



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8695/92**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2013**

**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 **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 equal marks.



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This document consists of **17** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects Hardy creates by his use of the rural landscape.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which Hardy expresses a sense of isolation from the society around him.

*In Tenebris II*

*'Considerabam ad dexteram, et videbam; et non erat qui cognosceret me  
... Non est qui requirat animam meam.'* – Ps. cxli.

When the clouds' swoln bosoms echo back the shouts of  
the many and strong  
That things are all as they best may be, save a few to be  
right ere long,  
And my eyes have not the vision in them to discern what  
to these is so clear,  
The blot seems straightway in me alone; one better he were  
not here.

The stout upstanders say, All's well with us: ruers have  
nought to rue! 5  
And what the potent say so oft, can it fail to be somewhat  
true?  
Breezily go they, breezily come; their dust smokes around  
their career,  
Till I think I am one born out of due time, who has no  
calling here.

Their dawns bring lusty joys, it seems; their evenings all  
that is sweet;  
Our times are blessed times, they cry: Life shapes it as is  
most meet, 10  
And nothing is much the matter; there are many smiles to  
a tear;  
Then what is the matter is /, I say. Why should such an  
one be here? ...

Let him in whose ears the low-voiced Best is killed by the  
clash of the First,  
Who holds that if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full  
look at the Worst,  
Who feels that delight is a delicate growth cramped by  
crookedness, custom, and fear, 15  
Get him up and be gone as one shaped awry; he disturbs  
the order here.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Heaney's poetic treatment of personal relationships in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which Heaney presents the turnip-snedder.

*The Turnip-Snedder**for Hughie O'Donoghue*

In an age of bare hands

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as it dropped its raw sliced mess,  
bucketful by glistening bucketful.

20

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems from your selection present responses to change.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents Heidi's story in the following poem.

*For Heidi With Blue Hair*

When you dyed your hair blue  
 (or, at least, ultramarine  
 for the clipped sides, with a crest  
 of jet-black spikes on top)  
 you were sent home from school 5

because, as the headmistress put it,  
 although dyed hair was not  
 specifically forbidden, yours  
 was, apart from anything else,  
 not done in the school colours. 10

Tears in the kitchen, telephone-calls  
 to school from your freedom-loving father:  
 'She's not a punk in her behaviour;  
 it's just a style.' (You wiped your eyes,  
 also not in a school colour.) 15

'She discussed it with me first –  
 we checked the rules.' 'And anyway, Dad,  
 it cost twenty-five dollars.  
 Tell them it won't wash out –  
 not even if I wanted to try.' 20

It would have been unfair to mention  
 your mother's death, but that  
 shimmered behind the arguments.  
 The school had nothing else against you;  
 the teachers twittered and gave in. 25

Next day your black friend had hers done  
 in grey, white and flaxen yellow –  
 the school colours precisely:  
 an act of solidarity, a witty  
 tease. The battle was already won. 30

Fleur Adcock

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4**

**Section B: Prose**

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

**4 Either (a)** ‘Adichie did not want the political events to overwhelm the human story.’

How successfully do you think she achieves a balance between the political and personal in the novel?

**Or (b)** Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of Kainene and the impression she makes on Richard.

‘You just lied to your wife,’ Kainene said.

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'How lovely to meet *you*,' Kainene said and half-raised her glass towards Susan.

Chapter 3

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

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Esmiess Esmoor  
Esmiess Esmoor...'

Discuss the characterisation of Mrs Moore and her significance to the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the presentation and significance of Fielding's and Aziz's meeting, early in their relationship.

Aziz was sitting up in bed, looking dishevelled and sad. 'Here's your home,' he said sardonically. 'Here's the celebrated hospitality of the East. Look at the flies. Look at the chunam coming off the walls. Isn't it jolly? Now I suppose you want to be off, having seen an oriental interior.'

'Anyhow, you want to rest.'

5

'I can rest the whole day, thanks to worthy Dr Lal. Major Callendar's spy, I suppose you know, but this time it didn't work. I am allowed to have a slight temperature.'

