

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

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/07**

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

May/June 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours**

**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 **two** questions.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

- 1 The two poems below are both written by poets looking towards their own deaths, and they wish to be remembered by their family and friends. Write a comparison of the two poems, discussing the ways in which the two poets present their feelings and hopes.

### ***Remember***

Remember me when I am gone away,  
 Gone far away into the silent land  
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more day by day                   5  
 You tell me of our future that you planned:  
 Only remember me; you understand  
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
 Yet if you should forget me for a while  
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:               10  
 For if the darkness and corruption leave  
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
 Better by far you should forget and smile  
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

*Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)*

### ***Last Instructions***

And when I die, when this old spirit  
 spurts into God's  
 unseen air don't shed  
 one tear,  
 sisters and brothers instead                               5  
 rejoice with song and prayer;  
 paint landscapes of heaven  
 for the eyes of our children  
 please don't grieve  
 my departure, friends                                       10  
 for we shall meet again  
 in time ....

I'll be watching and waiting  
 your time ....  
 and hand you real freedom                               15

to wrap around your shoulders  
 like a magic, marvellous cloak

so when I cross that river  
 don't get dressed in dark  
 colors or collapse before                               20  
 useless coffins or cry  
 when you could be wishing me well  
 please don't waste words  
 on endless oratory

3

and kill several others 25  
with boredom or dolor  
when the sun is still shining  
golden

just believe that our 30  
span of time is ultimately  
god's piece of time and say  
that this time

he was a poet and  
this time he was black  
and next time there's just no 35  
telling how he may come  
back.

*Garth Tate (1952–1992)*

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following short story by Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914)

*The Arrest*

Having murdered his brother-in-law, Orrin Brower of Kentucky was a fugitive from justice. From the county jail where he had been confined to await his trial he had escaped by knocking down his jailer with an iron bar, robbing him of his keys and, opening the outer door, walking out into the night. The jailer being unarmed, Brower got no weapon with which to defend his recovered liberty. As soon as he was out of the town he had the folly to enter a forest; this was many years ago, when that region was wilder than it is now.

5

The night was pretty dark, with neither moon nor stars visible, and as Brower had never dwelt thereabout, and knew nothing of the lay of the land, he was, naturally, not long in losing himself. He could not have said if he were getting farther away from the town or going back to it – a most important matter to Orrin Brower. He knew that in either case a posse of citizens with a pack of bloodhounds would soon be on his track and his chance of escape was very slender; but he did not wish to assist in his own pursuit. Even an added hour of freedom was worth having.

10

Suddenly he emerged from the forest into an old road, and there before him saw, indistinctly, the figure of a man, motionless in the gloom. It was too late to retreat: the fugitive felt that at the first movement back toward the wood he would be, as he afterward explained, 'filled with buckshot'. So the two stood there like trees, Brower nearly suffocated by the activity of his own heart; the other – the emotions of the other are not recorded.

15

A moment later – it may have been an hour – the moon sailed into a patch of unclouded sky and the hunted man saw the visible embodiment of Law lift an arm and point significantly toward and beyond him. He understood. Turning his back to his captor, he walked submissively away in the direction indicated, looking to neither the right nor the left; hardly daring to breathe, his head and back actually aching with a prophecy of buckshot.

20

Brower was as courageous a criminal as ever lived to be hanged; that was shown by the conditions of awful personal peril in which he had killed his brother-in-law. It is needless to relate them here; they came out in his trial, and the revelation of his calmness in confronting them came near to saving his neck. But what would you have – when a brave man is beaten, he submits.

25

So they pursued their journey jailward along the old road through the woods. Only once did Brower venture a turn of the head: just once, when he was in deep shadow and he knew that the other was in moonlight, he looked backward. His captor was Burton Duff, the jailer, as white as death and bearing upon his brow the livid mark of the iron bar. Orrin Brower had no further curiosity.

30

Eventually they entered the town, which was all alight, but deserted; only the women and children remained, and they were off the streets. Straight toward the jail the criminal held his way. Straight up to the main entrance he walked, laid his hand upon the knob of the heavy iron door, pushed it open without command, entered and found himself in the presence of a half-dozen armed men. Then he turned. Nobody else entered.

35

On a table in the corridor lay the dead body of Burton Duff.

40

- 3 Write a critical commentary on the following extract from the play *My Children! My Africa!* by Athol Fugard (1989). Thami and Isabel and Mr M are all South African, Thami is a pupil from a school for black students, and Isabel from a school for white students, while Mr M is Thami's teacher; Mr M is coaching the two teenagers for an inter-school literature competition.

ISABEL: (*Intervening*) So, what's next? Mr M? How about singling out a few specific authors who we know will definitely come up. Like Dickens. I bet you anything you like there'll be questions about him and his work.

MR M: Good idea. We'll concentrate on novelists. A short list of hot favourites.

ISABEL: Thomas Hardy... Jane Austen... who else, Thami? 5

MR M: Put your heads together and make a list. I want twenty names. Divide it between the two of you and get to work. I must be on my way.

ISABEL: Just before you go, Mr M, I've got an invitation for you and Thami from my Mom and Dad. Would the two of you like to come to tea one afternoon? 10

MR M: What a lovely idea!

ISABEL: They've had enough of me going on and on about the all-knowing Mr M and his brilliant protégé Thami. They want to meet you for themselves. Thami? All right with you?

MR M: Of course we accept, Isabel. It will be a pleasure and a privilege for us to meet Mr and Mrs Dyson. Tell them we accept most gratefully. 15

ISABEL: Next Sunday.

