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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2010**

**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 **two** questions, one from Section A and one 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 **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Sujata Bhatt explores the roles of women in her poetry. Refer to **two** or **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, focusing in particular on ways in which it explores identity.

*Brunizem*  
*for Michael*

Brunizem, I say  
and brummagem.  
I have the jack of hearts  
in my pocket – yes  
he was waiting for me 5  
on a shelf  
in a thrift shop.  
But he is more than the jack of hearts  
and he kissed me.  
I still keep the card 10  
in my pocket.  
Brummagem, I say  
and brunizem.

The other night  
I dreamt English 15  
was my middle name.  
And I cried, telling my mother  
'I don't want English  
to be my middle name.  
Can't you change it to something else?' 20  
'Go read the dictionary.' She said.

I've been meaning  
not to mean anything for once.  
I just want to say, 'brunizem!'  
I feel brunizem 25  
when this man kisses me  
I want to learn another language.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) A number of the poems in your selection create their insights through focusing on a particular incident. Compare the effects achieved by **two** such poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the ways in which it considers the subject of death.

*On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book*

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,  
 Has crush'd thee here between these pages pent;  
 But thou has left thine own fair monument,  
 Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert:  
 Oh! that the memories, which survive us here, 5  
 Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!  
 Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine  
 Now thou art gone: Our doom is ever near:  
 The peril is beside us day by day;  
 The book will close upon us, it may be, 10  
 Just as we lift ourselves to soar away  
 Upon the summer-airs. But, unlike thee,  
 The closing book may stop our vital breath,  
 Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

*Charles Tennyson Turner*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poetry*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'My heart leaps up when I behold  
A Rainbow in the sky'.

Referring to **two** or **three** poems in your answer, discuss ways in which Wordsworth describes his response to the world around him.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Wordsworth's narrative poetry that you have studied.

*Strange fits of passion I have known*

Strange fits of passion I have known,  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

When she I loved, was strong and gay 5  
And like a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath the evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye 10  
All over the wide lea;  
My horse trudged on, and we drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard plot,  
And, as we climbed the hill,  
Towards the roof of Lucy's cot 15  
The moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
And, all the while, my eyes I kept 20  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised and never stopped:  
When down behind the cottage roof  
At once the planet dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide 25  
Into a Lover's head—  
'O mercy!' to myself I cried,  
'If Lucy should be dead!'

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) Write about the contribution to the novel made by the presentation of **two** of its settings.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, commenting on the importance of this episode to the novel.

I must keep to my post, however. I must watch this ghastly countenance – these blue, still lips forbidden to unclothe – these eyes now shut, now opening, now wandering through the room, now fixing on me, and ever glazed with the dullness of horror. I must dip my hand again and again in the basin of blood and water, and wipe away the trickling gore. I must see the light of the unsnuffed candle wane on my employment; the shadows darken on the wrought, antique tapestry round me, and grow black under the hangings of the vast old bed, and quiver strangely over the doors of a great cabinet opposite – whose front, divided into twelve panels, bore, in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles, each enclosed in its separate panel as in a frame; while above them at the top rose an ebon crucifix and a dying Christ. 5

According as the shifting obscurity and flickering gleam hovered here or glanced there, it was now the bearded physician, Luke, that bent his brow; now St John's long hair that waved; and anon the devilish face of Judas, that grew out of the panel, and seemed gathering life and threatening a revelation of the arch-traitor – of Satan himself – in his subordinate's form. 10

Amidst all this, I had to listen as well as watch: to listen for the movements of the wild beast or fiend in yonder side-den. But since Mr Rochester's visit it seemed spellbound: all the night I heard but three sounds at three long intervals – a sharp creak, a momentary renewal of the snarling, canine noise, and a deep human groan. 15

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this, that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner? – what mystery, that broke out, now in fire and now in blood, at the deadest hours of night? What creature was it, that, masked in an ordinary woman's face and shape, uttered the voice, now of a mocking demon, and anon of a carrion-seeking bird of prey? 20

And this man I bent over – this commonplace, quiet stranger – how had he become involved in the web of horror? and why had the fury flown at him? What made him seek this quarter of the house at an untimely season, when he should have been asleep in bed? I had heard Mr Rochester assign him an apartment below – what brought him here? And why, now, was he so tame under the violence of treachery done him? Why did he so quietly submit to the concealment Mr Rochester enforced? Why *did* Mr Rochester enforce this concealment? His guest had been outraged, his own life on a former occasion had been hideously plotted against; and both attempts he smothered in secrecy and sank in oblivion! Lastly, I saw Mr Mason 25

was submissive to Mr Rochester; that the impetuous will of the latter held complete sway over the inertness of the former: the few words which had passed between them assured me of this. It was evident that in their former intercourse, the passive disposition of the one had been habitually influenced by the active energy of the other; whence then had arisen Mr Rochester's dismay when he heard of Mr Mason's arrival? Why had the mere name of this unresisting individual – whom his word now sufficed to control like a child – fallen on him, a few hours since, as a thunderbolt might fall on an oak? 30

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) Of Tambu's education at the convent school, Babamukuru says 'It may change for the worse', but 'she would receive a first-class education.' In what ways does Dangarembga explore the tensions of Tambu's education?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on the significance of this moment to the novel.