'Callendar doesn't trust anyone, English or Indian; that's his character, and I wish you weren't under him; but you are, and that's that.'

10

'Before you go, for you are evidently in a great hurry, will you please unlock that drawer? Do you see a piece of brown paper at the top?'

'Yes.'

'Open it.'

'Who is this?'

15

'She was my wife. You are the first Englishman she has ever come before. Now put her photograph away.'

He was astonished, as a traveller who suddenly sees, between the stones of the desert, flowers. The flowers have been there all the time, but suddenly he sees them. He tried to look at the photograph, but in itself it was just a woman in a sari, facing the world. He muttered, 'Really, I don't know why you pay me this great compliment, Aziz, but I do appreciate it.'

20

'Oh, it's nothing, she was not a highly educated woman or even beautiful, but put it away. You would have seen her, so why should you not see her photograph?'

'You would have allowed me to see her?'

25

'Why not? I believe in the purdah, but I should have told her you were my brother, and she would have seen you. Hamidullah saw her, and several others.'

'Did she think they were your brothers?'

'Of course not, but the word exists and is convenient. All men are my brothers, and as soon as one behaves as such he may see my wife.'

30

'And when the whole world behaves as such, there will be no more purdah?'

'It is because you can say and feel such a remark as that, that I show you the photograph,' said Aziz gravely. 'It is beyond the power of most men. It is because you behave well while I behave badly that I show it you. I never expected you to come back just now when I called you. I thought, "He has certainly done with me; I have insulted him." Mr Fielding, no one can ever realize how much kindness we Indians need, we do not even realize it ourselves. But we know when it has been given. We do not forget, though we may seem to. Kindness, more kindness, and even after that more kindness. I assure you it is the only hope.' His voice seemed to arise from a dream. Altering it, yet still deep below his normal surface, he said: 'We can't build up India except on what we feel. What is the use of all these reforms, and Conciliation Committees for Mohurram, and shall we cut the tazia short or shall we carry it another route, and Councils of Notables and official parties where the English sneer at our skins?'

35

40



'It's beginning at the wrong end, isn't it? I know, but institutions and the Government don't.' He looked again at the photograph. The lady faced the world at her husband's wish and her own, but how bewildering she found it, the echoing contradictory world! 45

'Put her away, she is of no importance, she is dead,' said Aziz gently. 'I showed her to you because I have nothing else to show. You may look round the whole of my bungalow now, and empty everything. I have no other secrets, my three children live away with their grandmamma, and that is all.' 50

Fielding sat down by the bed, flattered at the trust reposed in him, yet rather sad. He felt old. He wished that he too could be carried away on waves of emotion.

Chapter 11

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss **two** stories from the selection in detail, saying how far they present a pessimistic view of humanity.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Lessing uses the narrator's point of view.

*The Landing*

Our unmanned craft have been landing on their planet for centuries and have taken various shapes, been of varying substances. These landings were at long intervals until one year ago. These intervals were because, except for its unique destructiveness and belligerence, this species is not the most remarkable or interesting of those made available to our study by our Technological Revolution in its Space Phase. But 12 times recently, each during a period when their planet was at full light potential, we have landed craft, and each time close to the place in question. This was easy, because the terrain is semi-desert and lightly populated. We chose material for the craft that would manifest as their substance light – which is why we always used maximum their planet light as landing times. These craft were visible, if at all, as strong moonlight. The craft we were using on this present mission, the 13th in this series, is of higher concentration, since it is manned.

