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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**9695/33**

**May/June 2015**

**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 **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

## Section A: Poetry

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Hughes present violence in **two** poems?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the language and imagery of the following poem present the calf.

*A March Calf*

Right from the start he is dressed in his best – his blacks and  
his whites  
Little Fauntleroy – quiffed and glossy,  
A Sunday suit, a wedding natty get-up,  
Standing in dunged straw 5

Under cobwebby beams, near the mud wall,  
Half of him legs,  
Shining-eyed, requiring nothing more  
But that mother's milk come back often.

Everything else is in order, just as it is. 10  
Let the summer skies hold off, for the moment.  
This is just as he wants it.  
A little at a time, of each new thing, is best.

Too much and too sudden is too frightening –  
When I block the light, a bulk from space, 15  
To let him in to his mother for a suck,  
He bolts a yard or two, then freezes,

Staring from every hair in all directions,  
Ready for the worst, shut up in his hopeful religion,  
A little syllogism 20  
With a wet blue-reddish muzzle, for God's thumb.

You see all his hopes bustling  
As he reaches between the worn rails towards  
The topheavy oven of his mother.  
He trembles to grow, stretching his curl-tip tongue – 25

What did cattle ever find here  
To make this dear little fellow  
So eager to prepare himself?  
He is already in the race, and quivering to win –

His new purpled eyeball swivel-jerks 30  
In the elbowing push of his plans.  
Hungry people are getting hungrier,  
Butchers developing expertise and markets,

But he just wobbles his tail – and glistens  
Within his dapper profile 35  
Unaware of how his whole lineage  
Has been tied up.

He shivers for feel of the world licking his side.  
He is like an ember – one glow  
Of lighting himself up 40  
With the fuel of himself, breathing and brightening.

Soon he'll plunge out, to scatter his seething joy,  
To be present at the grass,  
To be free on the surface of such a wideness,  
To find himself himself. To stand. To moo. 45

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** poems express Owen's concern with the ordinary man thrown into war.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem explores different moods.

*Music*

I have been urged by earnest violins  
 And drunk their mellow sorrows to the slake  
 Of all my sorrows and my thirsting sins.  
 My heart has beaten for a brave drum's sake.  
 Huge chords have wrought me mighty: I have hurled 5  
 Thuds of God's thunder. And with old winds pondered  
 Over the curse of this chaotic world,  
 With low lost winds that maundered as they wandered.

I have been gay with trivial fifes that laugh;  
 And songs more sweet than possible things are sweet; 10  
 And gongs, and oboes. Yet I guessed not half  
 Life's sympathy till I had made hearts beat,  
 And touched Love's body into trembling cries,  
 And blown my love's lips into laughs and sighs.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, compare ways in which the poets express a sense of disappointment.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem expresses admiration.

*Sonnet 18*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines 5  
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; 10  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) Compare Adichie's presentation of **two** characters who betray others in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents Olanna's observations.

She got back to Nsukka in the middle of the afternoon, that still hour when the sun was relentless and even the bees perched in quiet exhaustion. Odenigbo's car was in the garage. Ugwu opened the door before she knocked, his shirt unbuttoned, slight sweat patches under his arms. 'Welcome, mah,' he said. 5

'Ugwu.' She had missed his loyal, smiling face. '*Unu anokwa ofuma?* Did you stay well?' 5

'Yes, mah,' he said, and went out to bring her luggage from the taxi.

Olanna walked in. She had missed the faint smell of detergent that lingered in the living room after Ugwu cleaned the louvres. Because 10 she had imagined that Odenigbo's mother was already gone, she was dampened to see her on the sofa, dressed, fussing with a bag. Amala stood nearby, holding a small metal box.

'*Nkem!*' Odenigbo said, and hurried forwards. 'It's good to have you back! So good!' 15

When they hugged, his body did not relax against hers and the brief press of his lips felt papery. 'Mama and Amala are just leaving. I'm taking them to the motor park,' he said.

'Good afternoon, Mama,' Olanna said, but did not make an attempt to go any closer. 20

'Olanna, *kedu?*' Mama asked. It was Mama who initiated their hug; it was Mama who smiled warmly. Olanna was puzzled but pleased. Perhaps Odenigbo had spoken to her about how serious their relationship was, and their planning to have a child had finally won Mama over.

'Amala, how are you?' Olanna asked. 'I didn't know you came too.' 25

'Welcome, Aunty,' Amala mumbled, looking down.

