refulgent virtue of my love. | 15<br>20      |
|   |        |             | [Enter DE FLORES.]   |               |
|   |        | De Flores   | [aside.]: My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed; I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.   |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | De Flores.   | 25            |
|   |        | De Flores:  | Lady?  |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | Thy looks promise cheerfully.  |               |
|   |        | De Flores:  | All things are answerable, time, circumstance, Your wishes, and my service.  |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | Is it done then?   | 30            |
|   |        | De Flores:  | Piracquo is no more.   |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights<br>Are evermore born weeping.  |               |
|   |        | De Flores:  | I've a token for you.  |               |
|   |        | Beatrice:   | For me?  | 35            |
|   |        | De Flores:  | But it was sent somewhat unwillingly, I could not get the ring without the finger.   |               |

[Shows her the finger.]

|            | -  |    |
|------------|--|----|
| Beatrice:  | Bless me! What hast thou done?   |    |
| De Flores: | Why, is that more Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings. A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court, In a mistake hath had as much as this.   | 40 |
| Beatrice:  | 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.   |    |
| De Flores: | And I made him send it back again For his last token; I was loath to leave it, And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels. He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck As if the flesh and it were both one substance.                 | 45 |
| Beatrice:  | At the stag's fall the keeper has his fees: 'Tis soon apply'd, all dead men's fees are yours, sir; I pray, bury the finger, but the stone You may make use on shortly; the true value, Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats. | 50 |
| De Flores: | 'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience, though, To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis. Well, being my fees I'll take it; Great men have taught me that, or else my merit Would scorn the way on't.                         | 55 |
| Beatrice:  | It might justly, sir:<br>Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given<br>In state of recompense.   | 60 |

No, I hope so, lady,

You should soon witness my contempt to't then!

(from Act 3, Scene 4)

De Flores:

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Measure for Measure

| 2 | Either | (a) | 'Isabella's decision to become a nun causes problems in the play.' |   |          |
|---|--------|-----|--|---|----------|
|   |        |     | How far, a   | nd in what ways, do you agree with this comment?  | [25]     |
|   | Or     | (b) |  | hakespeare's presentation of Lucio and the Duke in the following exswer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their ef   |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke   | [in disguise]: You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.  |          |
|   |        | Luc | sio:   | Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.   | 5        |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.  |          |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | O, sir, you are deceiv'd.   | 10       |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | 'Tis not possible.  |          |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | Who – not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.  |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | You do him wrong, surely.   | 15       |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | Sir. I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.  |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | What, I prithee, might be the cause?  |          |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand: the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.  | 20       |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | Wise? Why, no question but he was.  |          |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.  |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much dark'ned in your malice. | 25<br>30 |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | Sir, I know him, and I love him.  |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.   |          |
|   |        | Luc | cio:   | Come, sir, I know what I know.  |          |
|   |        | Dul | ke:  | I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak.   | 35       |

But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to

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call upon you; and I pray you your name?

Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

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Lucio:

Duke: He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio: I fear you not.

Duke: O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me

too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm:

you'll forswear this again.

Lucio: I'll be hang'd first. Thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of

this.

Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke: Why should he die, sir?

Lucio: Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we 50

talk of were return'd again.

(from Act 3, Scene 2)

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

- 3 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Soyinka explore corruption in the two plays? [25]
  - Or (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of the relationship between Jero and Chume in the following extract from *Jero's Metamorphosis*. In your answer you should pay close attention to Soyinka's dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

*Jero:* Praise the Lord, Brother, praise the Lord.

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[Blackout.]

(from Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 2)

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

4 Either (a) 'In Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Williams presents the destructive effects of secret desires.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on the play? [25]

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of Brick and Maggie (Margaret) in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects.
[25]

Margaret [She catches sight of him in the mirror, gasps slightly, wheels about to face him.

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Yeah, a person who didn't know you would think you'd never had a tense nerve in your body or a strained muscle.

(from Act 1)

## **Section B: Poetry**

## SIMON ARMITAGE: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight

| 5 | Either | (a) | In what ways, and with what effects, does Armitage present women in Si | ir Gawain |
|---|--------|-----|--|-----------|
|   |        |     | and the Green Knight?  | [25]      |
|   |        |     |  |           |

**Or (b)** Comment closely on ways Armitage presents the relationship between the master and Sir Gawain in the following extract from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. [25]

