

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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/07

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

October/November 2004

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 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from the play *The Winslow Boy* by Terence Rattigan.

Ronnie, a young student at a Royal Navy school, has been accused of stealing a postal order from another student. He is being interviewed about this by a lawyer, Sir Robert Morton. Ronnie's father is also in the room.

SIR ROBERT Did you cash a postal order belonging to Elliot Minor for five shillings?

RONNIE No, sir.

SIR ROBERT Did you break into his locker and steal it?

RONNIE No, sir. 5

SIR ROBERT And that is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

RONNIE Yes, sir.

SIR ROBERT Right. When the Commander asked you to write Elliot's name on an envelope, how did you write it?

RONNIE I wrote Charles K Elliot. 10

SIR ROBERT What made you choose that particular form?

RONNIE That was the way he usually signed his name –

SIR ROBERT How did you know?

RONNIE Well – he was a great friend of mine –

SIR ROBERT That is no answer. How did you know? 15

RONNIE I'd seen him sign things.

SIR ROBERT What things?

RONNIE (*reluctantly*) Bits of paper.

SIR ROBERT Bits of paper? And why did he sign his name on bits of paper?

RONNIE I don't know. 20

SIR ROBERT You do know. Why did he sign his name on bits of paper?

RONNIE He was practising his signature.

SIR ROBERT And you saw him?

RONNIE Yes.

SIR ROBERT Did he know that you saw him? 25

RONNIE Well – yes –

SIR ROBERT In other words he showed you exactly how he wrote his signature?

RONNIE Yes. I suppose he did.

SIR ROBERT Did you practise writing it yourself?

RONNIE I might have done. 30

SIR ROBERT What do you mean you might have done? Did you or did you not?

RONNIE Yes –

SIR ROBERT The fact is you practised forging Elliot's signature –

RONNIE It wasn't forging –

SIR ROBERT What do you call it then? 35

RONNIE Writing.

SIR ROBERT Very well. Writing. Whoever stole the postal order and cashed it also *wrote* Elliot's signature, didn't he?

- RONNIE Yes.
- SIR ROBERT And oddly enough, in the exact form in which you had earlier been practising *writing* his signature –
- RONNIE (*indignantly*) I say. Which side are you on?
- SIR ROBERT (*snarling*) Don't be impertinent! Are you aware that the Admiralty sent up the forged postal order to Mr Ridgley-Pearce – the greatest handwriting expert in England? 45
- RONNIE Yes.
- SIR ROBERT And you know that Mr Ridgley-Pearce affirmed that there was no doubt that the signature on the postal order and the signature you wrote on the envelope were by one and the same hand?
- RONNIE Yes. 50
- SIR ROBERT And you still say that you didn't forge his signature?
- RONNIE Yes, I do.
- SIR ROBERT When you went into the locker-room after dinner, were you alone?
- RONNIE I don't remember.
- SIR ROBERT I think you do. Were you alone in the locker-room? 55
- RONNIE Yes.
- SIR ROBERT And you knew which was Elliot's locker?
- RONNIE Yes. Of course.
- SIR ROBERT Why did you go in there at all?
- RONNIE I've told you. To put my fifteen and six away. 60
- SIR ROBERT Why?
- RONNIE I thought it would be safer.
- SIR ROBERT Why safer than your pocket?
- RONNIE I don't know.
- SIR ROBERT You had it in your pocket at dinner-time. Why this sudden fear for its safety? 65
- RONNIE (*plainly rattled*) I tell you, I don't know.
- SIR ROBERT It was rather an odd thing to do, wasn't it? The money was perfectly safe in your pocket. Why did you suddenly feel yourself impelled to put it away in your locker? 70
- RONNIE (*almost shouting*) I don't know.
- SIR ROBERT Was it because you knew you would be alone in the locker-room at the time?
- RONNIE No.
- SIR ROBERT Where was Elliot's locker in relation to yours? 75
- RONNIE Next to it, but one.
- SIR ROBERT Next, but one. What time did Elliot put his postal order in his locker?
- RONNIE I don't know. I didn't even know he had a postal order in his locker. I didn't know he had a postal order at all.
- SIR ROBERT Yet you say he was a great friend of yours. 80
- RONNIE He didn't tell me he had one.
- SIR ROBERT What time did you go into the locker-room? Was it directly after dinner?

