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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**9695/33**

**May/June 2017**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **10** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Hughes explores power in **two** poems.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents winter.

*November*

The month of the drowned dog. After long rain the land

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Their crowns bare and dripped from their feet.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, discuss Jennings's presentation of artistic expression.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents responses to death.

*Two Deaths*

It was only a film,  
 Perhaps I shall say later  
 Forgetting the story, left only  
 With bright images—the blazing dawn  
 Over the European ravaged plain, 5  
 And a white unsaddled horse, the only calm  
 Living creature. Will only such pictures remain?

Or shall I see  
 The shot boy running, running  
 Clutching the white sheet on the washing-line, 10  
 Looking at his own blood like a child  
 Who never saw blood before and feels defiled,  
 A boy dying without dignity  
 Yet brave still, trying to stop himself from falling  
 And screaming—his white girl waiting just out of calling? 15

I am ashamed  
 Not to have seen anyone dead,  
 Anyone I know I mean;  
 Odd that yesterday also  
 I saw a broken cat stretched on a path, 20  
 Not quite finished. Its gentle head  
 Showed one eye staring, mutely beseeching  
 Death, it seemed. All day  
 I have thought of death, of violence and death,  
 Of the blazing Polish light, of the cat's eye: 25  
 I am ashamed I have never seen anyone die.

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems present ways of dealing with difficult circumstances.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the uncles.

*The Uncles*

Uncles, talking the camshaft or the gimbal connected  
 to a slowly oscillating crank. The Uncles Brickell,  
 Swarfega kings, enseamed with swarf and scobs, skin  
 measled with gunmetal but glistening faintly, loud  
 in the smoke. Lithe and wiry above the lathe, milling out  
 a cylinder to a given bore. Uncles, pencil-stubs at their ears,  
 spurning ink, crossing sevens like émigré intellectuals,  
 measuring in thous and thirty-secondths (scrawled  
 on torn fag-packets); feinting with slide rules, racing,  
 but mild not as mild steel. Pockets congested, always. Uncles  
 with docketts for jobs, corners transparent with grease,  
 with a light machine oil. Time-served, my Uncles, branch-  
 ing out into doorhandles, grub-screws and the brass bits  
 that hold the front of the motor case to the rear flange  
 of the mounting panel. Release tab. Slightly hard of hearing  
 now, the Uncles, from the din of the shop, slowly nodding.

5

10

15

Uncles in 'Red Square'; uncles swapping tolerance gauges,  
 allan keys, telephone numbers, deals and rank commun-  
 ism. Forefingers describing arcs and cutting angles. White  
 and milky with coolants and lubricants, mess of order. Never  
 forgetting to ply a broom after. The missing half-finger, not  
 really missed any longer, just a banjo-hand gone west. My  
 Uncles still making a go of mower blades, on the road  
 at their age; offering cigars at Christmas. Uncanny if  
 encountered in visors, overalls, confounding nephews  
 in dignity of their calling, their epoch-stewed tea. Stand  
 a spoon in all their chamfered years, cut short or long. Uncles  
 immortal in the welding shed, under neon, lounge  
 as the vast doors slide to a cool blue dusk. My Uncles.

20

25

John Goodby



## Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Lahiri's presentation of situations in which characters encounter values different from their own.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents growing changes in Gogol's and Sonia's relationships with their parents.

During his first semester, obediently but unwillingly, he goes home every other weekend, after his last Friday class. He rides Amtrak to Boston and then switches to a commuter rail, his duffel bag stuffed with course books and dirty laundry. Somewhere along the two-and-a-half-hour journey, Nikhil evaporates and Gogol claims him again. His father comes to the station to fetch him, always calling ahead to check whether the train is on time. Together they drive through the town, along the familiar tree-lined roads, his father asking after his studies. Between Friday night and Sunday afternoon the laundry, thanks to his mother, gets done, but the course books are neglected; in spite of his intentions, Gogol finds himself capable of doing little at his parents' but eat and sleep. The desk in his room feels too small. He is distracted by the telephone ringing, by his parents and Sonia talking and moving through the house. He misses Sterling Library, where he studies every night after dinner, and the nocturnal schedule of which he is now a part. He misses being in his suite in Farnam, smoking one of Brandon's cigarettes, listening to music with Jonathan, learning how to tell the classical composers apart. 5 10 15

