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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2015**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.



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This document consists of **9** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Hughes explore human responses to the natural world? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the relationship.

*Her Husband*

Comes home dull with coal-dust deliberately

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WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** of Owen's poems present mental suffering.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects created by the following poem's use of the voice of the soldier.

*The Letter*

With B.E.F. June 10. Dear Wife,  
(O blast this pencil. 'Ere, Bill, lend's a knife.)  
I'm in the pink at present, dear.  
I think the war will end this year.  
We don't see much of them square-'eaded 'Uns. 5  
We're out of harm's way, not bad fed.  
I'm longing for a taste of your old buns.  
(Say, Jimmie, spare's a bite of bread.)  
There don't seem much to say just now.  
(Yer what? Then don't, yer ruddy cow! 10  
And give us back me cigarette!)  
I'll soon be 'ome. You musn't fret.  
My feet's improvin', as I told you of.  
We're out in rest now. Never fear.  
(VRACH! By crumbs, but that was near.) 15  
Mother might spare you half a sov.  
Kiss Nell and Bert. When me and you –  
(Eh? What the 'ell! Stand to? Stand to!  
Jim, give's a hand with pack on, lad.  
Guh! Christ! I'm hit. Take 'old. Aye, bad. 20  
No, damn your iodine. Jim! 'Ere!  
Write my old girl, Jim, there's a dear.)

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3** **Either** (a) With close reference to the writing of **two** poems, discuss ways in which the poets explore morally good behaviour.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents attitudes to the closeness of death.

*Written the Night Before His Execution*

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;  
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares;  
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain;  
 My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun; 5  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;  
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green;  
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young; 10  
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;  
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb,  
 I looked for life, and saw it was a shade,  
 I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb, 15  
 And now I die, and now I am but made:  
 The glass is full, and now my glass is run,  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

Chidiok Tichbourne

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) The sections of the novel alternate between 'The Early Sixties' and 'The Late Sixties'. What do you think are the effects of these shifts in time?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the tension between Richard and Madu.

The stew that was served at lunch had too much crayfish; Kainene would not have liked it and she would have leaned towards him and said so. After lunch, Richard and Madu went out to sit on the veranda. The rain had stopped, and the leaves of the plants down below looked greener.

'The foreigners say that one million died,' Madu said. 'That can't be.' 5

Richard waited. He was not sure he wanted to have one of those conversations so many Biafrans had now, passing kernels of blame to others, oiling their own faces with a valour they had never had. He wanted to remember how he and Kainene had often stood here and looked down at the silver swimming pool.

'It can't be just one million.' Madu sipped his beer. 'Will you go back to England?' 10

The question annoyed him. 'No.'

'You'll stay in Nsukka?'

'Yes. I'm joining the new Institute for African Studies.'

'Are you writing anything?'

'No.' 15

Madu placed his glass of beer down; water droplets clustered on it like tiny see-through pebbles. 'I don't understand how we have found out nothing about Kainene, I don't understand it at all,' Madu said.

Richard did not like the sound of *we*, did not know who Madu included in it. He got up and walked across the balcony and looked down at the drained pool; the floor was made of polished, whitish stone, visible through the thin sheet of rainwater. He turned back to Madu. 'You love her, don't you?' he asked. 20

'Of course I love her.'

'Did you ever touch her?'

Madu's laugh was short and harsh. 25

'Did you ever touch her?' Richard asked again, and Madu was suddenly responsible for Kainene's disappearance. 'Did you ever touch her?'

Madu got up. Richard reached out and grasped his arm. Come back, he wanted to say, come back here and tell me if you ever laid your filthy black hand on her. Madu shrugged Richard's hand off. Richard hit him across the face and felt his hand begin to throb. 30

'You idiot,' Madu said, surprised, staggering slightly.

Richard saw Madu's arm raised, saw the swift, blurred movement of a coming punch. It landed on his nose, and the pain exploded all over his face and his body felt very light as it sank down to the floor. When he touched his nose, there was blood on his fingers. 35

'You idiot,' Madu said again.

