

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

For Examination from 2016

SPECIMEN PAPER

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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 **two** questions, each from a different section.

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 25 marks.

The specimen paper is for general illustrative purposes. Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of the examination for details of the set texts.

This document consists of **8** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Hardy's chief concern is memory and reminiscence.'

Discuss the poetic methods used by Hardy to present memories in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the following poem in detail, commenting in particular on ways in which Hardy presents the speaker's mood.

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-gray,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky 5
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry, 15
 And every spirit upon earth
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited; 20
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings 25
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air 30
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Heaney suggests the importance of physical work in his poetry. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on how the language and tone of the following poem present the speaker's experience.

A Chow

I'm staring at the freshly scratched initials
 Of Robert Donnelly in the sandstone coping
 Of Anahorish Bridge, with Robert Donnelly
 Beside me, also staring at them.

'Here,' he says, 5
 'Have a chow of this stuff,' stripping a dulse-thin film
 Off the unwrapped ounce of Warhorse Plug –
 Bog-bank brown, embossed, forbidden man-fruit
 He's just been sent to buy for his father, Jock.

The roof of my mouth is thatch set fire to 10
 At the burning-out of a neighbour, I want to lick
 Bran from a bucket, grit off the coping stone.
 'You have to spit,' says Robert, 'a chow's no good
 Unless you spit like hell,' his ginger calf's lick
 Like a scorch of flame, his quid-spurt fulgent. 15

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection express grief.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents the effects of the passing of time in the following poem.

Country School

You know the school; you call it old –
 Scrub-worn floors and paint all peeled
 On barge-board, weatherboard and gibbet belfry.

Pinus betrays, with rank tufts topping
 The roof-ridge, scattering bravely 5
 Nor'west gale as a reef its waves
 While the small girls squeal at skipping
 And magpies hoot from the eaves.

For scantling *Pinus* stands mature
 In less than the life of a man; 10
 The rusty saplings, the school, and you
 Together your lives began.

O sweet antiquity! Look, the stone
 That skinned your knees. How small
 Are the terrible doors; how sad the dunny 15
 And the things you drew on the wall.

Allen Curnow

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects which Dangarembga creates with Tambu's first person narration.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Dangarembga presents the relationship between Nhamo and Tambu.

'Babamukuru says I am so bright I must be taken away to a good school and be given a good chance in life. So I shall go and live with Babamukuru at the mission. I shall no longer be Jeremiah's son,' he shouted, speaking my father's name in such derogatory tones that for once I was up in arms on my father's behalf. 'I shall wear shoes and socks, and shorts with no holes in them, all brand new, bought for me by Babamukuru. He has the money. I will even have underwear – a vest and pants. I shall have a jersey in winter, and probably a blazer too. I shall stop using my hands to eat. I will use a knife and fork.'

I think a little jealousy was permissible, even healthy under the circumstances. Unfortunately, since I had stopped reacting to Nhamo a long time ago, so that all the annoying things he did had been building up for a long time, and since this time the irritation was too persistent to ignore, I was more than a little, less than healthily jealous. This was untactical of me because Nhamo carried on in the way that he did, describing himself in unqualified superlatives and suggesting that his good fortune was unquestionably deserved, a natural consequence of the fact that he was Nhamo, only in order to bait me. And eventually, my composure of the past few years, dating from the time we had fought on the football pitch at Sunday School, disintegrated into so many fine particles. I rose magnificently to the bait.

'Ha! You are so stupid,' I jeered. 'If you are going to the mission to use a knife and fork, you will be disappointed. Didn't you see Babamukuru eat with his hands? All of them – Maiguru and those proud children. They all ate with their hands.'

'Did you want them to embarrass us?' he retorted. 'If they had wanted knives and forks, where would we have taken them from? But in their own home they use them. Each one has his own plate with his own portion of food and his knife and fork. I saw it. That's what happened when we went to eat in Salisbury at Maiguru's brother's house, the one who is a medical doctor. I asked Chido if they eat like that at home and he said yes.'

