



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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2010

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.

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.

This document consists of **8** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 Either** (a) Referring in your answer to **two** or **three** poems, discuss ways in which Sujata Bhatt explores personal relationships.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, discussing Bhatt's exploration of the writer's art.

The Writer

The best story, of course,
is the one you can't write,
 you won't write.
It's something that can only live
 in your heart,
not on paper. 5

Paper is dry, flat.
Where is the soil
for the roots, and how do I lift out
entire trees, a whole forest
from the earth of the spirit
and transplant it on paper
without disturbing the birds? 10

And what about the mountain
on which this forest grows?
The waterfalls
 making rivers,
rivers with throngs of trees
elbowing each other aside
to have a look
at the fish. 15

Beneath the fish
 there are clouds.
Here, the sky ripples,
the river thunders.
How would things move on paper? 20

Now watch the way
 the tigers' walking
 shreds the paper. 25

Songs of Ourselves

2 Either (a) Compare ways in which poets explore the relationship between human beings and the world around them in **two** poems from your selection.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which it expresses a view of human life.

He Never Expected Much

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,
Kept faith with me;
Upon the whole you have proved to be
Much as you said you were.
Since as a child I used to lie
Upon the leaze and watch the sky,
Never, I own, expected I
That life would all be fair.

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'Twas then you said, and since have said,
Times since have said,
In that mysterious voice you shed
From clouds and hills around:
'Many have loved me desperately,
Many with smooth serenity,
While some have shown contempt of me
Till they dropped underground.

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'I do not promise overmuch,
Child; overmuch;
Just neutral-tinted haps and such,'
You said to minds like mine.
Wise warning for your credit's sake!
Which I for one failed not to take,
And hence could stem such strain and ache
As each year might assign.

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Thomas Hardy

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: Selected Poems

- 3 Either** (a) Wordsworth wrote that the subject matter of his poems should be 'situations from common life' which he would present to the reader as interesting or unusual. Discuss the effects of this presentation in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, focusing in particular on how it expresses the development of Wordsworth's view of the natural world.

from *Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey*

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by,) 5
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past, 10
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur: other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused, 15
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still 20
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A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

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Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 Either** (a) ‘That is *my wife*... Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know’.

In her portrayal of Rochester’s first wife, what sympathy does Brontë evoke for Rochester and Bertha?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, exploring Brontë’s presentation of St John’s proposal and Jane’s response.

I looked towards the knoll: there he lay, still as a prostrate column; his face turned to me: his eye beaming, watchful, and keen. He started to his feet and approached me.

‘I am ready to go to India, if I may go free.’

‘Your answer requires a commentary,’ he said; ‘it is not clear.’

‘You have hitherto been my adopted brother – I, your adopted sister: let us continue as such: you and I had better not marry.’

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He shook his head. ‘Adopted fraternity will not do in this case. If you were my real sister it would be different: I should take you, and seek no wife. But as it is, either our union must be consecrated and sealed by marriage, or it cannot exist: practical obstacles oppose themselves to any other plan. Do you not see it, Jane? Consider a moment – your strong sense will guide you.’

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I did consider; and still my sense, such as it was, directed me only to the fact that we did not love each other as man and wife should: and therefore it inferred we ought not to marry. I said so. ‘St John,’ I returned, ‘I regard you as a brother – you, me as a sister: so let us continue.’

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‘We cannot – we cannot,’ he answered, with short sharp determination: ‘it would not do. You have said you will go with me to India: remember – you have said that.’

‘Conditionally.’

‘Well – well. To the main point – the departure with me from England, the co-operation with me in my future labours – you do not object. You have already as good as put your hand to the plough: you are too consistent to withdraw it. You have but one end to keep in view – how the work you have undertaken can best be done. Simplify your complicated interests, feelings, thoughts, wishes, aims; merge all considerations in one purpose: that of fulfilling with effect – with power – the mission of your great Master. To do so, you must have a coadjutor: not a brother – that is a loose tie – but a husband. I, too, do not want a sister: a sister might any day be taken from me. I want a wife: the sole helpmeet I can influence efficiently in life, and retain absolutely till death.’

