



Cambridge International AS Level

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/23

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

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, 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.

Section A: Drama**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*. [25]
- Or** **(b)** Paying close attention to dramatic methods, discuss the significance of the following extract. [25]

[It is now the middle of the afternoon.]

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married yet, yer know!

We ent

(*from* Act 3, Scene 1)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of different attitudes to sexual relationships in *Measure for Measure*. [25]
- 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. [25]

<i>Angelo:</i>	Why do you put these sayings upon me?	
<i>Isabella:</i>	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.	5
<i>Angelo</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: She speaks, and 'tis Such sense that my sense breeds with it. – Fare you well.	10
<i>Isabella:</i>	Gentle my lord, turn back.	
<i>Angelo:</i>	I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Hark how I'll bribe you; good, my lord, turn back.	
<i>Angelo:</i>	How, bribe me?	15
<i>Isabella:</i>	Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.	
<i>Lucio</i>	[<i>to ISABELLA</i>]: You had marr'd all else.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	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.	20
<i>Angelo:</i>	Well; come to me to-morrow.	25
<i>Lucio</i>	[<i>to ISABELLA</i>]: Go to; 'tis well; away.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Heaven keep your honour safe!	
<i>Angelo</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: Amen; for I Am that way going to temptation Where prayers cross.	30
<i>Isabella:</i>	At what hour to-morrow Shall I attend your lordship?	
<i>Angelo:</i>	At any time 'fore noon.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Save your honour!	
	[<i>Exeunt all but ANGELO.</i>]	35
<i>Angelo:</i>	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,	40

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, 45
 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! 50
 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, 55
 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 60
 Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'ring how.

(from Act 2, Scene 2)

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*. [25]
- 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. [25]

[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. 5
- 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 10
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. 15
- 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. 20
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 25
Methought showed reverently.
- Bosola:* I have a present for your grace.
- Duchess:* For me, sir?
- Bosola:* Apricots, madam.
- Duchess:* O sir, where are they? 30
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. 35
- 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?

<i>Bosola:</i>	I forgot to tell you the knave gardener Only to raise his profit by them the sooner, Did ripen them in horse-dung.	40
<i>Duchess:</i>	O you jest. [To ANTONIO] You shall judge: pray taste one.	
<i>Antonio:</i>	Indeed, madam, I do not love the fruit.	45
<i>Duchess:</i>	Sir, you are loth To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit, They say they are restorative.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	'Tis a pretty art, This grafting.	50
<i>Duchess:</i>	'Tis so: a bettering of nature.	
<i>Bosola:</i>	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.	55
<i>Duchess:</i>	I thank you, Bosola, they were right good ones – If they do not make me sick.	60
<i>Antonio:</i>	How now, madam?	
<i>Duchess:</i>	This green fruit and my stomach are not friends. How they swell me!	
<i>Bosola</i>	[aside]: Nay, you are too much swelled already.	65
<i>Duchess:</i>	O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!	
<i>Bosola:</i>	I am very sorry.	
<i>Duchess:</i>	Lights to my chamber. O good Antonio, I fear I am undone.	
	[Exit DUCHESS.]	70

(from Act 2, Scene 1)

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*. [25]
- 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. [25]

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)

Section B: Poetry

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. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Angelou's presentation of the speaker in the following extract from *Just Like Job*. [25]

Just Like Job

My Lord, My Lord,

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I'm stepping out on Your word.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

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? [25]
- Or** **(b)** Comment closely on Armitage's presentation of the welcome for Sir Gawain in the following extract. [25]

In front of a flaming fireside a chair

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love's tender language too.'

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. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Blake's presentation of the infant in the following poem. [25]

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, 5
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night, 10
Hover over my delight.
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs, 15
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 20

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. 25
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

Smiles on thee on me on all, 30
Who became an infant small,
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 8 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems present powerful emotions. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Patricia Beer presents the mother. [25]

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. 5

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. 10
 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. 15
 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 20
 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 25
 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. 30

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 35
 With the bat-voice, my dear. I am not lost.'

(Patricia Beer)

Section C: Prose

KIRAN DESAI: *The Inheritance of Loss*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss Desai's presentation of the Gorkha revolutionary forces. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Desai's presentation of the characters' thoughts and feelings in the following passage. [25]

Noni had never had love at all.

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Then they put it down again.

(from Chapter 12)

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which McEwan presents life in the Tallis household. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which McEwan presents the developing events in the following passage. [25]

‘Beg pardon, sir.

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The broad spray of fire was advancing up the road at two hundred miles an hour, a rattling hail-storm din of cannon rounds hitting metal and glass.

(from Part Two)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 11.

