
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2016

2 hours

No Additional Materials are required.

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.



This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

Section A: Poetry

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Hughes presents different aspects of the natural world. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Hughes presents the wind and its effects.

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,

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Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) With close reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Owen presents the attitudes to war of those who are not involved in combat.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the patients in the following poem.

Mental Cases

Who are these? Why sit they here in twilight?
 Wherefore rock they, purgatorial shadows,
 Drooping tongues from jaws that slob their relish,
 Baring teeth that leer like skulls' teeth wicked?
 Stroke on stroke of pain – but what slow panic, 5
 Gouged these chasms round their fretted sockets?
 Ever from their hair and through their hands' palms
 Misery swelters. Surely we have perished
 Sleeping, and walk hell; but who these hellish?

– These are men whose minds the Dead have ravished. 10
 Memory fingers in their hair of murders,
 Multitudinous murders they once witnessed.
 Wading sloughs of flesh these helpless wander,
 Treading blood from lungs that had loved laughter.
 Always they must see these things and hear them, 15
 Batter of guns and shatter of flying muscles,
 Carnage incomparable, and human squander,
 Rucked too thick for these men's extrication.

Therefore still their eyeballs shrink tormented 20
 Back into their brains, because on their sense
 Sunlight seems a blood-smear; night comes blood-black;
 Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh.
 – Thus their heads wear this hilarious, hideous,
 Awful falseness of set-smiling corpses.
 – Thus their hands are plucking at each other; 25
 Picking at the rope-knouts of their scourging;
 Snatching after us who smote them, brother,
 Pawing us who dealt them war and madness.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3** **Either** (a) Compare the ways in which writers express happiness or contentment in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it presents the speaker's feelings.

I Grieve, and Dare Not Show my Discontent

I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
 I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seem stark mute but inwardly do prate.
 I am and not, I freeze and yet am burned,
 Since from myself another self I turned.

5

My care is like my shadow in the sun:
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it,
 Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done;
 His too familiar care doth make me rue it.
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

10

Some gentler passion slide into my mind,
 For I am soft and made of melting snow;
 Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind.
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low.
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die and so forget what love ere meant.

15

Queen Elizabeth I

Turn over for Section B

Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Lahiri presents the ending of relationships in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the writing in the following passage from the end of the novel.

The givers and keepers of Gogol's name are far from him now. One dead. Another, a widow, on the verge of a different sort of departure, in order to dwell, as his father does, in a separate world. She will call him, once a week, on the phone. She will learn to send e-mail, she says. Once or twice a week, he will hear "Gogol" over the wires, see it typed on a screen. As for all the people in the house, all the mashis and meshos to whom he is still, and will always be, Gogol—now that his mother is moving away, how often will he see them? Without people in the world to call him Gogol, no matter how long he himself lives, Gogol Ganguli will, once and for all, vanish from the lips of loved ones, and so, cease to exist. Yet the thought of this eventual demise provides no sense of victory, no solace. It provides no solace at all. 5 10

Gogol gets up, shuts the door to his room, muffling the noise of the party that swells below him, the laughter of the children playing down the hall. He sits cross-legged on the bed. He opens the book, glances at an illustration of Nikolai Gogol, and then at the chronology of the author's life on the facing page. Born March 20, 1809. The death of his father, 1825. Publishes his first story, 1830. Travels to Rome, 1837. Dies 1852, one month before his forty-third birthday. In another ten years, Gogol Ganguli will be that age. He wonders if he will be married again one day, if he will ever have a child to name. A month from now, he will begin a new job at a smaller architectural practice, producing his own designs. There is a possibility, eventually, of becoming an associate, of the firm incorporating his name. And in that case Nikhil will live on, publicly celebrated, unlike Gogol, purposely hidden, legally diminished, now all but lost. 15 20 25

He turns to the first story. "The Overcoat." In a few minutes his mother will come upstairs to find him. "Gogol," she will say, opening the door without knocking, "where is the camera? What's taking so long? This is no time for books," she will scold, hastily noting the volume open against the covers, unaware, as her son has been all these years, that her husband dwells discreetly, silently, patiently, within its pages. "There is a party downstairs, people to talk to, food to be taken out of the oven, thirty glasses of water to fill and line up on the sideboard. To think that we will never again all be here together. If only your father could have stayed with us a bit longer," she will add, her eyes growing momentarily damp. "But come, see the children under the tree." 30 35

