



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

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) Discuss ways in which Frost presents the importance of chance discoveries in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it presents the speaker's decision-making.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

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And that has made all the difference.

OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill* which present suffering.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it explores ideas of inheritance.

Inheritance
After R.S. Thomas

From my father a stammer
like a stick in the spokes of my speech.
A tired blink,
a need to have my bones
near the hill's bare stone. 5
An affection for the order of maps
and the chaos of bad weather.

From my mother
a sensitivity to the pain in the pleasure.
The eye's blue ore, 10
quiet moments beside a wet horse
drying in a rain-loud stable.
A joiner's lathe
turning fact into fable.

And from them both – 15
a desire for what they forged
in their shared lives;
testing it under the years' hard hammer,
red hot at its core,
cooled dark at its sides. 20

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems present work.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's state of mind.

The Mountain

At evening, something behind me.
I start for a second, I blench,
or staggeringly halt and burn.
I do not know my age.

In the morning it is different. 5
An open book confronts me,
too close to read in comfort.
Tell me how old I am.

And then the valleys stuff 10
impenetrable mists
like cotton in my ears.
I do not know my age.

I do not mean to complain. 15
They say it is my fault.
Nobody tells me anything.
Tell me how old I am.

The deepest demarcations 20
can slowly spread and fade
like any blue tattoo.
I do not know my age.

Shadows fall down, lights climb.
Clambering lights, oh children!
you never stay long enough.
Tell me how old I am.

Stone wings have sifted here 25
with feather hardening feather.
The claws are lost somewhere.
I do not know my age.

Elizabeth Bishop

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the novel presents the relationship between the wealthy and the poor.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Margaret and Henry Wilcox.

Margaret believed in immortality for herself. An eternal future had always seemed natural to her. And Henry believed in it for himself. Yet, would they meet again? Are there not rather endless levels beyond the grave, as the theory that he had censured teaches? And his level, whether higher or lower, could it possibly be the same as hers? 5

Thus gravely meditating, she was summoned by him. He sent up Crane in the motor. Other servants passed like water, but the chauffeur remained, though impertinent and disloyal. Margaret disliked Crane, and he knew it.

"Is it the keys that Mr. Wilcox wants?" she asked,

"He didn't say, madam." 10

"You haven't any note for me?"

"He didn't say, madam."

After a moment's thought she locked up Howards End. It was pitiable to see in it the stirrings of warmth that would be quenched for ever. She raked out the fire that was blazing in the kitchen, and spread the coals in the gravelled yard. She closed the windows and drew the curtains. Henry would probably sell the place now. 15

She was determined not to spare him, for nothing new had happened as far as they were concerned. Her mood might never have altered from yesterday evening. He was standing a little outside Charles's gate, and motioned the car to stop. When his wife got out he said hoarsely: "I prefer to discuss things with you outside." 20

"It will be more appropriate in the road, I am afraid," said Margaret. "Did you get my message?"

"What about?"

"I am going to Germany with my sister. I must tell you now that I shall make it my permanent home. Our talk last night was more important than you have realised. I am unable to forgive you and am leaving you." 25

"I am extremely tired," said Henry, in injured tones. "I have been walking about all the morning, and wish to sit down."

"Certainly, if you will consent to sit on the grass."

The Great North Road should have been bordered all its length with glebe. Henry's kind had filched most of it. She moved to the scrap opposite, wherein were the Six Hills. They sat down on the farther side, so that they could not be seen by Charles or Dolly. 30

"Here are your keys," said Margaret. She tossed them towards him. They fell on the sunlit slope of grass, and he did not pick them up. 35

"I have something to tell you," he said gently.

She knew this superficial gentleness, this confession of hastiness, that was only intended to enhance her admiration of the male.

"I don't want to hear it," she replied. "My sister is going to be ill. My life is going to be with her now. We must manage to build up something, she and I and her child." 40

"Where are you going?"

"Munich. We start after the inquest, if she is not too ill."

"After the inquest?"

“Yes.”	45
“Have you realised what the verdict at the inquest will be?”	
“Yes, heart disease.”	
“No, my dear; manslaughter.”	
Margaret drove her fingers through the grass. The hill beneath her moved as if it were alive.	50
“Manslaughter,” repeated Mr. Wilcox. “Charles may go to prison. I dare not tell him. I don’t know what to do—what to do. I’m broken—I’m ended.”	
No sudden warmth arose in her. She did not see that to break him was her only hope. She did not enfold the sufferer in her arms. But all through that day and the next a new life began to move. The verdict was brought in. Charles was committed for trial. It was against all reason that he should be punished, but the law, notwithstanding, sentenced him to three years’ imprisonment. Then Henry’s fortress gave way. He could bear no one but his wife; he shambled up to Margaret afterwards and asked her to do what she could with him. She did what seemed easiest—she took him down to recruit at Howards End.	55 60

Chapter 43

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and role of Queenie in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Hortense's first night in London.

My toe immediately fell into the hole in the sheet as I got into the bed. But it was not the fault of my foot that the sheet was so flimsy it ripped in two as easy as paper. 'Cha, that is the only good sheet I have.' I shielded my ears from the cussing that flew from the man's mouth as he began to undress.

'Excuse me,' I said, 'but would you be so kind as to please turn off the light?' 5

'Wait,' he told me, 'I just get undress.'