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 1

- 11 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which the writers of **two** stories present tensions within families. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Adam Thorpe presents the developing relationship in the following passage from *Tyres*. [25]

I nodded as she passed, busily washing my hands over the pail. There was a wealthy client, a local meat-supplier, talking with my father, coming out of the big shed. He showed me a three-inch nail that had just been taken out of his nearside rear tyre. I indicated my admiration and commiseration, as one always has to with these bores, and then looked after the girl, who had now dwindled to a dot. I forgot to say that as she ticked past, just before the bore opened his mouth, she glanced at me and smiled. Her lips fell into an open pout as they automatically described a *bonjour*, but mine stayed frozen. They are like that: the muscles of my face have a will of their own, at times. It is because I am shy, with people, unless they are clients. Also, it was because my voice had only just broken, and still threatened to be all at sixes-and-sevens. It was after this that my father gave me a lecture on treating clients as if they are the most interesting people in the world, with their tedious, repetitive histories of three-inch nails and roads full of sharp stones. 5

You cannot fail to strike up some relationship with those who pass you at definite times six days a week, but it took two years before I had reached a sufficient maturity to wave at her as she passed, and shout some innocuous greeting (I mean, more than *bonjour* or *bonsoir*). The final 'breakthrough' came after three years when, pedalling towards me at the time I just 'happened' to be wiping my hands on a rag at the edge of the road (which is also, of course, the generous entrance to our yard), she wobbled and wandered a little towards the middle of the road. Seeing, as I could, a large military vehicle bearing up behind her at considerable speed, I waved my hand and shouted at her to keep well in. The military vehicle swirled the dust so much that I was not certain for a few moments of her safety, but she emerged from the cloud, hugging the verge, with a somewhat shocked expression, which did not preclude her look of gratitude as she pedalled past me, thanking me very much. A look which I responded to with a clownish shrug, making her laugh. On her way back that evening, when I just happened to be washing my hands in the pail under the old Michelin sign, with its tyre-man pointing potential clients in, the ticking slowed and stopped before I had time even to look up. 'Thank you', she said. I stood, wiping my hands on my overalls (normally I would shake them dry, on such a fine day, because my overalls were of course greasy, but I could not shake them free of moisture with her so near). 'That's all right,' I said. We couldn't think of anything else to say for the moment, but it didn't matter. I was aware of my father hammering in the shed, and of a sleek black *Milice*-type car shooting past, and of a couple of motorcycles stinking of some home-made fuel – dung, probably – struggling to overtake a horse trotting with a cart full of hay and sun-blackened, nattering kids, but it was not to these that I attended with anything more than unconscious instinct. Yet I recall them all very clearly – along with the loveliness of her form and the sweetness of her face, her legs held either side of the bicycle, very straight (I imagined) under the pale blue dress, propping the rest of her body while she could think of nothing to say. What is there to say to someone you have known as a reliable face and form for three years, but 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45

with whom you have never exchanged more than a greeting? Someone you know you will see at a certain precise point twice a day, as one sees a tree or a house or even some discarded piece of metal rubbish in a ditch, too jammed in even for the floodwaters to snatch away? Someone who, if suddenly no longer there, can leave a hole in your heart, and a feeling of doom until the moment he or she reappears?

50

(from Tyres)

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

12 Either (a) Discuss Twain's characterisation of Jim, considering his importance to the novel. [25]

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Twain presents the two new arrivals on the raft. [25]

'Gentlemen,' says the young man, very solemn, 'I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke!'

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that; and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says: 'No! you can't mean it?'

'Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The second son of the late duke seized the title and estates – the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal descendant of that infant – I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heart-broken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!' 5

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it warn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknowledge him, that would do him more good than most anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow, when we spoke to him, and say 'Your Grace,' or 'My Lord,' or 'Your Lordship' – and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain 'Bridgewater,' which he said was a title, anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done. 10

Well, that was all easy, so we done it. All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, 'Will yo' Grace have some o' dis, or some o' dat?' and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him. 15

But the old man got pretty silent, by-and-by – didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says: 20

'Looky here, Bilgewater,' he says, 'I'm nation sorry for you, but you ain't the only person that's had troubles like that.'

'No?'

'No, you ain't. You ain't the only person that's ben snaked down wrongfully out'n a high place.' 25

'Alas!'

'No, you ain't the only person that's had a secret of his birth.' And by jing, he begins to cry.

'Hold! What do you mean?'

'Bilgewater, kin I trust you?' says the old man, still sort of sobbing. 30

'To the bitter death!' He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says, 'The secret of your being: speak!'

'Bilgewater, I am the late Dauphin!'

(from Chapter 19)

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