



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/33**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2011**

**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.



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



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Sujata Bhatt has said, 'My imagination seems to be continually sparked by those early years in India.'
- Discuss the poetic methods with which Bhatt presents India, referring to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, considering how it presents connections between the past and the present.

*From 'The Echoes in Poona'*

After a few days  
they are quiet, a young mother  
turns to stroke her sister,  
a louse is found, removed. Soon  
their fingers work to search each other – 5  
They take their time, such gentle care,  
as they reinvent their family.

Such pure, clean rhesus monkeys,  
uncontaminated specimens:  
Forced helpers in the search 10  
for vaccinations and antibiotics.

Meanwhile the men who watched the hunt  
from their small tents  
are now busy focusing microscopes.  
My father also 15  
spends his days counting  
monkey kidney cells in vitro.  
He scrubs his hands  
until they bleed, until the skin  
starts peeling. He bathes 20  
several times a day  
while colleagues less careful  
die from the disease.

From our garden  
I can see the back of the building: 25  
rows of air conditioners  
drone against the noise  
of the new rhesus monkeys.  
One day my six-year-old brother begins  
a new game 30  
where he visits the monkeys  
and feeds them flowers, lost in his game  
he gives them branches with berries  
while the tired watchman,  
skinny Satnarayan, almost dozes – 35

And my tired father, lost in thought  
in his windowless room  
examines test tubes,  
his eyes straining against  
the fluorescent lights.

40

Years pass.  
Microscopes improve.  
My father will soon retire.  
These days, when my year-old daughter  
wants something  
from the kitchen table,  
from the shelves, her arms thrusting out  
like a trapeze artist,  
her urgent *hu hu hu* speech  
reminds me of those monkeys – and last week  
when she cried hot with fever  
and tense with antibiotics  
I lay sleepless through 5:00 a.m.  
remembering the bold black eyes  
of the caged baby monkeys  
eager with surprise as they pulled  
on sap-wet weeds with berries  
offered by my brother –  
their dark velvet fingers grasping for  
the bruised yellow and bruised red  
velvet fruit.

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THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Hardy presents personal relationships. Refer to the methods and their effects in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering how it presents a response to the natural world.

*The Year's Awakening*

How do you know that the pilgrim track  
 Along the belting zodiac  
 Swept by the sun in his seeming rounds  
 Is traced by now to the Fishes' bounds  
 And into the Ram, when weeks of cloud  
 Have wrapt the sky in a clammy shroud,  
 And never as yet a tinct of spring  
 Has shown in the Earth's apparelling;  
     O vespering bird, how do you know,  
     How do you know? 5

How do you know, deep underground,  
 Hid in your bed from sight and sound,  
 Without a turn in temperature,  
 With weather life can scarce endure,  
 That light has won a fraction's strength,  
 And day put on some moments' length,  
 Whereof in merest rote will come,  
 Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb;  
     O crocus root, how do you know,  
     How do you know? 10

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*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss by what means, and with what effects, **two** poems present memories of childhood.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the poet's use of the reservist's voice and point of view.

*Reservist*

Time again for the annual joust, the regular fanfare,  
 a call to arms, the imperative letters stern  
 as clarion notes, the king's command, upon  
 the pain of court-martial, to tilt  
 at the old windmills. With creaking bones 5  
 and suppressed grunts, we battle-weary knights  
 creep to attention, ransack the wardrobes  
 for our rusty armour, tuck the pot bellies  
 with great finesse into the shrinking gear,  
 and with helmets shutting off half our world, 10  
 report for service. We are again united  
 with sleek weapons we were betrothed to  
 in our active cavalier days.

We will keep charging up the same hills, plod  
 through the same forests, till we are too old, 15  
 too ill-fitted for life's other territories.  
 The same trails will find us time and again,  
 and we quick to obey, like children placed  
 on carousels they cannot get off from, borne 20  
 along through somebody's expensive fantasyland,  
 with an oncoming rush of tedious rituals, masked threats  
 and monsters armed with the same roar.

In the end we will perhaps surprise ourselves  
 and emerge unlikely heroes with long years  
 of braving the same horrors 25  
 pinned on our tunic fronts.  
 We will have proven that Sisyphus is not a myth.  
 We will play the game till the monotony  
 sends his lordship to sleep.  
 We will march the same paths till they break 30  
 onto new trails, our lives stumbling  
 onto the open sea, into daybreak.

Boey Kim Cheng

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects of Brontë's use of fire and the imagery of fire in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on how Brontë presents the argument between Jane and St John in the following passage.

