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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**9695/31**

**May/June 2016**

**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 **9** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 Either (a)** ‘Hughes’s poems about the natural world show a sensitive, detailed observation.’

In the light of this comment, discuss the effects Hughes creates in his presentation of the natural world. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which Hughes presents the moon.

*The Harvest Moon*

The flame-red moon, the harvest moon,

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Sweat from the melting hills.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Owen presents the effects of war on the families and loved ones of soldiers. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a wartime experience.

*The Sentry*

We'd found an old Boche dug-out, and he knew,  
 And gave us hell, for shell on frantic shell  
 Hammered on top, but never quite burst through.  
 Rain, guttering down in waterfalls of slime  
 Kept slush waist-high that, rising hour by hour, 5  
 Choked up the steps too thick with clay to climb.  
 What murk of air remained stank old, and sour  
 With fumes of whizz-bangs, and the smell of men  
 Who'd lived there years, and left their curse in the den,  
 If not their corpses ... 10

There we herded from the blast  
 Of whizz-bangs, but one found our door at last –  
 Buffeting eyes and breath, snuffing the candles.  
 And thud! flump! thud! down the steep steps came thumping  
 And splashing in the flood, deluging muck – 15  
 The sentry's body; then, his rifle, handles  
 Of old Boche bombs, and mud in ruck on ruck.  
 We dredged him up, for killed, until he whined,  
 'O sir! my eyes – I'm blind – I'm blind, I'm blind!'  
 Coaxing, I held a flame against his lids 20  
 And said if he could see the least blurred light  
 He was not blind; in time he'd get all right.  
 'I can't,' he sobbed. Eyeballs, huge-bulged like squids',  
 Watch my dreams still; but I forgot him there  
 In posting next for duty, and sending a scout 25  
 To beg a stretcher somewhere, and floundering about  
 To other posts under the shrieking air.

\* \* \*

Those other wretches, how they bled and spewed,  
 And one who would have drowned himself for good –  
 I try not to remember these things now. 30  
 Let dread hark back for one word only: how  
 Half listening to that sentry's moans and jumps,  
 And the wild chattering of his broken teeth,  
 Renewed most horribly whenever crumps  
 Pummelled the roof and slogged the air beneath – 35  
 Through the dense din, I say, we heard him shout,  
 'I see your lights!' But ours had long died out.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets, in **two** poems, explore experiences of significance.
- Or** (b) By what means, and with what effects, does the following poem explore love?

*Sonnet 31*

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes 5  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,  
 To me that feel the like, thy state describes.  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me, 10  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney

## Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Lahiri presents marriage in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Gogol's feelings about his homecoming.

There is no one to greet Gogol on the platform when he gets off the train. He wonders if he's early, looks at his watch. Instead of going into the station house he waits on a bench outside. The last of the passengers board, the train doors slide to a close. The conductors wave their signals to one another, the wheels roll slowly away, the compartments glide forward one by one. He watches his fellow passengers being greeted by family members, lovers reunited with entangled arms, without a word. College students burdened by backpacks, returning for Christmas break. After a few minutes the platform is empty, as is the space the train had occupied. Now Gogol looks onto a field, some spindly trees against a cobalt twilight sky. He thinks of calling home but decides he is content to sit and wait awhile longer. The cool air is pleasant on his face after his hours on the train. He'd slept most of the journey to Boston, the conductor poking him awake once they'd reached South Station, and he was the only person left in the compartment, the last to get off. He had slept soundly, curled up on two seats, his book unread, using his overcoat as a blanket, pulled up to his chin. 5

