



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 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. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
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 **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Austen shapes a reader's response to Mr Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to Austen's methods of characterisation, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

It now occurred to the girls that their mother was in all likelihood perfectly ignorant of what had happened. They went to the library, therefore, and asked their father, whether he would not wish them to make it known to her. He was writing, and, without raising his head, coolly replied,

'Just as you please.'

5

'May we take my uncle's letter to read to her?'

'Take whatever you like, and get away.'

Elizabeth took the letter from his writing table, and they went up stairs together. Mary and Kitty were both with Mrs Bennet: one communication would, therefore, do for all. After a slight preparation for good news, the letter was read aloud. Mrs Bennet could hardly contain herself. As soon as Jane had read Mr Gardiner's hope of Lydia's being soon married, her joy burst forth, and every following sentence added to its exuberance. She was now in an irritation as violent from delight, as she had ever been fidgetty from alarm and vexation. To know that her daughter would be married was enough. She was disturbed by no fear for her felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct.

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'My dear, dear Lydia!' she cried: 'This is delightful indeed! – She will be married! – I shall see her again! – She will be married at sixteen! – My good, kind brother! – I knew how it would be – I knew he would manage every thing. How I long to see her! and to see dear Wickham too! But the clothes, the wedding clothes! I will write to my sister Gardiner about them directly. Lizzy, my dear, run down to your father, and ask him how much he will give her. Stay, stay, I will go myself. Ring the bell, Kitty, for Hill. I will put on my things in a moment. My dear, dear Lydia! – How merry we shall be together when we meet!'

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Her eldest daughter endeavoured to give some relief to the violence of these transports, by leading her thoughts to the obligations which Mr Gardiner's behaviour laid them all under.

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'For we must attribute this happy conclusion,' she added, 'in a great measure, to his kindness. We are persuaded that he has pledged himself to assist Mr Wickham with money.'

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'Well,' cried her mother, 'it is all very right; who should do it but her own uncle? If he had not had a family of his own, I and my children must have had all his money you know, and it is the first time we have ever had any thing from him, except a few presents. Well! I am so happy. In a short time, I shall have a daughter married. Mrs Wickham! How well it sounds. And she was only sixteen last June. My dear Jane, I am in such a flutter, that I am sure I can't write; so I will dictate, and you write for me. We will settle with your father about the money afterwards; but the things should be ordered immediately.'

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She was then proceeding to all the particulars of calico, muslin, and cambric, and would shortly have dictated some very plentiful orders, had not Jane, though with some difficulty, persuaded her to wait, till her father was at leisure to be consulted. One day's delay she observed, would be of small importance; and her

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mother was too happy, to be quite so obstinate as usual. Other schemes too came into her head.

'I will go to Meryton,' said she, 'as soon as I am dressed, and tell the good, good news to my sister Phillips. And as I come back, I can call on Lady Lucas and Mrs Long. Kitty, run down and order the carriage. An airing would do me a great deal of good, I am sure. Girls, can I do any thing for you in Meryton? Oh! here comes Hill. My dear Hill, have you heard the good news? Miss Lydia is going to be married; and you shall all have a bowl of punch, to make merry at her wedding.'

Mrs Hill began instantly to express her joy. Elizabeth received her congratulations amongst the rest, and then, sick of this folly, took refuge in her own room, that she might think with freedom.

Poor Lydia's situation must, at best, be bad enough; but that it was no worse, she had need to be thankful. She felt it so; and though, in looking forward, neither rational happiness nor worldly prosperity, could be justly expected for her sister; in looking back to what they had feared, only two hours ago, she felt all the advantages of what they had gained.

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(from Chapter 49)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

2 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Chaucer contrasts being single with being married in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, analyse the following extract, showing its significance to *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

