
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2019

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

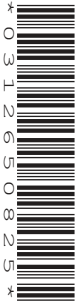
READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** Insert.

Section A: Poetry

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Frost presents isolation in **two** of the poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frost presents the narrator's response to the trees in the following poem.

The Sound of Trees

I wonder about the trees.
 Why do we wish to bear
 Forever the noise of these
 More than another noise
 So close to our dwelling place? 5
 We suffer them by the day
 Till we lose all measure of pace,
 And fixity in our joys,
 And acquire a listening air.
 They are that that talks of going 10
 But never gets away;
 And that talks no less for knowing,
 As it grows wiser and older,
 That now it means to stay.
 My feet tug at the floor 15
 And my head sways to my shoulder
 Sometimes when I watch trees sway,
 From the window or the door.
 I shall set forth for somewhere,
 I shall make the reckless choice 20
 Some day when they are in voice
 And tossing so as to scare
 The white clouds over them on.
 I shall have less to say,
 But I shall be gone. 25

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Jennings presents parents in **two** poems.
Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem explores ideas about art.

Samuel Palmer and Chagall

You would have understood each other well
 And proved to us how periods of art
 Are less important than the personal
 Worlds that each painter makes from mind and heart.

The greatest—Blake, Picasso—move about 5
 In many worlds. You only have one small
 Yet perfect place. In it, there is no doubt,
 And no deception can exist at all.

Great qualities make such art possible, 10
 A sense of TRUTH, integrity, a view
 Of man that fits into a world that's whole,
 Those moons, those marriages, that dark, that blue.

I feel a quiet in it all although
 The subject and the scenes are always strange.
 I think it is that order pushes through 15
 Your images, and so you can arrange

And make the wildest, darkest dream serene;
 Landscapes are like still-lives which somehow move,
 The moon and sun shine out of the same scene—
 Fantastic worlds but all are built from love. 20

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present an individual's relationship to society. You should refer to **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the soldier is addressed in the following poem.

Soldier, Rest!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking. 5
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, 10
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here 15
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; 25
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveille.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying; 30
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye, 35
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

Sir Walter Scott

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of the house at Oniton and its significance to the characters.
Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Leonard Bast.

Then through the mists of his culture came a hard fact, hard as a pebble. "I walked all the Saturday night," said Leonard. "I walked." A thrill of approval ran through the sisters. But culture closed in again. He asked whether they had ever read E. V. Lucas's *Open Road*.

Said Helen, "No doubt it's another beautiful book, but I'd rather hear about *your* road." 5

"Oh, I walked."

"How far?"

"I don't know, nor for how long. It got too dark to see my watch."

"Were you walking alone, may I ask?" 10

"Yes," he said, straightening himself; "but we'd been talking it over at the office. There's been a lot of talk at the office lately about these things. The fellows there said one steers by the Pole Star, and I looked it up in the celestial atlas, but once out of doors everything gets so mixed."

"Don't talk to me about the Pole Star," interrupted Helen, who was becoming interested. "I know its little ways. It goes round and round, and you go round after it." 15

"Well, I lost it entirely. First of all the street lamps, then the trees, and towards morning it got cloudy."

Tibby, who preferred his comedy undiluted, slipped from the room. He knew that this fellow would never attain to poetry, and did not want to hear him trying. 20

Margaret and Helen remained. Their brother influenced them more than they knew; in his absence they were stirred to enthusiasm more easily.

"Where did you start from?" cried Margaret. "Do tell us more."

"I took the Underground to Wimbledon. As I came out of the office I said to myself, 'I must have a walk once in a way. If I don't take this walk now, I shall never take it.' I had a bit of dinner at Wimbledon, and then—" 25

"But not good country there, is it?"

"It was gas-lamps for hours. Still, I had all the night, and being out was the great thing. I did get into woods, too, presently." 30

"Yes, go on," said Helen.

"You've no idea how difficult uneven ground is when it's dark."

"Did you actually go off the roads?"