He feels groggy still, a bit lightheaded from having skipped his lunch. At his feet are a duffel bag containing clothes, a shopping bag from Macy's with gifts bought earlier that morning, before catching his train at Penn Station. His choices are uninspired—a pair of fourteen-karat gold earrings for his mother, sweaters for Sonia and Ben. They have agreed to keep things simple this year. He has a week of vacation. There is work to do at the house, his mother has warned him. His room must be emptied, every last scrap either taken back with him to New York or tossed. He must help his mother pack her things, settle her accounts. They will drive her to Logan and see her off as far as airport security will allow. And then the house will be occupied by strangers, and there will be no trace that they were ever there, no house to enter, no name in the telephone directory. Nothing to signify the years his family has lived here, no evidence of the effort, the achievement it had been. It's hard to believe that his mother is really going, that for months she will be so far. He wonders how his parents had done it, leaving their respective families behind, seeing them so seldom, dwelling unconnected, in a perpetual state of expectation, of longing. All those trips to Calcutta he'd once resented—how could they have been enough? They were not enough. Gogol knows now that his parents had lived their lives in America in spite of what was missing, with a stamina he fears he does not possess himself. He had spent years maintaining distance from his origins; his parents, in bridging that distance as best they could. And yet, for all his aloofness toward his family in the past, his years at college and then in New York, he has always hovered close to this quiet, ordinary town that had remained, for his mother and father, stubbornly exotic. He had not traveled to France as Moushumi had, or even to California as Sonia had done. Only for three months was he separated by more than a few small states from his father, a distance that had not troubled Gogol in the least, until it was too late. Apart from those months, for most of his adult life he has never been more than a four-hour train ride away. And there was nothing, apart from his family, to draw him home, to make this train journey, again and again. 10 15 20 25 30 35 40

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

5 **Either** (a) 'Selden is an ironic observer of New York society.'

Discuss the role and presentation of Selden in the light of this comment.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the social world of the novel.

All her life Lily had seen money go out as quickly as it came in, and whatever theories she cultivated as to the prudence of setting aside a part of her gains, she had unhappily no saving vision of the risks of the opposite course. It was a keen satisfaction to feel that, for a few months at least, she would be independent of her friends' bounty, that she could show herself abroad without wondering whether some penetrating eye would detect in her dress the traces of Judy Trenor's refurbished splendour. The fact that the money freed her temporarily from all minor obligations obscured her sense of the greater one it represented, and having never before known what it was to command so large a sum, she lingered delectably over the amusement of spending it. 5

It was on one of these occasions that, leaving a shop where she had spent an hour of deliberation over a dressing-case of the most complicated elegance, she ran across Miss Farish, who had entered the same establishment with the modest object of having her watch repaired. Lily was feeling unusually virtuous. She had decided to defer the purchase of the dressing-case till she should receive the bill for her new opera-cloak, and the resolve made her feel much richer than when she had entered the shop. In this mood of self-approval she had a sympathetic eye for others, and she was struck by her friend's air of dejection. 10

Miss Farish, it appeared, had just left the committee-meeting of a struggling charity in which she was interested. The object of the association was to provide comfortable lodgings, with a reading-room and other modest distractions, where young women of the class employed in down-town offices might find a home when out of work, or in need of rest, and the first year's financial report showed so deplorably small a balance that Miss Farish, who was convinced of the urgency of the work, felt proportionately discouraged by the small amount of interest it aroused. The other-regarding sentiments had not been cultivated in Lily, and she was often bored by the relation of her friend's philanthropic efforts, but today her quick dramatising fancy seized on the contrast between her own situation and that represented by some of Gerty's 'cases'. These were young girls, like herself; some perhaps pretty, some not without trace of her finer sensibilities. She pictured herself leading such a life as theirs – a life in which achievement seemed as squalid as failure – and the vision made her shudder sympathetically. The price of the dressing-case was still in her pocket; and drawing out her little gold purse she slipped a liberal fraction of the amount into Miss Farish's hand. 15

The satisfaction derived from this act was all that the most ardent moralist could have desired. Lily felt a new interest in herself as a person of charitable instincts: she had never before thought of doing good with the wealth she had so often dreamed of possessing, but now her horizon was enlarged by the vision of a prodigal philanthropy. Moreover, by some obscure process of logic, she felt that her momentary burst of generosity had justified all previous extravagances, and excused any in which she might subsequently indulge. Miss Farish's surprise and gratitude confirmed this feeling, and Lily parted from her with a sense of self-esteem which she naturally mistook for the fruits of altruism. 20