I trowe it were to longe yow to tarie,
 If I yow tolde of every scrit and bond
 By which that she was feffed in his lond,
 Or for to herknen of hir riche array.
 But finally ycomen is the day 5
 That to the chirche bothe be they went
 For to receyve the hooly sacrament.
 Forth comth the preest, with stole abouthe his nekke,
 And bad hire be lyk Sarra and Rebekke
 In wysdom and in trouthe of mariage; 10
 And seyde his orisons, as is usage,
 And croucheth hem, and bad God sholde hem blesse,
 And made al siker ynogh with hoolynesse.
 Thus been they wedded with solempnitezee,
 And at the feeste sitteth he and she 15
 With othere worthy folk upon the deys.
 Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleys,
 And ful of instrumentz and of vitaille,
 The mooste deynstevous of al Ytaille.
 Biforn hem stooode instrumentz of swich soun 20
 That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphioun,
 Ne maden nevere swich a melodye.
 At every cours thanne cam loud mynstralcye
 That nevere tromped Joab for to heere,
 Nor he Theodosias, yet half so cleere 25
 At Thebes whan the citee was in doute.
 Bacus the wyn hem shynketh al abouthe,
 And Venus laugheth upon every wight,
 For Januarie was bicome hir knyght
 And wolde bothe assayen his corage 30
 In libertee, and eek in mariage;
 And with hire fyrbond in hire hand abouthe
 Daunceth biforn the bryde and al the route.
 And certeinly, I dar right wel seyn this,
 Ymeneus, that god of weddynge is, 35
 Saugh nevere his lyf so myrie a wedded man.
 Hoold thou thy pees, thou poete Marcian,
 That writest us that ilke weddynge murie
 Of hire Philologie and hym Mercurie,
 And of the songes that the Muses songe! 40
 To smal is bothe thy penne, and eek thy tongue,
 For to descryven of this mariage.
 Whan tendre youthe hath wedded stoupyng age,
 Ther is swich myrthe that it may nat be writen.
 Assayeth it youreself; thanne may ye witen 45
 If that I lye or noon in this matiere.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Donne explore different attitudes to death? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Good Morrow

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seven sleepers' den?
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking souls,
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love, all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,
 Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest,
 Where can we find two better hemispheres
 Without sharp north, without declining west?
 What ever dies, was not mixed equally;
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
 Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

4 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Hardy explore different kinds of conflict in *Far from the Madding Crowd*?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of the relationship between Bathsheba and Gabriel in the novel.

It was very odd to these two persons who knew each other passing well that the mere circumstance of their meeting in a new place and in a new way should make them so awkward and constrained. In the fields, or at her house, there had never been any embarrassment: but now that Oak had become the entertainer their lives seemed to be moved back again to the days when they were strangers. 5

'You'll think it strange that I have come, but —'

'O no — not at all.'

'— But I thought — Gabriel, I have been uneasy in the belief that I have offended you, and that you are going away on that account. It grieved me very much, and I couldn't help coming.' 10

'Offended me! As if you could do that Bathsheba.'

'Haven't I?' she asked gladly. 'But what are you going away for else?'

'I am not going to emigrate, you know: I wasn't aware that you would wish me not to when I told you, or I shouldn't have thought of doing it,' he said simply. 'I have arranged for the Lower Farm, and shall have it in my own hands at Lady Day. You know I've had a share in it for some time. Still, that wouldn't prevent my attending to your business as before, hadn't it been that things have been said about us.' 15

'What?' said Bathsheba in surprise. 'Things said about you and me — what are they?'

'I cannot tell you.'

'It would be wiser if you were to, I think. You have played the part of mentor to me many times, and I don't see why you should fear to do it now.'

'It is nothing that you have done this time. It amounts to this, that I am sniffing about here, and waiting for poor Boldwood's farm, with the idea of getting you some day.' 25

'Getting me — what does that mean?'

'Marrying you, in plain British. — You asked me to tell, so you mustn't blame me.'

Bathsheba did not look quite so alarmed as if a cannon had been discharged by her ear, which was what Oak had expected. 'Marrying me — I didn't know it was that you meant,' she said quietly. 'Such a thing as that is too absurd — too soon — to think of by far.' 30

'Yes, of course it is too absurd. I don't desire any such thing — I should think that was visible enough by this time. You are, necessarily, the last person in the world I think of marrying. It is too absurd, as you say.'

'Too s-s-soon were the words I used.'

'I must beg your pardon for correcting you, but you said, too absurd, and so do I.'

'I beg your pardon too!' she returned with tears in her eyes. 'Too soon was all I said. But it doesn't matter a bit — not at all — but I only said too soon. Indeed I didn't, Mr Oak, and you must believe me!' 40

Gabriel looked her long in the face, but the fire light being faint there was not much to be seen. 'Bathsheba,' he said tenderly and in surprise, and coming closer: 'If I only knew one thing — whether you would allow me to love you and win you and marry you after all — if I only knew that!'

'But you never will know,' she murmured.

'Why?'

45

'Because you never ask!'

'O – O!' said Gabriel, with a low laugh of joyousness. 'My own dear –'

'You ought not to have sent me that harsh letter this morning!' she interrupted.

'It shows you didn't care a bit about me, and were ready to desert me like all the rest of them. It was very cruel of you considering I was the first sweetheart that you ever had, and you were the first I ever had, and I shall not forget it!' 50

'Now Bathsheba, was ever anybody so provoking,' he said laughing. 'You know it was purely that I as an unmarried man carrying on a business for you as a marriageable young woman had a very difficult part to play – more particularly that people knew I had a sort of feeling for you; and I fancied from the way we were mentioned together that it might injure your good name. Nobody knows the uneasiness I have been caused by it.' 55

'And was that all?'

