



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

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Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

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Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper



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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 **h** c questions, each from a different section.

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 14 printed pages and 2 blank pages.



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THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

% 9]H Yf' fUL' 'Hardy is much concerned with the difficulty of love.'

Referring to ways in which Hardy treats love in **h k c** poems in the selection, say how far you agree with this view.

Cf' **fVL'** Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which Hardy presents the location and its importance.

Beeny Cliff

I

O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above with bright hair flapping free –
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II

The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say,
As we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March day.

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III

A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain,
And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull misfeatured stain,
And then the sun burst out again, and purples prinked the main.

IV

– Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky,
And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh,
And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and by?

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V

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,
The woman now is – elsewhere – whom the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore.

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SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

9. The language of Heaney's poetry has a physical directness.

In the light of this view, compare Heaney's use of language in his poems.

Comment closely on the ways in which the following poem presents the woman's funeral.

The Lift

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Songs of Ourselves

9. Compare ways in which the poems from your selection express strong emotion.
10. Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents the relationship in the following poem.

Because I Liked You Better

Because I liked you better
 Than suits a man to say,
 It irked you, and I promised
 To throw the thought away.

To put the world between us 5
 We parted, stiff and dry;
 'Good-bye', said you, 'forget me.'
 'I will, no fear', said I.

If here, where clover whitens 10
 The dead man's knoll, you pass,
 And no tall flower to meet you
 Starts in the trefoiled grass,

Halt by the headstone naming 15
 The heart no longer stirred,
 And say the lad that loved you
 Was one that kept his word.

A. E. Housman

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- (9JA Yf fL Discuss ways in which the novel presents African views of Englishness.
- Cf fVL Comment closely on ways in which Dangarembga presents Tambu's developing education in the following passage.

Thus began the period of my reincarnation. I liked to think of my transfer to the mission as my reincarnation. With the egotistical faith of fourteen short years, during which my life had progressed very much according to plan, I expected this era to be significantly profound and broadening in terms of adding wisdom to my nature, clarity to my vision, glamour to my person. In short, I expected my sojourn to fulfil all my fourteen-year-old fantasies, and on the whole I was not disappointed. Freed from the constraints of the necessary and the squalid that defined and delimited our activity at home, I invested a lot of robust energy in approximating to my idea of a young woman of the world. I was clean now, not only on special occasions but every day of the week. I was meeting, outside myself, many things that I had thought about ambiguously; things that I had always known existed in other worlds although the knowledge was vague; things that had made my mother wonder whether I was quite myself, or whether I was carrying some other presence in me. 5

It was good to be validated in this way. Most of it did not come from the lessons they taught at school but from Nyasha's various and extensive library. I read everything from Enid Blyton to the Brontë sisters, and responded to them all. Plunging into these books I knew I was being educated and I was filled with gratitude to the authors for introducing me to places where reason and inclination were not at odds. It was a centripetal time, with me at the centre, everything gravitating towards me. It was a time of sublimation with me as the sublimate. 10 15 20

When I tried to describe to Nyasha a little of what was happening in my world, she laughed and said I was reading too many fairy-tales. She preferred reality. She was going through a historical phase. She read a lot of books that were about real people, real peoples and their sufferings: the condition in South Africa, which she asked Maiguru to compare with our own situation and ended up arguing with her when Maiguru said we were better off. She read about Arabs on the east coast and the British on the west; about Nazis and Japanese and Hiroshima and Nagasaki. She had nightmares about these things, the atrocities; but she carried on reading all the same, because, she said, you had to know the facts if you were ever going to find the solutions. She was certain the solutions were there. She wanted to know many things: whether the Jews' claim to Palestine was valid, whether monarchy was a just form of government, the nature of life and relations before colonisation, exactly why UDI was declared and what it meant. 'So,' she advised, concerning my fairy-tales and my reincarnation, 'enjoy it while you can. These things don't last.' And she helped me to enjoy my heady transition by pointing out which books were worth reading (although I did not always agree with her, because her tastes had grown serious), by straightening my hair and putting ribbons in it at weekends; by filing my nails and sometimes painting them bright purple in spite of Babam ukuru's frowns; by cooking with me heavily spiced dishes out of Maiguru's recipe books which Babamukuru and I did not like but which she and Maiguru tucked into with relish. 25 30 35 40

