

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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2005

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 on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Ed. HYDES : *Touched with Fire (Sections A and B)*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare the ways poets have responded to the natural world in **two** poems of your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem, commenting in particular on the ways in which the narrator responds to the two kinds of music.

Piano and Drums

When at break of day at a riverside
 I hear jungle drums telegraphing
 the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw
 like bleeding flesh, speaking of
 primal youth and the beginning, 5
 I see the panther ready to pounce,
 the leopard snarling about to leap
 and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,
 topples the years and at once I'm 10
 in my mother's laps a suckling;
 at once I'm walking simple
 paths with no innovations,
 rugged, fashioned with the naked
 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts 15
 in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano
 solo speaking of complex ways
 in tear-furrowed concerto;
 of far away lands 20
 and new horizons with
 coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,
 crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth
 of its complexities, it ends in the middle
 of a phrase at a daggerpoint. 25

And I lost in the morning mist
 of an age at a riverside keep
 wandering in the mystic rhythm
 of jungle drums and the concerto.

Gabriel Okara

STEVIE SMITH : *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Stevie Smith's poetry demonstrates an ability to explore the frustrations, and and despairs of human life in a fresh, unexpected way.'
- How far have you found this to be true in the poetry you have studied? Refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find its view of humanity typical of the poems in your selection. You should refer to **one** or **two** additional poems in your answer.

God and the Devil

God and the Devil
 Were talking one day
 Ages and ages of years ago.
 God said: Suppose
 Things were fashioned this way, 5
 Well then, so and so.
 The Devil said: No,
 Prove it if you can.
 So God created Man
 And that is how it all began. 10
 It has continued now for many a year
 And sometimes it seems more than we can bear.
 But why should bowels yearn and cheeks grow pale?
 We're here to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Section B

ELIZABETH GASKELL : *North and South*

- 4 **Either** (a) Margaret says she is 'very ignorant' and doesn't 'know enough about' the situation in Milton. In what ways does Gaskell show Margaret learning during her time in the North?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the ways it presents Margaret's and Mr Hale's first impressions of Milton.

For several miles before they reached Milton, they saw a deep lead-coloured cloud hanging over the horizon in the direction in which it lay. It was all the darker from contrast with the pale gray-blue of the wintry sky; for in Heston there had been the earliest signs of frost. Nearer to the town, the air had a faint taste and smell of smoke; perhaps, after all, more a loss of the fragrance of grass and herbage than any positive taste or smell. Quick they were whirled over long, straight, hopeless streets of regularly-built houses, all small and of brick. Here and there a great oblong many-windowed factory stood up, like a hen among her chickens, puffing out black 'unparliamentary' smoke, and sufficiently accounting for the cloud which Margaret had taken to foretell rain. As they drove through the larger and wider streets, from the station to the hotel, they had to stop constantly; great loaded luries blocked up the not over-wide thoroughfares. Margaret had now and then been into the city in her drives with her aunt. But there the heavy lumbering vehicles seemed various in their purposes and intent; here every van, every waggon and truck, bore cotton, either in the raw shape in bags, or the woven shape in bales of calico. People thronged the footpaths, most of them well-dressed as regarded the material, but with a slovenly looseness which struck Margaret as different from the shabby, threadbare smartness of a similar class in London.

'New Street,' said Mr. Hale. 'This, I believe, is the principal street in Milton. Bell has often spoken to me about it. It was the opening of this street from a lane into a great thoroughfare, thirty years ago, which has caused his property to rise so much in value. Mr. Thornton's mill must be somewhere not very far off, for he is Mr. Bell's tenant. But I fancy he dates from his warehouse.'

'Where is our hotel, papa?'

'Close to the end of this street, I believe. Shall we have lunch before or after we have looked at the houses we marked in the *Milton Times*?'

'Oh, let us get our work done first.'

'Very well. Then I will only see if there is any note or letter for me from Mr. Thornton, who said he would let me know anything he might hear about these houses, and then we will set off. We will keep the cab; it will be safer than losing ourselves, and being too late for the train this afternoon.'

