



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/33**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2012**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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.

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



## Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'You may miss me then.' ('Your Last Drive')

Discuss ways in which **two** of Hardy's poems express feelings of regret.

- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on ways in which Hardy presents soldiers and warfare.

*The Man He Killed*

'Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have sat us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin!

'But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

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'I shot him dead because –  
Because he was my foe,  
Just so: my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

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'He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,  
'Off-hand like – just as I –  
Was out of work – had sold his traps –  
No other reason why.

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'Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown.'

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SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Heaney deals with contemporary events in his poetry, to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on ways in which Heaney presents the qualities of 'a suitable tool'.

*Poet to Blacksmith*

Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin's (1748–84) instructions to Séamus MacGearailt, translated from the Irish

Séamus, make me a side-arm to take on the earth,  
A suitable tool for digging and grubbing the ground,  
Lightsome and pleasant to lean on or cut with or lift,  
Tastily finished and trim and right for the hand.

No trace of the hammer to show on the sheen of the blade,  
The thing to have purchase and spring and be fit for the strain,  
The shaft to be socketed in dead true and dead straight,  
And I'll work with the gang till I drop and never complain.

5

The plate and the edge of it not to be wrinkly or crooked –  
I see it well shaped from the anvil and sharp from the file;  
The grain of the wood and the line of the shaft nicely fitted,  
And best thing of all, the ring of it, sweet as a bell.

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*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) A number of poems in the selection tell stories or narrate past events. Compare the effects created by **two** of these poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer expresses a celebration of motherhood in the following poem.

*Praise Song for My Mother*

You were  
water to me  
deep and bold and fathoming

You were  
moon's eye to me  
pull and grained and mantling

You were  
sunrise to me  
rise and warm and streaming

You were  
the fishes red gill to me  
the flame tree's spread to me  
the crab's leg/the fried plantain smell  
replenishing replenishing

Go to your wide futures, you said

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Grace Nichols

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4**

## Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Dangarembga's presentation of Mainini, Tambu's mother, and comment on her significance in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Dangarembga presents Nyasha here.

For a week Nyasha withdrew into herself and Babamukuru withdrew out of the house. He did not even come home for meals, but he did not lose much weight so I knew Maiguru was coaxing him to eat when we were in bed or at other times when we were not watching. How they suffered, the pair of them. In spite of disciplining the daughter with an hour-long sermon and fourteen lashes, because she was fourteen years old, in the sitting-room while Maiguru looked on, Babamukuru was still hurt. But I was more concerned about Nyasha, because Babamukuru had Maiguru to look after him and the solace of knowing that Nyasha was wrong. The general feeling was that Nyasha was sulking because she had not been able to have her own way. But I was closer to her than anybody else and so I sensed the conflict that she was going through of self versus surrender and the content of sin. Although I did not understand her anguish, because the distinction between right and wrong, what was and what was not sinful, was still very clear to me in those days and followed very closely the guidelines set out for us at Sunday School, I worried about the effect the situation was having on my cousin. Not only had she stopped talking to us, but she was growing vague and detaching herself from us. She was retreating into some private world that we could not reach. Sometimes, when I talked to her, quite apart from preferring not to answer, she simply did not hear me. Once, when I passed my hand in front of her eyes, she did not see me either and I had to shout very loudly to bring her back.

Maiguru saw that the situation was serious but did not know what to do. 'Do you know,' she told me as we sat at the lunch table alone together, because Nyasha had stopped eating again and Chido usually had lunch with the Bakers. 'Do you know,' she said, close to tears and embarrassing me horribly, because I would not have known what to do if my aunt had succumbed to her sorrow, 'your uncle was waiting up for you before he let the dogs out. You know how vicious they are. So he didn't let them out. I said to him, let Chido do it when they get back, and he said he would rather do it himself to make sure it was done. That's how he is. He never sleeps until you come back from your functions and he's always covering it up with one reason or another. But I know him. And now he's hurt and Nyasha is hurt, and really, my child, God only knows where these things will end. To tell you the truth, it frightens me, because you don't play lightly with such tempestuous feelings, you have to handle them gently – but those two, they are always tearing each other to pieces.'

I told Nyasha what Maiguru had said as we lay in bed in the dark that night. I talked on and on about many things, talking into the darkness, not knowing whether she was listening or not. I talked about how I had come to be two years too old for my class, about my father and Nhamo and my maize field. Then I told her what Maiguru had said.

She understood. 'I know,' she said. 'It's the same everywhere. But he has no right to treat me like that, as though I am water to be poured wherever he wants. I know I should trust and obey and all that, but really he hasn't the right.' She sobbed up great lumps of pain. I understood that she was grieving for whatever she had lost when she struck her father so I left her for a while, then climbed into her bed, where we cuddled up to each other and fell asleep.

Maiguru was not very pleased the next morning when she found us in bed together, but she could not mind that Nyasha was beginning to feel better and so nothing was said. I knew that Nyasha was all right because she said to me, with an attempt at her usual grin and typical exaggeration, 'Thanks, Tambu. You saved my life.'

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of two different settings in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents Adela Quested's judgement of Ronny Heaslop in the following passage.

