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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2009**

**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 **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and importance of children in Sujata Bhatt's poetry. Refer to two poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the writing in the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents the relationship between the Swami and the poet.

*Swami Anand*

In Kosbad during the monsoons  
there are so many shades of green  
your mind forgets other colours.

At that time  
I am seventeen, and have just started  
to wear a sari every day. 5  
Swami Anand is eighty-nine  
and almost blind.

His thick glasses don't seem to work,  
they only magnify his cloudy eyes. 10  
Mornings he summons me  
from the kitchen  
and I read to him until lunch time.

One day he tells me  
'you can read your poems now' 15  
I read a few, he is silent.  
Thinking he's asleep, I stop.  
But he says, 'continue'.

I begin a long one  
in which the Himalayas rise 20  
as a metaphor.

Suddenly I am ashamed  
to have used the Himalayas like this,  
ashamed to speak of my imaginary mountains  
to a man who walked through 25  
the ice and snow of Gangotri  
barefoot

a man who lived close to Kangchenjanga  
and Everest clad only in summer cotton.  
I pause to apologize 30  
but he says 'just continue'.

Later, climbing through  
the slippery green hills of Kosbad,  
Swami Anand does not need to lean  
on my shoulder or his umbrella. 35

I prod him for suggestions,  
ways to improve my poems.  
He is silent a long while,  
then, he says  
'there is nothing I can tell you' 40

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the different ways in which poets have used ideas drawn from the world in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, considering ways in which Lowell presents the narrator's state of mind.

*Night Sweat*

Work-table, litter, books and standing lamp,  
 plain things, my stalled equipment, the old broom –  
 but I am living in a tidied room,  
 for ten nights now I've felt the creeping damp  
 float over my pajamas' wilted white ... 5

Sweet salt embalms me and my head is wet,  
 everything streams and tells me this is right;  
 my life's fever is soaking in night sweat –  
 one life, one writing! But the downward glide  
 and bias of existing wrings us dry – 10  
 always inside me is the child who died,  
 always inside me is his will to die –  
 one universe, one body ... in this urn  
 the animal night sweats of the spirit burn.

Behind me! You! Again I feel the light 15  
 lighten my leaded eyelids, while the gray  
 skulled horses whinny for the soot of night.  
 I dabble in the dapple of the day,  
 a heap of wet clothes, seamy, shivering,  
 I see my flesh and bedding washed with light, 20  
 my child exploding into dynamite,  
 my wife ... your lightness alters everything,  
 and tears the black web from the spider's sack,  
 as your heart hops and flutters like a hare.

Poor turtle, tortoise, if I cannot clear 25  
 the surface of these troubled waters here,  
 absolve me, help me, Dear Heart, as you bear  
 this world's dead weight and cycle on your back.

*Robert Lowell*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Then, sing ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!'

With reference to **two** poems, discuss the idea of celebration in Wordsworth's poetry.

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

*'It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free'*

It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea: 5  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder – everlastingly.  
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought, 10  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
And worshipping'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

## Section B: Prose

ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance in the novel of **two or three** of the minor characters (for example, Elewa, Agatha, Emmanuel, Professor Okong or Mad Medico etc.)
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Beatrice's observations of Sam and the American girl.

But we hadn't seen noth'n yet. Without any kind of preamble she began reading His Excellency and his subjects a lecture on the need for the country to maintain its present (quite unpopular, needless to say) levels of foreign debt servicing currently running at slightly more than fifty-one per cent of total national export earnings. Why? As a *quid pro quo* for increased American aid in surplus grains for our drought provinces!

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'Have you been reading editorials in the *National Gazette* lately?' I asked in utter dumbfoundment.

'Yes, Johnson kindly showed me some comments earlier in the week. The editor who I hear is a Marxist of sorts appears to imagine he can eat his cake as well as have it, as we all tend to do this side of democracy. Admiring Castro may be fine if you don't have to live in Cuba or even Angola. But the strange fact is that Dr Castro, no matter what he says, never defaults in his obligations to the international banking community. He says to others, "Don't pay," while making sure he doesn't fall behind himself in his repayments. What we must remember is that banks are not houses of charity. They're there to lend money at a fair and reasonable profit. If you deny them their margin of profit by borrowing and not paying back they will soon have to shut down their operations and we shall all go back to saving our money in grandmother's piggy-banks.'

