



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2020

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.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Frost's poetry transforms simple events into moments of significance.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it presents the speaker's mood.

After Apple-Picking

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree

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Or just some human sleep.

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of the past in **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill*.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's relationship with his grandmother.

On Going
i.m. Jean Sheers

There were instruments, as there always are,
to measure, record and monitor,
windows into the soul's temperature.
But you were disconnected from these

and lay instead an ancient child, 5
fragile on your side,
your breath working at the skin of your cheek
like a blustery wind at a blind.

There was only one measurement 10
I needed anyway, which you gave,
triggered by the connection of my kiss
against your paper temple

and registered in the flicker open of your eyes,
in their half-second of recorded understanding 15
before they disengaged and you slipped back
into the sleep of their slow-closing.

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems present soldiers.
Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a relationship.

Waterfall

I do not ask for youth, nor for delay
 in the rising of time's irreversible river
 that takes the jewelled arc of the waterfall
 in which I glimpse, minute by glinting minute,
 all that I have and all I am always losing 5
 as sunlight lights each drop fast, fast falling.

I do not dream that you, young again,
 might come to me darkly in love's green darkness
 where the dust of the bracken spices the air
 moss, crushed, gives out an astringent sweetness 10
 and water holds our reflections
 motionless, as if for ever.

It is enough now to come into a room
 and find the kindness we have for each other
 – calling it love – in eyes that are shrewd 15
 but trustful still, face chastened by years
 of careful judgement; to sit in the afternoons
 in mild conversation, without nostalgia.

But when you leave me, with your jauntiness
 sinewed by resolution more than strength 20
 – suddenly then I love you with a quick
 intensity, remembering that water,
 however luminous and grand, falls fast
 and only once to the dark pool below.

Lauris Edmond

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Henry Wilcox tells Margaret: 'Don't take up that sentimental attitude over the poor.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Forster's presentation of attitudes to the poor in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the meeting between Margaret and Miss Avery in the following passage.

Miss Avery said, "Well, come right in, Mrs. Wilcox!" quite pleasantly and calmly.

"Thank you so much," began Margaret, but broke off at the sight of an umbrella-stand. It was her own.

"Come right into the hall first," said Miss Avery. She drew the curtain, and Margaret uttered a cry of despair. For an appalling thing had happened. The hall was fitted up with the contents of the library from Wickham Place. The carpet had been laid, the big work-table drawn up near the window; the bookcases filled the wall opposite the fireplace, and her father's sword—this is what bewildered her particularly—had been drawn from its scabbard and hung naked amongst the sober volumes. Miss Avery must have worked for days. 5 10

"I'm afraid this isn't what we meant," she began. "Mr. Wilcox and I never intended the cases to be touched. For instance, these books are my brother's. We are storing them for him and for my sister, who is abroad. When you kindly undertook to look after things, we never expected you to do so much." 15

"The house has been empty long enough," said the old woman.

Margaret refused to argue. "I dare say we didn't explain," she said civilly. "It has been a mistake, and very likely our mistake."

"Mrs. Wilcox, it has been mistake upon mistake for fifty years. The house is Mrs. Wilcox's, and she would not desire it to stand empty any longer." 20

To help the poor decaying brain, Margaret said:

"Yes, Mrs. Wilcox's house, the mother of Mr. Charles."

"Mistake upon mistake," said Miss Avery. "Mistake upon mistake."

"Well, I don't know," said Margaret, sitting down in one of her own chairs. "I really don't know what's to be done." She could not help laughing. 25

The other said: "Yes, it should be a merry house enough."

"I don't know—I dare say. Well, thank you very much, Miss Avery. Yes, that's all right. Delightful."

"There is still the parlour." She went through the door opposite and drew a curtain. Light flooded the drawing-room furniture from Wickham Place. "And the dining-room." More curtains were drawn, more windows were flung open to the spring. "Then through here—" Miss Avery continued passing and repassing through the hall. Her voice was lost, but Margaret heard her pulling up the kitchen blind. "I've not finished here yet," she announced, returning. "There's still a deal to do. The farm lads will carry your great wardrobes upstairs, for there is no need to go into expense at Hilton." 30 35

"It is all a mistake," repeated Margaret, feeling that she must put her foot down. "A misunderstanding. Mr. Wilcox and I are not going to live at Howards End."