'Have you brought everything?' Odenigbo asked his mother. 'Let's go. Let's go.'

'Have you eaten, Mama?' Olanna asked.

'My morning meal is still heavy in my stomach,' Mama said. She had a 30 happily speculative look on her face.

'We have to go now,' Odenigbo said. 'I have a scheduled game later.'

'What about you, Amala?' Olanna asked. Mama's smiling face suddenly made her want them to stay a little longer. 'I hope you ate something.' 35

'Yes, Aunty, thank you,' Amala said, her eyes still focused on the floor.

'Give Amala the key to put the things in the car,' Mama said to Odenigbo.

Odenigbo moved towards Amala, but stopped a little way away so that he had to stretch out and lengthen his arm to give her the key. She 40 took it carefully from his fingers; they did not touch each other. It was a tiny moment, brief and fleeting, but Olanna noticed how scrupulously they avoided any contact, any touch of skin, as if they were united by a common knowledge so monumental that they were determined not to be united by anything else. 45

'Go well,' she said. She watched the car ease out of the compound and stood there, telling herself she was mistaken; there had been nothing in that gesture. But it bothered her. She felt something similar to what she had felt while waiting for the gynaecologist: convinced that something was wrong with her body and yet willing him to tell her that all was well. 50

'Mah, will you eat? Should I warm rice?' Ugwu asked.

'Not now.' For a moment, she wanted to ask Ugwu if he too had observed that gesture, if he had observed anything at all. 'Go and see if any avocados are ripe.'

'Yes, mah.' Ugwu hesitated ever so slightly before he left. 55

She stood at the front door until Odenigbo came back. She was not sure what the shrivelling in her stomach and the racing in her chest meant. She opened the door and searched his face.

'Did anything happen?' she asked.

Chapter 20

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of Indian attitudes to the English.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage creates the reader's first impressions of Fielding.

This Mr Fielding had been caught by India late. He was over forty when he entered that oddest portal, the Victoria terminus at Bombay, and – having bribed a European ticket-inspector – took his luggage into the compartment of his first tropical train. The journey remained in his mind as significant. Of his two carriage companions one was a youth, fresh to the East like himself, the other a seasoned Anglo-Indian of his own age. A gulf divided him from either: he had seen too many cities and men to be the first or to become the second. New impressions crowded on him, but they were not the orthodox new impressions; the past conditioned them, and so it was with his mistakes. To regard an Indian as if he were an Italian is not, for instance, a common error, nor perhaps a fatal one, and Fielding often attempted analogies between this peninsula and that other, smaller and more exquisitely shaped, that stretches into the classic waters of the Mediterranean. 5

His career, though scholastic, was varied, and had included going to the bad and repenting thereafter. By now he was a hard-bitten, good-tempered, intelligent fellow on the verge of middle age, with a belief in education. He did not mind whom he taught: public-school boys, mental defectives and policemen had all come his way, and he had no objection to adding Indians. Through the influence of friends, he was nominated Principal of the little college at Chandrapore, liked it, and assumed he was a success. He did succeed with his pupils, but the gulf between himself and his countrymen, which he had noticed in the train, widened distressingly. He could not at first see what was wrong. He was not unpatriotic, he always got on with Englishmen in England, all his best friends were English, so why was it not the same out here? Outwardly of the large shaggy type, with sprawling limbs and blue eyes, he appeared to inspire confidence until he spoke. Then something in his manner puzzled people and failed to allay the distrust which his profession naturally inspired. There needs must be this evil of brains in India, but woe to him through whom they are increased! The feeling grew that Mr Fielding was a disruptive force, and rightly, for ideas are fatal to caste, and he used ideas by that most potent method – interchange. Neither a missionary nor a student, he was happiest in the give-and-take of a private conversation. The world, he believed, is a globe of men who are trying to reach one another and can best do so by the help of goodwill plus culture and intelligence – a creed ill suited to Chandrapore, but he had come out too late to lose it. He had no racial feeling – not because he was superior to his brother civilians, but because he had matured in a different atmosphere, where the herd-instinct does not flourish. The remark that did him most harm at the Club was a silly aside to the effect that the so-called white races are really pinko-gray. He only said this to be cheery, he did not realize that 'white' has no more to do with a colour than 'God save the King' with a god, and that it is the height of impropriety to consider what it does connote. The pinko-gray male whom he addressed was subtly scandalized; his sense of insecurity was awoken, and he communicated it to the rest of the herd. 10 15 20 25 30 35 40