There were no letters awaiting him. They set out on their house-hunting. Thirty pounds a-year was all they could afford to give, but in Hampshire they could have met with a roomy house and pleasant garden for the money. Here, even the necessary accommodation of two sitting-rooms and four bed-rooms seemed unattainable. They went through their list, rejecting each as they visited it. Then they looked at each other in dismay.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and importance of location in **two** of the short stories you have studied.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the way Mansfield presents Leila's experience.

Strange faces smiled at Leila—sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, 'Of course, my dear.' But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin? What were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. 'May I have the pleasure?' He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man— fat, with a big bald patch on his head—took her programme and murmured, 'Let me see, let me see!' And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. 'Oh, please don't bother,' she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. 'Do I remember this bright little face?' he said softly. 'Is it known to me of yore?' At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning... 5

Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her 'select' classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall—with calico texts on the walls, the poor, terrified little woman in a brown velvet toque with rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand—and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvellous music and to watch the others sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of one of those dark windows that showed the stars. 20

'Ours, I think—' Someone bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all. Someone's hand pressed her waist, and she floated away like a flower that is tossed into a pool. 30

'Quite a good floor, isn't it?' drawled a faint voice close to her ear.

'I think it's most beautifully slippery,' said Leila.

'Pardon!' The faint voice sounded surprised. Leila said it again. And there was a tiny pause before the voice echoed, 'Oh, quite!' and she was swung round again. 35

Her First Ball

- 6 **Either** (a) Although the novel is focused on Kenyan independence in 1963, the novel reaches into the past in a number of chapters. What effects does Ngugi achieve with these shifts of time?
- Or** (b) In what ways, and how effectively, does the following passage show how personal and political concerns are mixed in the novel?

'Before night fell, the last walls of the old Thabai Village had tumbled down: mud, soot, and ashes marked the spots where the various huts once stood.

'On that night my mother and I slept in our new unfinished hut. My father broke the curfew order and came in the dark to take us to his own place. But my mother-in-law refused to go and I could not leave her alone. The roof was thatched with grass, but the walls were without mud. All night long cold wind rushed through the empty walls and lashed us on every side. I had wrapped myself with an old blanket and a sisal-sack and still I shivered. I don't think I closed my eyes even once. I knew my mother was not asleep, either, but we did not talk. Really, it was a long night.

'From that day, Karanja came to our place often and asked after our health, and sometimes he brought us food. He was quiet, though, and he seemed troubled by something. At first I did not notice this; I did not even particularly notice that his visits were becoming more and more frequent. I was too busy nursing my mother, for after our old home was burnt down, she kept on complaining of aches in the stomach, in the head, in the joints. One day he found me splitting wood outside. He stood there without speaking and only looked at me. I hate being watched when I am working, because I feel uneasy and I cannot control my hands properly. So I told him: "Come and help a woman split the wood." He took the axe from me and did the work. And still he did not speak. "Come inside for a workman's cup of tea," I told him. As I bent down to collect the pieces of wood, he put out his hand and touched me on the head and whispered: Mumbi. Anyway, I looked up quickly and saw he wanted to tell me something. I was frightened. You see, Karanja had once proposed to me, a week or so after I had already accepted to marry Gikonyo. I then had laughed him out of that passion and reminded him that Gikonyo was his close friend. He never proposed to me again and he had kept on coming to visit my husband. He must now have seen the fright in my eyes, for he went away immediately without saying anything. He did not even look back. I suppose if he had, I would have called him back, for I was struck with remorseful thoughts: something perhaps weighed heavy in his heart. Besides, he had been kind to me and my mother as befits a friend.

'He did not come again. Soon after this, Kihika was caught at the edge of Kinenie Forest and later hanged on a tree. Do you know that my father, once a warrior whose name spread from Nyeri to Kabete, urinated on his legs? He wept the night long, like a child, while Wanjiku, my real mother, comforted him. From that day, the two were broken parents. I believe that but for their faith and hope in Kariuki, they would have died. I also became sick and for two nights I would vomit out whatever I ate or drank. And then, as you know, the punishment came. Thabai was going to pay for my brother's actions. You know about the trench. At least the beginning. It was soon after you were arrested trying to save Wambuku, that I first heard Karanja had joined the homeguards. I could not believe it. He had been a friend of Kihika and Gikonyo; they had taken the oath together; how could he betray them?'

Copyright Acknowledgements:

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