"Oh, indeed! On account of his hay fever?"

"We have settled to build a new home for ourselves in Sussex, and part of this furniture—my part—will go down there presently." 40

She looked at Miss Avery intently, trying to understand the kink in her brain.

Here was no maundering old woman. Her wrinkles were shrewd and humorous. She looked capable of scathing wit and also of high but unostentatious nobility.

“You think that you won’t come back to live here, Mrs. Wilcox, but you will.” 45

“That remains to be seen,” said Margaret, smiling. “We have no intention of doing so for the present. We happen to need a much larger house. Circumstances oblige us to give big parties. Of course, some day—one never knows, does one?”

Miss Avery retorted: “Some day! Tcha! Tcha! Don’t talk about some day. You are living here now.” 50

“Am I?”

“You are living here, and have been for the last ten minutes, if you ask me.”

It was a senseless remark, but with a queer feeling of disloyalty Margaret rose from her chair. She felt that Henry had been obscurely censured. They went into the dining-room, where the sunlight poured in upon her mother’s chiffonier, and upstairs, 55 where many an old god peeped from a new niche. The furniture fitted extraordinarily well. In the central room—over the hall, the room that Helen had slept in four years ago—Miss Avery had placed Tibby’s old bassinet.

“The nursery,” she said.

Margaret turned away without speaking. 60

Chapter 33

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Jamaica and the importance of the Jamaica sections to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Gilbert's search for a job.

If the Almighty, perusing that list in the celestial book, was to have told me, 'One day, Gilbert Joseph, you will be pleased that by your name, in the list of achievements, is written only the one word ... driver,' I would have had to tell the deity, delicate but firm, that He was mad. But, as ever, the Almighty in His wisdom proved to be right. Come, let me tell you how. See me now. I am dressed no longer in my RAF uniform of blue but still, from the left, from the right, this West Indian man is looking just as fine in his best civilian suit. In my hand I have a letter of introduction from the forces labour exchange concerning a job as a storeman. I take it to the office of the potential employer. 5

I enter and am greeted by an Englishman who smiles on me and shakes my hand. 'Come in. Sit down,' he tell me. A cup of tea is brought and placed before me. All good signs — I have the job, I comfort myself. The man takes up the letter to read the contents. Everything is in order. 'So, you were in the RAF?' he ask. 10

'Yes, sir.'

'I was in the RAF. Where were you stationed?' There then followed a short conversation about those days, before the man said, 'Myself, I was in Falmouth.' For the next hour I am having to shift delicately on my seat and pinch myself so my eyes do not close, while this man acquaint me with his time on radar. In a pause between his breaths I shrewdly remind him of the job I had come to see him about. Was it to be mine? 15 20

'No, sorry,' he say.

His explanation was that there were women working in the factory. Not understanding his meaning I said that I did not mind. He smiled at this and then told me, 'You see, we have white women working here. Now, in the course of your duties, what if you accidentally found yourself talking to a white woman?' For a moment the man sounded so reasonable, so measured, I thought him to be talking sense. 25

'I would be very courteous to her,' I assured him.

But he shook his head. He wanted no answer from me. 'I'm afraid all hell would break loose if the men found you talking to their women. They simply wouldn't stand for that. As much as I'd like to I can't give you the job. You must see the problems it would cause?' 30

Once my breath had returned enabling me to speak again, I asked him why he could not have told me this an hour before when I still had feeling in my backside. He tell me he wanted to be kind to an ex-serviceman. 35

Another office I am invited into, the man ask me if I am a Christian. Let me tell you, after a few weeks back in this after-the-war England, God slipping from me like a freshly launched ship. But I say yes. The man start praying among the telephone and blotting-pad. He invite me to join him. I need the job so I lower my head. At the end of praising the Lord together he tell me he cannot employ me because his partner does not like coloured people. I nearly knock him into an early meeting with the Almighty when he called on God to bless me as I left. 40

In five, no, in six places, the job I had gone for vanish with one look upon my face. Another, I wait, letter in my hand, while everyone in this office go about their business as if I am not there. I can feel them watching me close as a pickpocket with his prey but cannot catch even a peeping twinkle of an eye. Until a man come in agitated. 'What're you doing here?' he say to me. 'We don't want you. There's no 45

job for you here. I'm going to get in touch with that labour exchange, tell them not to send any more of you people. We can't use your sort. Go on, get out.'

