Cambridge International AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2015**

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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

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Section A: Poetry

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

1 Either (a) 'The poetic voice of blood and guts.'

In what ways do you find this an appropriate description of Hughes's poetry? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the language and imagery of the following poem present the jaguar and its situation.

The Jaguar

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.
The parrots shriek as if they were on fire, or strut
Like cheap tarts to attract the stroller with the nut.
Fatigued with indolence, tiger and lion

Lie still as the sun. The boa-constrictor's coil
Is a fossil. Cage after cage seems empty, or
Stinks of sleepers from the breathing straw.
It might be painted on a nursery wall.

But who runs like the rest past these arrives
At a cage where the crowd stands, stares, mesmerized,
As a child at a dream, at a jaguar hurrying enraged
Through prison darkness after the drills of his eyes

On a short fierce fuse. Not in boredom –
The eye satisfied to be blind in fire,
By the bang of blood in the brain deaf the ear –
He spins from the bars, but there's no cage to him

More than to the visionary his cell:
His stride is wildernesses of freedom:
The world rolls under the long thrust of his heel.
Over the cage floor the horizons come.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

2 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Owen use soldiers' voices in **two** poems?

Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it presents ideas about poetry.

On My Songs

Though unseen Poets, many and many a time,
Have answered me as if they knew my woe,
And it might seem have fashioned so their rime
To be my own soul's cry; easing the flow
Of my dumb tears with language sweet as sobs,
Yet are there days when all these hoards of thought
Hold nothing for me. Not one verse that throbs
Throbs with my heart, or as my brain is fraught.
'Tis then I voice mine own weird reveries:
Low croonings of a motherless child, in a gloom
Singing his frightened self to sleep, are these.
One night, if thou shouldst lie in this Sick Room,
Dreading the Dark though darest not illumine,
Listen; my voice may haply lend thee ease.

Songs of Ourselves

3 **Either** **(a)** Compare ways in which **two** poems from the selection present failed hopes.

Or **(b)** Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents old age.

Sonnet 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west:
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

William Shakespeare

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Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

4 Either (a) 'Even the most heroic of Adichie's characters have flaws.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the presentation of **two** characters from the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the relationship between Olanna and Odenigbo at this point in the novel.

Amala had a baby girl. It was a Saturday and Olanna was making banana fritters with Ugwu in the kitchen, and when the doorbell rang, she knew right away that a message had come from Mama.

Odenigbo came to the kitchen door, his hands held behind his back. '*O mu nwanyi*,' he said quietly. 'She had a girl. Yesterday.'

Olanna did not look up from the bowl smeared with mashed bananas because she did not want him to see her face. She did not know how it would look, if it could capture the cruel mix of emotions she felt, the desire to cry and slap him and steel herself all at once.

'We should go to Enugu this afternoon to see that everything is fine,' she said briskly, and stood up. 'Ugwu, please finish.'

'Yes, mah.' Ugwu was watching her; she felt the responsibility of an actress whose family members expected the best performance.

'Thank you, *nkem*,' Odenigbo said. He placed his arm around her, but she shrugged it off.

'Let me take a quick bath.'

In the car, they were silent. He looked across at her often, as if he wanted to say something but did not know how to begin. She kept her eyes straight ahead and glanced at him only once, at the tentative way he held the steering wheel. She felt morally superior to him. Perhaps it was unearned and false, to think she was better than he was, but it was the only way she could keep her disparate emotions together, now that his child with a stranger was born.

He finally spoke as he parked in front of the hospital.

'What are you thinking?' he asked.

Olanna opened the car door. 'About my cousin Arize. She hasn't even been married a year and she is desperate to get pregnant.'

Odenigbo said nothing. Mama met them at the entrance of the maternity ward. Olanna had expected Mama to dance and look at her with mocking eyes, but the lined face was dour, the smile as she hugged Odenigbo was strained. Chemical hospital smells were thick in the air.

'Mama, *kedu?*' Olanna asked. She wanted to seem in control, to determine how things would proceed.

'I am well,' Mama said.

'Where is the baby?'

Mama looked surprised by her briskness. 'In the newborn ward.'

