



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/03**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2008**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **8** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) It has been said that Bhatt's poems focused on India are less successful than those based on her experiences elsewhere. By comparing **two** poems, say whether you find this to be true.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to its portrayal of a child's perception of the world.

*Genealogy*

My daughter  
 when she was four  
 once described herself as a tiny egg,  
 so small, she was inside me  
 at a time when I was still not born 5  
 when I was still within her grandmother.  
 And so, she concluded triumphantly,  
*I was also inside Aaji.*

When she showed me  
 her newest painting, she said: 10

*At night the sun is black  
 and the moon turns yellow.  
 Look, that's how I painted it.  
 This is the sky at night  
 so the sun is also black.* 15

*What are the angels doing at night?  
 It's not bad to die  
 because then you can become  
 an angel – and you can fly and that's so nice –  
 I'll be happy to be an angel.* 20

Later, I overheard her say to her father:

*When I am a grandmother  
 I'll be very old  
 and you'll be dead.  
 But I hope you've learned 25  
 to fly by that time*

*because then you can  
 fly over to my house  
 and watch me with my grandchildren.*

*Songs of Ourselves (Section 4)*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss the ways the poets make universal comments out of their personal reflections and experiences.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, exploring its concerns with identity and place.

*Where I Come From*

People are made of places. They carry with them  
 hints of jungles or mountains, a tropic grace  
 or the cool eyes of sea-gazers. Atmosphere of cities  
 how different drops from them, like the smell of smog  
 or the almost-not-smell of tulips in the spring, 5  
 nature tidily plotted in little squares  
 with a fountain in the centre; museum smell,  
 art also tidily plotted with a guidebook;  
 or the smell of work, glue factories maybe,  
 chromium-plated offices; smell of subways 10  
 crowded at rush hours.

Where I come from, people  
 carry woods in their minds, acres of pine woods;  
 blueberry patches in the burned-out bush;  
 wooden farmhouses, old, in need of paint, 15  
 with yards where hens and chickens circle about,  
 clucking aimlessly; battered schoolhouses  
 behind which violets grow. Spring and winter  
 are the mind's chief seasons: ice and the breaking of ice.

A door in the mind blows open, and there blows 20  
 a frosty wind from fields of snow.

*Elizabeth Brewster*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poetry*

- 3 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss the importance of solitude in Wordsworth's poetry.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to how it develops Wordsworth's characteristic concerns.

One evening (surely I was led by her)  
 I went alone into a Shepherd's Boat,  
 A Skiff that to a Willow tree was tied  
 Within a rocky Cave, its usual home. 5

'Twas by the shores of Patterdale, a Vale  
 Wherein I was a Stranger, thither come  
 A School-boy Traveller, at the Holidays.  
 Forth rambled from the Village Inn alone,  
 No sooner had I sight of this small Skiff,  
 Discovered thus by unexpected chance, 10  
 Than I unloosed her tether and embarked.  
 The moon was up, the Lake was shining clear  
 Among the hoary mountains; from the Shore  
 I pushed, and struck the oars and struck again  
 In cadence, and my little Boat moved on 15  
 Even like a Man who walks with stately step  
 Though bent on speed. It was an act of stealth  
 And troubled pleasure; not without the voice  
 Of mountain-echoes did my Boat move on,  
 Leaving behind her still on either side 20  
 Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
 Until they melted all into one track  
 Of sparkling light. A rocky Steep arose  
 Above the Cavern of the Willow tree  
 And now, as suited one who proudly rowed 25  
 With his best skill, I fixed a steady view  
 Upon the top of that same craggy ridge,  
 The bound of the horizon, for behind  
 Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.  
 She was an elfin Pinnacle; lustily 30  
 I dipped my oars into the silent Lake,  
 And, as I rose upon the stroke, my Boat  
 Went heaving through the water, like a Swan;  
 When from behind that craggy Steep, till then  
 The bound of the horizon, a huge Cliff, 35  
 As if with voluntary power instinct,  
 Upreared its head. I struck, and struck again,  
 And, growing still in stature, the huge Cliff  
 Rose up between me and the stars, and still,  
 With measured motion, like a living thing, 40  
 Strode after me. With trembling hands I turned,  
 And through the silent water stole my way  
 Back to the Cavern of the Willow tree.  
 There, in her mooring-place, I left my Bark,  
 And, through the meadows homeward went, with grave 45  
 And serious thoughts; and after I had seen  
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain  
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense

Of unknown modes of being; in my thoughts  
There was a darkness, call it solitude, 50  
Or blank desertion, no familiar shapes  
Of hourly objects, images of trees,  
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;  
But huge and mighty Forms that do not live  
Like living men moved slowly through my mind 55  
By day and were the trouble of my dreams.