'Write to Diana and Mary to-morrow,' I said, 'and tell them to come home directly. Diana said they would both consider themselves rich with a thousand pounds, so with five thousand they will do very well.'

'Tell me where I can get you a glass of water,' said St John; 'you must really make an effort to tranquillize your feelings.' 5

'Nonsense! and what sort of an effect will the bequest have on you? Will it keep you in England, induce you to marry Miss Oliver, and settle down like an ordinary mortal?'

'You wander: your head becomes confused. I have been too abrupt in communicating the news; it has excited you beyond your strength.' 10

'Mr Rivers! you quite put me out of patience: I am rational enough; it is you who misunderstand, or rather who affect to misunderstand.'

'Perhaps, if you explained yourself a little more fully, I should comprehend better.'

'Explain! What is there to explain? You cannot fail to see that twenty thousand pounds, the sum in question, divided equally between the nephew and three nieces of our uncle, will give five thousand to each? What I want is, that you should write to your sisters and tell them of the fortune that has accrued to them.' 15

'To you, you mean.'

'I have intimated my view of the case: I am incapable of taking any other. I am not brutally selfish, blindly unjust, or fiendishly ungrateful. Besides, I am resolved I will have a home and connexions. I like Moor House, and I will live at Moor House; I like Diana and Mary, and I will attach myself for life to Diana and Mary. It would please and benefit me to have five thousand pounds; it would torment and oppress me to have twenty thousand; which, moreover, could never be mine in justice, though it might in law. I abandon to you, then, what is absolutely superfluous to me. Let there be no opposition, and no discussion about it; let us agree amongst each other, and decide the point at once.' 20 25

'This is acting on first impulses; you must take days to consider such a matter, ere your word can be regarded as valid.' 30

'Oh! if all you doubt is my sincerity, I am easy: you see the justice of the case?'

'I *do* see a certain justice; but it is contrary to all custom. Besides, the entire fortune is your right: my uncle gained it by his own efforts; he was free to leave it to whom he would: he left it to you. After all, justice permits you to keep it: you may, with a clear conscience, consider it absolutely your own.' 35

'With me,' said I, 'it is fully as much a matter of feeling as of conscience: I must indulge my feelings; I so seldom have had an opportunity of doing so. Were you to argue, object, and annoy me for a year, I could not forgo the delicious pleasure of which I have caught a glimpse – that of repaying, in part, a mighty obligation, and winning to myself lifelong friends.' 40

'You think so now,' rejoined St John, 'because you do not know what it is to possess, nor consequently to enjoy wealth: you cannot form a notion of the importance twenty thousand pounds would give you; of the place it would enable you to take in society; of the prospects it would open to you: you cannot –'

'And you,' I interrupted, 'cannot at all imagine the craving I have for fraternal and sisterly love. I never had a home, I never had brothers or sisters; I must and will have them now: you are not reluctant to admit me, and own me, are you?'

'Jane, I will be your brother – my sisters will be your sisters – without stipulating for this sacrifice of your just rights.'

'Brother? Yes; at the distance of a thousand leagues! Sisters? Yes; slaving amongst strangers! I, wealthy – gorged with gold I never earned and do not merit! You, penniless! Famous equality and fraternization! Close union! Intimate attachment!'

Chapter 33

5 **Either** (a) 'Lucia ... had grown shrewd in her years of dealing with men ...'

Discuss the role and significance of Lucia in the novel.

**Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on how it presents Tambu's character.

'We think of you,' said Nyari, who had been my best friend, as I threw my *pada*. 'Especially when Nhamo gives us mealies,' she said with a sigh. 'They are fun to roast after class. If only you were here.'

The blood prickled under my skin. I hopped precariously into square number eight.

'You are out,' said Chitsva. 'You did not kick the *pada*.'

5

'Nhamo gave you maize?' I asked on one leg in square number eight.

'Lots of times,' Nyari assented.

They told me I took off from the *pada* game like a dog after a buck. I remember at one moment playing *pada*, the next Nhamo and I rolling about in the dirt of the football pitch, a group of excited peers egging us on. They said I went straight for my brother and brought him down in a single charge. The element of surprise was on my side. I sat on top of him, banged his head into the ground, screamed and spat and cursed. Nhamo heaved. I fell off him. He pinned me to the ground, not striking, only holding me there, the malicious twinkle back in his eye. 'What's the matter with you?' he drawled. 'Have you gone mad?' The crowd laughed.

10

'Why talk?' a footballer shouted. 'Just hit. That's what they hear.'