'Let's see Amala first,' Olanna said.

Mama led them to a cubicle. The bed was covered in a yellowed sheet and Amala lay on it with her face to the wall. Olanna pulled her eyes away from the slight swell of her belly; it was newly unbearable, the thought that Odenigbo's baby had been in that body. She focused on the biscuits, glucose tin, and glass of water on the side table.

'Amala, they have come,' Mama said.

'Good afternoon, *nno*,' Amala said, without turning to face them.

'How are you?' Odenigbo and Olanna asked, almost at the same time.

Amala mumbled a response. Her face was still to the wall. In the silence that followed, Olanna heard quick footfalls on the corridor outside. She had known this was coming for months now, and yet looking at Amala she felt an ashy hollowness. A part of her had hoped this day would never arrive.

'Let's see the baby,' she said. As she and Odenigbo turned to leave, she noticed that Amala did not turn, did not move, did not do anything to show she had heard.

At the newborn ward a nurse asked them to wait on one of the benches that lined the wall. Olanna could see, through the louvres, the many cots and many crying infants, and she imagined that the nurse would be confused and would bring the wrong baby. But it was the right baby; the full head of softly curled black hair and the dark skin and the widely spaced eyes were unmistakable. Only two days old, and she looked like Odenigbo.

The nurse made to give Olanna the baby, wrapped in a white, woolly blanket, but she gestured to Odenigbo. 'Let her father hold her.'

'You know her mother has refused to touch her,' the nurse said, as she handed the baby to Odenigbo.

Chapter 23

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

5 Either (a) In the novel, Mrs Moore says, 'India's a muddle.'

Discuss the importance of this view to Forster's presentation of India.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the relationship between Fielding and Aziz's friends.

'The whole world looks to be dying, still it doesn't die, so we must assume the existence of a beneficent Providence.'

'Oh, that is true, how true!' said the policeman, thinking religion had been praised.

'Does Mr Fielding think it's true?'

'Think which true? The world isn't dying. I'm certain of that!'

'No, no – the existence of Providence.'

'Well, I don't believe in Providence.'

'But how then can you believe in God?' asked Syed Mohammed.

'I don't believe in God.'

A tiny movement as of 'I told you so!' passed round the company, and Aziz looked up for an instant, scandalized. 'Is it correct that most are atheists in England now?' Hamidullah inquired.

'The educated thoughtful people? I should say so, though they don't like the name. The truth is that the West doesn't bother much over belief and disbelief in these days. Fifty years ago, or even when you and I were young, much more fuss was made.'

'And does not morality also decline?'

'It depends what you call – yes, yes, I suppose morality does decline.'

'Excuse the question, but if this is the case, how is England justified in holding India?'

There they were! Politics again. 'It's a question I can't get my mind onto,' he replied. 'I'm out here personally because I needed a job. I cannot tell you why England is here or whether she ought to be here. It's beyond me.'

'Well-qualified Indians also need jobs in the educational.'

'I guess they do; I got in first,' said Fielding, smiling.

'Then excuse me again – is it fair an Englishman should occupy one when Indians are available? Of course I mean nothing personally. Personally we are delighted you should be here, and we benefit greatly by this frank talk.'

There is only one answer to a conversation of this type: 'England holds India for her good.' Yet Fielding was disinclined to give it. The zeal for honesty had eaten him up. He said: 'I'm delighted to be here too – that's my answer, there's my only excuse. I can't tell you anything about fairness. It mayn't have been fair I should have been born. I take up some other fellow's air, don't I, whenever I breathe? Still, I'm glad it's happened, and I'm glad I'm out here. However big a badmash one is – if one's happy in consequence, that's some justification.'

The Indians were bewildered. The line of thought was not alien to them, but the words were too definite and bleak. Unless a sentence paid a few compliments to Justice and Morality in passing, its grammar wounded their ears and paralysed their minds. What they said and what they felt were (except in the case of affection) seldom the same. They had numerous mental conventions, and when these were flouted they found it very difficult to function. Hamidullah bore up best. 'And those Englishmen who are not delighted to be in India – have they no excuse?' he asked.