We landed as planned. The sky was clear, the light of their moon strong. We knew at once that we were visible, because a herd of their young was near, some 50 or 60 of them, engaged in a mating ritual that involved fire, food and strong sound, and as we descended, they dispersed. Tapping their mind streams established that they believed our machine was extra-terrestrial but that they were indifferent – no, that is not an exact description, but remember, we are trying to describe a mind state that none of us could have believed was possible. It was not that they were indifferent to us but that indifference was generalised throughout their processes, felt by us as a block or a barrier. After the young creatures had gone, we surveyed the terrain and discovered that we were on high land rising to mountains, inland from the water mass on the edge of which stands the city. A group of older specimens arrived. We know now that they live nearby and are all some variety or other of agriculturalist. They stood quite close, watching the craft. An examination of their minds showed a different type of block. Even at that early stage, we were able to establish a difference in texture between their thought streams and those of the young, which we later understood amounted to this: the older ones felt a responsibility or a power to act, as members of society, while the young ones were excluded or had decided to exclude themselves. As this area of the planet turned into the sunlight, it was clear to us that our craft ceased to be visible, for two of these older creatures came so close we were afraid they would actually enter the concentration. But they showed an awareness of our presence by other symptoms – headache and nausea. They were angry because of this damage being done to them – which they could have alleviated by moving farther off; but at the same time, they were feeling pride. This reaction highlighted the differences between them and the young – the pride was because of what they thought we represented; for, unlike the young, they believed we were some kind of weapon, either of their own land mass or of a hostile one, but from their own planet.

*War-Making Patterns*

Everyone in the System knows that this species is in the process of self-destruction, or part destruction. This is endemic. The largest and most powerful groupings – based on geographical positions – are totally governed by their war-making functions. Rather, each grouping *is* a war-making function, since its economies, its individual lives, its movements, are all subservient to the need to prepare for or wage war. This complete domination of a land area by its war-making machinery is not always visible to the inhabitants of that area, as this species is able, while making war or preparing for it, to think of itself as peace-loving – yes, indeed, this is germane to our theme, the essence of it.

Report on the Threatened City

## Section C: Drama

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 7 **Either** (a) The play has been described as 'theatre of embarrassment'.  
Discuss ways in which Albee creates his audience's discomfort.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the dramatic methods of the following extract, showing how Albee creates the climax of the play.

[MARTHA *stares at him for a long moment, then spits in his face.*]

- George [*with a smile*]: Good for you, Martha.
- Nick [*to GEORGE*]: Do you think that's the way to treat her at a time like this? Making an ugly goddamn joke like that? Hunh? 5
- George [*snapping his fingers at HONEY*]: Did I eat the telegram or did I not?
- Honey [*terrified*]: Yes; yes, you ate it. I watched ... I watched you ... you ... you ate it all down. 10
- George [*prompting*]: ... like a good boy.
- Honey: ... like a ... g-g-g-good ... boy. Yes.
- Martha [*to GEORGE, coldly*]: You're not going to get away with this.
- George [*with disgust*]: YOU KNOW THE RULES, MARTHA! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, YOU KNOW THE RULES! 15
- Martha: NO!
- Nick [*with the beginnings of a knowledge he cannot face*]: What are you two talking about?
- George: I can kill him, Martha, if I want to. 20
- Martha: HE IS OUR CHILD!
- George: Oh yes, and you bore him, and it was a good delivery ...
- Martha: HE IS OUR CHILD!
- George: AND I HAVE KILLED HIM!
- Martha: NO! 25
- George: YES!
- [*Long silence.*]
- Nick [*very quietly*]: I think I understand this.
- George [*ibid.*]: Do you?
- Nick [*ibid.*]: Jesus Christ, I think I understand this. 30
- George [*ibid.*]: Good for you, buster.
- Nick [*violently*]: JESUS CHRIST I THINK I UNDERSTAND THIS!
- Martha [*great sadness and loss*]: You have no right ... you have no right at all....

