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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

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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.

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



They were not drawings,
not photographs –
but human lungs
well-preserved by someone's
skill in histology.

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He could tell us how old
their owners had lived to be
for how many years each had smoked.
He would tell us everything
except their names.

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Twenty pairs of lungs
pinned up on his wall:
a collage of black and grey,
here and there some chalky yellow
some fungus-furred green.

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How long did we stand there?
And what did we say?
I don't remember eating lunch
or what we did
for the rest of that day –
Only those twenty pairs of nameless lungs,
the intimate gossamer
of twenty people I never knew
lungless in their graves.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) How far do you consider Hardy's poetry to be pessimistic? In your answer, the poetic methods and effects of **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a sense of personal loss.

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
 Saying that now you are not as you were
 When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
 But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then, 5
 Standing as when I drew near to the town
 Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
 Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness 10
 Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
 You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
 Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward, 15
 Leaves around me falling,
 Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
 And the woman calling.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) 'He knew in the hour he died
That his heart had never spoken ...'

Discuss the poetic methods through which poets explore the subject of death in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing ways it presents the effects of the passing of time.

Time's Fool

Time's fool, but not heaven's: yet hope not for any return.
The rabbit-eaten dry branch and the halfpenny candle
Are lost with the other treasure: the sooty kettle
Thrown away, become redbreast's home in the hedge, where the nettle
Shoots up, and bad bindweed wreathes rust-fretted handle. 5
Under that broken thing no more shall the dry branch burn.

Poor comfort all comfort: once what the mouse had spared
Was enough, was delight, there where the heart was at home;
The hard cankered apple holed by the wasp and the bird,
The damp bed, with the beetle's tap in the headboard heard, 10
The dim bit of mirror, three inches of comb:
Dear enough, when with youth and with fancy shared.

I knew that the roots were creeping under the floor,
That the toad was safe in his hole, the poor cat by the fire,
The starling snug in the roof, each slept in his place: 15
The lily in splendour, the vine in her grace,
The fox in the forest, all had their desire,
As then I had mine, in the place that was happy and poor.

Ruth Pitter

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways is it helpful to see Rochester and St John presented as opposites in the novel?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Jane's sufferings in the following passage, and discuss the significance of this episode to the novel.

About two o'clock p.m. I entered the village. At the bottom of its one street there was a little shop with some cakes of bread in the window. I coveted a cake of bread. With that refreshment I could perhaps regain a degree of energy; without it, it would be difficult to proceed. The wish to have some strength and some vigour returned to me as soon as I was amongst my fellow-beings. I felt it would be degrading to faint with hunger on the causeway of a hamlet. Had I nothing about me I could offer in exchange for one of these rolls? I considered. I had a small silk handkerchief tied round my throat; I had my gloves. I could hardly tell how men and women in extremities of destitution proceeded. I did not know whether either of these articles would be accepted: probably they would not; but I must try. 5

I entered the shop: a woman was there. Seeing a respectably dressed person, a lady as she supposed, she came forward with civility. How could she serve me? I was seized with shame: my tongue would not utter the request I had prepared. I dared not offer her the half-worn gloves, the creased handkerchief: besides, I felt it would be absurd. I only begged permission to sit down a moment, as I was tired. Disappointed in the expectation of a customer, she coolly acceded to my request. She pointed to a seat; I sank into it. I felt sorely urged to weep; but conscious how unseasonable such a manifestation would be, I restrained it. Soon I asked her 'if there were any dressmaker or plain-workwoman in the village?' 10

'Yes; two or three. Quite as many as there was employment for.' 20

I reflected. I was driven to the point now. I was brought face to face with Necessity. I stood in the position of one without a resource, without a friend, without a coin. I must do something. What? I must apply somewhere. Where?

'Did she know of any place in the neighbourhood where a servant was wanted?' 25

'Nay; she couldn't say.'

'What was the chief trade in this place? What did most of the people do?'

'Some were farm labourers; a good deal worked at Mr Oliver's needle-factory, and at the foundry.'

'Did Mr Oliver employ women?'

'Nay; it was men's work.' 30

'And what do the women do?'

'I knawn't,' was the answer. 'Some does one thing, and some another. Poor folk mun get on as they can.'

