
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2014

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.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **two** 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 **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Section A: Poetry

SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 1 **Either** (a) Heaney refers to having an 'Ear to the ground. / My eye at turf level' ('The Tollund Man in Springtime').
- Compare ways in which Heaney uses close observation of people and events in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which a memory is conveyed in the following poem.

Anahorish 1944

'We were killing pigs when the Americans arrived.

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As they tossed us gum and tubes of coloured sweets.'

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Owen expresses grief for the hardships of soldiers in his poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the development of the ideas in the following poem.

The End

After the blast of lightning from the East,
 The flourish of loud clouds, the Chariot Throne;
 After the drums of Time have rolled and ceased,
 And by the bronze west long retreat is blown,

Shall life renew these bodies? Of a truth
 All death will He annul, all tears assuage? –
 Fill the void veins of Life again with youth,
 And wash, with an immortal water, Age?

5

When I do ask white Age he saith not so:
 'My head hangs weighed with snow.'
 And when I hearken to the Earth, she saith:
 'My fiery heart shrinks, aching. It is death.
 Mine ancient scars shall not be glorified,
 Nor my titanic tears, the sea, be dried.'

10

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare different ways in which **two** poems explore change.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses deep emotion.

Song: *Weep You No More, Sad Fountains*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
 What need you flow so fast?
 Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
 But my sun's heavenly eyes 5
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling, 10
 A rest that peace begets:
 Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at even he sets?
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
 Melt not in weeping, 15
 While she lies sleeping,
 Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Anonymous

Turn to page 6 for Question 4

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Eberechi, considering her importance to Ugwu through the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents the developing unrest and Ugwu's response.

Ugwu set the table for lunch. 'I've finished, sah,' he said, although he knew Master would not touch the *okro* soup and would keep walking up and down the living room with the radio turned up high, as he had been doing since Miss Adebayo left about an hour ago. She had banged so hard on the front door that Ugwu worried the glass would crack, and then when he opened it, she pushed past him, asking, 'Where is your master? Where is your master?' 5

'I will call him, mah,' Ugwu said, but Miss Adebayo had hurried ahead into Master's study. He heard her say, 'There's trouble in the North,' and his mouth went dry because Miss Adebayo was not an alarmist and whatever was happening in the North had to be serious and Olanna was in Kano. 10

Ever since the second coup some weeks ago, when the Igbo soldiers were killed, he had struggled to understand what was happening, read the newspapers more carefully, listened more closely to Master and his guests. The conversations no longer ended in reassuring laughter, and the living room often seemed clouded with uncertainties, with unfinished knowledge, as if they all knew something would happen and yet did not know what. None of them would ever have imagined that *this* would happen, that the announcer on ENBC Radio Enugu would be saying now, as Ugwu straightened the tablecloth, 'We have confirmed reports that up to five-hundred Igbo people have been killed in Maiduguri.' 15

'Rubbish!' Master shouted. 'Did you hear *that*? Did you *hear* that?' 20

'Yes, sah,' Ugwu said. He hoped the loud noise would not wake Baby up from her siesta.

'Impossible!' Master said.

'Sah, your soup,' Ugwu said.

'Five-hundred people killed. Absolute rubbish! It can't be true.' 25

Ugwu took the dish into the kitchen and put it in the refrigerator. The smell of spices nauseated him, as did the sight of soup, of food. But Baby would wake up soon and he would have to make her dinner. He brought out a bag of potatoes from the storeroom and sat staring at it, thinking about two days ago, when Olanna left for Kano to fetch Auntie Arize, how her plaited hair had pulled at the skin of her forehead and made it shiny-sleek. 30

Baby came into the kitchen. 'Ugwu.'

'*I tetago?* Are you awake?' Ugwu asked, before he hugged her. He wondered if Master had seen her walk past the living room. 'Did you see baby chickens in your dream?' 35

Baby laughed, and her dimples sank deep in her cheeks. 'Yes!'

'Did you talk to them?'

'Yes!'

'What did they say?'

Baby didn't give the usual response. She let go of his neck and squatted on the floor. 'Where is Mummy Ola?' 40

'Mummy Ola will be back soon.' Ugwu examined the blade of the knife. 'Now, help me with the potato peels. Put them all in the dustbin, and when Mummy Ola comes back, we will tell her you helped with the cooking.'