The girl at another office look on me with such horror – man, I swear her hair standing straight as stiff fingers – that with no hesitation I walk right back out again. Was I to look upon that expression every day? Come, soon I would believe that there was indeed something wrong with me. 50

Chapter 30

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which loving relationships are presented in **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *The Destructors*, considering ways in which it presents T. and his plan.

'Where you been, T.?' Blackie asked. 'You can't vote now. You know the rules.'

'I've been *there*,' T. said. He looked at the ground, as though he had thoughts to hide.

'Where?'

'At Old Misery's.' Mike's mouth opened and then hurriedly closed again with a click. He had remembered the frog. 5

'At Old Misery's?' Blackie said. There was nothing in the rules against it, but he had a sensation that T. was treading on dangerous ground. He asked hopefully, 'Did you break in?'

'No. I rang the bell.' 10

'And what did you say?'

'I said I wanted to see his house.'

'What did he do?'

'He showed it me.'

'Pinch anything?' 15

'No.'

'What did you do it for then?'

The gang had gathered round: it was as though an impromptu court were about to form and to try some case of deviation. T. said, 'It's a beautiful house,' and still watching the ground, meeting no one's eyes, he licked his lips first one way, then the other. 20

'What do you mean, a beautiful house?' Blackie asked with scorn.

'It's got a staircase two hundred years old like a corkscrew. Nothing holds it up.'

'What do you mean, nothing holds it up. Does it float?'

'It's to do with opposite forces, Old Misery said.' 25

'What else?'

'There's panelling.'

'Like in the Blue Boar?'

'Two hundred years old.'

'Is Old Misery two hundred years old?' 30

Mike laughed suddenly and then was quiet again. The meeting was in a serious mood. For the first time since T. had strolled into the car-park on the first day of the holidays his position was in danger. It only needed a single use of his real name and the gang would be at his heels.

'What did you do it for?' Blackie asked. He was just, he had no jealousy, he was anxious to retain T. in the gang if he could. It was the word 'beautiful' that worried him – that belonged to a class world that you could still see parodied at the Wormsley Common Empire by a man wearing a top hat and a monocle, with a haw-haw accent. He was tempted to say, 'My dear Trevor, old chap,' and unleash his hell hounds. 'If you'd broken in,' he said sadly – that indeed would have been an exploit worthy of the gang. 35

'This was better,' T. said, 'I found out things.' He continued to stare at his feet, not meeting anybody's eye, as though he were absorbed in some dream he was unwilling – or ashamed – to share.

'What things?' 45

'Old Misery's going to be away all tomorrow and Bank Holiday.'

Blackie said with relief, 'You mean we could break in?'

'And pinch things?' somebody asked.

Blackie said, 'Nobody's going to pinch things. Breaking in – that's good enough, isn't it? We don't want any court stuff.' 50

'I don't want to pinch anything,' T. said. 'I've got a better idea.'

'What is it?'

T. raised eyes, as grey and disturbed as the drab August day. 'We'll pull it down,' he said. 'We'll destroy it.'

Blackie gave a single hoot of laughter and then, like Mike, fell quiet, daunted by the serious implacable gaze. 'What'd the police be doing all the time?' he said. 55

'They'd never know. We'd do it from inside. I've found a way in.' He said with a sort of intensity, 'We'd be like worms, don't you see, in an apple. When we came out again there'd be nothing there, no staircase, no panels, nothing but just walls, and then we'd make the walls fall down – somehow.' 60

'We'd go to jug,' Blackie said.

'Who's to prove? And anyway we wouldn't have pinched anything.' He added without the smallest flicker of glee, 'There wouldn't be anything to pinch after we'd finished.'

The Destructors

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