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I hissed and spat and screamed and cursed some more, and kicked and broke free, backing away into the crowd, which parted to let me through. I charged again, intending this time to kill, and instead found myself struggling in mid-air at the end of an adult arm.

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Mr Matimba was very cross with everybody. 'I am ashamed of you,' he shouted above my screams, 'of all of you. Nhamo, if you are going to fight your sister, who will look after her? And you, Tambudzai, must also behave better. The rest of you, the rest of you stand there clapping as though you were at a football game. What's wrong with you?'

25

'She started it,' Nhamo said lazily, watchfully.

'Yes,' chorused everybody. 'She charged. We saw it. She just charged for no reason at all.'

I screamed out my reasons at the top of my lungs.

'What is she saying?' asked Nyari, who was looking serious. 'Does she want mealies?'

30

'If I ever see anything like this again,' continued Mr Matimba, 'I will whip you, everyone of you. A stick will break about each person's legs. Now go, all of you. Sunday School is over.' They melted away; Mr Matimba was known not to speak in vain. 'And you, child,' he said sternly, 'what were you doing causing such a scene?'

35

A warm liquid trickled down my leg. I might have wet myself, but it was red and sticky on the outside of the leg, not colourless and watery on the inside. I could not feel the cut. Tears of impotent rage threatened to decompose me. I blinked them back and told Mr Matimba that Nhamo had stolen my mealies.



'What mealies are these?' asked Mr Matimba, patient if puzzled. I told him the whole story, how I was going to come back to school the following year, how I was going to earn the money by selling my crop. Mr Matimba listened attentively. At some point during my speech, which was long because it was not very coherent and Mr Matimba had to keep asking me questions, we began to walk around the football pitch. Mr Matimba listened hard, inclining his whole person towards me; I talked to him as though he were just another person and not an adult and a teacher. I felt myself re-coalesce.

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and importance of the setting of **two** stories from the selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, considering how Grace presents the meeting of people who cannot understand each other's point of view.

I'll get the plans.

And it's true he'll be dead, it's true he's getting old, but not true if anyone thinks his eyes have had it because he can see good enough. His eyes are still good enough to look all over the paper and see his land there, and to see that his land has been shaded in and had 'Off Street Parking' printed on it. 5

He can see good close up and he can see good far off, and that's George over the other side standing with some mates. He can tell George anywhere no matter what sort of get-up he's wearing. George would turn and see him soon.

But you can't, that's only a piece of paper and it can be changed, you can change it. People have to live and to have things. People need houses and shops but that's only paper, it can be changed. 10

It's all been very carefully mapped out. By experts. Areas have been selected according to suitability and convenience. And the aesthetic aspects have been carefully considered ...

Everything grows, turnips the size of pumpkins, cabbages you can hardly carry, potatoes, tomatoes ... Back here where you've got your houses, it's all rock, land going to waste there ... 15

You would all receive equivalent sites ...

Resited ...

As I say on equivalent land ... 20

There's no land equal ...

Listen Sir, it's difficult but we've got to have some understanding of things. Don't we?

Yes yes I want you to understand, that's why I came. This here, it's only paper and you can change it. There's room for all the things you've got on your paper, and room for what we want too, we want only what we've got already, it's what we've been trying to say. 25

Sir we can't always have exactly what we want ...

All round here where you've marked residential it's all rock, what's wrong with that for shops and cars. And there'll be people and houses. Some of the people can be us, and some of the houses can be ours. 30

Sure, sure. But not exactly where you want them. And anyway Sir there's no advantage do you think in you people all living in the same area?

It's what we want, we want nothing more than what is ours already.

It does things to your land value. 35

He was an old man but he wanted very much to lean over the desk and swing a heavy punch.

No sense being scattered everywhere when what we want ...

It immediately brings down the value of your land ...

... is to stay put on what is left of what has been ours since before we were born. Have a small piece each, a small garden, my brother and sister and I discussed it years ago. 40

Straight away the value of your land goes right down.

Wanted to swing a heavy punch but he's too old for it. He kicked the desk instead. Hard. And the veneer cracked and splintered. Funny how quiet it had become. 45

You ought to be run in old man, do you hear.

Cripes look at what the old blighter's gone and done. Look at Paul's desk.

He must be whacky.

He can't do that Paul, get the boss along to sort him out.

Get him run in.

Get out old man, do you hear.

Yes he could hear, he wasn't deaf, not by a long shot. A bit of trouble getting his foot back out of the hole, but there, he was going, and not limping either, he'd see about this lot later. Going, not limping, and not going to die either. It looked as though their six eyes might all fall out and roll on the floor.

Journey

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