

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

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/03**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2004

**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 on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions carry equal marks.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

## Section A

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** or **three** poems, show how Blake expresses his concern with social injustice in *Songs of Innocence* and *Experience*.
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of the *Songs of Experience*.

*The Schoolboy*

I love to rise in a summer morn,  
 When the birds sing on every tree;  
 The distant huntsman winds his horn,  
 And the sky-lark sings with me.  
 O! what sweet company. 5

But to go to school in a summer morn,  
 O! it drives all joy away;  
 Under a cruel eye outworn,  
 The little ones spend the day,  
 In sighing and dismay. 10

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,  
 And spend many an anxious hour,  
 Nor in my book can I take delight,  
 Nor sit in learnings bower,  
 Worn thro' with the dreary shower. 15

How can the bird that is born for joy,  
 Sit in a cage and sing.  
 How can a child when fears annoy,  
 But droop his tender wing,  
 And forget his youthful spring. 20

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,  
 And blossoms blown away,  
 And if the tender plants are strip'd  
 Of their joy in the springing day,  
 By sorrow and cares dismay, 25

How shall the summer arise in joy  
 Or the summer fruits appear.  
 Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy  
 Or bless the mellowing year,  
 When the blasts of winter appear. 30

Ed. HYDES: *Touched with Fire (Sections A and B)*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which the passing of time is presented in **two** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, looking in particular at how feelings about killing are developed in the language used.

*The Early Purges*

I was six when I first saw kittens drown.  
 Dan Taggart pitched them, 'the scraggy wee shits',  
 Into a bucket: a frail metal sound,

Soft paws scraping like mad. But their tiny din  
 Was soon soused. They were slung on the snout 5  
 Of the pump and the water pumped in.

'Sure isn't it better for them now?' Dan said.  
 Like wet gloves they bobbed and shone till he sluiced  
 Them out on the dunghill, glossy and dead.

Suddenly frightened, for days I sadly hung 10  
 Round the yard, watching the three sogged remains  
 Turn mealy and crisp as old summer dung

Until I forgot them. But the fear came back  
 When Dan trapped big rats, snared rabbits, shot crows  
 Or, with a sickening tug, pulled old hens' necks. 15

Still, living displaces false sentiments  
 And now, when shrill pups are prodded to drown  
 I just shrug, 'Bloody pups'. It makes sense:

'Prevention of cruelty' talk cuts ice in town  
 Where they consider death unnatural, 20  
 But on well-run farms pests have to be kept down.

*Seamus Heaney*



## Section B

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and roles of Fanny and Mrs Thornton.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following conversation between Margaret and Higgins, considering the way it presents the condition of working people.

'Miss there' — for Margaret had re-entered the room, and stood silent, listening — 'has often talked grand o' the South, and the ways down there. Now I dunnot know how far off it is, but I've been thinking if I could get 'em down theer, where food is cheap and wages good, and all the folk, rich and poor, master and man, friendly like; yo' could, may be, help me to work. I'm not forty-five, and I've a deal o' strength in me, measter.' 5

'But what kind of work could you do, my man?'

'Well, I reckon I could spade a bit —'

'And for that,' said Margaret, stepping forwards, 'for anything you could do, Higgins, with the best will in the world, you would, may be, get nine shillings a week; may be ten, at the outside. Food is much the same as here, except that you might have a little garden—' 10

'The childer could work at that,' said he. 'I'm sick o' Milton anyways, and Milton is sick o' me.'

'You must not go to the South,' said Margaret, 'for all that. You could not stand it. You would have to be out all weathers. It would kill you with rheumatism. The mere bodily work at your time of life would break you down. The fare is far different to what you have been accustomed to.' 15

'I'se nought particular about my meat,' said he, as if offended.

'But you've reckoned on having butcher's meat once a day if you're in work; pay for that out of your ten shillings, and keep those poor children if you can. I owe it to you — since it's my way of talking that has set you off on this idea — to put it all clear before you. You would not bear the dulness of the life; you don't know what it is; it would eat you away like rust. Those that have lived there all their lives, are used to soaking in the stagnant waters. They labour on, from day to day, in the great solitude of steaming fields — never speaking or lifting up their poor, bent, downcast heads. The hard spadework robs their brain of life; the sameness of their toil deadens their imagination; they don't care to meet to talk over thoughts and speculations, even of the weakest, wildest kind, after their work is done; they go home brutishly tired, poor creatures! caring for nothing but food and rest. You could not stir them up into any companionship, which you get in a town as plentiful as the air you breathe, whether it be good or bad — and that I don't know; but I do know, that you of all men are not one to bear a life among such labourers. What would be peace to them, would be eternal fretting to you. Think no more of it, Nicholas, I beg. Besides, you could never pay to get mother and children all there — that's one good thing.' 20 25 30 35

'I've reckoned for that. One house mun do for us a', and the furniture o' t'other would go a good way. And men theer mun have their families to keep — m'appen six or seven childer. God help 'em!' said he, more convinced by his own presentation of the facts than by all Margaret had said, and suddenly renouncing the idea, which had but recently formed itself in a brain worn out by the day's fatigue and anxiety. 'God help 'em! North an' South have each getten their own troubles. If work's sure and steady theer, labour's paid at starvation prices; while here we'n rucks o' money coming in one quarter, and ne'er a farthing th' next. For sure, th' world is in a confusion that passes me or any other man to understand; it needs fettleing, and who's to fettle it, if it's as yon folks say, and there's nought but what we see?' 40 45

DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Martha's relationship with the Cohen brothers importance in the development of her character.
- Or** (b) Discuss the presentation of the members of the Left Book Club in the following passage, and Martha's responses to them.