I could not argue with such concrete evidence so I attacked from another position. 'You will still be our father's son. You will still be my brother. And Netsai's. Even if you don't like it. So you had better stop being proud for nothing and be grateful to Babamukuru for helping you.'

'And you had better stop being jealous. Why are you jealous anyway?' he retaliated, free to use all his ammunition now because I had begun the engagement. 'Did you ever hear of a girl being taken away to school? You are lucky you even managed to go back to Rutivi. With me it's different. I was meant to be educated.'

'I'm glad you are going,' I said. 'Your voice makes noise. It hurts my ears.'

'And you have eyes like a chameleon! I can see you are getting angry. You are going dark like one. Be careful, otherwise you will stay that way and people will run away from you in case you bite them. Be careful, be careful! In case you bite!'

I picked up a rock and flung it at him. Nhamo sat unperturbed, following the missile's trajectory with exaggerated movements of his head. It landed harmlessly in the grass. He laughed. I dived for him, but he was up and running lightly towards the cattle kraal, laughing and chanting 'Du-du-muduri, kache! Rwavi muduri kache! Tambu muduri, kache! Pound well while I am eating potatoes at the mission!'

I considered running after him to give him the thrashing he deserved, but judging his head-start, saw that I would not catch him. Besides, we were so evenly matched these days that he might have won a fight or I might have, but I had not fought for a long time and I was out of practice. Today it was better not to fight than not to win. I let him go, still very cross with him for saying such silly things.

E. M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of Professor Godbole and consider his significance to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents Ronny's thoughts in the following passage.

The death took subtler and more lasting shapes in Chandrapore. A legend sprang up that an Englishman had killed his mother for trying to save an Indian's life – and there was just enough truth in this to cause annoyance to the authorities. Sometimes it was a cow that had been killed – or a crocodile with the tusks of a boar had crawled out of the Ganges. Nonsense of this type is more difficult to combat 5 than a solid lie. It hides in rubbish-heaps and moves when no one is looking. At one period two distinct tombs containing Esmis Esmoor's remains were reported: one by the tannery, the other up near the goods station. Mr McBryde visited them both and saw signs of the beginning of a cult – earthenware saucers and so on. Being an experienced official, he did nothing to irritate it, and after a week or so the rash died 10 down. 'There's propaganda behind all this,' he said, forgetting that a hundred years ago, when Europeans still made their home in the countryside and appealed to its imagination, they occasionally became local demons after death – not a whole god perhaps, but part of one, adding an epithet or gesture to what already existed, just as the gods contribute to the great gods, and they to the philosophic Brahm. 15

Ronny reminded himself that his mother had left India at her own wish, but his conscience was not clear. He had behaved badly to her, and he had either to repent (which involved a mental overturn), or to persist in unkindness towards her. He chose the latter course. How tiresome she had been with her patronage of Aziz! What a bad influence upon Adela! And now she still gave trouble with ridiculous 20 'tombs', mixing herself up with natives. She could not help it, of course, but she had attempted similar exasperating expeditions in her lifetime, and he reckoned it against her. The young man had much to worry him – the heat, the local tension, the approaching visit of the Lieutenant-Governor, the problems of Adela – and threading them all together into a grotesque garland were these Indianizations of Mrs Moore. 25 What does happen to one's mother when she dies? Presumably she goes to heaven, anyhow she clears out. Ronny's religion was of the sterilized public-school brand, which never goes bad, even in the tropics. Wherever he entered, mosque, cave or temple, he retained the spiritual outlook of the Fifth Form, and condemned as 'weakening' any attempt to understand them. Pulling himself together, he dismissed 30 the matter from his mind. In due time he and his half-brother and -sister would put up a tablet to her in the Northamptonshire church where she had worshipped, recording the dates of her birth and death and the fact that she had been buried at sea. This would be sufficient.

