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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2012**

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.
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.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

Section A: Poetry

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

1 **Either** **(a)** Hardy creates different voices or personas in a number of poems. Discuss the effects of this poetic technique in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which Hardy expresses a sense of grief.

The Going

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow
With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye,
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time's renewal? We might have said,
'In this bright spring weather
We'll visit together
Those places that once we visited.'

Well, well! All's past amend,
Unchangeable. It must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon … O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing –
Not even I – would undo me so!

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

2 **Either** **(a)** Discuss ways in which Heaney treats events from the past in **two** poems.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways in which Heaney develop the link between the helmet and Bobby Breen.

Helmet

Bobby Breen's. His Boston fireman's gift
With BREEN in scarlet letters on its spread
Fantailing brim,

Tinctures of sweat and hair oil
In the withered sponge and shock-absorbing webs
Beneath the crown –

Or better say the crest, for crest it is –
Leather-trimmed, steel-ridged, hand-tooled, hand-sewn,
Tipped with a little bud of beaten copper …

Bobby Breen's badged helmet's on my shelf
These twenty years, 'the headgear
Of the tribe', as O'Grady called it

In right heroic mood that afternoon
When the fireman-poet presented it to me
As 'the visiting fireman' –

As if I were up to it, as if I had
Served time under it, his fire-thane's shield,
His shoulder-awning, while shattering glass

And rubble-bolts out of a burning roof
Hailed down on every hatchet man and hose man there
Till the hard-reared shield-wall broke.

Songs of Ourselves

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which poets treat the idea of friendship in **two** poems fr selection.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents a child's developing understanding in the following poem.

Childhood

I used to think that grown-up people chose
To have stiff backs and wrinkles round their nose,
And veins like small fat snakes on either hand,
On purpose to be grand.
Till through the banisters I watched one day
My great-aunt Etty's friend who was going away,
And how her onyx beads had come unstrung.
I saw her grope to find them as they rolled;
And then I knew that she was helplessly old,
As I was helplessly young.

Frances Cornford

Section B: Prose

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

4 Either (a) 'I've had enough of that man dividing me from my children. Dividing me from my children and ruling my life.' (Maiguru)

Discuss some of the ways in which Dangarembga explores family tensions in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents the relationship between Tambu and Nyasha at this point in the novel.

'I am missing you badly,' she wrote, 'as I knew I would and told you so, but I did not want to worry you with it because I know about your guilts, and I did not want guilt over your luck to stop you enjoying it. But the fact is I am missing you and missing you badly. In many ways you are very essential to me in bridging some of the gaps in my life, and now that you are away, I feel them again. I find it more and more difficult to speak with the girls at school. I try, Tambu, but there is not much to speak of between us. They resent the fact that I do not read their romance stories and, if I do not read them, then of course I cannot talk about them. If only they knew that when I was ten my mother used to scold me very severely indeed for sneaking them down from the bookshelf. But I was ten six years ago and that is a long time to have grown out of such habits. I should, I suppose, have acquired more useful habits instead. I should have learnt to be light-hearted and gay, but it's difficult, you know. Besides, I am convinced that they have other reasons for disapproving of me. They do not like my language, my English, because it is authentic and my Shona, because it is not! They think that I am a snob, that I think I am superior to them because I do not feel that I am inferior to men (if you can call the boys in my class men). And all because I beat the boys at maths! I know that I should not complain, but I very much would like to belong, Tambu, but I find I do not. I spend a lot of time reading and studying now that you are not here for us to distract each other, but I must admit I long for those distractions – it's not virtue that keeps me so busy! I think, though, that your uncle is pleased with the quieter environment and I have discovered that it is restful to have him pleased, and so these days I am doing my best not to antagonise him. You can imagine how difficult that is. Impossible, it seems. I cannot help thinking that what antagonises is the fact that I am me – hardly, I admit, the ideal daughter for a hallowed headmaster, a revered patriarch. I have asked him several times if we may come to see you (through my mother, of course – it's always best to be quiet in his presence), but he believes it will spoil you.'