- SIR ROBERT What did you do after leaving the locker-room?
- RONNIE I've told you. I went for permission to go to the Post Office.
- SIR ROBERT What time was that?
- RONNIE About a quarter past two.
- SIR ROBERT Dinner is over at a quarter to two. Which means that you were in the locker-room for half an hour? 90
- RONNIE I wasn't there all that time –
- SIR ROBERT How long were you there?
- RONNIE About five minutes.
- SIR ROBERT What were you doing for the other twenty-five?
- RONNIE I don't remember. 95
- SIR ROBERT It's odd that your memory is so good about some things and so bad about others –
- RONNIE Perhaps I waited outside the C.O.'s office.*
- SIR ROBERT (*with searing sarcasm*) Perhaps you waited outside the C.O.'s office! And perhaps no one saw you there, either? 100
- RONNIE No. I don't think they did.
- SIR ROBERT What were you thinking about outside the C.O.'s office for twenty-five minutes?
- RONNIE (*wildly*) I don't even know if I was there. I can't remember. Perhaps I wasn't there at all. 105
- SIR ROBERT No. Perhaps you were still in the locker-room rifling Elliot's locker –
- ARTHUR (*indignantly*) Sir Robert, I must ask you –
- SIR ROBERT Quiet!
- RONNIE I remember now. I remember. Someone did see me outside the C.O.'s office. A chap called Casey. I remember I spoke to him. 110
- SIR ROBERT What did you say?
- RONNIE I said "Come down to the Post Office with me. I'm going to cash a postal order."
- SIR ROBERT (*triumphantly*) Cash a postal order.
- RONNIE I mean get. 115
- SIR ROBERT You said cash. Why did you say cash if you meant get?
- RONNIE I don't know.
- SIR ROBERT I suggest cash was the truth.
- RONNIE No, no. It wasn't. It wasn't really. You're muddling me.
- SIR ROBERT You seem easily muddled. How many other lies have you told? 120
- RONNIE None. Really I haven't –
- SIR ROBERT (*bending forward malevolently*) I suggest your whole testimony is a lie –
- RONNIE No! It's the truth –
- SIR ROBERT I suggest there is barely one single word of truth in anything you have said. I suggest that you broke into Elliot's locker, that you stole the postal order for five shillings belonging to Elliot, that you cashed it by means of forging his name –

* The C.O. was the school's Commanding Officer

RONNIE (*wailing*) I didn't. I didn't.

SIR ROBERT I suggest that you did it for a joke, meaning to give Elliot the five shillings back, but that when you met him and he said he had reported the matter you got frightened and decided to keep quiet –

RONNIE No, no, no. It isn't true –

SIR ROBERT I suggest that by continuing to deny your guilt you are causing great hardship to your own family, and considerable annoyance to high and important persons in this country – (*leaning forward and glaring at Ronnie with the utmost venom*) – I suggest that the time has at last come for you to undo some of the misery you have caused by confessing to us all now that you are a forger, a liar, and a thief! 135

RONNIE (*in tears*) I'm not! I'm not! I'm not! I didn't do it –

ARTHUR This is disgraceful, sir –

SIR ROBERT Well, send all these papers round to my chambers tomorrow morning, will you? The boy is plainly innocent. 140

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, written by the Singapore poet Lee Sze Han (born in 1946).