Then the whole of the household was ordered to the hall,

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at night when they met, no matter what the merchandise.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.** 

|   | ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems |     |   |                      |
|---|---------------------------------|-----|---|----------------------|
| 6 | Either                          | (a) | Discuss ways in which Browning presents memories and their significance in poems from your selection.   | n <b>two</b><br>[25] |
|   | Or                              | (b) | Analyse ways in which Browning presents the speaker's emotions in the follopeem.  | owing<br>[25]        |
|   |                                 |     | The Laboratory  |                      |
|   |                                 |     | (ANCIEN RÉGIME)   |                      |
|   |                                 |     | Now I have tied thy glass mask on tightly, May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely, As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy, Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?                                  | 5                    |
|   |                                 |     | He is with her; and they know that I know Where they are – what they do: they believe my tears flow While they laugh – laugh at me – at me fled to the drear Empty church to pray God in for them! – I am here.             |                      |
|   |                                 |     | Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste, Pound at thy powder – am I in haste? Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things, Than go where men wait me, and dance at the king's.  | 10                   |
|   |                                 |     | That in the mortar – call you a gum? Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come! And yon soft phial, the exquisite blue, Sure to taste sweetly – is that poison too?  | 15                   |
|   |                                 |     | Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures – What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures – To carry pure death in a earring, a casket A signet, a fan-mount, a filagree-basket!   | 20                   |
|   |                                 |     | Soon, at the king's, but a lozenge to give,<br>And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!<br>But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head,<br>And her breast, and her arms, and her hands, should drop dead! | 25                   |
|   |                                 |     | Quick – is it finished? The colour's too grim; Why not like the phial's, enticing and dim? Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir, And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!                               |                      |
|   |                                 |     | What a drop! She's not little – no minion like me;  | 30                   |

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That's why she ensnared him: this never will free The soul from those strong, great eyes: say, 'No!'

To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

| For only last night, as they whispered, I brought My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought, Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she'd fall Shrivelled: she fell not; yet this does it all!                    | 35 |
|---|----|
| Not that I bid you spare her pain! Let death be felt and the proof remain; Brand, burn up, bite into its grace – He is sure to remember her dying face!   | 40 |
| Is it done? Take my mask off! Be not morose! It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close – The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee – If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?                             | 45 |
| Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,<br>You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth, if you will!<br>But brush this dust off me, lest horror there springs<br>Ere I know it – next moment I dance at the king's. |    |

#### **GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems**

7 **Either** (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems in which Clarke explores relationships between people. [25]

**Or (b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss ways Clarke shapes a reader's response to the place in the following poem. [25]

#### Blaen Cwrt

You ask how it is. I will tell you. There is no glass. The air spins in The stone rectangle. We warm our hands With apple wood. Some of the smoke 5 Rises against the ploughed, brown field As a sign to our neighbours in the Four folds of the valley that we are in. Some of the smoke seeps through the stones Into the barn where it curls like fern On the walls. Holding a thick root 10 I press my bucket through the surface Of the water, lift it brimming and skim The leaves away. Our fingers curl on Enamel mugs of tea, like ploughmen. The stones clear in the rain 15 Giving their colours. It's not easy. There are no brochure blues or boiled sweet Reds. All is ochre and earth and cloud-green Nettles tasting sour and the smells of moist Earth and sheep's wool. The wattle and daub 20 Chimney hood has decayed away, slowly Creeping to dust, chalking the slate Floor with stories. It has all the first Necessities for a high standard 25 Of civilised living: silence inside A circle of sound, water and fire. Light on uncountable miles of mountain From a big, unpredictable sky, Two rooms, waking and sleeping, Two languages, two centuries of past 30 To ponder on, and the basic need To work hard in order to survive.

## Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

8 Either (a) Discuss ways in which two poems present mothers.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which William Barnes presents the wind. [25]

### The Storm-Wind

When the swift-rolling brook, swollen deep,
Rushes on by the alders, full speed,
And the wild-blowing winds lowly sweep
O'er the quivering leaf and the weed,
And the willow tree writhes in each limb

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Over sedge-beds that reel by the brim –

[25]

The man that is staggering by
Holds his hat to his head by the brim;
And the girl as her hair-locks outfly,
Puts a foot out, to keep herself trim,
And the quivering wavelings o'erspread
The small pool where the bird dips his head.

But out at my house, in the lee
Of the nook, where the winds die away,
The light swimming airs, round the tree
And the low-swinging ivy stem, play
So soft that a mother that's nigh
Her still cradle, may hear her babe sigh.

(William Barnes)

## **Section C: Prose**

## IAN McEWAN: Atonement

- 9 Either (a) Discuss McEwan's presentation of the relationship between Briony and Cecilia in the novel.
  [25]
  - Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering the presentation of the characters' behaviour at the dinner. [25]

It was Paul Marshall who broke more than three minutes of asphyxiating silence.

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Emily Tallis picked up her knife and fork and everyone did likewise.

(from Chapter 11)

## NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: Petals of Blood

- **10 Either (a)** Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of women, considering their importance in the novel. [25]
  - **Or (b)** Comment closely on Ngũgĩ's presentation of Munira's interview with Mzigo in the following passage. [25]

Mzigo's office was a specklessly clean affair with a tray for incoming mail, a tray for outgoing mail and one for miscellaneous mail plus numerous pens and pencils beside each of the three enormous inkwells.

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I would like to see all the classes going.'