'None. Chuck 'em out'

'It may be difficult to separate them from the rest,' he laughed.

'Worse than difficult, wrong,' said Mr Ram Chand. 'No Indian gentleman

approves chucking out as a proper thing. Here we differ from those other nations. We are so spiritual.'

'Oh that is true, how true!' said the police inspector.

'Is it true, Mr Haq? I don't consider us spiritual. We can't co-ordinate, we can't co-ordinate, it only comes to that. We can't keep engagements, we can't catch trains. What more than this is the so-called spirituality of India? You and I ought to be at the Committee of Notables, we're not; our friend Dr Lal ought to be with his patients, he isn't. So we go on, and so we shall continue to go, I think, until the end of time.'

Chapter 9

Stories of Ourselves

6 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects do the writers of **two** stories make ordinary people into central characters?

Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the world of the story.

As for the streets, traffic had long since ceased to move about them. Apart from a few hours before dawn when only the sidewalks were crowded, every thoroughfare was always packed with a shuffling mob of pedestrians, perforce ignoring the countless 'Keep Left' signs suspended over their heads, wrestling past each other on their way to home and office, their clothes dusty and shapeless. Often 'locks' would occur when a huge crowd at a street junction became immovably jammed. Sometimes these locks would last for days. Two years earlier Ward had been caught in one outside the stadium, for over forty-eight hours was trapped in a gigantic pedestrian jam containing over 20,000 people, fed by the crowds leaving the stadium on one side and those approaching it on the other. An entire square mile of the local neighbourhood had been paralysed, and he vividly remembered the nightmare of swaying helplessly on his feet as the jam shifted and heaved, terrified of losing his balance and being trampled underfoot. When the police had finally sealed off the stadium and dispersed the jam he had gone back to his cubicle and slept for a week, his body blue with bruises.

'I hear they may reduce the allocation to three and a half metres,' Rossiter remarked.

Ward paused to allow a party of tenants from the sixth floor to pass down the staircase, holding the door to prevent it jumping off its latch. 'So they're always saying,' he commented. 'I can remember that rumour ten years ago.'

'It's no rumour,' Rossiter warned him. 'It may well be necessary soon. Thirty million people are packed into this city now, a million increase in just one year. There's been some pretty serious talk at the Housing Department.'

Ward shook his head. 'A drastic revaluation like that is almost impossible to carry out. Every single partition would have to be dismantled and nailed up again, the administrative job alone is so vast it's difficult to visualise. Millions of cubicles to be redesigned and certified, licences to be issued, plus the complete resettlement of every tenant. Most of the buildings put up since the last revaluation are designed around a four-metre modulus – you can't simply take half a metre off the end of each cubicle and then say that makes so many new cubicles. They may be only six inches wide.' He laughed. 'Besides, how can you live in just three and a half metres?'

Rossiter smiled. 'That's the ultimate argument, isn't it? They used it twenty-five years ago at the last revaluation, when the minimum was cut from five to four. It couldn't be done they all said, no one could stand living in only four square metres, it was enough room for a bed and suitcase, but you couldn't open the door to get in.' Rossiter chuckled softly. 'They are all wrong. It was merely decided that from then on all doors would open outwards. Four square metres was here to stay.'

Ward looked at his watch. It was 7.30. 'Time to eat. Let's see if we can get into the food-bar across the road.'

Grumbling at the prospect, Rossiter pulled himself off the bed. They left the cubicle and made their way down the staircase. This was crammed with luggage and packing cases so that only a narrow interval remained around the banister. On the floors below the congestion was worse. Corridors were wide enough to be chopped up into single cubicles, and the air was stale and dead, cardboard walls hung with damp laundry and makeshift larders. Each of the five rooms on the floors contained a dozen tenants, their voices reverberating through the partitions.

People were sitting on the steps above the second floor, using the staircase as

an informal lounge, although this was against the fire regulations, women talking to the men queueing in their shirt-sleeves outside the washroom, children diving around them. By the time they reached the entrance Ward and Rossiter were having to force their way through the tenants packed together on every landing, loitering around the notice boards or pushing in from the street below.

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