MR M: Perfect.

ISABEL: Thami?

MR M: Don't worry about him, Isabel. I'll put it in my diary and remind him at school. 20  
(MR M *leaves.*)

ISABEL: (*Sensitive to a change of mood in THAMI*) I think you'll like my folks. My Mom's a bit on the reserved side but that's just because she's basically very shy. But you and my Dad should get on well. Start talking sport with him and he won't let you go. He played cricket for EP, you know. 25  
(*Pause.*) You will come, won't you?

THAMI: (*Edge to his voice*) Didn't you hear Mr M? 'A delight and a privilege! We accept most gratefully.' (*Writing in his notebook*) Charles Dickens... Thomas Hardy... Jane Austen... 30

ISABEL: Was he speaking for you as well?

THAMI: He speaks for me on nothing!

ISABEL: Relax... I know that. That's why I tried to ask you separately and why I'll ask you again. Would you like to come to tea next Sunday to meet my family? It's not a polite invitation. They really want to meet you. 35

THAMI: Me? Why? Are they starting to get nervous?

ISABEL: Oh, come off it, Thami. Don't be like that. They're always nervous when it comes to me. But this time it happens to be genuine interest. I've told you. I talk about you at home. They know I have a good time with you...that we're a team...which they are now very proud of, incidentally...and that we're cramming like lunatics so that we can put up a good show at the festival. Is it so strange that they want to meet you after all that? Honestly, sometimes dealing with the two of you is like 40

walking on a tightrope. I'm always scared I'm going to put a foot wrong and ... well I just *hate* being scared like that.

(*A few seconds of truculent silence between the two of them.*)

What's going on, Thami? Between you two? There's something very wrong, isn't there?

THAMI: No more than usual.

ISABEL: No you don't! A hell of a lot more than usual, and don't deny it because it's getting to be pretty obvious. I mean I know he gets on your nerves. I knew that the first day we met. But it's more than that now. These past couple of meetings I've caught you looking at him, watching him in a ... I don't know ... in a sort of hard way. Very critical. Not just once. Many times. Do you know you're doing it? (*Shrug of the shoulders from THAMI.*)

Well if you know it or not, you are. And now he's started as well.

THAMI: What do you mean?

ISABEL: He's watching you.

THAMI: So? He can watch me as much as he likes. I've got nothing to hide. Even if I had he'd be the last person to find out. He sees nothing, Isabel.

ISABEL: I think you are very wrong.

THAMI: No, I'm not. That's his trouble. He's got eyes and ears but he sees nothing and hears nothing.

ISABEL: Go on. Please. (*Pause.*) I mean it, Thami. I want to know what's going on.

THAMI: He is out of touch with what is really happening to us blacks and the way we feel about things. He thinks the world is still the way it was when he was young. It's not! It's different now, but he's too blind to see it. He doesn't open his eyes and ears and see what is happening around him or listen to what people are saying.

ISABEL: What are they saying?

THAMI: They've got no patience left, Isabel. They want change. They want it now!

ISABEL: But he agrees with that. He never stops saying it himself.

THAMI: No. His ideas about change are the old-fashioned ones. And what have they achieved? Nothing. We are worse off now than we ever were. The people don't want to listen to his kind of talk any more.

ISABEL: I'm still lost, Thami. What kind of talk is that?

THAMI: You've just heard it, Isabel. It calls our struggle vandalism and lawless behaviour. It's the sort of talk that expects us to do nothing and wait quietly for White South Africa to wake up. If we listen to it our grandchildren still won't know what it means to be free.

ISABEL: And those old-fashioned ideas of his ... are we one of them?

THAMI: What do you mean?

ISABEL: You and me. The competition.

THAMI: Let's change the subject, Isabel. (*Takes up his notebook.*) Charles Dickens ... Thomas Hardy ... Jane Austen ...

ISABEL: No! You can't do that! I'm involved. I've got a right to know. Are we an old-fashioned idea?

THAMI: Not our friendship. That is our decision, our choice.

ISABEL: And the competition

- THAMI: (*Uncertain of himself*) Maybe ... I'm not sure. I need time to think about it.
- ISABEL: (*Foreboding*) Oh boy. This doesn't sound so good. You've got to talk to him, Thami.
- THAMI: He won't listen.
- ISABEL: Make him listen!
- THAMI: It doesn't work that way with us, Isabel. You can't just stand up and tell your teacher he's got the wrong ideas.
- ISABEL: Well, that's just your bad luck because you are going to have to do it. Even if it means breaking sacred rules and traditions, you have got to stand up and have it out with him. I don't think you realize what all of this means to him. It's a hell of a lot more than just an 'old-fashioned idea' as far as he's concerned. This competition, you and me, but especially you, Thami Mbikwana, has become a sort of crowning achievement to his life as a teacher. It's become a sort of symbol for him, and if it were to all suddenly collapse ...! No. I don't want to think about it. 100
- THAMI: (*Flash of anger and impatience*) Then don't! Please leave it alone now and just let's get on with whatever it is we've got to do. 105
- ISABEL: Right, if that's the way you want it ... (*Takes up her notebook.*) ... Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Jane Austen ... who else? 110

Question 1 GARTH TATE. Last Instructions. Published in Search of Colour Everywhere. ISBN: 1.55670.339.5. Printed by Stewart, Tabori and Chang.

Question 3 ATHOL FUGARD. My Children, My Africa. © Reproduced by permission of Faber and Faber. © Athol Fugard. 1990

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