It was a beautiful afternoon; there had been a storm, and the sky was full and clear, with shining masses of washed clouds rolling in bright sunlight. The trees in the park glistened a soft, clean green; the puddles on the pavements reflected foliage and sky; and as the car turned into the grounds of the school where Mr Pyecroft was headmaster, these puddles became ruffled brown silk, and above them, all down the drive, grew massed shrubs, glistening with wet. On a deep-green lawn were several deckchairs. From them two men rose as Martha approached; and again she thought, disappointedly, But they are old.

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They were, in fact, between thirty and forty; they wore flannels, open shirts, sandals; they were of the same type: all long, thin, bony men, with intellectual faces, spectacles, thinning hair. It would be untrue to say that Martha made any such observations or even compared them with Joss. When she met people, she felt a dazzled and confused attraction of sympathy, or dislike. Now she was in sympathy; she responded to the half-grudging deference older men offer a young girl. She answered their questions brightly, and was conscious of her appearance, because they were.

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Mr Pyecroft said that his wife would not be long, she was giving the children their tea; the other two men also apologized for the absence of their wives, and Martha accepted these social remarks not at their social value, but with the statement which she imagined sounded light and flippant, but actually sounded hostile: 'Children are a nuisance, aren't they?'

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Soon three women came from a veranda of the big school building, shepherding half a dozen children and two native nannies to another lawn, about a hundred yards away, which was sheltered by a big glossy cedrelatootona tree. As soon as the women appeared, the voices of the men acquired a touch of heartiness that had not been there before, grew louder; and they turned their shoulders on these domestic arrangements with an uneasy determination which at once struck Martha, for she felt it herself. She was watching the scolding and fussy women as if her eyes were glued to them in fierce horror; she said to herself, Never, never, I'd rather die; and she reclined in her deck-chair with a deliberate coolness, a deliberately untroubled look.

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When Mrs Pyecroft, Mrs Perr, and Mrs Forester came to join the men, they apologized, laughing, together and separately, for being a nuisance, and explained how the children had been troublesome, and went into details (and in a way that made it seem as if it were an accusation against the men themselves) of how Jane was off her food, while Tommy was in a trying psychological phase. The men listened, politely, from their chairs; but they were not allowed to remain in them, for it appeared that the whole group must be rearranged, an operation which took a great deal of time. Martha was more and more hostile and critical — the women seemed to her unpleasant and absurd, with their fuss and demands; she was as much on the defensive as if their mere presence were a menace to herself.

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She looked at their dresses, as Donovan had taught her to look, but understood at once that here was a standard that refused to acknowledge Donovan. Their appearance had something in common which was difficult to define; Martha made no attempt to define it, she merely felt derisive. They were not at all unashamedly housewifely women of the district; nor were they fashionable — clearly they disdained fashion. Their dresses tended to be discordantly colourful and too long for the year; their hair was looped or braided or fringed, in a conspicuously womanly way.

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they wore bright beads and 'touches' of embroidery — Martha found herself fiddling with her embroidered belt and with her scarf, which was now uncomfortable. She was stifled by it.

*Part Two, Chapter Three*

6 **Either** (a) 'The novel is as much about courage as it is about guilt and betrayal.'

How far do you agree with this view?

**Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following passage, focusing on how it presents British colonialist attitudes at the time in which the novel is set.

His faith in British Imperialism had once made him declare: To administer a people is to administer a soul. He was then talking with a group of officers at the New Stanley Hotel. After dinner, he had written the words in his diary — no, not a diary but a mass of notes he scribbled at various times and places in his career, hoping to incorporate them into a coherent philosophy in *Prospero in Africa*. These were the notes that were now in front of Thompson; he went through them, lingering over the entries that struck his mind.

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*Nyeri is full of mountains, hills and deep valleys covered with impenetrable forests. These primordial trees have always awed primitive minds. The darkness and mystery of the forest, have led him (the primitive man) to magic and ritual.*

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*What's this thing called Mau Mau?*

*Dr Albert Schweitzer says 'The Negro is a child, and with children, nothing can be done without the use of authority.' I've now worked in Nyeri, Githima, Kisumu, Ngong. I agree.*

*I am back in Nyeri. People are moving into villages to cut the connection between them and the terrorists. Burning houses in the old village, suddenly I felt my life was coming to a cul-de-sac.*

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*Colonel Robson, a Senior District Officer in Rung'ei, Kiambu, was savagely murdered. I am replacing him at Rung'ei. One must use a stick. No government can tolerate anarchy, no civilization can be built on this violence and savagery. Mau Mau is evil: a movement which if not checked will mean complete destruction of all the values on which our civilisation has thriven.*

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*'Every whiteman is continually in danger of gradual moral ruin in this daily and hourly contest with the African.'* Dr Albert Schweitzer.

*In dealing with the African you are often compelled to do the unexpected. A man came into my office yesterday. He told me about a wanted terrorist leader. From the beginning, I was convinced the man was lying, was really acting, perhaps to trap me or hide his own part in the movement. He seemed to be laughing at me. Remember the African is a born actor, that's why he finds it so easy to lie. Suddenly I spat into his face. I don't know why, but I did it.*

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Thompson woke to the present. He stared at the manuscript without seeing anything. Before Rira, his way to the top had been so clear, so open. Now at Githima he felt the irony of the words he had written, the irony accentuated by the fact that the Queen's husband would be the guest of honour at the Uhuru ceremony. His vision, vividly resurrected by his wife's touch, mocked him: what even if he had gone to the top, a D.C., P.C., or a Governor? All these would now go, like this house, the office, Githima, the country. Let silly fools like Dr Lynd stay. But eventually they would all be thrown out without ceremony. That is why Thompson had resigned, to get away before Uhuru. For why should people wait and go through the indignity of being ejected from their seats by their houseboys?

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