'All.'

'O how glad I am I came!' she exclaimed thankfully as she rose from her seat. 'I have thought so much more of you since I fancied you did not want ever to see me again. But I must be going now, or I shall be missed. Why Gabriel,' she said with a slight laugh as they went to the door; 'it seems exactly as if I had come courting you – how dreadful.' 60

65

(from Chapter 55)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

5 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Stoker present different attitudes to women in the novel?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of the ways in which Stoker creates a sense of horror in the novel.

The moonlight was so bright that through the thick yellow blind the room was light enough to see. On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face flushed, and breathing heavily as though in a stupor. Kneeling on the near edge of the bed facing outwards was the white-clad figure of his wife. By her side stood a tall, thin man, clad in black. His face was turned from us, but the instant we saw it we all recognised the Count – in every way, even to the scar on his forehead. With his left hand he held both Mrs Harker's hands, keeping them away with her arms at full tension; his right hand gripped her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare breast, which was shown by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. As we burst into the room, the Count turned his face, and the hellish look that I had heard described seemed to leap into it. His eyes flamed red with devilish passion; the great nostrils of the white aquiline nose opened wide and quivered at the edge; and the white sharp teeth, behind the full lips of the blood-dripping mouth, champed together like those of a wild beast. With a wrench, which threw his victim back upon the bed as though hurled from a height, he turned and sprang at us. But by this time the Professor had gained his feet, and was holding towards him the envelope which contained the Sacred Wafer. The Count suddenly stopped, just as poor Lucy had done outside the tomb, and cowered back. Further and further back he cowered, as we, lifting our crucifixes, advanced. The moonlight suddenly failed, as a great black cloud sailed across the sky; and when the gaslight sprang up under Quincey's match, we saw nothing but a faint vapour. This, as we looked, trailed under the door, which with the recoil from its bursting open had swung back to its old position. Van Helsing, Art and I moved forward to Mrs Harker, who by this time had drawn her breath and with it had given a scream so wild, so ear-piercing, so despairing that it seems to me now that it will ring in my ears till my dying day. For a few seconds she lay in her helpless attitude and disarray. Her face was ghastly, with a pallor which was accentuated by the blood which smeared her lips and cheeks and chin; from her throat trickled a thin stream of blood. Her eyes were mad with terror. Then she put before her face her poor crushed hands, which bore on their whiteness the red mark of the Count's terrible grip, and from behind them came a low desolate wail which made the terrible scream seem only the quick expression of an endless grief. Van Helsing stepped forward and drew the coverlet gently over her body, whilst Art, after looking at her face for an instant despairingly, ran out of the room. Van Helsing whispered to me:

'Jonathan is in a stupor such as we know the Vampire can produce. We can do nothing with poor Madam Mina for a few moments till she recovers herself; I must wake him!' He dipped the end of a towel in cold water and with it began to flick him on the face, his wife all the while holding her face between her hands and sobbing in a way that was heart-breaking to hear. I raised the blind, and looked out of the window. There was much moonshine; and as I looked I could see Quincey Morris run across the lawn and hide himself in the shadow of a great yew-tree. It puzzled me to think why he was doing this; but at the instant I heard Harker's quick exclamation as he woke to partial consciousness,

and turned to the bed. On his face, as there might well be, was a look of wild amazement.

(from Dr Seward's Diary, Chapter 21)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Whitman explores intense emotions in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following extract from *I Sing the Body Electric*, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Whitman's presentation of human life, here and elsewhere in the selection. In your answer you should pay close attention to poetic methods and their effects.

from *I Sing the Body Electric*

1

I sing the body electric,
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And discorrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul.

5

Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal themselves?
And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead?
And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul?
And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

2

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The love of the body of man or woman balks account, the body itself balks account,
That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect.

The expression of the face balks account,
But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists,
It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees, dress does
not hide him,
The strong sweet quality he has strikes through the cotton and broadcloth,
To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more,
You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.

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The sprawl and fulness of babes, the bosoms and heads of women, the folds of
their dress, their style as we pass in the street, the contour of their shape
downwards,

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The swimmer naked in the swimming-bath, seen as he swims through the
transparent green-shine, or lies with his face up and rolls silently to and fro in
the heave of the water,

The bending forward and backward of rowers in row-boats, the horseman in his
saddle,

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Girls, mothers, house-keepers, in all their performances,
The group of laborers seated at noon-time with their open dinner-kettles, and their
wives waiting,

The female soothing a child, the farmer's daughter in the garden or cow-yard,
The young fellow hoeing corn, the sleigh-driver driving his six horses through the
crowd,