He will apologize, put the book aside, a small corner of a page turned over to mark his place. He will walk downstairs with his mother, join the crowded party, photographing the people in his parents' life, in this house, one last time, huddled on the sofas, plates held in their laps, eating with their hands. Eventually, at his mother's insistence, he will as well, seated cross-legged on the floor, and speak to his parents' friends, about his new job, about New York, about his mother, about Sonia and Ben's wedding. After dinner he will help Sonia and Ben scrape bay leaves and lamb bones and cinnamon sticks from plates, pile them on the counters and two burners 40 45

of the stove. He will watch his mother do what his father used to do toward the end of every party, spooning fine-leaf Lopchu tea into two kettles. He will watch her give away leftovers in the cooking pots themselves. As the hours of the evening pass he will grow distracted, anxious to return to his room, to be alone, to read the book he had once forsaken, has abandoned until now. Until moments ago it was destined to disappear from his life altogether, but he has salvaged it by chance, as his father was pulled from a crushed train forty years ago. He leans back against the headboard, adjusting a pillow behind his back. In a few minutes he will go downstairs, join the party, his family. But for now his mother is distracted, laughing at a story a friend is telling her, unaware of her son's absence. For now, he starts to read.

50

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Chapter 12

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Wharton presents Selden's opinions of Lily and their importance to the novel as a whole.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Lily's meeting with Percy Gryce is presented in the following passage.

She waited till the train had emerged from the tunnel and was racing between the ragged edges of the northern suburbs. Then, as it lowered its speed near Yonkers, she rose from her seat and drifted slowly down the carriage. As she passed Mr Gryce, the train gave a lurch, and he was aware of a slender hand gripping the back of his chair. He rose with a start, his ingenuous face looking as though it had been dipped in crimson: even the reddish tint in his beard seemed to deepen. 5

The train swayed again, almost flinging Miss Bart into his arms. She steadied herself with a laugh and drew back; but he was enveloped in the scent of her dress, and his shoulder had felt her fugitive touch.

'Oh, Mr Gryce, is it you? I'm so sorry – I was trying to find the porter and get some tea.' 10

She held out her hand as the train resumed its level rush, and then stood exchanging a few words in the aisle. Yes – he was going to Bellomont. He had heard she was to be of the party – he blushed again as he admitted it. And was he to be there for a whole week? How delightful! 15

But at this point one or two belated passengers from the last station forced their way into the carriage, and Lily had to retreat to her seat.

'The chair next to mine is empty – do take it,' she said over her shoulder; and Mr Gryce, with considerable embarrassment, succeeded in effecting an exchange which enabled him to transport himself and his bags to her side. 20

'Ah – and here is the porter, and perhaps we can have some tea.'

She signalled to that official, and in a moment, with the ease that seemed to attend the fulfilment of all her wishes, a little table had been set up between the seats, and she had helped Mr Gryce to bestow his encumbering properties beneath it. 25

When the tea came he watched her in silent fascination while her hands flitted above the tray, looking miraculously fine and slender in contrast to the coarse china and lumpy bread. It seemed wonderful to him that anyone should perform with such careless ease the difficult task of making tea in public in a lurching train. He would never have dared to order it for himself, lest he should attract the notice of his fellow-passengers; but, secure in the shelter of her conspicuousness, he sipped the inky draught with a delicious sense of exhilaration. 30

Lily, with the flavour of Selden's caravan tea on her lips, had no great fancy to drown it in the railway brew which seemed such nectar to her companion; but, rightly judging that one of the charms of tea is the fact of drinking it together, she proceeded to give the last touch to Mr Gryce's enjoyment by smiling at him across her lifted cup. 35

'Is it quite right – I haven't made it too strong?' she asked solicitously; and he replied with conviction that he had never tasted better tea.

'I dare say it is true,' she reflected; and her imagination was fired by the thought that Mr Gryce, who might have sounded the depths of the most complex self-indulgence, was perhaps actually taking his first journey alone with a pretty woman. 40

It struck her as providential that she should be the instrument of his initiation. Some girls would not have known how to manage him. They would have over-emphasised the novelty of the adventure, trying to make him feel in it the zest of an escapade. But Lily's methods were more delicate. She remembered that her cousin Jack Stepney had once defined Mr Gryce as the young man who had promised 45

his mother never to go out in the rain without his overshoes; and acting on this hint, she resolved to impart a gently domestic air to the scene, in the hope that her companion, instead of feeling that he was doing something reckless or unusual, would merely be led to dwell on the advantage of always having a companion to make one's tea in the train. 50

But in spite of her efforts, conversation flagged after the tray had been removed, and she was driven to take a fresh measurement of Mr Gryce's limitations. It was not, after all, opportunity but imagination that he lacked: he had a mental palate which would never learn to distinguish between railway tea and nectar. There was, however, one topic she could rely on: one spring that she had only to touch to set his simple machinery in motion. She had refrained from touching it because it was a last resource, and she had relied on other arts to stimulate other sensations; but as a settled look of dullness began to creep over his candid features, she saw that extreme measures were necessary. 55 60

'And how,' she said, leaning forward, 'are you getting on with your Americana?'