This letter did cause a pang of guilt. I believed I was being irresponsible. Folding the pages away in my desk where I would see it often and be reminded to write, I resolved to reply as soon as I had a spare moment. But the pang of guilt was no more than a pang which dissolved quickly in the stream of novelty and discovery I had plunged into. No spare moment came my way, nor did I find the time to make one, before I received my cousin's next letter. This letter was of the usual kind. Bubbly and bouncy, Nyasha updated me on the mission gossip and announced that she had embarked on a diet 'to discipline my body and occupy my mind. When you come back you will find a svelte, sensuous me.'

That was one of the last letters I received from her. During the second half of the term her letters became less regular and eventually stopped altogether. Again I must confess that I did not really notice. The thirteen weeks of term galloped by so quickly that while I was still wondering when she would write next, Babamukuru came to fetch me. Preoccupied and tense, he came alone, informing me that Nyasha was

keeping to her books. There was no conversation during the ride home, no enqui from my uncle about the lessons, the dormitories, my friends or the food, and whe I asked about Maiguru and the mission, he grunted so distractedly that I gave up the attempt. I was disappointed because Nyasha's letters had led me to believe that his disposition had improved, but I did not dwell on disappointment. If not Babamukuru, there was Nyasha to turn an attentive ear to the torrent of news about the goings on at Sacred Heart that was positively bursting to be told.

Chapter 10

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

5 Either (a) The novel is written in three sections: Mosque, Caves and Temple. Discuss the significance and effectiveness of this structure.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways Forster presents the 'bridge party' in this extract, focusing in particular on the characterisation of the women.

'To work, Mary, to work,' cried the Collector, touching his wife on the shoulder with a switch.

Mrs Turton got up awkwardly. 'What do you want me to do? Oh, those purdah women! I never thought any would come. Oh dear!'

A little group of Indian ladies had been gathering in a third quarter of the grounds, near a rustic summer-house, in which the more timid of them had already taken refuge. The rest stood with their backs to the company and their faces pressed into a bank of shrubs. At a little distance stood their male relatives, watching the venture. The sight was significant: an island bared by the turning tide, and bound to grow.

'I consider they ought to come over to me.'

'Come along, Mary, get it over.'

'I refuse to shake hands with any of the men, unless it has to be the Nawab Bahadur.'

'Whom have we so far?' He glanced along the line. 'H'm! H'm! Much as one expected. We know why he's here, I think – over that contract – and he wants to get the right side of me for Mohurram, and he's the astrologer who wants to dodge the municipal building regulations, and he's that Parsee, and he's – hullo! There he goes – smash into our hollyhocks. Pulled the left rein when he meant the right. All as usual.'

'They ought never to have been allowed to drive in; it's so bad for them,' said Mrs Turton, who had at last begun her progress to the summer-house, accompanied by Mrs Moore, Miss Quested and a terrier. 'Why they come at all I don't know. They hate it as much as we do. Talk to Mrs McBryde. Her husband made her give purdah parties until she struck.'

'This isn't a purdah party,' corrected Miss Quested.

'Oh, really,' was the haughty rejoinder.

'Do kindly tell us who these ladies are,' asked Mrs Moore.

'You're superior to them, anyway. Don't forget that. You're superior to everyone in India, except one or two of the ranis, and they're on an equality.'

Advancing, she shook hands with the group and said a few words of welcome in Urdu. She had learned the lingo, but only to speak to her servants, so she knew none of the politer forms, and of the verbs only the imperative mood. As soon as her speech was over, she inquired of her companions, 'Is that what you wanted?'

'Please tell these ladies that I wish we could speak their language, but we have only just come to their country.'

'Perhaps we speak yours a little,' one of the ladies said.

'Why, fancy, she understands!' said Mrs Turton.

