
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/92

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

October/November 2015

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, 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 **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Section A: Poetry

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Hughes explore human responses to the natural world? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the relationship.

Her Husband

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WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** of Owen's poems present mental suffering.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects created by the following poem's use of the voice of the soldier.

The Letter

With B.E.F. June 10. Dear Wife,
(O blast this pencil. 'Ere, Bill, lend's a knife.)
I'm in the pink at present, dear.
I think the war will end this year.
We don't see much of them square-'eaded 'Uns. 5
We're out of harm's way, not bad fed.
I'm longing for a taste of your old buns.
(Say, Jimmie, spare's a bite of bread.)
There don't seem much to say just now.
(Yer what? Then don't, yer ruddy cow! 10
And give us back me cigarette!)
I'll soon be 'ome. You musn't fret.
My feet's improvin', as I told you of.
We're out in rest now. Never fear.
(VRACH! By crumbs, but that was near.) 15
Mother might spare you half a sov.
Kiss Nell and Bert. When me and you –
(Eh? What the 'ell! Stand to? Stand to!
Jim, give's a hand with pack on, lad.
Guh! Christ! I'm hit. Take 'old. Aye, bad. 20
No, damn your iodine. Jim! 'Ere!
Write my old girl, Jim, there's a dear.)

Songs of Ourselves

- 3** **Either** (a) With close reference to the writing of **two** poems, discuss ways in which the poets explore morally good behaviour.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents attitudes to the closeness of death.

Written the Night Before His Execution

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares;
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
 My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain;
 My life is fled, and yet I saw no sun; 5
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves be green;
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young; 10
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my womb,
 I looked for life, and saw it was a shade,
 I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb, 15
 And now I die, and now I am but made:
 The glass is full, and now my glass is run,
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

Chidiok Tichbourne

Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) The sections of the novel alternate between 'The Early Sixties' and 'The Late Sixties'. What do you think are the effects of these shifts in time?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the tension between Richard and Madu.

The stew that was served at lunch had too much crayfish; Kainene would not have liked it and she would have leaned towards him and said so. After lunch, Richard and Madu went out to sit on the veranda. The rain had stopped, and the leaves of the plants down below looked greener.

'The foreigners say that one million died,' Madu said. 'That can't be.' 5

Richard waited. He was not sure he wanted to have one of those conversations so many Biafrans had now, passing kernels of blame to others, oiling their own faces with a valour they had never had. He wanted to remember how he and Kainene had often stood here and looked down at the silver swimming pool.

'It can't be just one million.' Madu sipped his beer. 'Will you go back to England?' 10

The question annoyed him. 'No.'

'You'll stay in Nsukka?'

'Yes. I'm joining the new Institute for African Studies.'

'Are you writing anything?'

'No.' 15

Madu placed his glass of beer down; water droplets clustered on it like tiny see-through pebbles. 'I don't understand how we have found out nothing about Kainene, I don't understand it at all,' Madu said.

Richard did not like the sound of *we*, did not know who Madu included in it. He got up and walked across the balcony and looked down at the drained pool; the floor was made of polished, whitish stone, visible through the thin sheet of rainwater. He turned back to Madu. 'You love her, don't you?' he asked. 20

'Of course I love her.'

'Did you ever touch her?'

Madu's laugh was short and harsh. 25

'Did you ever touch her?' Richard asked again, and Madu was suddenly responsible for Kainene's disappearance. 'Did you ever touch her?'

Madu got up. Richard reached out and grasped his arm. Come back, he wanted to say, come back here and tell me if you ever laid your filthy black hand on her. Madu shrugged Richard's hand off. Richard hit him across the face and felt his hand begin to throb. 30

'You idiot,' Madu said, surprised, staggering slightly.

Richard saw Madu's arm raised, saw the swift, blurred movement of a coming punch. It landed on his nose, and the pain exploded all over his face and his body felt very light as it sank down to the floor. When he touched his nose, there was blood on his fingers. 35

'You idiot,' Madu said again.

Richard could not get up. He pulled out his handkerchief; his hands trembled and he got some of the blood on his shirt. Madu watched him for a moment and then bent down and held his face between wide palms and examined his nose closely. Richard could smell the crayfish on Madu's breath. 40

'I didn't break it,' Madu said, and straightened up.

Richard dabbed at his nose. Darkness descended on him, and when it lifted, he knew that he would never see Kainene again and that his life would always be like a candlelit room; he would see things only in shadow, only in half glimpses. 45

Chapter 36

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance to the novel of Mrs Moore's Christianity and the way it is challenged by events.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the Collector and his views in the following passage.