- George* [*tenderly*]: I have the right, Martha. We never spoke of it; that's all. I could kill him any time I wanted to. 35
- Martha*: But why? Why?
- George*: You broke our rule, baby. You mentioned him ... you mentioned him to someone else.
- Martha* [*tearfully*]: I did *not*. I never did. 40
- George*: Yes, you did.
- Martha*: Who? WHO?!
- Honey* [*crying*]: To me. You mentioned him to me.
- Martha* [*crying*]: I FORGET! Sometimes ... sometimes when it's night, when it's late, and ... and everybody else is ... talking ... I forget and I ... want to mention him ... but I ... HOLD ON ... I hold on ... but I've wanted to ... so often ... oh, George, you've *pushed* it ... there was no need ... there was no need for *this*. I *mentioned* him ... all right ... but you didn't have to push it over the EDGE. You didn't have to ... kill him. 45
- George*: Requiescat in pace.
- Honey*: Amen.
- Martha*: You didn't have to have him die, George.
- George*: Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine. 55
- Honey*: Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
- Martha*: That wasn't ... needed.  
[*A long silence.*]
- George* [*softly*]: It will be dawn soon. I think the party's over.
- Nick* [*to GEORGE; quietly*]: You couldn't have ... any? 60
- George*: We couldn't.
- Martha* [*a hint of communion in this*]: We couldn't.
- George* [*to NICK and HONEY*]: Home to bed, children; it's way past your bedtime.
- Nick* [*his hand out to HONEY*]: Honey? 65
- Honey* [*rising, moving to him*]: Yes.
- George* [*MARTHA is sitting on the floor by a chair now*]: You two go now.
- Nick*: Yes.
- Honey*: Yes. 70
- Nick*: I'd like to ...
- George*: Good night.
- Nick* [*pause*]: Good night.  
[*NICK and HONEY exit; GEORGE closes the door after them.*] 75

Act 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Stanley and his son, commenting on their contribution to your understanding of the play.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which Shakespeare presents the argument between Elizabeth and Richard.

*Queen Elizabeth:* What were I best to say? Her father's brother  
Would be her lord? Or shall I say her uncle?  
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee  
That God, the law, my honour, and her love 5  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender  
years?

*King Richard:* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Queen Elizabeth:* Which she shall purchase with still-lasting  
war. 10

*King Richard:* Tell her the King, that may command,  
entreats.

*Queen Elizabeth:* That at her hands which the King's King  
forbids.

*King Richard:* Say she shall be a high and mighty queen. 15

*Queen Elizabeth:* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*King Richard:* Say I will love her everlastingly.

*Queen Elizabeth:* But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

*King Richard:* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Queen Elizabeth:* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last? 20

*King Richard:* As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Queen Elizabeth:* As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

*King Richard:* Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

*Queen Elizabeth:* But she, your subject, loathes such  
sovereignty. 25

*King Richard:* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Queen Elizabeth:* An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

*King Richard:* Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

*Queen Elizabeth:* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

*King Richard:* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick. 30

*Queen Elizabeth:* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead –  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their  
graves.

*King Richard:* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Queen Elizabeth:* Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break. 35

*King Richard:* Now, by my George, my garter, and my  
crown –

*Queen Elizabeth:* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*King Richard:* I swear –

*Queen Elizabeth:* By nothing; for this is no oath: 40  
 Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly  
 honour;  
 Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly  
 virtue;  
 Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory. 45  
 If something thou wouldst swear to be  
 believ'd,  
 Swear then by something that thou hast not  
 wrong'd.

*King Richard:* Then, by my self – 50

*Queen Elizabeth:* Thy self is self-misus'd.

*King Richard:* Now, by the world –

*Queen Elizabeth:* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*King Richard:* My father's death –

*Queen Elizabeth:* Thy life hath it dishonour'd. 55

*King Richard:* Why, then, by God –

*Queen Elizabeth:* God's wrong is most of all.  
 If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,  
 The unity the King my husband made  
 Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died. 60  
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,  
 Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;  
 And both the Princes had been breathing  
 here, 65  
 Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,  
 Thy broken faith hath made the prey for  
 worms.  
 What canst thou swear by now?

Act 4 Scene 4

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'STELLA: I couldn't believe her story and go on living with Stanley.'

In the light of this quotation, discuss Williams's portrayal of Stella and her significance to the play.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Williams creates tension in the relationship between Stanley and Blanche in the following passage.

[STANLEY *jerks open the bureau drawer, slams it shut, and throws shoes in a corner. At each noise* BLANCHE *winces slightly. Finally she speaks.*]

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*[He goes out. BLANCHE rises from her chair. She seems faint; looks about her with an expression of almost panic.]*

60

Scene 5





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