Richard could not get up. He pulled out his handkerchief; his hands trembled and he got some of the blood on his shirt. Madu watched him for a moment and then bent down and held his face between wide palms and examined his nose closely. Richard could smell the crayfish on Madu's breath. 40

'I didn't break it,' Madu said, and straightened up.

Richard dabbed at his nose. Darkness descended on him, and when it lifted, he knew that he would never see Kainene again and that his life would always be like a candlelit room; he would see things only in shadow, only in half glimpses. 45

Chapter 36

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance to the novel of Mrs Moore's Christianity and the way it is challenged by events.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the Collector and his views in the following passage.

The Collector had watched the arrest from the interior of the waiting-room, and throwing open its perforated doors of zinc he was now revealed like a god in a shrine. When Fielding entered, the doors clapped to, and were guarded by a servant, while a punkah, to mark the importance of the moment, flapped dirty petticoats over their heads. The Collector could not speak at first. His face was white, fanatical, and rather beautiful – the expression that all English faces were to wear at Chandrapore for many days. Always brave and unselfish, he was now fused by some white and generous heat; he would have killed himself, obviously, if he had thought it right to do so. He spoke at last. 'The worst thing in my whole career has happened,' he said. 'Miss Quested has been insulted in one of the Marabar Caves.' 5

'Oh no, oh no, no,' gasped the other, feeling sickish.  
'She escaped – by God's grace.'  
'Oh no, no, but not Aziz ... not Aziz ...'  
He nodded.  
'Absolutely impossible, grotesque.' 10

'I called you to preserve you from the odium that would attach to you if you were seen accompanying him to the Police Station,' said Turton, paying no attention to his protest, indeed scarcely hearing it. 15

He repeated 'Oh no' like a fool. He couldn't frame other words. He felt that a mass of madness had arisen and tried to overwhelm them all; it had to be shoved back into its pit somehow, and he didn't know how to do it, because he did not understand madness; he had always gone ahead sensibly and quietly until a difficulty came right. 'Who lodges this infamous charge?' he asked, pulling himself together. 20

'Miss Derek and – the victim herself ...' He nearly broke down, unable to repeat the girl's name. 25

'Miss Quested herself definitely accuses him of–'  
He nodded, and turned his face away.  
'Then she's mad.'  
'I cannot pass that last remark,' said the Collector, waking up to the knowledge that they differed, and trembling with fury. 'You will withdraw it instantly. It is the type of remark you have permitted yourself to make ever since you came to Chandrapore.' 30

'I'm excessively sorry, sir; I certainly withdraw it unconditionally.' For the man was half mad himself.  
'Pray, Mr Fielding, what induced you to speak to me in such a tone?' 35

'The news gave me a very great shock, so I must ask you to forgive me. I cannot believe that Dr Aziz is guilty.'  
He slammed his hand on the table. 'That – that is a repetition of your insult in an aggravated form.'  
'If I may venture to say so, no,' said Fielding, also going white, but sticking to his point. 'I make no reflection on the good faith of the two ladies, but the charge they are bringing against Aziz rests upon some mistake, and five minutes will clear it up. The man's manner is perfectly natural; besides, I know him to be incapable of infamy.' 40

'It does indeed rest upon a mistake,' came the thin, biting voice of the other. 'It does indeed. I have had twenty-five years' experience of this country' – he paused, and 'twenty-five years' seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and 45

ungenerosity – ‘and during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially. Intercourse, yes. Courtesy, by all means. Intimacy – never, never. The whole weight of my authority is against it. I have been in charge at Chandrapore for six years, and if everything has gone smoothly, if there has been mutual respect and esteem, it is because both peoples kept to this simple rule. Newcomers set our traditions aside, and in an instant what you see happens, the work of years is undone, and the good name of my District ruined for a generation.

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Chapter 17

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories explore how characters deal with their pasts.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing in the following passage, considering its effects as the climax of the story.

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that pursed smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,  
 His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.  
 His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.  
 Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn; he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the paeon of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar.

'Tea is ready,' said the sour-faced maid; 'where is the mistress?'

'She went down to the shed some time ago,' said Conradin.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.



'Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!' exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

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*Sredni Vashtar*





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