Any man of breeding would have realised that that was why a woman such as I might require the light to be off. I did not wish him to stand before me in his nakedness as puffed as a peacock, as he did that night in Jamaica. 'That is why I should like the light extinguished,' I had to inform the fool. 10

And he laughed. 'So you can't trust yourself to keep your eye away from me?' But I paid him no mind. Even with no light in the room, the street-lamp glowed luminous through the window. Any poor Jamaican would have been proud to have so much electric light reach their night-time eyes. I could feel the man standing by the bed when he had finished changing. Jiggling up himself and skipping with the cold. I decided then that if one of his fingers so much as brushed the cover on the bed I would scream so loud that ears back home in Halfway Tree would hear me. It was hard to tell who groaned more – the silly man as he wrestled blankets around him or the tumbledown armchair as he restlessly fidgeted for comfort. 15 20

At first I thought the scratching was Gilbert – he was rough enough for such bad behaviour. But then I heard a pitter-patter running above my head across the ceiling. 'You hear that?' I asked him.

The wretched man was asleep. He wake up saying, 'What, what?' 25

'Can you hear that scratching?'

It was matter-of-factness that said, 'It's just the rats.'

'Rats!'

'Well, mice ...'

'You bring me to a house with rats?'

'No, they are mice. And every house in London has mice. They bombed out too, you know.' 30

But this scratching was coming so loud. 'You sure it is mice?' I asked.

'Well,' the man told me, 'you see mice in England like to wear boots.'

I could feel him smiling to himself at this silly joke. 'You must get rid of them.' 35

'Okay,' he said.

'Now, Gilbert.'

'How you expect me get rid of rats now?'

'You say it was mice.'

'Mice, rats, it's still the middle of the night. What you wan' me do?' 40

'You must tell the landlady.'

'Cha, you wan' me go wake her to tell her something she already know. Come, Hortense, please, go to sleep, it is only noise they are making.'

I tried to sleep but the mice had decided to push a piano across the floor of the room above. I could see them in my mind's eye as clear as if I was watching their furry figures labouring in their boots. 45

'Gilbert?' I said quietly.

'Oh, cha,' he yelled. He took up his shoe and threw it at the ceiling. I heard the vermin scatter just before the shoe landed, 'Ouch', on top of Gilbert. Buffoon!

'What goes up must come down,' I told him.

50

'Oh, in the name of God, please, go to sleep, Hortense,' he begged. 'I promise it will all be different in the morning.'

Chapter 10

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which money or wealth is important in **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Mr Wills in the following passage from *The Taste of Watermelon*.

Mr Wills was a big man. He had bright, fierce eyes under heavy brows and, when he looked down at you, you just withered. The idea of having him directly and immediately angry at one of us was enough to shrivel the soul. All that summer Willadean walked up and down the high road or sat on their front porch in a rocking chair, her dress flared out around her, and not one of us dared do more than say good morning to her. 5

Mr Wills was the best farmer in the community. My father said he could drive a stick into the ground and grow a tree out of it. But it wasn't an easy thing with him; Mr Wills fought the earth when he worked it. When he ploughed his fields, you could hear him yelling for a mile. It was as though he dared the earth not to yield him its sustenance. 10

Above all, Mr Wills could raise watermelons. Now, watermelons are curious things. Some men can send off for the best watermelon seed, they can plant it in the best ground they own, they can hoe it and tend it with the greatest of care, and they can't raise a melon bigger than your two fists. Other men, like Mr Wills, can throw seed on the ground, scuff dirt over it, walk off and leave it and have a crop of the prettiest, biggest melons you ever saw. 15

Mr Wills always planted the little field directly behind his barn with watermelons. It ran from the barn to the creek, a good piece of land with just the right sandy soil for melon raising. And it seemed as though the melons just bulged up out of the ground for him. 20

But they were Mr Wills's melons; he didn't have any idea of sharing them with the boys of the neighbourhood. He was fiercer about his melons than anything else; if you just happened to walk close to his melon patch, you'd see Mr Wills standing and watching you with a glower on his face. And likely as not he'd have his gun under his arm. 25

Everybody expected to lose a certain quantity of their watermelons to terrapins (tortoises) and a certain quantity to boys. It wasn't considered stealing to sneak into a man's melon patch and judiciously borrow a sample of his raising. You might get a load of salt in the seat of your pants, if you were seen, but that was part of the game. You'd be looked down on only if you got malicious and stamped a lot of melons into the ground while you were about it. But Mr Wills didn't think that way. 30

That summer I was sixteen Mr Wills raised the greatest watermelon ever seen in that country. It grew in the very middle of his patch, three times as big as any melon anybody had ever seen. Men came from miles around to look at it. Mr Wills wouldn't let them go into the melon patch. They had to stand around the edge. 35

Just like all other daredevil boys in that country, I guess, Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had talked idly about stealing that giant watermelon. But we all knew that it was just talk. Not only were we afraid of Mr Wills and his rages but we knew that Mr Wills sat in the hayloft window of his barn every night with his shotgun, guarding the melon. It was his seed melon. He meant to plant next year's crop out of that great one and maybe raise a whole field of them. Mr Wills was in a frenzy of fear that somebody would steal it. Why, he would rather you stole Willadean than his melon. At least, he didn't guard Willadean with his shotgun. 40 45

Every night I could sit on our front porch and see Mr Wills sitting up there in the window of his hayloft, looking fiercely out over his melon patch. I'd sit there by the

hour and watch him, the shotgun cradled in his arm, and feel the tremors of fear and excitement chasing up and down my spine.

‘Look at him,’ my father would say. ‘Scared to death somebody will steal his seed melon. Wouldn’t anybody steal a man’s seed melon.’ 50

‘He ought to be in the house taking care of that wife of his,’ my mother would say tartly. ‘She’s been poorly all year.’

You hardly ever saw Mrs Wills. She was a wraith of a woman, pale as a butter bean. Sometimes she would sit for an hour or two on their porch in the cool of the day. They didn’t visit back and forth with anybody though. 55

The Taste of Watermelon

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