From *The Prelude, Book 1*

## Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Achebe shows a government dominated by militant, totalitarian leaders just as oppressive as the white colonists.'

With this comment in mind, discuss Achebe's presentation of government in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing in particular on the presentation of Chris here and the significance of this episode in the novel.

The girl's desperate shriek rose high over the dense sprawling noises of the road party. The police sergeant was dragging her in the direction of a small cluster of round huts not far from the road and surrounded as was common in these parts by a fence of hideously-spiked cactus. He was pulling her by the wrists, his gun slung from the shoulder. A few of the passengers, mostly other women, were pleading and protesting timorously. But most of the men found it very funny indeed. 5

She threw herself down on her buttocks in desperation. But the sergeant would not let up. He dragged her along on the seat of her once neat blue dress through clumps of scorched tares and dangers of broken glass.

Chris bounded forward and held the man's hand and ordered him to release the girl at once. As if that was not enough he said, 'I will make a report about this to the Inspector General of Police.' 10

'You go report me for where? You de craze! No be you de ask about President just now? If you no commot for my front now I go blow your head to Jericho, craze-man.' 15

'Na you de craze,' said Chris. 'A police officer stealing a lorry-load of beer and then abducting a school girl! You are a disgrace to the force.'

The other said nothing more. He unslung his gun, cocked it, narrowed his eyes while confused voices went up all around some asking Chris to run, others the policeman to put the gun away. Chris stood his ground looking straight into the man's face, daring him to shoot. And he did, point-blank into the chest presented to him. 20

'My friend, do you realize you have just shot the Commissioner for Information?' asked a man unsteady on his feet and shaking his head from side to side like an albino in bright sunshine.

Emmanuel and Braimoh, carrying the bags they had retrieved from the bus, arrived on the scene as Chris sank first to his knees in a grotesque supplicatory posture and then keeled over sideways before settling flat on his back. Emmanuel went down and knelt beside him and the girl knelt on the other side fumbling with the wounded man's shirt-front to stop a big hole through which blood escaped in copious spasms. 30

'Please, sir, don't go!' cried Emmanuel, tears pouring down his face. Chris shook his head and then seemed to gather all his strength to expel the agony on his twisted face and set a twilight smile on it. Through the smile he murmured words that sounded like *The Last Grin* ... A violent cough throttled the rest. He shivered with his whole body and lay still. 35

The sergeant had dropped his gun and fled into the wild scrubland. Braimoh had raced after him past the clusters of huts and, a hundred yards or so beyond, had wrestled him to the ground. They rolled over and over sending up whirls of dust. But Braimoh was no match for him in size, strength or desperation. The crowd on the road saw him get up again and continue his run, unattended this time, into a red sunset. 40

Chapter 17

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) It has been said that in this novel George Eliot writes of ‘the stifling of the individual by artificial social rules’. How far do you find this an important concern in *The Mill on the Floss*?
- Or** (b) Discuss in detail the following passage, commenting on its presentation of Tom’s education.

Education was almost entirely a matter of luck – usually of ill luck – in those distant days. The state of mind in which you take a billiard-cue or a dice-box in your hand is one of sober certainty compared with that of old-fashioned fathers, like Mr Tulliver, when they selected a school or a tutor for their sons. Excellent men, who had been forced all their lives to spell on an impromptu phonetic system, and having carried on a successful business in spite of this disadvantage, had acquired money enough to give their sons a better start in life than they had had themselves, must necessarily take their chance as to the conscience and the competence of the schoolmaster whose circular fell in their way, and appeared to promise so much more than they would ever have thought of asking for, including the return of linen, fork, and spoon. It was happy for them if some ambitious draper of their acquaintance had not brought up his son to the Church, and if that young gentleman, at the age of four-and-twenty, had not closed his college dissipations by an imprudent marriage; otherwise, these innocent fathers, desirous of doing the best for their offspring, could only escape the draper’s son by happening to be on the foundation of a grammar-school as yet unvisited by commissioners, where two or three boys could have, all to themselves, the advantages of a large and lofty building, together with a headmaster, toothless, dim-eyed, and deaf, whose erudite indistinctness and inattention were engrossed by them at the rate of three hundred pounds a head – a ripe scholar, doubtless, when first appointed; but all ripeness beneath the sun has a further stage less esteemed in the market.