Book 1, Chapter 2

Stories of Ourselves

6 **Either** (a) 'It is impossible for the reader to like some of the characters in these stories.'

In the light of this comment, compare some of the ways in which authors present such characters in **two** stories.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *Journey* by Shirley Geok-Lin Lim, considering ways in which the writer creates mood and atmosphere.

Last night, she had dreamt she was shut away in a subterranean world; she had wandered in labyrinths of a thick brown claustrophobia. So dense was the air that her ears felt clogged with cotton-wool, and her feet trod slippery over ground strewn with skulls. This dense silence was her holding her breath, conscious of malevolent eyes in the darkness, watching. Skulls smiled without friendship, then began moving around her, in slow monotony, circling formally, one after the other, as in a ritual dance. She knew then that if she could not open her eyes she would never find her way back. She would have to stay in that labyrinthine world, separated from that breathing body which was hers, but which lay apart, secure in bed and lost. She tried to cry out. Only her mouth twisted soundlessly. She concentrated on opening her eyes, counting one two three, pitching her muscles for the effort, but it was a long time before she succeeded. Night was blacker than the dream twilight. It walled up and pressed into her eyes, a pleasant sensation recalling her from the trembling sweet terror into which she had tumbled. 5

Now she sat in the half-empty bus. It jolted to a halt at every stop, but no one got in, nor did anyone get off. She was caught up in its reckless rush as it butted stubbornly against the road curb, swung around corners with a wounded shriek, shaking its whole frame in a frenzy of movement, unthinking, self-absorbed, down the straight roads past the housing estates. On either side, the rows of houses started up, then fell back, enshrouded in the greying evening. Now they put on their lights, dusky yellow, blue and dim, smoky red, futile stabs in the twilight which invaded the interior of the bus with a deeper gloom. Stars and moon had not yet shown themselves, perhaps would not appear tonight. The passengers were as dull as the sky. Each sat shut in by whatever thoughts bred in his mind with the coming night, eyes marshalled inwards, only flickering to the doorway in anticipation at every violent thrust of the brakes. But no one passed through the doorway, either going down or coming up. The one woman appeared as well-worn as her *samfoo*, exhausted and faded by having had too many children, too much labour done, too many years lived. The collars of the men decapitated their heads from their shirts, so that they hung in the dusk, with cropped hair, thickened ears, dancing at every shudder of the engine. Only she defied the drab company in her bright uniform, fidgeting with her bag, gnawing her underlip, constantly peering out of the dusty window into the dustier evening to watch the roads whizz under. 10 15 20 25 30

She was glad to climb down from the bus, yet there was a curious uncertainty as to where she was to go, a strong reluctance to move away from the stand. She thought if she stood there long enough, the bus would surely return on its journey back and bring her home. She did not have to go anyway. Or she could take a walk, pretending she was going home to her family. There were numerous lanes branching off the little junction, numerous houses sitting under fat protective trees, hiding behind fences and shut gates. There was the pleasant joy of choosing your own little lane, your own snug house. 35 40

Still, she could not imagine herself belonging to any of these houses. Windows framed squares of light, curtains drawn to keep them in. Voices called out in a murmur of music. Sharp chinks of spoon against plate reminded her she had not eaten. In these houses were whole families unaware of her standing hungry, out in 45

the dark. Whole families of mothers, fathers and children, living their daily meals and bedtime together, surrounded by their fenced-in gardens and their walls, unaware of her as much as though they and she were apart in separate worlds. She wondered whether her mother knew she was standing in front of these houses, and if she knew, whether she realised why and for what. It was not the same air she breathed in here, heavy with green smells of unknown shrubbery, delicate, sweet in her nostrils, fragrance of unseen flowers weighing their stems down and entwining their heads together in the night. The unfamiliar air as much as the disguising night made her, though she was uncertain whether it was so, or exactly why, frightened. 50

Journey

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