'Eastbourne, Piccadilly, High Park Corner,' said another of the ladies.

'Oh yes, they're English-speaking.'

'But now we can talk; how delightful!' cried Adela, her face lighting up.

'She knows Paris also,' called one of the onlookers.

'They pass Paris on the way, no doubt,' said Mrs Turton, as if she was describing the movements of migratory birds. Her manner had grown more distant since she had discovered that some of the group was westernized, and might apply her own standards to her.

'The shorter lady, she is my wife, she is Mrs Bhattacharya,' the onlooker explained. 'The taller lady, she is my sister, she is Mrs Das.'

The shorter and the taller ladies both adjusted their saris, and smiled. Th
was a curious uncertainty about their gestures, as if they sought for a new formul
which neither East nor West could provide.

Chapter 5

6 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** stories from the selection portray the relati between children and the adults around them.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which the writing presents the development of the narrator's feelings.

I was exhilarated and at the same time very upset that the girl (whose name I didn't even know) was involved in some way with the Maquis. It never occurred to me that she might be working for the other side: that possibility might have been suggested by my feigned ignorance, but that was an automatic reflex. You've no idea on how many levels one's mind worked, in those days: isolated compartments of body and soul, with a lot of soft rubber in between.

I was upset not only because her existence might suddenly be perilous, but also because she had not stopped just for me, or for her feelings about me. In the end, I never knew how deeply involved she was, but I reckon it must have been on the simplest level of message-carrying, like a lot of kids and teenagers in those times. My position, on the main road, with the cover of the business, would have served the Resistance well. That was obvious. But I was not the one to make that sort of decision alone. Maybe my father did more than just give the *maquisards* 'God's credit', as he used to call it; but if so, I never knew about it – and trust between father and son would mean nothing, in that case.

The Germans – and, naturally, the *Milice* – started to furnish us with increased custom as the war dragged on and things became more and more difficult. Since many of our clients were paying us in blackmarket goods, the 'honest' cash of the occupiers was very welcome. One day, I was sitting in a café on a Sunday morning (the place in the tiny square this side of town), when a man in a peasant's overalls (but not, somehow, a peasant's bearing), sat down next to me and said, 'Try a nail or two. Otherwise we'll be thinking you are collaborators.' With that, he got up and left. My hands were shaking so much I spilt my drink. I imagined the other, mainly old, men in the café were looking at me. The wine tasted sour (it probably was). This was about a month after the girl had stopped to thank me. I decided to do something clownish, to make her stop again. My heart thumping like a drum all night, I rose early and started work before my father had shaved (we were 'sleeping in', that night, in the little rooms above the office). I had never missed her in the morning, but I wanted to be absolutely certain. The advantage of the morning encounter was that my father always did his paperwork until nine, and the thick net curtain across the office window obscured the view of the yard sufficiently to waylay any casual glance – even that of my father's. At a quarter to seven, with the sun laying broad stripes across the white road, so that vehicles seemed to appear and disappear as they approached, I saw the girl in the distance … to my relief, I have to say (*nothing can be relied on except death*, and so forth). There was nobody else on the road. I stepped out into the middle with a bucket full of stones and earth and started to pour it into the pot-hole, the subject of our former exchange. I was so nervous I nearly dropped the bucket, for my arms were very weak all of a sudden, but I was already stamping the stuff down by the time she stopped. 'You've no right to do that,' she said. I paused in my work, and my prepared grin froze into what must have been rather a stupid-looking grimace. 'You'll be arrested for overstepping the mark. *Les Allemands sont corrects*.' With that last familiar phrase, I knew she was 'having me on', and my grin restored itself. 'It's for you,' I said. 'I know,' she replied. She giggled (no, not quite – but there is no other word to describe such a sprinkle of delightful, teasing merriment) and pedalled off. I was left gazing after her, empty bucket in hand, little stones caught in my boots. If a truck had not blared its horn, I fancy it would have run me over.

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