The Collector had watched the arrest from the interior of the waiting-room, and throwing open its perforated doors of zinc he was now revealed like a god in a shrine. When Fielding entered, the doors clapped to, and were guarded by a servant, while a punkah, to mark the importance of the moment, flapped dirty petticoats over their heads. The Collector could not speak at first. His face was white, fanatical, and rather beautiful – the expression that all English faces were to wear at Chandrapore for many days. Always brave and unselfish, he was now fused by some white and generous heat; he would have killed himself, obviously, if he had thought it right to do so. He spoke at last. 'The worst thing in my whole career has happened,' he said. 'Miss Quested has been insulted in one of the Marabar Caves.' 5

'Oh no, oh no, no,' gasped the other, feeling sickish.
'She escaped – by God's grace.'
'Oh no, no, but not Aziz ... not Aziz ...'
He nodded.
'Absolutely impossible, grotesque.' 10

'I called you to preserve you from the odium that would attach to you if you were seen accompanying him to the Police Station,' said Turton, paying no attention to his protest, indeed scarcely hearing it.

He repeated 'Oh no' like a fool. He couldn't frame other words. He felt that a mass of madness had arisen and tried to overwhelm them all; it had to be shoved back into its pit somehow, and he didn't know how to do it, because he did not understand madness; he had always gone ahead sensibly and quietly until a difficulty came right. 'Who lodges this infamous charge?' he asked, pulling himself together. 20

'Miss Derek and – the victim herself ...' He nearly broke down, unable to repeat the girl's name. 25

'Miss Quested herself definitely accuses him of–'
He nodded, and turned his face away.
'Then she's mad.'
'I cannot pass that last remark,' said the Collector, waking up to the knowledge that they differed, and trembling with fury. 'You will withdraw it instantly. It is the type of remark you have permitted yourself to make ever since you came to Chandrapore.' 30

'I'm excessively sorry, sir; I certainly withdraw it unconditionally.' For the man was half mad himself.

'Pray, Mr Fielding, what induced you to speak to me in such a tone?' 35

'The news gave me a very great shock, so I must ask you to forgive me. I cannot believe that Dr Aziz is guilty.'
He slammed his hand on the table. 'That – that is a repetition of your insult in an aggravated form.'
'If I may venture to say so, no,' said Fielding, also going white, but sticking to his point. 'I make no reflection on the good faith of the two ladies, but the charge they are bringing against Aziz rests upon some mistake, and five minutes will clear it up. The man's manner is perfectly natural; besides, I know him to be incapable of infamy.' 40

'It does indeed rest upon a mistake,' came the thin, biting voice of the other. 'It does indeed. I have had twenty-five years' experience of this country' – he paused, and 'twenty-five years' seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and 45

ungenerosity – ‘and during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially. Intercourse, yes. Courtesy, by all means. Intimacy – never, never. The whole weight of my authority is against it. I have been in charge at Chandrapore for six years, and if everything has gone smoothly, if there has been mutual respect and esteem, it is because both peoples kept to this simple rule. Newcomers set our traditions aside, and in an instant what you see happens, the work of years is undone, and the good name of my District ruined for a generation.

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Chapter 17

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories explore how characters deal with their past.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing in the following passage, considering its effects as the climax of the story.

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that pursed smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,
 His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.
 His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.
 Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn; he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the paeon of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar.

'Tea is ready,' said the sour-faced maid; 'where is the mistress?'

'She went down to the shed some time ago,' said Conradin.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.

'Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!' exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

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Sredni Vashtar

Section C: Drama

EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the dramatic presentation of illusions and their destruction in the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to Albee's dramatic presentation of Martha at this point in the play.

Honey [pouting]: Well ... all right. [Suddenly she giggles insanely, subsides. To GEORGE] ... When is your son? [Giggles again.]

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Martha: You rose to the occasion ... good. Real good.

Act 1

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III*

- 8 **Either** (a) How, and with what effects, does Shakespeare present Richard as two-faced in the play?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Shakespeare presents tension between Richard and Anne.