(from Chapter 2)

## Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

11 Either (a) Compare ways in which the writers of **two** stories present innocent characters. [25] Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Edith Wharton presents the climax of the story in the following passage from The Lady's Maid's Bell. [25] I went back to bed and must have dozed, for I jumped awake to the furious ringing of my bell. Before my head was clear I had sprung out of bed, and was dragging on my clothes. It is going to happen now, I heard myself saying; but what I meant I had no notion. My hands seemed to be covered with glue - I thought I should never get into my clothes. At last I 5 opened my door and peered down the passage. As far as my candle-flame carried, I could see nothing unusual ahead of me. I hurried on, breathless; but as I pushed open the baize door leading to the main hall my heart stood still, for there at the head of the stairs was Emma Saxon, peering dreadfully down into the darkness. 10 For a second I couldn't stir; but my hand slipped from the door, and as it swung shut the figure vanished. At the same instant there came another sound from below stairs – a stealthy mysterious sound, as of a latch-key turning in the house-door. I ran to Mrs Brympton's room and knocked. There was no answer, and I knocked again. This time I heard 15 someone moving in the room; the bolt slipped back and my mistress stood before me. To my surprise I saw that she had not undressed for the night. She gave me a startled look. 'What is this, Hartley?' she says in a whisper. 'Are you ill? What are you doing here at this hour?' 20 'I am not ill, madam; but my bell rang.' At that she turned pale, and seemed about to fall. 'You are mistaken,' she said harshly; 'I didn't ring. You must have been dreaming.' I had never heard her speak in such a tone. 'Go back to bed,' she said, closing the door on me. 25 But as she spoke I heard sounds again in the hall below: a man's step this time: and the truth leaped out on me. 'Madam,' I said, pushing past her, 'there is someone in the house -' 'Someone -?' 'Mr Brympton, I think – I hear his step below –' 30 A dreadful look came over her, and without a word, she dropped flat at my feet. I fell on my knees and tried to lift her: by the way she breathed I saw it was no common faint. But as I raised her head there came quick steps on the stairs and across the hall: the door was flung open, and there stood Mr Brympton, in his travelling-clothes, the snow dripping from him. 35 He drew back with a start as he saw me kneeling by my mistress. 'What the devil is this?' he shouted. He was less high-coloured than usual, and the red spot came out on his forehead. 'Mrs Brympton has fainted, sir,' said I. He laughed unsteadily and pushed by me. 'It's a pity she didn't choose 40 a more convenient moment. I'm sorry to disturb her, but -' I raised myself up aghast at the man's action. 'Sir,' said I, 'are you mad? What are you doing?' 'Going to meet a friend,' said he, and seemed to make for the

At that my heart turned over. I don't know what I thought or feared; but

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I sprang up and caught him by the sleeve.

dressing-room.

'Sir, sir,' said I, 'for pity's sake look at your wife!' He shook me off furiously.

'It seems that's done for me,' says he, and caught hold of the dressing-room door.

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At that moment I heard a slight noise inside. Slight as it was he heard it too, and tore the door open; but as he did so he dropped back. On the threshold stood Emma Saxon.

## MARK TWAIN: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

**12 Either** (a) 'Huck notices everything but does not always understand the significance of what he sees.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Twain's presentation of Huck. [25]

**Or (b)** Comment closely on ways in which Twain presents the death of Boggs, and the people's response to it, in the following passage. [25]

Colonel Sherburn he tossed his pistol onto the ground, and turned around on his heels and walked off.

They took Boggs to a little drug store, the crowd pressing around, just the same, and the whole town following, and I rushed and got a good place at the window, where I was close to him and could see in. They laid him on the floor, and put one large Bible under his head, and opened another one and spread it on his breast – but they tore open his shirt first, and I seen where one of the bullets went in. He made about a dozen long gasps, his breast lifting the Bible up when he drawed in his breath, and letting it down again when he breathed it out – and after that he laid still; he was dead. Then they pulled his daughter away from him, screaming and crying, and took her off. She was about sixteen, and very sweet and gentle-looking, but awful pale and scared.

Well, pretty soon the whole town was there, squirming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look, but people that had the places wouldn't give them up, and folks behind them was saying all the time, 'Say, now, you've looked enough, you fellows; 'taint right and 'taint fair, for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you.'

There was considerable jawing back, so I slid out, thinking maybe there was going to be trouble. The streets was full, and everybody was excited. Everybody that seen the shooting was telling how it happened, and there was a big crowd packed around each one of these fellows, stretching their necks and listening. One long lanky man, with long hair and a big white fur stove-pipe hat on the back of his head, and a crookedhandled cane, marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood, and where Sherburn stood, and the people following him around from one place to t'other and watching everything he done, and bobbing their heads to show they understood, and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch him mark the places on the ground with his cane; and then he stood up straight and stiff where Sherburn had stood, frowning and having his hat-brim down over his eyes, and sung out, 'Boggs!' and then fetched his cane down slow to a level, and says 'Bang!' staggered backwards, says 'Bang!' again, and fell down flat on his back. The people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect; said it was just exactly the way it all happened. Then as much as a dozen people got out their bottles and treated him.

Well, by-and-by somebody said Sherburn ought to be lynched. In about a minute everybody was saying it; so away they went, mad and yelling, and snatching down every clothes-line they come to, to do the hanging with.

(from Chapter 21)

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