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'Or inside old mattresses,' added His Excellency whose deferential attitude to this piece of impertinence had given me a greater shock than anything I could think of in recent times. Deference and a countenance of martyred justification. He seemed to be saying to the girl, 'Go on; tell them. I have gone hoarse shouting the very same message to no avail.' And *them* in the context was *me*.

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What I did when the dancing started may need a little background. We left the dinner-table and reconvened in the greater ease of the lounge for coffee and liqueur during which His Excellency and Lou were ensconced in deep and intense conversation on a sofa.

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Then suddenly I heard my name. 'Beatrice, come and sit here by me,' he ordered patting the sofa on the other side of him. 'African Chiefs are always polygamists.' Naturally this was greeted with an explosion of laughter. He seemed a little tipsy to me. 'Polygamy is for Africa what monotony is for Europe,' he pronounced into the still raging flames of laughter stoking them recklessly to the peril of the rafters. I think the girl beside him had chipped in 'And America!' but I can't bet on it, such was the uproar.

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Before his voice had impinged on my thoughts I had temporarily withdrawn into them while physically appearing to attend to the Commissioner of Works struggling overconscientiously with an almost casual comment from General Lango that our highways break up even as they are being laid unlike highways he had seen in Europe and America and even Kenya. The Commissioner who had obviously been long enough in contact with professionals to have picked up a smattering of their language was explaining to a now inattentive general something about the weight of heavy lorries not being the real problem but rather their axle weight or something to that effect.

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At that point a renewed sense of questioning had assailed me and I had withdrawn to attend to it. Why am I here? Why was I sent for? Obviously the reason

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friends (even in the absence of one of them) could hardly stand a chance now. What was I there then? To meet this American girl and arrange to give her the woman's angle. That was it! I had been dragged here to wait upon this cheeky girl from Arizona or somewhere. Fine. We shall see!

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 5 **Either** (a) Rochester says to Jane, 'you delight in sacrifice.' How far does the characterisation of Jane confirm or challenge Rochester's judgement?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering this episode's importance to the novel.

I was soon dressed; and when I heard Mr Rochester quit Mrs Fairfax's parlour, I hurried down to it. The old lady had been reading her morning portion of Scripture – the Lesson for the day; her Bible lay open before her, and her spectacles were upon it. Her occupation, suspended by Mr Rochester's announcement, seemed now forgotten; her eyes, fixed on the blank wall opposite, expressed the surprise of a quiet mind stirred by unwonted tidings. Seeing me, she roused herself: she made a sort of effort to smile, and framed a few words of congratulation; but the smile expired, and the sentence was abandoned unfinished. She put up her spectacles, shut the Bible, and pushed her chair back from the table.

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'I feel so astonished,' she began, 'I hardly know what to say to you, Miss Eyre. I have surely not been dreaming, have I? Sometimes I half fall asleep when I am sitting alone and fancy things that have never happened. It has seemed to me more than once when I have been in a doze, that my dear husband, who died fifteen years since, has come in and sat down beside me; and that I have even heard him call me by my name, Alice, as he used to do. Now, can you tell me whether it is actually true that Mr Rochester has asked you to marry him? Don't laugh at me. But I really thought he came in here five minutes ago, and said that in a month you would be his wife.'

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'He has said the same thing to me,' I replied.

'He has! Do you believe him? Have you accepted him?'

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'Yes.'

She looked at me bewildered.

'I could never have thought it. He is a proud man; all the Rochesters were proud: and his father at least, liked money. He, too, has always been called careful. He means to marry you?'

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'He tells me so.'

She surveyed my whole person: in her eyes I read that they had there found no charm powerful enough to solve the enigma.

'It passes me!' she continued; 'but no doubt it is true since you say so. How it will answer I cannot tell: I really don't know. Equality of position and fortune is often advisable in such cases; and there are twenty years of difference in your ages. He might almost be your father.'

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'No, indeed, Mrs Fairfax!' I exclaimed, nettled; 'he is nothing like my father! No one, who saw us together, would suppose it for an instant. Mr Rochester looks as young, and is as young, as some men at five-and-twenty.'