Although Miss Quested had known Ronny well in England, she felt well advised to visit him before deciding to be his wife. India had developed sides of his character that she had never admired. His self-complacency, his censoriousness, his lack of subtlety, all grew vivid beneath a tropic sky; he seemed more indifferent than of old to what was passing in the minds of his fellows, more certain that he was right about them or that if he was wrong it didn't matter. When proved wrong, he was particularly exasperating; he always managed to suggest that she needn't have bothered to prove it. The point she made was never the relevant point, her arguments conclusive but barren, she was reminded that he had expert knowledge and she none, and that experience would not help her because she could not interpret it. A public school, London University, a year at a crammer's, a particular sequence of posts in a particular province, a fall from a horse and a touch of fever were presented to her as the only training by which Indians and all who reside in their country can be understood; the only training she could comprehend, that is to say, for of course above Ronny there stretched the higher realms of knowledge, inhabited by Callendars and Turtons, who had been not one year in the country but twenty and whose instincts were superhuman. For himself he made no extravagant claims; she wished he would. It was the qualified brag of the callow official, the 'I am not perfect, but –' that got on her nerves.

How gross he had been at Mr Fielding's – spoiling the talk and walking off in the middle of the haunting song! As he drove them away in the tum-tum, her irritation became unbearable, and she did not realize that much of it was directed against herself. She longed for an opportunity to fly out at him, and since he felt cross too, and they were both in India, an opportunity soon occurred. They had scarcely left the College grounds before she heard him say to his mother, who was with him on the front seat, 'What was that about caves?' and she promptly opened fire.

'Mrs Moore, your delightful doctor has decided on a picnic, instead of a party in his house; we are to meet him out there – you, myself, Mr Fielding, Professor Godbole – exactly the same party.'

'Out where?' asked Ronny.

'The Marabar Caves.'

'Well, I'm blessed,' he murmured after a pause. 'Did he descend to any details?'

'He did not. If you had spoken to him, we could have arranged them.'

He shook his head, laughing.

'Have I said anything funny?'

'I was only thinking how the worthy doctor's collar climbed up his neck.'

'I thought you were discussing the caves.'

'So I am. Aziz was exquisitely dressed, from tie-pin to spats, but he had forgotten his back collar-stud, and there you have the Indian all over: inattention to detail; the fundamental slackness that reveals the race. Similarly, to "meet" in the caves as if they were the clock at Charing Cross, when they're miles from a station and each other.'

'Have you been to them?'

'No, but I know all about them, naturally.'

'Oh, naturally!'



**Turn to page 10 for Question 6**

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories from your selection present family relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writing of the following passage presents the character of the old man.

He was an old man going on a journey. But not really so old, only they made him old buttoning up his coat for him and giving him money. Seventy-one that's all. Not a journey, not what you would really call a journey – he had to go in and see those people about his land. Again. But he liked the word Journey even though you didn't quite say it. It wasn't a word for saying only for saving up in your head, and that way you could enjoy it. Even an old man like him, but not what you would call properly old. 5

The coat was good and warm. It was second-hand from the jumble and it was good and warm. Could have ghosts in it but who cares, warm that's the main thing. If some old pakeha died in it that's too bad because he wasn't scared of the pakeha kehuas anyway. The pakeha kehuas they couldn't do anything, it was only like having a sheet over your head and going woo-oo at someone in the lavatory ... 10

He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people. 15

Taxi.

It's coming Uncle.

Taxi Uncle. They think he's deaf. And old. Putting more money in his pocket and wishing his coat needed buttoning, telling him it's windy and cold. Never mind, he was off. Off on his journey, he could get round town good on his own, good as gold. 20

Out early today old man.

Business young fulla.

Early bird catches the early worm.

It'll be a sorry worm young fulla, a sorry worm.

Like that is it? 25

Like that.

You could sit back and enjoy the old taxi smells of split upholstery and cigarette, and of something else that could have been the young fulla's hair oil or his b.o. It was good. Good. Same old taxi same old stinks. Same old shop over there, but he wouldn't be calling in today, no. And tomorrow they'd want to know why. No, today he was going on a journey, which was a good word. Today he was going further afield, and there was a word no one knew he had. A good wind today but he had a warm coat and didn't need anyone fussing. 30

Same old butcher and same old fruit shop, doing all right these days not like before. Same old Post Office where you went to get your pension money, but he always sent Minnie down to get his because he couldn't stand these old-age people. These old-age people got on his nerves. Yes, same old place, same old shops and roads, and everything cracking up a bit. Same old taxi. Same old young fulla. 35

How's the wife?

Still growling old man. 40

What about the kids?

Costing me money.

Send them out to work that's the story.

I think you're right you might have something there old man. Well here we are, early. Still another half hour to wait for the train. 45

Best to be early. Business.

Guess you're right.

What's the sting?

Almost five it is

Pull out a fistful and give the young fulla full eyes. Get himself out on to  
footpath and shove the door, give it a good hard slam. Pick me up later young fulla,  
ten past five. Might as well make a day of it, look round town and buy a few things.  
Don't forget ten past five.  
Right you are old man five ten.

Journey

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