



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2013

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 equal marks.



This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*1 **Either** (a) 'He was a man who used to notice such things.'Discuss Hardy's use of close observation in **two** poems.**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hardy creates a mood of thoughtful reflection in the following poem.*After a Journey*

Hereto I come to view a voiceless ghost;
 Whither, O whither will its whim now draw me?
 Up the cliff, down, till I'm lonely, lost,
 And the unseen waters' ejaculations awe me. 5
 Where you will next be there's no knowing,
 Facing round about me everywhere,
 With your nut-coloured hair,
 And gray eyes, and rose-flush coming and going.

Yes: I have re-entered your olden haunts at last;
 Through the years, through the dead scenes I have tracked you; 10
 What have you now found to say of our past –
 Scanned across the dark space wherein I have lacked you?
 Summer gave us sweets, but autumn wrought division?
 Things were not lastly as firstly well
 With us twain, you tell? 15
 But all's closed now, despite Time's derision.

I see what you are doing: you are leading me on
 To the spots we knew when we haunted here together,
 The waterfall, above which the mist-bow shone
 At the then fair hour in the then fair weather, 20
 And the cave just under, with a voice still so hollow
 That it seems to call out to me from forty years ago,
 When you were all aglow,
 And not the thin ghost that I now frailly follow!

Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see, 25
 The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,
 Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,
 For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily.
 Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours,
 The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again! 30
 I am just the same as when
 Our days were a joy, and our paths through flowers.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Heaney creates a sense of a specific place in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which Heaney presents the harrow-pin.

The Harrow-Pin

We'd be told, 'If you don't behave

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And horse-sensed as the travelled Gulliver,
What virtue he approved (and would assay)
Was in hammered iron.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets evoke past times or events in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer expresses grief in the following poem.

Song: Tears, Idle Tears

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Turn to page 6 for Question 4

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4** **Either** (a) Adichie says that she 'wanted to write about love and war'.
Discuss some of the effects Adichie creates with this combination.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents the characters' responses to Kainene's disappearance.

'Is Kainene back?' Odenigbo asked.

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As she drove them home, she hummed steadily under her breath.

Chapter 33

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of the wives of the English officials, and their contribution to the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on its presentation of the relationship between Fielding and Aziz at this point in the novel.

'If the weather lifts, we want to see your torchlight procession from the water this evening,' he pursued. 'I wrote to Godbole about it, but he has taken no notice; it's a place of the dead.'

'Perhaps your letter never reached the Minister in question.'

'Will there be any objection to English people watching the procession?'

5

'I know nothing at all about the religion here. I should never think of watching it myself.'

'We had a very different reception both at Mudkul and Deora, they were kindness itself at Deora, the Maharajah and Maharani wanted us to see everything.'

'You should never have left them.'

10

'Jump in, Ralph' – they had reached the carriage.

'Jump in, Mr Quested, and Mr Fielding.'

'Who on earth is Mr Quested?'

'Do I mispronounce that well-known name? Is he not your wife's brother?'

'Who on earth do you suppose I've married?'

15

'I'm only Ralph Moore,' said the boy, blushing, and at that moment there fell another pailful of the rain, and made a mist round their feet. Aziz tried to withdraw, but it was too late.

'Quested? Quested? Don't you know that my wife was Mrs Moore's daughter?'

He trembled, and went purplish gray; he hated the news, hated hearing the name Moore.

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'Perhaps this explains your odd attitude?'

'And pray what is wrong with my attitude?'

'The preposterous letter you allowed Mahmoud Ali to write for you.'

'This is a very useless conversation, I consider.'

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'How ever did you make such a mistake?' said Fielding, more friendly than before, but scathing and scornful. 'It's almost unbelievable. I should think I wrote you half a dozen times, mentioning my wife by name. Miss Quested! What an extraordinary notion!' From his smile, Aziz guessed that Stella was beautiful. 'Miss Quested is our best friend, she introduced us, but ... what an amazing notion. Aziz, we must thrash this misunderstanding out later on. It is clearly some devilry of Mahmoud Ali's. He knows perfectly well I married Miss Moore. He called her "Heaslop's sister" in his insolent letter to me.'