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'Is it really for love he is going to marry you?' she asked.

I was so hurt by her coldness and scepticism, that the tears rose to my eyes.

'I am sorry to grieve you,' pursued the widow; 'but you are so young, and so little acquainted with men, I wished to put you on your guard. It is an old saying that "all is not gold that glitters"; and in this case I do fear there will be something found to be different to what either you or I expect.'

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'Why? – am I a monster?' I said: 'Is it impossible that Mr Rochester should have a sincere affection for me?'

'No: you are very well; and much improved of late; and Mr Rochester, I dare say, is fond of you. I have always noticed that you were a sort of pet of his. There are times when, for your sake, I have been a little uneasy at his marked preference, and have wished to put you on your guard; but I did not like to suggest even the

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were so discreet, and so thoroughly modest and sensible, I hoped you might be trusted to protect yourself. Last night I cannot tell you what I suffered when I sought all over the house, and could find you nowhere, nor the master either; and then, at twelve o'clock, saw you come in with him.'



- 6 **Either** (a) Compare Mansfield's presentation of **two** of her male characters.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Mansfield presents Beryl's imagination and state of mind.

*At the Bay*

Why does one feel so different at night? Why is it so exciting to be awake when everybody else is asleep? Late – it is very late! And yet every moment you feel more and more wakeful, as though you were slowly almost with every breath waking up into a new, wonderful, far more thrilling and exciting world than the daylight one. And what is this queer sensation that you're a conspirator? Lightly, stealthily you move about your room. You take something off the dressing-table and put it down again without a sound. And everything, even the bedposts, knows you, responds, shares your secret ... 5

You're not very fond of your room by day. You never think about it. You're in and out, the door opens and slams, the cupboard creaks. You sit down on the side of your bed, change your shoes and dash out again. A dive down to the glass, two pins in your hair, powder your nose and off again. But now – it's suddenly dear to you. It's a darling little funny room. It's yours. Oh, what a joy it is to own things! Mine – my own! 10

'My very own for ever?' 15

'Yes.' Their lips met.

No, of course, that had nothing to do with it. That was all nonsense and rubbish. But, in spite of herself, Beryl saw so plainly two people standing in the middle of her room. Her arms were round his neck; he held her. And now he whispered, 'My beauty, my little beauty!' She jumped off her bed, ran over to the window and kneeled on the windowseat, with her elbows on the sill. But the beautiful night, the garden, every bush, every leaf, even the white palings, even the stars, were conspirators too. So bright was the moon that the flowers were bright as by day; the shadow of the nasturtiums, exquisite lily-like leaves and wide-open flowers, lay across the silvery veranda. The manuka tree, bent by the southerly winds, was like a bird on one leg stretching out a wing. 20

But when Beryl looked at the bush, it seemed to her the bush was sad.

'We are dumb trees, reaching up in the night, imploring we know not what,' said the sorrowful bush. 25

It is true when you are by yourself and you think about life, it is always sad. All that excitement and so on has a way of suddenly leaving you, and it's as though, in the silence, somebody called your name, and you heard your name for the first time. 'Beryl!' 30

'Yes, I'm here. I'm Beryl. Who wants me?' 35

'Beryl!' 35

'Let me come.'

It is lonely living by oneself. Of course, there are relations, friends, heaps of them; but that's not what she means. She wants someone who will find the Beryl they none of them know, who will expect her to be that Beryl always. She wants a lover. 40

'Take me away from all these other people, my love. Let us go far away. Let us live our life, all new, all ours, from the very beginning. Let us make our fire. Let us sit down to eat together. Let us have long talks at night.'

And the thought was almost, 'Save me, my love. Save me!'

... 'Oh, go on! Don't be a prude, my dear. You enjoy yourself while you're young. That's my advice.' And a high rush of silly laughter joined Mrs Harry Kember's loud, 45

You see, it's so frightfully difficult when you've nobody. You're so at the mercy of things. You can't just be rude. And you've always this horror of seeming inexperienced and stuffy like the other ninnies at the Bay. And – and it's fascinating to know you've power over people. Yes, that is fascinating ...

Oh why, oh why doesn't 'he' come soon?

If I go on living here, thought Beryl, anything may happen to me.



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