Tom Tulliver, then, compared with many other British youths of his time, who have since had to scramble through life with some fragments of more or less relevant knowledge, and a great deal of strictly relevant ignorance, was not so very unlucky. Mr Stelling was a broad-chested healthy man, with the bearing of a gentleman, a conviction that a growing boy required a sufficiency of beef, and a certain hearty kindness in him that made him like to see Tom looking well and enjoying his dinner; not a man of refined conscience, or with any deep sense of the infinite issues belonging to everyday duties; not quite competent to his high offices; but incompetent gentlemen must live, and without private fortune it is difficult to see how they could all live genteelly if they had nothing to do with education or government. Besides, it was the fault of Tom’s mental constitution that his faculties could not be nourished on the sort of knowledge Mr Stelling had to communicate. A boy born with a deficient power of apprehending signs and abstractions must suffer the penalty of his congenital deficiency, just as if he had been born with one leg shorter than the other. A method of education sanctioned by the long practice of our venerable ancestors was not to give way before the exceptional dullness of a boy who was merely living at the time then present. And Mr Stelling was convinced that a boy so stupid at signs and abstractions must be stupid at everything else, even if that reverend gentleman could have taught him everything else. It was the practice of our venerable ancestors to apply that ingenious instrument the thumbscrew, and to tighten and tighten it in order to elicit non-existent facts: they had a fixed opinion to begin with, that the facts were existent, and what had they to do but to tighten the thumbscrew? In like manner, Mr Stelling had a fixed opinion that all boys with any capacity could learn what it was the only regular thing to teach: if they were slow, the thumbscrew must be tightened – the exercises must be insisted on with increased severity, and a page of Virgil be awarded as a penalty, to encourage and stimulate a too languid inclination to Latin verse.

*Book Two Chapter Four*

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Few of Mansfield's characters are attractive; her stories are full of characters we are encouraged to dislike.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the effects of Mansfield's characterisation in **two** stories.

- Or** (b) Commenting closely on the language of the following passage, discuss the impression made on a reader by the two characters here, bearing in mind the conclusion of the story.

'Thank you very much. They were very interesting.' She smiled prettily handing back the papers. 'But you speak German extremely well,' said the old man. 'You have been in Germany before, of course?' 'Oh no, this is the first time' – a little pause, then – 'this is the first time that I have ever been abroad at all.' 'Really! I am surprised. You gave me the impression, if I may say so, that you were accustomed to travelling.' 'Oh, well – I have been about a good deal in England, and to Scotland, once.' 'So. I myself have been in England once, but I could not learn English.' He raised one hand and shook his head, laughing. 'No, it was too difficult for me. ... "Ow-doo-you-do. Please vich is ze vay to Leicestaire Squaare."' She laughed too. 'Foreigners always say ...' They had quite a little talk about it. 'But you will like Munich,' said the old man. 'Munich is a wonderful city. Museums, pictures, galleries, fine buildings and shops, concerts, theatres, restaurants – all are in Munich. I have travelled all over Europe many, many times in my life, but it is always to Munich that I return. You will enjoy yourself there.' 'I am not going to *stay* in Munich,' said the little governess, and she added shyly, 'I am going to a post as governess to a doctor's family in Augsburg.' 'Ah, that was it.' Augsburg he knew. Augsburg – well – was not beautiful. A solid manufacturing town. But if Germany was new to her he hoped she would find something interesting there too. 'I am sure I shall.' 'But what a pity not to see Munich before you go. You ought to take a little holiday on your way' – he smiled – 'and store up some pleasant memories.' 'I am afraid I could not do *that*,' said the little governess, shaking her head, suddenly important and serious. 'And also, if one is alone ...' He quite understood. He bowed, serious too. They were silent after that. The train shattered on, baring its dark, flaming breast to the hills and to the valleys. It was warm in the carriage. She seemed to lean against the dark rushing and to be carried away and away. Little sounds made themselves heard; steps in the corridor, doors opening and shutting – a murmur of voices – whistling. ... Then the window was pricked with long needles of rain. ... But it did not matter ... it was outside ... and she had her umbrella ... she pouted, sighed, opened and shut her hands once and fell fast asleep.

'Pardon! Pardon!' The sliding back of the carriage door woke her with a start. What had happened? Someone had come in and gone out again. The old man sat in his corner, more upright than ever, his hands in the pockets of his coat, frowning heavily. 'Ha! ha! ha!' came from the carriage next door. Still half asleep, she put her hands to her hair to make sure it wasn't a dream. 'Disgraceful!' muttered the old man more to himself than to her. 'Common, vulgar fellows! I am afraid they disturbed you, gracious Fräulein, blundering in here like that.' No, not really. She was just going to wake up, and she took out her silver watch to look at the time. Half-past four. A cold blue light filled the window panes. Now when she rubbed a place she could see bright patches of fields, a clump of white houses like mushrooms, a road 'like a picture' with poplar trees on either side, a thread of river. How pretty it was! How pretty and how different! Even those pink clouds in the sky looked foreign. It was cold, but she pretended that it was far colder and rubbed her hands together and shivered, pulling at the collar of her coat because she was so happy.

*The Little Governess*









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