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The name woke furies in him. 'So she is, and here is Heaslop's brother, and you his brother-in-law, and good-bye.' Shame turned into a rage that brought back his self-respect. 'What does it matter to me who you marry? Don't trouble me here at Mau is all I ask. I do not want you, I do not want one of you in my private life, with my dying breath I say it. Yes, yes, I made a foolish blunder; despise me and feel cold. I thought you married my enemy. I never read your letter. Mahmoud Ali deceived me. I thought you'd stolen my money, but' – he clapped his hands together, and his children gathered round him – 'it's as if you stole it. I forgive Mahmoud Ali all things, because he loved me.' Then pausing, while the rain exploded like pistols, he said, 'My heart is for my own people henceforward,' and turned away. Cyril followed him through the mud, apologizing, laughing a little, wanting to argue and reconstruct, pointing out with irrefragable logic that he had married, not Heaslop's betrothed, but Heaslop's sister. What difference did it make at this hour of the day? He had built his life on a mistake, but he had built it. Speaking in Urdu, that the children might understand, he said: 'Please do not follow us, whomever you marry. I wish no Englishman or Englishwoman to be my friend.'

35

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He returned to the house excited and happy. It had been an uneasy, uncanny moment when Mrs Moore's name was mentioned, stirring memories. 'Esmoor ...' – as though she was coming to help him. She had always been so good, and that youth whom he had scarcely looked at was her son, Ralph Moore, Stella and Ralph, whom he had promised to be kind to, and Stella had married Cyril.

Chapter 35

Stories of Ourselves

6 **Either** (a) 'These stories often deal with the problems facing civilisation.'

In the light of this comment, discuss ways in which **two** stories from your selection explore these problems.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which Naipaul creates a sense of terror in the following passage.

I spent a lot of my time trying to make up tricks. The only one I could do was to put two match-heads together, light them, and make them stick. But my father knew that. But at last I found a trick that I was sure my father didn't know. He never got to know about it because he died on the night I was to show it him.

It had been a day of great heat, and in the afternoon the sky had grown low and heavy and black. It felt almost chilly in the house, and my father was sitting wrapped up in the rocking chair. The rain began to fall drop by heavy drop, beating like a hundred fists on the roof. It grew dark and I lit the oil lamp, sticking a pin in the wick, to keep away bad spirits from the house.

My father suddenly stopped rocking and whispered, 'Boy, they here tonight. Listen. Listen.'

We were both silent and I listened carefully, but my ears could catch nothing but the wind and the rain.

A window banged itself open. The wind whooshed in with heavy raindrops.

'God!' my father screamed.

I went to the window. It was a pitch black night, and the world was a wild and lonely place, with only the wind and the rain on the leaves. I had to fight to pull the window in, and before I could close it, I saw the sky light up with a crack of lightning.

I shut the window and waited for the thunder.

It sounded like a steamroller on the roof.

My father said, 'Boy, don't frighten. Say what I tell you to say.'

I went and sat at the foot of the rocking chair and I began to say, 'Rama! Rama! Sita Rama!'

My father joined in. He was shivering with cold and fright.

Suddenly he shouted, 'Boy, they here. They here. I hear them talking under the house. They could do what they like in all this noise and nobody could hear them.'

I said, 'Don't fraid, I have this cutlass here, and you have your gun.'

But my father wasn't listening.

He said, 'But it dark, man. It so dark. It so dark.'

I got up and went to the table for the oil lamp to bring it nearer. But just then there was an explosion of thunder so low it might have been just above the roof. It rolled and rumbled for a long long time. Then another window blew open and the oil lamp was blown out. The wind and the rain tore into the dark room.

My father screamed out once more, 'Oh God, it dark.'

I was lost in the black world. I screamed until the thunder died away and the rain had become a drizzle. I forgot all about the trick I had prepared for my father: the soap I had rubbed into the palms of my hands until it had dried and disappeared.

The Enemy

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