At home he watches MTV with Sonia as she doctors her jeans, cutting inches off the bottoms and inserting zippers at the newly narrowed ankles. One weekend, the washing machine is occupied because Sonia is in the process of dyeing the vast majority of her clothing black. She is in high school now, taking Mr. Lawson's English class, going to the dances Gogol never went to himself, already going to parties at which both boys and girls are present. Her braces have come off her teeth, revealing a confident, frequent, American smile. Her formerly shoulder-length hair has been chopped asymmetrically by one of her friends. Ashima lives in fear that Sonia will color a streak of it blond, as Sonia has threatened on more than one occasion to do, and that she will have additional holes pierced in her earlobes at the mall. They argue violently about such things, Ashima crying, Sonia slamming doors. Some weekends his parents are invited to parties, and they insist that both Gogol and Sonia go with them. The host or hostess shows him to a room where he can study alone while the party thunders below, but he always ends up watching television with Sonia and the other children, just as he has done all his life. "I'm eighteen," he says once to his parents as they drive back from a party, a fact that makes no difference to them. One weekend Gogol makes the mistake of referring to New Haven as home. "Sorry, I left it at home," he says when his father asks if he remembered to buy the Yale decal his parents want to paste to the rear window of their car. Ashima is outraged by the remark, dwelling on it all day. "Only three months, and listen to you," she says, telling him that after twenty years in America, she still cannot bring herself to refer to Pemberton Road as home. 20 25 30 35

Chapter 5

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

5 **Either** (a) Lily says of Gerty that ‘she likes being good, and I like being happy’.

How far, and in what ways, does Wharton suggest in the novel that ‘goodness’ and ‘happiness’ cannot go together?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Gus Trenor in the following passage.

Trenor had pushed a chair between herself and the door. He threw himself in it, and leaned back, looking up at her.

‘I’ll tell you what I want: I want to know just where you and I stand. Hang it, the man who pays for the dinner is generally allowed to have a seat at table.’

She flamed with anger and abasement, and the sickening need of having to conciliate where she longed to humble. 5

‘I don’t know what you mean – but you must see, Gus, that I can’t stay here talking to you at this hour –’

‘Gad, you go to men’s houses fast enough in broad daylight – strikes me you’re not always so deuced careful of appearances.’ 10

The brutality of the thrust gave her the sense of dizziness that follows on a physical blow. Rosedale had spoken then – this was the way men talked of her. She felt suddenly weak and defenceless: there was a throb of self-pity in her throat. But all the while another self was sharpening her to vigilance, whispering the terrified warning that every word and gesture must be measured. 15

‘If you have brought me here to say insulting things –’ she began.

Trenor laughed. ‘Don’t talk stage-rot. I don’t want to insult you. But a man’s got his feelings – and you’ve played with mine too long. I didn’t begin this business – kept out of the way, and left the track clear for the other chaps, till you rummaged me out and set to work to make an ass of me – and an easy job you had of it, too. That’s the trouble – it was too easy for you – you got reckless – thought you could turn me inside out, and chuck me in the gutter like an empty purse. But, by gad, that ain’t playing fair: that’s dodging the rules of the game. Of course I know now what you wanted – it wasn’t my beautiful eyes you were after – but I tell you what, Miss Lily, you’ve got to pay up for making me think so –’ 20 25

He rose, squaring his shoulders aggressively, and stepped toward her with a reddening brow; but she held her footing, though every nerve tore at her to retreat as he advanced.

‘Pay up?’ she faltered. ‘Do you mean that I owe you money?’

He laughed again. ‘Oh, I’m not asking for payment in kind. But there’s such a thing as fair play – and interest on one’s money – and hang me if I’ve had as much as a look from you –’ 30

‘Your money? What have I to do with your money? You advised me how to invest mine ... you must have seen I knew nothing of business ... you told me it was all right –’ 35

‘It *was* all right – it is, Lily: you’re welcome to all of it, and ten times more. I’m only asking for a word of thanks from you.’ He was closer still, with a hand that grew formidable; and the frightened self in her was dragging the other down.

‘I *have* thanked you; I’ve shown I was grateful. What more have you done than any friend might do, or anyone accept from a friend?’ 40

Trenor caught her up with a sneer. ‘I don’t doubt you’ve accepted as much before – and chucked the other chaps as you’d like to chuck me. I don’t care how you settled your score with them – if you fooled ’em I’m that much to the good. Don’t stare at me like that – I know I’m not talking the way a man is supposed to talk to a girl – but, hang it, if you don’t like it you can stop me quick enough – you know I’m 45

mad about you – damn the money, there’s plenty more of it – if *that* bothers you ...  
I was a brute, Lily – Lily! – just look at me –’

Over and over her the sea of humiliation broke – wave crashing on wave so close that the moral shame was one with the physical dread. It seemed to her that self-esteem would have made her invulnerable – that it was her own dishonour which put a fearful solitude about her. 50

His touch was a shock to her drowning consciousness. She drew back from him with a desperate assumption of scorn.