About this time she was further cheered by an invitation to spend the Thanksgiving week at a camp in the Adirondacs. The invitation was one which, a year earlier, would have provoked a less ready response, for the party, though 25

organised by Mrs Fisher, was ostensibly given by a lady of obscure origin and indomitable social ambitions, whose acquaintance Lily had hitherto avoided. Now, however, she was disposed to coincide with Mrs Fisher's view, that it didn't matter who gave the party, as long as things were well done; and doing things well (under competent direction) was Mrs Wellington Bry's strong point. The lady (whose consort was known as 'Welly' Bry on the Stock Exchange and in sporting circles) had already sacrificed one husband, and sundry minor considerations, to her determination to get on; and, having obtained a hold on Carry Fisher, she was astute enough to perceive the wisdom of committing herself entirely to that lady's guidance.

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Book 1, Chapter 10

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which the writers of **two** stories encourage readers to feel sympathetic towards particular characters.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *An Englishman's Home*, considering ways in which it portrays the society of the village.

He was, it is true, a landowner in rather a small way, but, as he stood on his terrace and surveyed the untroubled valley below him, he congratulated himself that he had not been led away by the house-agents into the multitudinous cares of a wider territory. He owned seven acres, more or less, and it seemed to him exactly the right amount; they comprised the policies of the house and a paddock; 5  
 sixty further acres of farmland had also been available, and for a day or two he had toyed with the rather inebriating idea of acquiring them. He could well have afforded it, of course, but to his habit of mind there was something perverse and downright wrong in an investment which showed a bare two per cent yield on his capital. He wanted a home, not a 'seat', and he reflected on the irony of that word; he thought of Lord Brakehurst, with whose property he sometimes liked to say that his own 'marched' – there was indeed a hundred yards of ha-ha between his paddock and one of Lord Brakehurst's pastures. What could be less sedentary than Lord Brakehurst's life, every day of which was agitated by the cares of his great possessions? No, seven acres, judiciously chosen, was the ideal property, and 10  
 Mr Metcalfe *had* chosen judiciously. The house-agent had spoken no more than the truth when he described Much Malcock as one of the most unspoilt Cotswold villages. It was exactly such a place as Mr Metcalfe had dreamed of in the long years in the cotton trade in Alexandria. Mr Metcalfe's own residence, known for generations by the singular name of Grumps, had been rechristened by a previous 20  
 owner as Much Malcock Hall. It bore the new name pretty well. It was 'a dignified Georgian house of mellowed Cotswold stone; four recep., six principal bed and dressing rooms, replete with period features'. The villagers, Mr Metcalfe observed with regret, could not be induced to speak of it as 'the Hall'. Boggett always said that he worked 'up to Grumps', but the name was not of Mr Metcalfe's choosing 25  
 and it looked well on his notepaper. It suggested a primacy in the village that was not undisputed.

Lord Brakehurst, of course, was in a class apart; he was Lord Lieutenant of the County with property in fifty parishes. Lady Brakehurst had not in fact called on Mrs Metcalfe, living as she did in a world where card-leaving had lost its importance, 30  
 but, of the calling class, there were two other households in Much Malcock, and a border-line case – besides the vicar, who had a plebeian accent and an inclination to preach against bankers.

The rival gentry were Lady Peabury and Colonel Hodge, both, to the villagers, newcomers, but residents of some twenty years priority to Mr Metcalfe. 35

Lady Peabury lived at Much Malcock House, whose chimneys, soon to be hidden in the full foliage of summer, could still be seen among its budding limes on the opposite slope of the valley. Four acres of meadowland lay between her property and Mr Metcalfe's, where Westmacott's plump herd enriched the landscape and counterbalanced the slightly suburban splendour of her flower gardens. She 40  
 was a widow and, like Mr Metcalfe, had come to Much Malcock from abroad. She was rich and kind and rather greedy, a diligent reader of fiction, mistress of many Cairn terriers and of five steady old maidservants who never broke the Crown Derby.

Colonel Hodge lived at the Manor, a fine gabled house in the village street, 45  
 whose gardens, too, backed on to Westmacott's meadow. He was impecunious



but active in the affairs of the British Legion and the Boy Scouts; he accepted Mr Metcalfe's invitation to dinner, but spoke of him, in his family circle, as 'the cotton wallah'.

*An Englishman's Home*





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