To our surprise, Maiguru did leave, by bus, early the next morning. She did not slink away in the dark, but quite openly packed a suitcase, put on her travelling clothes, had her breakfast and left. Babamukuru was still feeling injured, which was why, I thought, he let her go, but Nyasha had a different theory. She thought Babamukuru simply did not believe that Maiguru would do it. Would do it, could do it. It made no difference, she said. The point was that he did not believe. Babamukuru, she said, expected his wife to get cold feet before she got to the bus-stop or, at the latest, before the bus pulled away. It would have been useful, Nyasha said, if things had turned out that way, because then Babamukuru would always have been able to remind his wife that she had tried to leave and had failed. Unfortunately, she told me, Babamukuru had to wait until Maiguru had boarded that bus and had gone to discover whether he was right or not, and by that time it was too late to do anything about it. 5

Whether this was the case or not, I remember that there was something large and determined about Maiguru in the way that she made up her mind and, making no fuss, carried out her plan. Even Nyasha was impressed. She went to hug her mother goodbye at the door, but Maiguru, wanting only to go, remained cold. Nyasha was hurt but big-hearted enough not to be jealous of her mother. 'I guess it's a one-woman show,' she said ruefully. 10

Personally, I thought Nyasha was a little unbalanced not to be distressed by being abandoned so abruptly. Nyasha, though, didn't know what I was talking about. She did not think her mother had deserted her. She thought there was a difference between people deserting their daughters and people saving themselves. Maiguru was doing the latter and would be available to her daughter when she was needed. 'We'll survive,' she assured me. 'We'll manage somehow.' 15

I was not so sure. Managing Babamukuru was not a child's job. Maiguru's departure was evidence of this. But Nyasha, who had still not tested the cast of Babamukuru's soul, thought that Babamukuru was, like her, flexible and would in the long run make a healthy adjustment. Consequently she thought only in terms of her mother's emancipation and was comforted by it. 20

'I'll tell you why, Tambu,' she explained. 'Sometimes I feel I'm trapped by that man, just like she is. But now she's done it, now she's broken out, I know it's possible, so I can wait.' She sighed. 'But it's not that simple, you know, really it isn't. It's not really him, you know. I mean not really the person. It's everything, it's everywhere. So where do you break out to? You're just one person and it's everywhere. So where do you break out to? I don't know, Tambu, really I don't know. So what do you do? I don't know.' 25

It was true. It was a sad truth, tragic in Maiguru's case, because even if there had been somewhere to go, she would not have been able to, since her investment, in the form of her husband and two children, was all at the mission. We tried not to be discouraged by this knowledge, but it weighed heavily on our minds. We needed to be reassured, which we did for each other by inventing increasingly fantastic options for Maiguru. 30

'She'll go back to England. To study for another degree,' said I.

'She'll teach at the University,' Nyasha countered. 35

'She'll become a doctor.' 40

45

'She'll start her own business,' Nyasha suggested, and sighed again. 'Maybe she could have once. But now it's too late.' Poor Nyasha. She could not conquer the hopelessness.

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The short story-writer's task' is to describe things using 'clear and specific language ... so as to bring to life the details that will light up the story for the reader.'

Write about **two** stories from your selection, showing how far the authors have made them effective for you.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the portrayal of the relationship between the narrator's family and the Maori.

*The People Before*

Then the old man woke. He seemed to shiver, his eyes opened wide, and he said something in Maori. 'He wonders where he is,' Tom explained. He turned back to the old man and spoke in Maori.

He gestured, he pointed. Then the old man knew. We all saw it the moment the old man knew. It was as if we were all willing him towards that moment of knowledge. He quivered and tried to lift himself weakly; the old women rushed forward to help him. His eyes had a faint glitter as he looked up to the place we called Craggy Hill. He did not see us, the house, or anything else. Some more Maori words escaped him in a long, sighing rush. '*Te Wahiokoahoki*,' he said.

'It is the name,' Tom said, repeating it. 'The name of the place.'

The old man lay back against the women, but his eyes were still bright and trembling. They seemed to have a life independent of his wrinkled flesh. Then the lids came down, and they were gone again. We could all relax.

'*Te Wahiokoahoki*,' Tom said. 'It means the place of happy return. It got the name when we returned there after our victories against other tribes.'

My father nodded. 'Well, I'll be damned,' he said. 'That place there. And I never knew.' He appeared quite affable now.

My mother brought out tea. The hot cups passed from hand to hand, steaming and sweet.

'But not so happy now, eh?' Tom said. 'Not for us.'

'No. I don't suppose so.'

Tom nodded towards the old man. 'I reckon he was just about the last child born up there. Before we had to leave. Soon there'll be nobody left who lived there. That's why they wanted young men to come back. So we'd remember too.'

Jim went into the house and soon returned. I saw he carried the greenstone adzes he'd found. He approached Tom shyly.

'I think these are really yours,' he said, the words an effort.

Tom turned the adzes over in his hand. Jim had polished them until they were a vivid green. 'Where'd you get these, eh?' he asked.

Jim explained how and where'd he found them. 'I think they're really yours,' he repeated.

There was a brief silence. Jim stood with his eyes downcast, his treasure surrendered. My father watched anxiously; he plainly thought Jim a fool.

'You see,' Jim added apologetically, 'I didn't think they really belonged to anyone. That's why I kept them.'

'Well,' Tom said, embarrassed. 'That's real nice of you. Real nice of you, son. But you better keep them, eh? They're yours now. You find, you keep. We got no claims here any more. This is your father's land now.'

Then it was my father who seemed embarrassed. 'Leave me out of this,' he said sharply. 'You two settle it between you. It's none of my business.'

'I think you better keep them all the same,' Tom said to Jim.



Jim was glad to keep the greenstone, yet a little hurt by rejection of his gift. He received the adzes back silently.

'I tell you what,' Tom went on cheerfully, 'you ever find another one, you send it to me, eh? Like a present. But you keep those two.'

'All right,' Jim answered, clutching the adzes. He seemed much happier. 'I promise if I find any more, I'll send them to you.'

'Fair enough,' Tom smiled, his face jolly. Yet I could see that he too really wanted the greenstone.

*Maurice Shadbolt*





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