And Adela – she would have to depart too; he hoped she would have made the 35 suggestion herself ere now. He really could not marry her – it would mean the end of his career. Poor lamentable Adela ... She remained at Government College, by Fielding's courtesy – unsuitable and humiliating, but no one would receive her at the Civil Station. He postponed all private talk until the award against her was decided. Aziz was suing her for damages in the sub-judge's court. Then he would ask her to 40 release him. She had killed his love, and it had never been very robust; they would never have achieved betrothal but for the accident to the Nawab Bahadur's car. She belonged to the callow academic period of his life which he had outgrown – Grasmere, serious talks and walks, that sort of thing.

Chapter 28

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** stories, discuss ways in which writers present characters' relationships with different places.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways the writing of the following passage presents the narrator's experience.

Mamaiji came out and settled in her chair on the veranda. Seated, there was no trace of the infirmity that caused her to walk doubled over. Doctors said it was due to a weak spine that could not erect against the now inordinate weight of her stomach. From photographs of Mummy's childhood, I knew *Mamaiji* had been a big handsome woman, with a majestic countenance. She opened her bag of spinning things, although she had been told to rest her eyes after the recent cataract operation. Then she spied me with the tweezers. 5

'Sunday dawns and he makes the child do that *duleendar* thing again. It will only bring bad luck.' She spoke under her breath, arranging her spindle and wool; she was not looking for a direct confrontation. 'Plucking out hair as if it was a slaughtered chicken. An ill-omened thing, I'm warning you, Sunday after Sunday. But no one listens. Is this anything to make a child do, he should be out playing, or learning how to do *bazaar*, how to bargain with butcher and *bunya*.' She mumbled softly, to allow Daddy to pretend he hadn't heard a thing. 10

I resented her speaking against Daddy and calling me a child. She twirled the spindle, drawing fibres into thread from the scrap of wool in her left hand as the spindle descended. I watched, expecting – even wishing – the thread to break. Sometimes it did, and then it seemed to me that *Mamaiji* was overcome with disbelief, shocked and pained that it could have happened, and I would feel sorry and rush to pick it up for her. The spindle spun to the floor this time without mishap, hanging by a fine, brand new thread. She hauled it up, winding the thread around the extended thumb and little finger of her left hand by wagging the wrist in little clockwise and counter-clockwise half-turns, while the index and middle fingers clamped tight the source: the shred of wool resembling a lock of her own hair, snow white and slightly tangled. 15 20 25

Mamaiji spun enough thread to keep us all in *kustis*. Since Grandpa's death, she spent more and more time spinning, so that now we each had a spare *kusti* as well. The *kustis* were woven by a professional, who always praised the fine quality of the thread; and even at the fire-temple, where we untied and tied them during prayers, they earned the covetous glances of other Parsis. 30

I beheld the spindle and *Mamaiji*'s co-ordinated feats of dexterity with admiration. All spinning things entranced me. The descending spindle was like the bucket spinning down into the sacred Bhikha Behram Well to draw water for the ones like us who went there to pray on certain holy days after visiting the fire-temple. I imagined myself clinging to the base of the spindle, sinking into the dark well, confident that *Mamaiji* would pull me up with her wagging hand before I drowned, and praying that the thread would not break. I also liked to stare at records spinning on the old 78-rpm gramophone. There was one I was particularly fond of: its round label was the most ethereal blue I ever saw. The lettering was gold. I played this record over and over, just to watch its wonderfully soothing blue and gold rotation, and the concentric rings of the shiny black shellac, whose grooves created a spiral effect if the light was right. The gramophone cabinet's warm smell of wood and leather seemed to fly right out of this shellacked spiral, while I sat close, my cheek against it, to feel the hum and vibration of the turntable. It was so cosy and comforting. Like missing school because of a slight cold, staying in bed all day with a book, fussed over by Mummy, eating white rice and soup made specially for me. 35 40 45

Daddy finished cutting out and re-reading the classified advertisement. 'Yes, this is a good one. Sounds very promising.' He picked up the newspaper again, then remembered what *Mamaiji* had muttered, and said softly to me, 'If it is so *duleendar* and will bring bad luck, how is it I found this? These old people –' and gave a sigh of mild exasperation. Then briskly: 'Don't stop now, this week is very important.' He continued, slapping the table merrily at each word: 'Every-single-white-hair-out.' 50

Of White Hairs and Cricket

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