Still, the men tolerated him for the sake of his good heart and strong body; it was their wives who decided that he was not a sahib really. They disliked him. He took no notice of them, and this, which would have passed without comment in feminist England, did him harm in a community where the male is expected to be lively and helpful. Mr Fielding never advised one about dogs or horses, or dined, or paid his midday calls, or decorated trees for one's children at Christmas, and though he came to the Club it was only to get his tennis or billiards, and to go. This was true. 45

He had discovered that it is possible to keep in with Indians and Englishmen, but that he who would also keep in with Englishwomen must drop the Indians. The two wouldn't combine. Useless to blame either party, useless to blame them for blaming one another. It just was so, and one had to choose. 50

Chapter 7

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present and explore change.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the stranger and how the local people respond to him.

An overweight, elderly man got off a silver bike the size of a short-legged horse. He wore a bandanna on his head and a red silk scarf around his mouth in the classic style of stagecoach robbers. As he came into the bar he unwound the scarf and pulled off the bandanna, and Creel Zmundzinski's mouth fell open. From under the silk emerged a huge white beard that could have filled a bushel basket. It covered the man from upper lip to belt buckle and was of a snowy, radiant white that seemed backlit by a full moon. Flowing into it as twin Missouris into the Mississippi were masses of hair that on a lesser man would have been sideburns. And from crown to shoulder blade cascaded heavy, silvery waves of hair. Creel Zmundzinski slowly grasped that he was looking at a tsunami of a beard. 5

The stranger, ignoring Amanda Gribb's stare, called for a beer, but before he drank he removed a silver straw from his breast pocket, an accoutrement favored by maté drinkers of the pampas. Amanda Gribb nodded with approval. Too often she had been called on to measure damp beards, whiskers clotted with hardened egg yolk, residues of mustard, individual crumbs clinging to hairs like boys swinging on ropes above a swimming hole. Here was a man who cared about his beard. Its luteous glow, its fluffed fullness, the mild fragrance of rose petals that wafted from it all declared a pogonophile-*meister*, as Reginald Reynolds might have said. 10

Creel Zmundzinski wanted a look at the stranger's license, and he slipped out expecting it would be a Montana plate. There was a belt of eccentrics and oddballs from Cooke City to Livingston. Or maybe he would be from Nevada, a state which featured heavily bearded men everywhere except Las Vegas. This stranger would be a threat in Las Vegas for he could easily hide a full deck of cards in his facial hair. Creel was nonplussed to find identification from Rhode Island, a state he imagined the size of the Wal-Mart parking lot. The motorcycle got a second look as well – one of the new Harleys, a Softail V-Rod. Creel had been saving up for eleven years to buy a Harley, but not this water-cooled model, which he knew had to have set the bearded one back seventeen big bills. He reentered the Pee Wee shaking his head. Amanda caught his eye, and he mouthed 'Rhode Island.' 15

'Find what you were looking for?' said the stranger, and Creel realised belatedly that the man had been watching him in the bar mirror. 20

'Just wanted to see where you were from,' mumbled Creel. He could feel his own beard withering and turned half away from the easterner.

'Since you want to know, I was born in Secaucus, New Jersey, on October 13, 1939. Name is Ralph Kaups. My father, Hayden Kaups, was a successful limnologist, and my mother, Virginia Rusling, studied batik in Borneo before the Second World War, then served as curator of Asian fabrics for the New Jersey Textile Institute. I went to Princeton, graduated summa cum laude, did my graduate work in ergonomics, married, divorced, one daughter, taught for thirty-two years at various eastern ratholes, and last week I retired. I am out here to see Mercedes de Silhouette, whose late husband was my roommate at Princeton in the sweet long ago. I plan to buy the old line camp on their place and fix it up. Moving to Elk Tooth for my retirement. That help you out?' 25

Creel, his ears burning, said 'See you later' to Amanda and left the bar.

As he got in his truck he saw Plato Bucklew coming out of the Western Wear & Feed store with a hatbox under his arm. His bruised face and black eye showed the results of a weekend fight in a distant parking lot. Plato liked to fight. 30

Creel beckoned him over. 35

'You want a have the heart tooken out a you, go in Pee Wee's and see what's settin at the bar. There's no sense in goin along with this damn beard thing another day.' But as he spoke the stranger came out of Pee Wee's and began tying his monstrous beard up in its scarves. 50

'Jesus,' said Plato, scratching his crotch, a nervous habit he'd picked up in the army.

They stared as the man started up his V-Rod and swept away. 55

*The Contest*

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