She seemed to be tired of my questions: and, indeed, what claim had I to importune her? A neighbour or two came in; my chair was evidently wanted. I took leave. 35

I passed up the street, looking as I went at all the houses to the right hand and to the left; but I could discover no pretext, nor see an inducement, to enter any. I rambled round the hamlet, going sometimes to a little distance and returning again, for an hour or more. Much exhausted, and suffering greatly now for want of food, I turned aside into a lane and sat down under the hedge. Ere many minutes had elapsed, I was again on my feet, however, and again searching something – a resource, or at least an informant. A pretty little house stood at the top of the lane, with a garden before it, exquisitely neat and brilliantly blooming. I stopped at it. What business had I to approach the white door or touch the glittering knocker? In what 40

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way could it possibly be the interest of the inhabitants of that dwelling to serve me? Yet I drew near and knocked. A mild-looking, cleanly-attired young woman opened the door. In such a voice as might be expected from a hopeless heart and fainting frame – a voice wretchedly low and faltering – I asked if a servant was wanted here?

‘No,’ said she; ‘we do not keep a servant.’

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‘Can you tell me where I could get employment of any kind?’ I continued. ‘I am a stranger, without acquaintance in this place. I want some work: no matter what.’

But it was not her business to think for me, or to seek a place for me: besides, in her eyes, how doubtful must have appeared my character, position, tale. She shook her head, she ‘was sorry she could give me no information’, and the white door closed, quite gently and civilly: but it shut me out. If she had held it open a little longer, I believe I should have begged a piece of bread; for I was now brought low.

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TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'Every character in *Nervous Conditions* has a chance to explain or be explained.'

Referring to **two** characters in the novel, discuss how Dangarembga presents them in an even-handed way.

- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on how it presents the differences between Tambu and her cousins.

In the yard, unmarried uncles, cousins and aunts began on the drums and hosho in a circle, dancing and singing while individuals freestyled in the centre. It was almost like a wedding with music and movement pulsing through the night to make your skin crawl and tingle, your armpits prickle, your body impatient to be up and concerned with the beat. My early childhood had been a prime time for dancing. Then I had used to amuse everybody by dropping my scholarly seriousness to twist and turn, and clap almost in time to the music. As I had grown older and the music had begun to speak to me more clearly, my movements had grown stronger, more rhythmical and luxuriant; but people had not found it amusing anymore, so that in the end I realised that there were bad implications in the way I enjoyed the rhythm. My dancing compressed itself into rigid, tentative gestures. I did not stop completely, but gatherings were much less fun after that and made me feel terribly self-conscious.

'We are dancing,' I invited Nyasha, who took a long time to understand.

'They don't understand Shona very well anymore,' her mother explained. 'They have been speaking nothing but English for so long that most of their Shona has gone.'

What Maiguru said was bewildering, bewildering and offending. I had not expected my cousins to have changed, certainly not so radically, simply because they had been away for a while. Besides, Shona was our language. What did people mean when they forgot it? Standing there, trying to digest these thoughts, I remembered speaking to my cousins freely and fluently before they went away, eating wild fruits with them, making clay pots and swimming in Nyamarira. Now they had turned into strangers. I stopped being offended and was sad instead.

'Ask them, Maiguru,' I urged. 'Even if they don't understand, they wouldn't refuse, would they? Things like that,' I continued vaguely but earnestly, 'would bring their speech back more quickly.' The singers were becoming inspired, the drums more and more animated. I could see Nyasha listening, tapping her fingers on her crossed knees in time to the drums. She talked to her mother eagerly in an English whose accent was so strange I could not understand a word of it, co-opting Chido into the discussion and talking in very definite tones. I was sure that my cousins wanted to join the merry-making but Maiguru was not encouraging. I could tell from her voice, which was flat and passive, and from the odd word that I picked up like 'dirty' and 'sleep'. It was odd that Maiguru preferred her children not to dance. If they could not enjoy themselves with us, there was no reason for them to have come home. I think Nyasha was saying similar things to Maiguru because in the end her irritation became so open that my aunts stopped their lively conversations to find out what was going on.