After Ugwu put the potatoes on to boil, he gave her a bath, dusted her back over with Pears talcum powder, and brought out her pink nightdress. It was the one Olanna loved, the one she said made Baby look like a doll. But Baby said, 'I want my pyjamas,' and Ugwu was no longer sure which it was Olanna loved anyway, the nightdress or the pyjamas.

He heard a knock on the front door. Master ran out of his study. Ugwu dashed to the door and grasped the handle first and held on, so that he would be the one to open it, although he knew it couldn't be Olanna. She had her own key. 50

'Is it Obiozo?' Master asked, looking at one of the two men standing at the door. 'Obiozo?'

When Ugwu saw the hollow-eyed men with the dirt-smearred clothes, he knew right away that he should take Baby away, shield her. 55

Chapter 10

- 5 **Either** (a) The narrative says that 'At Chandrapore, the Turttons were little gods', while Heaslop refers to the Collector as 'the great man'.

In the light of these comments, discuss your response to Forster's presentation of the Collector, Mr Turton.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Forster presents Adela's state of mind in the following passage.

A new and unknown sensation protected her, like magnificent armour. She didn't think what had happened, or even remember in the ordinary way of memory, but she returned to the Marabar Hills, and spoke from them across a sort of darkness to Mr McBryde. The fatal day recurred, in every detail, but now she was of it and not of it at the same time, and this double relation gave it indescribable splendour. Why had she thought the expedition 'dull'? Now the sun rose again, the elephant waited, the pale masses of the rock flowed round her and presented the first cave; she entered, and a match was reflected in the polished walls – all beautiful and significant, though she had been blind to it at the time. Questions were asked, and to each she found the exact reply; yes, she had noticed the 'Tank of the Dagger', but not known its name; yes, Mrs Moore had been tired after the first cave and sat in the shadow of a great rock, near the dried-up mud. Smoothly the voice in the distance proceeded, leading along the paths of truth, and the airs from the punkah behind her wafted her on ...

'... the prisoner and the guide took you onto the Kawa Dol, no one else being present?'

'The most wonderfully shaped of those hills. Yes.' As she spoke, she created the Kawa Dol, saw the niches up the curve of the stone, and felt the heat strike her face. And something caused her to add: 'No one else was present to my knowledge. We appeared to be alone.'

'Very well, there is a ledge halfway up the hill, or broken ground rather, with caves scattered near the beginning of a nullah.'

'I know where you mean.'

'You went alone into one of those caves?'

'That is quite correct.'

'And the prisoner followed you.'

'Now we've got 'im,' from the Major.'

She was silent. The court, the place of question, awaited her reply. But she could not give it until Aziz entered the place of answer.

'The prisoner followed you, didn't he?' he repeated in the monotonous tones that they both used; they were employing agreed words throughout, so that this part of the proceedings held no surprises.

'May I have half a minute before I reply to that, Mr McBryde?'

'Certainly.'

Her vision was of several caves. She saw herself in one, and she was also outside it, watching its entrance, for Aziz to pass in. She failed to locate him. It was the doubt that had often visited her, but solid and attractive, like the hills.

'I am not –' Speech was more difficult than vision. 'I am not quite sure.'

'I beg your pardon?' said the Superintendent of Police.

'I cannot be sure ...'

'I didn't catch that answer.' He looked scared, his mouth shut with a snap. 'You are on that landing, or whatever we term it, and you have entered a cave. I suggest to you that the prisoner followed you.'

She shook her head.

'What do you mean, please?'

'No,' she said in a flat, unattractive voice. Slight noises began in various parts of the room, but no one yet understood what was occurring except Fielding. He saw that she was going to have a nervous breakdown and that his friend was saved.

'What is that, what are you saying? Speak up, please.' The Magistrate bent forward.

'I'm afraid I have made a mistake.'

'What nature of mistake?'

'Dr Aziz never followed me into the cave.'

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which children are portrayed in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frame presents the old lady's thoughts and her situation in the following passage.

She found a big towel, laid it ready over a chair, arranged the chair so that should difficulty arise as it had last time she bathed she would have some way of rescuing herself;

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she panicked and began to cry and strike the sides of the bath; it made a hollow sound like a wild drum-beat.

The Bath

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