"Oh yes. I always meant to go off the roads, but the worst of it is that it's more difficult to find one's way." 35

"Mr. Bast, you're a born adventurer," laughed Margaret. "No professional athlete would have attempted what you've done. It's a wonder your walk didn't end in a broken neck. Whatever did your wife say?"

"Professional athletes never move without lanterns and compasses," said Helen. "Besides, they can't walk. It tires them. Go on." 40

"I felt like R. L. S. You probably remember how in *Virginibus*—"

"Yes, but the wood. This 'ere wood. How did you get out of it?"

"I managed one wood, and found a road the other side which went a good bit uphill. I rather fancy it was those North Downs, for the road went off into grass, and I got into another wood. That was awful, with gorse bushes. I did wish I'd never come, but suddenly it got light—just while I seemed going under one tree. Then I found a road down to a station, and took the first train I could back to London." 45

“But was the dawn wonderful?” asked Helen.

With unforgettable sincerity he replied, “No.” The word flew again like a pebble from the sling. Down toppled all that had seemed ignoble or literary in his talk, down toppled tiresome R. L. S. and the “love of the earth” and his silk top-hat. In the presence of these women Leonard had arrived, and he spoke with a flow, an exultation, that he had seldom known. 50

“The dawn was only grey, it was nothing to mention.”

“Just a grey evening turned upside down. I know.”

“—and I was too tired to lift up my head to look at it, and so cold too. I’m glad I did it, and yet at the time it bored me more than I can say. And besides—you can believe me or not as you choose—I was very hungry.” 55

Chapter 14

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects Levy achieves by using a range of contrasting locations in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents Bernard on his return to England.

England had shrunk. It was smaller than the place I'd left. Streets, shops, houses bore down like crowds, stifling even the feeble light that got through. I had to stare out at the sea just to catch a breath. And behind every face I saw were trapped the rememberings of war. Guarded by a smile. Shrouded in a frown. But everyone had them. Private conflicts. Scarring where touched. No point dwelling on your own pitiful story. Chap next to you was worse off. The man over there far more tragic. Silence was the only balm that healed. 5

I never doubted I was doing the right thing. Even on days when the longing for familiar was as substantial as hunger. To lie with Queenie. To sit with Pa. To gaze on objects that communed in memories. I had no idea how long the awful disease would take to claim me. No thought of doctors or cures. Shame saw to that. My only worry was that I would lose my mind. Do something rash without sanity's firm hand. 10

But in waiting to die I felt fit. Found employment, cleaning tables in a café. Kept my head down, had a job to do, just got on with it. Proprietor, rather dim fellow, needed a hand with his bookkeeping. He was tickled pink when his worthless waiter turned out to be useful. I helped him out. He told all his chums. Soon I had a few of them calling on my services. Became quite a little business. All very informal but regular. I stopped being a waiter. Double-entry bookkeeping earned me enough for board and lodging. 15

I found Maxi's house, of course. Up near the station. A modest house. Painted pale blue, its bow-front window hung with thick yellowing nets. I walked his street often, my footsteps marking the pavement where Maxi's should have been going about their business. Rushing to work. A pint or two in the pub. A game of football in the park. Or cricket. Maybe even church with his family on Sunday. 20

There was a graveyard nearby. I sat on the bench there. Saw his two sons coming out from the house. His wife tying a headscarf against the wind, calling for the boys to wait. Them, boisterous, running up the street. Clambering up walls to walk balancing along their length. As the younger one passed me he dropped his model car. I picked it up for him. Got a faint smile. Little chap staring at me. Spit of his father. A natural successor. He grabbed the car from my hand and ran. Maxi had never seen this younger son. I felt like a thief, stealing a sight that should have been his. 25

They soon got used to seeing me sitting in the graveyard. His wife would nod to me. Some days she'd raise up her brown eyes to say, 'Lovely day.' Attractive woman, her black hair always hidden by scarves. Short. Not much taller than the elder boy. I only spoke to her in polite greeting. Silly, I know, but I was anxious not to befriend, just to watch over. I never told them I knew Maxi. Scared she'd ask the unanswerable. Want to know what befell us all out east. With the war over, even the truth seemed sordid. Loving memory was the best resting place for George Maximillian. 30