Not only was I succeeding in my own context, but in other people's as well. I had not been going to school long before I realised that Nyasha did not have many friends. The girls did not like the way she spoke. They were still imitating her behind her back when I went to the mission, which was three years after Babamukuru's return. And if I thought that Nyasha ought to have lost more of her accent in 45

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that time than she had allowed herself to, I also thought that her classmates had had long enough to grow used to it. As it turned out, it was not Nyasha's accent they disliked, but Nyasha herself. 'She thinks she is white,' they used to sneer, and that was as bad as a curse. 'She is proud,' pronounced others. 'She is loose,' the most vicious condemned her. 'The way she dresses for the Saturday night dances! And the way she was acting with George [or Johnson or Mathias or Chengetai]! It's obvious. It shows for everyone to see.' After that there would be a discussion about what Nyasha had or had not actually been doing on the dance-floor and the talk would end with someone voicing the general opinion that she could get away with anything because she was the headmaster's daughter.

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Chapter 5

Cf. ~~IVL~~ Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways Forster presents Adela's responses to the punkah-wallah.

5 Their chairs preceded them into the court, for it was important that they should look dignified. And when the chuprassies had made all ready they filed into the ramshackly room with a condescending air, as if it was a booth at a fair. The Collector made a small official joke as he sat down, at which his entourage smiled, and the Indians, who could not hear what he said, felt that some new cruelty was afoot, otherwise the sahibs would not chuckle.

While thinking of Mrs Moore she heard sounds, which gradually grew more distinct. The epoch-making trial had started, and the Superintendent of Police was opening the case for the prosecution.

* 9JA YF fUL Discuss ways in which the stories deal with age and ageing.

Cf fVL Comment closely on ways in which the writing of the following passage presents the narrator's relationships with her husband and daughter.

My bed is made. My big bed which a half-asleep Lucy, creeping under the mosquito-net, tumbles into in the middle of every night. She fits herself into my body and I put my arm over her until she shakes it off. In her sleep she makes use of me; my breast is sometimes her pillow, my hip her footstool. I lie content, glad to be of use. I hold her foot in my hand and dread the time – so soon to come – when it will no longer be seemly to kiss the dimpled ankle. 5

On a black leather sofa in a transit lounge in an airport once, many years ago, I watched a Pakistani woman sleep. Her dress and trousers were a deep, yellow silk and on her dress bloomed luscious flowers in purple and green. Her arms were covered in gold bangles. She had gold in her ears, her left nostril and around her neck. Against her body her small son lay curled. One of his feet was between her knees, her nose was in his hair. All her worldly treasure was on that sofa with her, and so she slept soundly on. That image, too, I saved up for him. 10

I made my bed this morning. I spread my arms out wide and gathered in the soft, billowing mosquito-net. I twisted it round in a thick coil and tied it into a loose loop that dangles gracefully in mid-air. 15

Nine years ago, sitting under my first mosquito-net, I had written, 'Now I know how it feels to be a memsahib.' That was in Kano; deep, deep in the heart of the continent I now sit on the edge of. I had been in love with him for three years and being apart then was a variant, merely, of being together. When we were separated there was for each a gnawing lack of the other. We would say that this confirmed our true, essential union. We had parted at Heathrow, and we were to be rejoined in a fortnight, in Cairo, where I would meet his family for the first time. 20

I had thought to write a story about those two weeks; about my first trip into Africa: about Muhammad al-Senusi explaining courteously to me the inferior status of women, courteously because, being foreign, European, on a business trip, I was an honorary man. A story about travelling the long, straight road to Maiduguri and stopping at roadside shacks to chew on meat that I then swallowed in lumps while Senusi told me how the meat in Europe had no body and melted like rice pudding in his mouth. About the time when I saw the lion in the tall grass. I asked the driver to stop, jumped out of the car, aimed my camera and shot as the lion crouched. Back in the car, unfreezing himself from horror, the driver assured me that the lion had crouched in order to spring at me. I still have the photo: a lion crouching in tall grass – close up. I look at it and cannot make myself believe what could have happened. 25 30

I never wrote the story, although I still have the notes. Right here, in this leather portfolio which I take out of a drawer in my cupboard. My Africa story. I told it to him instead – and across the candlelit table of a Cairo restaurant he kissed my hands and said, 'I'm crazy about you.' Under the high windows the Nile flowed by. Eternity was in our lips, our eyes, our brows – I married him, and I was happy. 35

I leaf through my notes. Each one carries a comment, a description meant for him. All my thoughts were addressed to him. For his part he wrote that after I left him at the airport he turned round to hold me and tell me how desolate he felt. He could not believe I was not there to comfort him. He wrote about the sound of my voice on the telephone and the crease at the top of my arm that he said he loved to kiss. 40

Sandpiper

PETER SHAFFER: *Equus*

+ 9jH Yf' fUJ' 'Give me the TRUTH!' (Dysart)

Discuss ways in which the play questions the value of Dysart's search for truth.