'Now, what is the problem, Maiguru?' asked Tete Gladys. 'You are not forbidding your children to join the others, are you?'

'Why should I do that, Tete?' Maiguru replied evenly. 'I am only saying they should rest. You know, a flight is very tiring. But if you say they should dance, they shall. Tete has told you to go to the dance,' she informed her children in her uninflected voice.

Chido declined politely ('It's all right. Mum, I'm a bit tired anyway.') Nyaa clicked her tongue scornfully and switched herself off. It was very abrupt the way she did it. One minute she was taking in everything that was happening, the next she would not have heard you even if you had spoken to her. I went outside, trying very hard not to let the episode spoil the rest of the evening. It was difficult though. I had been looking forward to having my cousins back so that things would be fun and friendly and warm as they had been in the old days, but it was not happening that way. So deep was my disappointment that I was not comforted when Nhamo, seduced by our unrestrained voices and the throb of the drum, came out to join us. I thought he was fickle, that he wanted to eat his chicken and have eggs as well.

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- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present different kinds of bravery.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways the following passage presents the disappointment of a fading relationship.

Lying on the bed, I hold the cluster of grapes above my face, and bite one off as Romans do in films. Oh, to play, to play again, but my only playmate now is Lucy and she is out by the pool with her cousins.

A few weeks ago, back in Cairo, Lucy looked up at the sky and said, 'I can see the place where we're going to be.'

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'Where?' I asked, as we drove through Gabalaya Street.

'In heaven.'

'Oh!' I said. 'And what's it like?'

'It's a circle, Mama, and it has a chimney, and it will always be winter there.'

I reached over and patted her knee. 'Thank you, darling,' I said.

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Yes, I am sick – but not just for home. I am sick for a time, a time that was and that I can never have again. A lover I had and can never have again.

I watched him vanish – well, not vanish, slip away, recede. He did not want to go. He did not go quietly. He asked me to hold him, but he couldn't tell me how. A fairy godmother, robbed for an instant of our belief in her magic, turns into a sad old woman, her wand into a useless stick. I suppose I should have seen it coming. My foreignness, which had been so charming, began to irritate him. My inability to remember names, to follow the minutiae of politics, my struggles with his language, my need to be protected from the sun, the mosquitoes, the salads, the drinking water. He was back home, and he needed someone he could be at home with, at home. It took perhaps a year. His heart was broken in two, mine was simply broken.

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I never see my lover now. Sometimes, as he romps with Lucy on the beach, or bends over her grazed elbow, or sits across our long table from me at a dinner-party, I see a man I could yet fall in love with, and I turn away.

I told him too about my first mirage, the one I saw on that long road to Maiduguri. And on the desert road to Alexandria the first summer, I saw it again. 'It's hard to believe it isn't there when I can see it so clearly,' I complained.

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'You only think you see it,' he said.

'Isn't that the same thing?' I asked. 'My brain tells me there's water there. Isn't that enough?'

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'Yes,' he said, and shrugged. 'If all you want to do is sit in the car and see it. But if you want to go and put your hands in it and drink, then it isn't enough, surely?' He gave me a sidelong glance and smiled.

Soon, I should hear Lucy's high, clear voice, chattering to her father as they walk hand in hand up the gravel drive to the back door. Behind them will come the heavy tread of Um Sabir. I will go out smiling to meet them and he will deliver a wet, sandy Lucy into my care, and ask if I'm OK with a slightly anxious look. I will take Lucy into my bathroom while he goes into his. Later, when the rest of the family have all drifted back and showered and changed, everyone will sit around the barbecue and eat and drink and talk politics and crack jokes of hopeless, helpless irony and laugh. I should take up embroidery and start on those *Aubusson* tapestries we all, at the moment, imagine will be necessary for Lucy's trousseau.

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Yesterday when I had dressed her after the shower she examined her reflection intently in my mirror and asked for a french plait. I sat behind her at the dressing table blow-drying her black hair, brushing it and plaiting it. When Lucy was born Um Sabir covered all the mirrors. His sister said, 'They say if a baby looks in the mirror she will see her own grave.' We laughed but we did not remove the covers; they stayed in place till she was one.

Sandpiper

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