



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/21

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen

May/June 2024

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.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

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

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

KIRAN DESAI: *The Inheritance of Loss*

1 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Desai presents Kalimpong in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which Desai presents Biju's ambition to gain a green card.

The green card, the green card –

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Biju couldn't help but feel a flash of anger at his father for sending him alone to this country, but he knew he wouldn't have forgiven his father for not trying to send him, either.

(*from Chapter 14*)

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

2 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which McEwan makes the incident with the broken vase significant to the novel as a whole.

Or (b) Comment closely on McEwan's presentation of how Briony justifies her actions in the following passage.

There was a crime.

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The
attempt was all.

(from London 1999)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 1

3 Either (a) Compare ways in which the writers of **two** stories present characters' responses to death.

Or (b) Comment closely on Paule Marshall's presentation of the first meeting between the narrator and her grandmother in the following passage from *To Da-duh, in Memoriam*.

I did not see her at first I remember.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

She was the
first to look away.

(*from To Da-duh, in Memoriam*)

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

4 Either (a) Discuss ways in which Twain presents the dangers of the raft journey down the river.

Or (b) Comment closely on Twain's presentation of Huck's father in the following passage.

He drank, and drank, and tumbled down on his blankets, by-and-by; but luck didn't run my way. He didn't go sound asleep, but was uneasy. He groaned, and moaned, and thrashed around this way and that, for a long time. At last I got so sleepy I couldn't keep my eyes open, all I could do, and so before I knew what I was about I was sound asleep, and the candle burning.

I don't know how long I was asleep, but all of a sudden there was an awful scream and I was up. There was pap, looking wild and skipping around every which way and yelling about snakes. He said they was crawling up his legs; and then he would give a jump and scream, and say one had bit him on the cheek – but I couldn't see no snakes. He started and run round and round the cabin, hollering 'take him off! take him off! he's biting me on the neck!' I never see a man look so wild in the eyes. Pretty soon he was all fagged out, and fell down panting; then he rolled over and over, wonderful fast, kicking things every which way, and striking and grabbing at the air with his hands, and screaming, and saying there was devils ahold of him. He wore out, by-and-by, and laid still a while, moaning. Then he laid stiller, and didn't make a sound. I could hear the owls and the wolves, away off in the woods, and it seemed terrible still. He was laying over by the corner. By-and-by he raised up, part way, and listened, with his head to one side. He says very low:

'Tramp – tramp – tramp; that's the dead; tramp – tramp – tramp; they're coming after me; but I won't go – Oh, they're here! don't touch me – don't! hands off – they're cold; let go – Oh, let a poor devil alone!'

Then he went down on all fours and crawled off begging them to let him alone, and he rolled himself up in his blanket and wallowed in under the old pine table, still a-begging; and then he went to crying. I could hear him through the blanket.

By-and-by he rolled out and jumped up on his feet looking wild and he see me and went for me. He chased me round and round the place, with a clasp-knife, calling me the Angel of Death and saying he would kill me and then I couldn't come for him no more. I begged, and told him I was only Huck, but he laughed *such* a screechy laugh, and roared and cussed, and kept on chasing me up. Once when I turned short and dodged under his arm he made a grab and got me by the jacket between my shoulders, and I thought I was gone; but I slid out of the jacket quick as lightning, and saved myself. Pretty soon he was all tired out, and dropped down with his back against the door, and said he would rest a minute and then kill me. He put his knife under him, and said he would sleep and get strong, and then he would see who was who.

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(from Chapter 6)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

5 Discuss the presentation of the life of a servant in the following passage.

In your answer, consider the writer's choice of language, detail and narrative methods.

There and then I resolved never again to tell anyone in Delhi *anything* I was thinking. Especially not another servant.

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One disadvantage was that the electric bell did not penetrate this room – but that was a kind of advantage too, I discovered in time.

Or

6 Comment closely on the presentation of the sea in the following poem.

In your answer, consider the writer's choice of language, imagery and poetic methods.

Sea Reading

for H M

Thick skinned in wetsuits, sitting on surf boards,
we are learning to read again,
tracing, in the distance, the phrases of the waves.

Under the sun we watch each swell,
familiarise ourselves with their false promises,
the words that fail to make the page.

We wait, between the speech marks of distant gulls,
between the blank paper of the beach
and the last line of the horizon.

We wait for the sentence of water,
kamikazing¹ itself towards the shore, that will allow us
our fluency,
our moment of balance on the tightrope of the wave,

before it cuts us short, rubs us out
in a diaspora² of white water,
leaving us to struggle back through our new language,

back to where, resting in a caesura,
showing only their heads, an ellipsis of seals
tells us it will continue,

but that for now the water is preparing its speech,
drawing upon its vocabulary of waves,
which are still just ideas, growing in the mind of the sea.

¹ *kamikazing*: crashing and killing

² *diaspora*: wide spread

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