Gloucester: I did not kill your husband.
Anne: Why, then he is alive.
Gloucester: Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.
Anne: In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
 Thy murd'rous falchion smoking in his blood; 5
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Gloucester: I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue
 That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne: Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind, 10
 That never dream'st on aught but butcheries.
 Didst thou not kill this king?
Gloucester: I grant ye.
Anne: Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me too
 Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed! 15
 O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Gloucester: The better for the King of Heaven, that hath him.
Anne: He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Gloucester: Let him thank me that help to send him thither,
 For he was fitter for that place than earth. 20
Anne: And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Gloucester: Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne: Some dungeon.
Gloucester: Your bed-chamber.
Anne: Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest! 25
Gloucester: So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne: I hope so.
Gloucester: I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
 To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
 And fall something into a slower method – 30
 Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
 As blameful as the executioner?
Anne: Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.
Gloucester: Your beauty was the cause of that effect – 35
 Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep
 To undertake the death of all the world
 So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne: If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
 These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks. 40
Gloucester: These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
 You should not blemish it if I stood by.
 As all the world is cheered by the sun,
 So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne: Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life! 45
Gloucester: Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne: I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Gloucester: It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne: It is a quarrel just and reasonable, 50
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Gloucester: He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne: His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Gloucester: He lives that loves thee better than he could. 55

Anne: Name him.

Gloucester: Plantagenet.

Anne: Why, that was he.

Gloucester: The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne: Where is he? 60

Gloucester: Here. [*She spits at him*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne: Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Gloucester: Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne: Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes. 65

Act 1, Scene 2

ROBERT BOLT: *A Man for All Seasons*

- 9 **Either** (a) Write about Bolt's dramatic presentation of Thomas More as a lawyer in *A Man for All Seasons*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the dramatic effect and significance of the following extract.

[Enter RICH. He is now splendidly official, in dress and bearing; even NORFOLK is a bit impressed.]

Cromwell: Sir Richard [*indicating CRANMER.*]

Cranmer [*proffering Bible*]: I do solemnly swear ...

Rich: I do solemnly swear that the evidence I shall give before the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 5

Cranmer [*discreetly*]: So help me God, Sir Richard.

Rich: So help me God.

Norfolk: Take your stand there, Sir Richard. 10

Cromwell: Now, Rich, on 12 March, you were at the Tower?

Rich: I was.

Cromwell: With what purpose?

Rich: I was sent to carry away the prisoner's books.

Cromwell: Did you talk with the prisoner? 15

Rich: Yes.

Cromwell: Did you talk about the King's Supremacy of the Church?

Rich: Yes.

Cromwell: What did you say?

Rich: I said to him: 'Supposing there was an Act of Parliament to say that I, Richard Rich, were to be King, would not you, Master More, take me for King?' 'That I would,' he said, 'for then you would be King.' 20

Cromwell: Yes?

Rich: Then he said – 25

Norfolk [*sharply*]: The prisoner?

Rich: Yes, my lord. 'But I will put you a higher case,' he said. 'How if there were an Act of Parliament to say that God should not be God?'

More: This is true; and then you said – 30

Norfolk: Silence! Continue.

Rich: I said 'Ah, but I will put you a middle case. Parliament has made our King Head of the Church. Why will you not accept him?'

Norfolk [*strung up*]: Well? 35

Rich: Then he said Parliament had no power to do it.

Norfolk: Repeat the prisoner's words!

Rich: He said 'Parliament has not the competence.' Or words to that effect.

- Cromwell:* He denied the title? 40
- Rich:* He did.
- All look to MORE but he looks to RICH.*
- More:* In good faith, Rich, I am sorrier for your perjury than my peril.
- Norfolk:* Do you deny this?
- More:* Yes! My lords, if I were a man who heeded not the taking of an oath, you know well I need not to be here. Now I will take an oath! If what Master Rich has said is true, then I pray I may never see God in the face! Which I would not say were it otherwise for anything on earth. 45
- Cromwell* [*to FOREMAN, calmly, technical*]: That is not evidence. 50
- More:* Is it probable – is it probable – that after so long a silence, on this, the very point so urgently sought of me, I should open my mind to such a man as that?
- Cromwell* [*to RICH*]: Do you wish to modify your testimony?
- Rich:* No, Secretary. 55
- More:* There were two other men! Southwell and Palmer!
- Cromwell:* Unhappily, Sir Richard Southwell and Master Palmer are both in Ireland on the King's business. [*MORE gestures helplessly.*] It has no bearing. I have their deposition here in which the Court will see they state that being busy with the prisoner's books they did not hear what was said. [*Hands deposition to FOREMAN who examines it with much seriousness.*] 60
- More:* If I had really said this is it not obvious he would instantly have called these men to witness?
- Cromwell:* Sir Richard, have you anything to add? 65
- Rich:* Nothing, Mr Secretary.

Act 2

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