The wrestle of wrestlers, two apprentice-boys, quite grown, lusty, good-natured,
native-born, out on the vacant lot at sundown after work,
The coats and caps thrown down, the embrace of love and resistance,

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The upper-hold and under-hold, the hair rumpled over and blinding the eyes;
The march of firemen in their own costumes, the play of masculine muscle through
clean-setting trowsers and waist-straps,

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The slow return from the fire, the pause when the bell strikes suddenly again, and
the listening on the alert,

The natural, perfect, varied attitudes, the bent head, the curv'd neck and the
counting;

Such-like I love – I loosen myself, pass freely, am at the mother's breast with the
little child,

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Swim with the swimmers, wrestle with wrestlers, march in line with the firemen, and
pause, listen, count.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

7 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt use narrative in *Point No Point*? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Bhatt's presentation of children, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Oranges and Lemons

The second time
I came alone to say
a farewell of sorts, I wanted one more
look at her handwriting.

I was prepared for solitude, a floating
amputated quietness circling my wrists –
but not this song, not this

5

Oranges and lemons
Sold for a penny
All the schoolgirls
Are so many ...

10

They rush in breathless
climbing up behind me, ahead of me, up
the warehouse steep Dutch staircase
to Anne Frank's room.

15

Schoolgirls, mostly schoolgirls
ages 13–16, they whisper about the important
things – staring everywhere: at windows, corners,
the ceiling. Staring at the paper,
her patient paper, her brown ink.
And a few linger behind, preferring to squint through
the netting, as if expecting something to happen
down by the other houses, the trees –

20

The grass is green
The rose is red
Remember me
When I am dead ...

25

And a few linger behind, whispering
about the important things.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

8 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Glück present ideas about survival in these poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Clear Morning

I've watched you long enough,

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clarity upon you.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

9 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Joyce presents social ambition in *Dubliners*. In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories.

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways in which Joyce presents the moment a character achieves some self-knowledge, here and elsewhere in *Dubliners*.

As the light failed and his memory began to wander he [Mr Duffy] thought her hand touched his. The shock which had first attacked his stomach was now attacking his nerves. He put on his overcoat and hat quickly and went out. The cold air met him on the threshold; it crept into the sleeves of his coat. When he came to the public-house at Chapelizod Bridge he went in and ordered a hot punch.

5

The proprietor served him obsequiously but did not venture to talk. There were five or six working-men in the shop discussing the value of a gentleman's estate in County Kildare. They drank at intervals from their huge pint tumblers and smoked, spitting often on the floor and sometimes dragging the sawdust over their spits with their heavy boots. Mr Duffy sat on his stool and gazed at them, without seeing or hearing them. After a while they went out and he called for another punch. He sat a long time over it. The shop was very quiet. The proprietor sprawled on the counter reading the *Herald* and yawning. Now and again a tram was heard swishing along the lonely road outside.

10

As he sat there, living over his life with her and evoking alternately the two images in which he now conceived her, he realized that she was dead, that she had ceased to exist, that she had become a memory. He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else could he have done. He could not have carried on a comedy of deception with her; he could not have lived with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, ceased to exist, became a memory – if anyone remembered him.

15

It was after nine o'clock when he left the shop. The night was cold and gloomy. He entered the park by the first gate and walked along under the gaunt trees. He walked through the bleak alleys where they had walked four years before. She seemed to be near him in the darkness. At moments he seemed to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his. He stood still to listen. Why had he withheld life from her? Why had he sentenced her to death? He felt his moral nature falling to pieces.

20

When he gained the crest of the Magazine Hill he halted and looked along the river towards Dublin, the lights of which burned redly and hospitably in the cold night. He looked down the slope and, at the base, in the shadow of the wall of the park, he saw some human figures lying. Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness: he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostrate creatures down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously. It passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name.

30

He turned back the way he had come, the rhythm of the engine pounding in his ears. He began to doubt the reality of what memory told him. He halted under a tree

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and allowed the rhythm to die away. He could not feel her near him in the darkness nor her voice touch his ear. He waited for some minutes listening. He could hear nothing: the night was perfectly silent. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he was alone.

50

(from A Painful Case)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

10 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Morrison present Sweet Home in the novel?

Or (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Morrison's narrative methods and concerns.

Circling, circling, now she was gnawing something else instead of getting to the point.

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'Your love is too thick,' he said [...].

(from Part 1)

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Rhys structure *Wide Sargasso Sea*?
Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns.

'Pierre died,' she went on as if she had not heard me, 'and my mother hated Mr Mason.

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‘As you wish,’ she said.

(from Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Trethewey reflect on personal identity? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from the sequence *Native Guard*, considering Trethewey's use of irony here and elsewhere in the collection.

January 1863
Today, dawn red as warning.

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I'll listen, put something else down in ink.

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