Bukit Timah, Singapore

This highway I know,
the only way into the city
where the muddy canal goes.
These are the sides of coarse grasses
where the schoolboys stumble in early morning
wet-staining their white shoes. 5

This is the way the city is fed
men, machines,
flushed out of their short dreams
and suburban holes 10
to churn down this waiting gullet.
They flow endlessly this way
from dawn, before sky opens,
to the narrow glare of noon
and evening's slow closing. 15

Under the steaming morning,
ambition flashes by in a new car:
the reluctant salesman faced
with another day of selling his pride 20
hunches over the lambretta, swerving
from old farmer with fruit-heavy basket.
The women back from market
remark that this monsoon will be bad
for the price of vegetables:
their loitering children, too small for school, 25
learn the value of five cents, ten cents,
from hunger and these market days.

All morning the tired buses whine
their monotonous route, drag
from stop to stop, 30
disgorge schoolchildren, pale-faced clerks,
long-suffering civil servants,
pretty office girls, to feed
the megalopolitan appetite.

This highway I know, 35
the only way out of the city:
the same highway under the moon,
the same people under the sea-green
of lamps newly turned on at evening.

One day there will be tall buildings 40
here, where the green trees reach
for the narrow canal.
The holes where the restless sleepers are
will be neat, boxed up in ten-stories.
Life will be orderly, comfortable, 45
exciting, occasionally, at the new nightclubs.

I wonder what that old farmer would say
if he lived to come this way.

- 3 In the following extract from the novel *Perfect Happiness* by Penelope Lively (published 1990), Tabitha finds a book in the library about her father, now dead, and this reminds her of her childhood. Write a critical appreciation of the extract, discussing how effectively it portrays a young woman's thoughts and feelings.

Tabitha, roaming the shelves of a library, came at almost the same moment upon the same book. She, too, looked inside, and saw a date which, being before her own birth, had the flavour of another kind of past – not only more distant but reassuringly unreachable. She put the book back, and went to her desk, where she sat for a while not reading or writing but with her eyes pricking. Distantly, Steven's firm no-nonsense voice told her to pull herself together and she sniffed and blew her nose and picked up a pen. When you were a small child mum was the one you rushed to when something was wrong and dad was a person whose most frequent word was 'sensible'. Be sensible; don't be silly. And who wasn't often there, anyway. And then later mum went on being mum but dad somehow turned into a different person, a visitant from busy adult worlds, a little alarming for that merciless common sense, but more approachable. You realized he was sort of famous, and preened yourself accordingly, and were ashamed for doing so. You smouldered your way through being fifteen and sixteen and thought you hated them both and then realized you didn't and suddenly they both seemed in some odd way physically smaller and in no way infallible and more lovable and then ... And then it happens, the sort of thing that should be going on outside, over there, in someone else's life, not yours. So that at first, in the first few weeks, you woke at night having dreamed it hadn't really happened, he was still alive, it was all a dream.

It was real now, digested: true. Things could still make the eyes smart, like coming across that book, or getting through the first Christmas without him. And there was always the knowing that whatever one felt oneself it didn't bear much relation to what mum was feeling, and had felt. Knowledge lurked, now, of unsampled depths; the world was shadowed in places where there had been untrammelled sunlight. It was like those first childhood experiences of complexity of feeling.

... You belt down the road on the new bike, aged about eight, feeling ten feet tall, as brave as a lion, as fast as sound. And suddenly you look up and see her, standing there with a sort of smile that isn't quite a smile, and you are swamped by another feeling, as grey as guilt, as hot as pity. Because you know she didn't want you to have the bike in case you got yourself killed by a car, and you went on and on at them and in the end you were allowed to. And hence this feeling – queasy, treacherous – and the hiss of the tyres on the tarmac and the cold of the wind in your hair have lost their flavour.

She turned to a clean page of her note-pad and began to write. Another hour and a half in the library; finished the essay by the evening. Around her people rustled and breathed and coughed, the pervasive present. In three weeks time she would be twenty-one.

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