It was Mrs Bliss who called the doctor. My temperature raged, sweating my sheets sodden as freshly used bath towels. I could feel every bone in my body. Even the smallest of them ached. Any movement – to roll in the bed, even to blink an eye – felt impossibly exhausting. I told her not to bother but she brushed me off with a 'Nonsense.' Couldn't blame her. Must have been a pitiful sight. 35

Turn over for Question 6.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of relationships between young people and the older generation in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Rain Horse* presents the encounter with the horse.

All around him the boughs angled down, glistening, black as iron. From their tips and elbows the drops hurried steadily, and the channels of the bark pulsed and gleamed. For a time he amused himself calculating the variation in the rainfall by the variations in a dribble of water from a trembling twig-end two feet in front of his nose. He studied the twig, bringing dwarfs and continents and animals out of its scurfy bark. Beyond the boughs the blue shoal of the town was rising and falling, and darkening and fading again, in the pale, swaying backdrop of rain. 5

He wanted this rain to go on for ever. Whenever it seemed to be drawing off he listened anxiously until it closed in again. As long as it lasted he was suspended from life and time. He didn't want to return to his sodden shoes and his possibly ruined suit and the walk back over that land of mud. 10

All at once he shivered. He hugged his knees to squeeze out the cold and found himself thinking of the horse. The hair on the nape of his neck prickled slightly. He remembered how it had run up to the crest and showed against the sky.

He tried to dismiss the thought. Horses wander about the countryside often enough. But the image of the horse as it had appeared against the sky stuck in his mind. It must have come over the crest just above the wood in which he was now sitting. To clear his mind, he twisted around and looked up the wood between the tree stems, to his left. 15

At the wood top, with the silvered grey light coming in behind it, the black horse was standing under the oaks, its head high and alert, its ears pricked, watching him. 20

A horse sheltering from the rain generally goes into a sort of stupor, tilts a hind hoof and hangs its head and lets its eyelids droop, and so it stays as long as the rain lasts. This horse was nothing like that. It was watching him intently, standing perfectly still, its soaked neck and flank shining in the hard light. 25

He turned back. His scalp went icy and he shivered. What was he to do? Ridiculous to try driving it away. And to leave the wood, with the rain still coming down full pelt was out of the question. Meanwhile the idea of being watched became more and more unsettling until at last he had to twist around again, to see if the horse had moved. It stood exactly as before. 30

This was absurd. He took control of himself and turned back deliberately, determined not to give the horse one more thought. If it wanted to share the wood with him, let it. If it wanted to stare at him, let it. He was nestling firmly into these resolutions when the ground shook and he heard the crash of a heavy body coming down the wood. Like lightning his legs bounded him upright and about face. The horse was almost on top of him, its head stretching forward, ears flattened and lips lifted back from the long yellow teeth. He got one snapshot glimpse of the red-veined eyeball as he flung himself backwards around the tree. Then he was away up the slope, whipped by oak twigs as he leapt the brambles and brushwood, twisting between the close trees till he tripped and sprawled. As he fell the warning flashed through his head that he must at all costs keep his suit out of the leaf-mould, but a more urgent instinct was already rolling him violently sideways. He spun around, sat up and looked back, ready to scramble off in a flash to one side. He was panting from the sudden excitement and effort. The horse had disappeared. The wood was empty except for the drumming, slant grey rain, dancing the bracken and glittering from the branches. 35 40 45

He got up, furious. Knocking the dirt and leaves from his suit as well as he could he looked around for a weapon. The horse was evidently mad, had an abscess on its brain or something of the sort. Or maybe it was just spiteful. Rain sometimes puts creatures into queer states. Whatever it was, he was going to get away from the wood as quickly as possible, rain or no rain. 50

The Rain Horse

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