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I shuddered as he spoke: I felt his influence in my marrow – his hold on my limbs.

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‘Seek one elsewhere than in me, St John: seek one fitted to you.’

‘One fitted to my purpose, you mean – fitted to my vocation. Again I tell you it is not the insignificant private individual – the mere man, with the man’s selfish senses – I wish to mate: it is the missionary.’

‘And I will give the missionary my energies – it is all he wants – but not myself: that would be only adding the husk and shell to the kernel. For them he has no use: I retain them.’

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‘You cannot – you ought not. Do you think God will be satisfied with half an oblation? Will He accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate: it is under His standard I enlist you. I cannot accept on His behalf a divided allegiance: it must be entire.’

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‘Oh! I will give my heart to God,’ I said. ‘*You do not want it.*’

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- 5 Either** (a) ‘But what I didn’t like was the way all the conflicts came back to this question of femaleness. Femaleness as opposed and inferior to maleness.’

How far and in what ways does *Nervous Conditions* explore these ideas?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Tambu’s perception of the changes in Nhamo.

Then when Nhamo came home at the end of his first year with Babamukuru, you could see he too was no longer the same person. The change in his appearance was dramatic. He had added several inches to his height and many to his width, so that he was not little and scrawny any more but fit and muscular. Vitamins had nourished his skin to a shiny smoothness, several tones lighter in complexion than it used to be. His hair was no longer arranged in rows of dusty, wild cucumber tufts but was black, shiny with oil and smoothly combed. All this was good, but there was one terrible change. He had forgotten how to speak Shona. A few words escaped haltingly, ungrammatically and strangely accented when he spoke to my mother, but he did not speak to her very often any more. He talked most fluently with my father. They had long conversations in English, which Nhamo broke into small, irregular syllables and which my father chopped into smaller and even rougher phonemes. Father was pleased with Nhamo’s command of the English language. He said it was the first step in the family’s emancipation since we could all improve our language by practising on Nhamo. But he was the only one who was impressed by this inexplicable state my brother had developed. The rest of us spoke to Nhamo in Shona, to which, when he did answer, he answered in English, making a point of speaking slowly, deliberately, enunciating each syllable clearly so that we could understand. This restricted our communication to mundane insignificant matters.

But the situation was not entirely hopeless. When a significant issue did arise so that it was necessary to discuss matters in depth, Nhamo’s Shona – grammar, vocabulary, accent and all – would miraculously return for the duration of the discussion, only to disappear again mysteriously once the issue was settled. The more time Nhamo spent at Babamukuru’s, the more aphasic he became and the more my father was convinced that he was being educated. My mother was alarmed. She knew that the mission was a Christian place. Nevertheless she maintained that the people there were ordinary people. She thought someone on the mission was bewitching her son and was all for making an appointment with the medium. My father reassured her: ‘How will the boy remember his English without speaking it? Doesn’t he speak with us when he wants? He is dedicated to his studies. Like Mukoma. Dedicated. That’s all.’ Mother did not say anything against Nhamo’s language after that, but she was still unhappy. She did want him to be educated, she confided to me, but even more, she wanted to talk to him.

This Nhamo I have described is the Nhamo we were expecting home that November afternoon in 1968. These things I have recounted are the reasons why I was not disappointed when he did not arrive. Mother, as usual, was upset. ‘That son of mine!’ she sighed. ‘If he could avoid it, he would never come home.’ Spitefully, I agreed.

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6 Either (a) Discuss ways that two stories explore loss.

Or (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to ways Poe creates a sense of fear.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch – while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavoured to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room – of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened – I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me – to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavoured to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

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I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognised it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan – but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes – an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanour. His air appalled me – but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

'And you have not seen it?' he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence – 'you have not then seen it? – but, stay! you shall.' Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this – yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars – nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapour, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

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'You must not – you shall not behold this!' said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. 'These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon – or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; – the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favourite romances. I will read, and you shall listen, – and so we will pass away this terrible night together.'

The Fall of the House of Usher

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