‘I’ve told you I don’t understand – but if I owe you money you shall be paid –’

Trenor’s face darkened to rage: her recoil of abhorrence had called out the primitive man. 55

‘Ah – you’ll borrow from Selden or Rosedale – and take your chances of fooling them as you’ve fooled me! Unless – unless you’ve settled your other scores already – and I’m the only one left out in the cold!’

She stood silent, frozen to her place. 60

Book 1, Chapter 13

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** stories, discuss ways in which writers present children's views of their parents.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Lemon Orchard* presents the threatening situation.

'This is mos a slim hotnot,' he said again. 'A teacher in a school for which we pay. He lives off our sweat, and he had the audacity to be cheeky and uncivilised towards a minister of our church and no hotnot will be cheeky to a white man while I live.'

'Ja, man,' the lantern-bearer agreed. 'But we are going to deal with him. There is no necessity to shoot him. We don't want that kind of trouble.' 5

'I will shoot whatever hotnot or kaffir I desire, and see me get into trouble over it. I demand respect from these donders. Let them answer when they're spoken to.'

He jabbed the muzzle suddenly into the coloured man's back so that he stumbled struggling to keep his balance. 'Do you hear, jong? Did I not speak to you?' 10  
The man who had jeered about the prisoner's fear stepped up then, and hit him in the face, striking him on a cheekbone with the clenched fist which still held the sjambok. He was angry over the delay and wanted the man to submit so that they could proceed. 'Listen you hotnot bastard,' he said loudly. 'Why don't you answer?'

The man stumbled, caught himself and stood in the rambling shadow of one of the lemon trees. The lantern-light swung on him and he looked away from the centre of the beam. He was afraid the leader would shoot him in anger and he had no wish to die. He straightened up and looked away from them. 15

'Well?' demanded the man who had struck him.

'Yes, baas,' the bound man said, speaking with a mixture of dignity and contempt which was missed by those who surrounded him. 20

'Yes there,' the man with the light said. 'You could save yourself trouble. Next time you will remember. Now let us get on.' The lantern swung forward again and he walked ahead. The leader shoved their prisoner on with the muzzle of the shotgun, and he stumbled after the bobbing lantern with the other men on each side of him. 25

'The amazing thing about it is that this bliksem should have taken the principal, and the meester of the church before the magistrate and demand payment for the hiding they gave him for being cheeky to them,' the leader said to all in general. 'This verdomte hotnot. I have never heard of such a thing in all my born days.'

'Well, we will give him a better hiding,' the man, Andries said. 'This time we will teach him a lesson, Oom. He won't demand damages from anybody when we're done with him.' 30

'And afterwards he won't be seen around here again. He will pack his things and go and live in the city where they're not so particular about the dignity of the volk. Do you hear, hotnot?' This time they were not concerned about receiving a reply but the leader went on, saying, 'We don't want any educated hottentots in our town.' 35

'Neither black Englishmen,' added one of the others.

The dog started barking again at the farm house which was invisible on the dark hillside at the other end of the little valley. 'It's that Jagter,' the man with the lantern said. 'I wonder what bothers him. He is a good watchdog. I offered Meneer Marais five pounds for that dog, but he won't sell. I would like to have a dog like that. I would take great care of such a dog.' 40

The blackness of the night crouched over the orchard and the leaves rustled with a harsh whispering that was inconsistent with the pleasant scent of the lemons. The chill in the air had increased, and far-off the creek-creek-creek of the crickets blended into solid strips of high-pitched sound. Then the moon came from behind 45

the banks of cloud and its white light touched the leaves with wet silver, and the perfume of lemons seemed to grow stronger, as if the juice was being crushed from them. 50

They walked a little way further in the moonlight and the man with the lantern said, 'This is as good a place as any, Oom.'

They had come into a wide gap in the orchard, a small amphitheatre surrounded by fragrant growth, and they all stopped within it. The moonlight clung for a while to the leaves and the angled branches, so that along their tips and edges the moisture gleamed with the quivering shine of scattered quicksilver. 55

*The Lemon Orchard*

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