Cf' fUJ' Comment closely on the language and action of the following extract, considering the significance of this passage in the play.

Alan: Flankus begat Spankus. And Spankus begat Spunkus the Great, who lived three score years!

Frank: It was all like that. I can't remember the exact names, of course. Then suddenly he knelt down.

Dysart: In front of the photograph?

5

Frank: Yes. Right there at the foot of his bed.

Alan (*kneeling*): And Legwus begat Neckwus. And Neckwus begat Fleckwus, the King of Spit. And Fleckwus spoke out of his chinkle-chankle!

He bows himself to the ground.

10

Dysart: What?

Frank: I'm sure that was the word. I've never forgotten it. Chinkle-chankle.

Alan raises his head and extends his hands up in glory.

Alan: And he said 'Behold – I give you Equus, my only begotten son!'

15

Dysart: Equus?

Frank: Yes. No doubt of that. He repeated that word several times. 'Equus my only begotten son.'

Alan (*reverently*): Ek. ... wus!

20

Dysart (*suddenly understanding; almost 'aside'*): Ek. ... Ek. ...

Frank (*embarrassed*): And then ...

Dysart: Yes: what?

Frank: He took a piece of string out of his pocket. Made up into a noose. And put it in his mouth.

25

Alan bridles himself with in visible string, and pulls it back.

And then with his other hand he picked up a coat hanger. A wooden coat hanger, and – and—

Dysart: Began to beat himself?

30

Alan, in mime, begins to thrash himself, increasing the strokes in speed and viciousness.

Pause.

Frank: You see why I couldn't tell his mother ... Religion. Religion's at the bottom of all this!

35

Dysart: What did you do?

Frank: Nothing. I coughed – and went back downstairs.
*The boy starts guiltily – tears the string from his mouth
– and scrambles back to bed.*

Dysart: Did you ever speak to him about it later? Even obliquely? 40

Frank (unhappily): I can't speak of things like that, Doctor. It's not
in my nature.

Dysart (kindly): No. I see that.

Frank: But I thought you ought to know. So I came.

Dysart (warmly): Yes. I'm very grateful to you. Thank you. 45

Pause.

Frank: Well, that's it ...

Dysart: Is there anything else?

Frank (even more embarrassed): There is actually. One thing.

Dysart: What's that? 50

Frank: On the night that he did it – that awful thing in the stable –

Dysart: Yes?

Frank: That very night, he was out with a girl.

Dysart: How d'you know that?

Frank: I just know. 55

Dysart (puzzled): Did he tell you?

Frank: I can't say any more.

Dysart: I don't quite understand.

Frank: Everything said in here is confidential, you said.

Dysart: Absolutely. 60

Frank: Then ask him. Ask him about taking a girl out, that very
night he did it. ... (*abruptly*) Goodbye, Doctor.

*He goes. Dysart looks after him. Frank resumes his
seat.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part 1*

9]A Yf **ful** What dramatic contribution do you believe the comic scenes make to the play?

Cf **five** Comment closely on the following passage, considering the ways it presents relationships among the rebels.

Glendower: The moon shines fair; you may away by night;
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. 5

[Exit.

Mortimer: Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hotspur: I cannot choose. Sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 10
And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff 15
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what:

He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys. I cried 'hum' and 'well, go to'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious 20
As a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house; I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.

Mortimer: In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 25
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect, 30
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does.
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done
Without the taste of danger and reproof; 35
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worcester: In faith, my lord, you are too wilfulblame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience. 40
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood –
And that's the dearest grace it renders you –
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government, 45
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain

%

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotspur:

Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!

Act 3, Scene 1

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- **9th Yr Full** Discuss ways in which Williams makes dramatic use of class differences in the play.
- **Cf Full** Comment closely on the dialogue of the following passage, discussing how Williams presents Blanche's response to Mitch's disillusionment.

Mitch [slowly and bitterly]: I don't mind you being older than what I thought.

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Blanche: Never inside, I didn't lie in my heart. ...

Scene 9

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