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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/33**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 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 **9** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1** **Either** (a) 'In his verse, Hughes captures animals and enables us to see them in his particular way.'
- With close reference to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Hughes presents animals.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the imagery and structure of the following poem present the river.

*The River in March*

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WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Owen seeks to provoke outrage at war in his readers.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents soldiers at war.

*Inspection*

'You! What d'you mean by this?' I rapped.  
 'You dare come on parade like this?'  
 'Please, sir, it's – ' 'Old yer mouth,' the sergeant snapped.  
 'I take 'is name, sir?' – 'Please, and then dismiss.'

Some days 'confined to camp' he got 5  
 For being 'dirty on parade'.  
 He told me afterwards, the damned spot  
 Was blood, his own. 'Well, blood is dirt,' I said.

'Blood's dirt,' he laughed, looking away 10  
 Far off to where his wound had bled  
 And almost merged for ever into clay.  
 'The world is washing out its stains,' he said.  
 'It doesn't like our cheeks so red.

Young blood's its great objection. 15  
 But when we're duly whitewashed, being dead,  
 The race will bear Field-Marshal God's inspection.'

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems express a sense of life's uncertainties.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a virtuous life.

*The Man of Life Upright*

The man of life upright,  
 Whose guiltless heart is free  
 From all dishonest deeds  
 Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days  
 In harmless joys are spent, 5  
 Whom hopes cannot delude  
 Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers  
 Nor armour for defence, 10  
 Nor secret vaults to fly  
 From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
 With unaffrighted eyes  
 The horrors of the deep 15  
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares  
 That fate or fortune brings,  
 He makes the heaven his book,  
 His wisdom heavenly things; 20

Good thoughts his only friends,  
 His wealth a well-spent age,  
 The earth his sober inn  
 And quiet pilgrimage.

Thomas Campion

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4**

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) The novel follows the points of view of different characters in different sections. What, to you, are the effects of these different points of view?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents the difficulties of Richard's position.

'Well, the British have just decided to control immigration from the Commonwealth, haven't they? They want people to stay in their own countries. The irony, of course, is that we in the Commonwealth can't control the British moving to *our* countries.'

He chewed his rice slowly and examined the bottle of water for a moment, as if it were wine whose vintage he wanted to know. 5

'Right after I came back from England, I was part of the Fourth Battalion that went to the Congo, under the United Nations. Our battalion wasn't well run at all, but despite that, I preferred Congo to the relative safety of England. Just because of the weather.' Major Madu paused. 'We weren't run well at all in the Congo. We were under the command of a British colonel.' He glanced at Richard and continued to chew. 10

Richard bristled; his fingers felt stiff and he feared his fork would slip from his grasp and this insufferable man would know how he felt. 15

The doorbell rang just after dinner while they sat on the moonlit veranda, drinking, listening to High Life music. 15

'That must be Udodi, I told him to meet me here,' Major Madu said.

Richard slapped at an irritating mosquito near his ear. Kainene's house seemed to have become a meeting place for the man and his friends. 20

Udodi was a smallish, ordinary-looking man with nothing of the knowing charm or subtle arrogance of Major Madu. He seemed drunk, almost manic, in the way he shook Richard's hand, pumping up and down. 'Are you Kainene's business associate? Are you in oil?' he asked. 20

'I didn't do the introductions, did I?' Kainene said. 'Richard, Major Udodi Ekechi is a friend of Madu's. Udodi, this is Richard Churchill.' 25

'Oh,' Major Udodi said, his eyes narrowing. He poured some whisky into a glass, drank it in one gulp, and said something in Igbo to which Kainene replied, in cold, clear English, 'My choice of lovers is none of your business, Udodi.'

Richard wished he could open his mouth and fluidly tell the man off, but he said nothing. He felt helplessly weak, the kind of weakness that came with illness, with grief. The music had stopped and he could hear the far-off whooshing of the sea's waves. 30

'Sorry, oh! I did not say it was my business!' Major Udodi laughed and reached again for the bottle of whisky.

'Easy now,' Major Madu said. 'You must have started early at the mess.' 35

'Life is short, my brother!' Major Udodi said, pouring another drink. He turned to Kainene. '*I magonu*, you know, what I am saying is that our women who follow white men are a certain type, a poor family and the kind of bodies that white men like.' He stopped and continued, in a mocking mimicry of an English accent, 'Fantastically desirable bottoms.' He laughed. 'The white men will poke and poke and poke the women in the dark but they will never marry them. How can! They will never even take them out to a good place in public. But the women will continue to disgrace themselves and struggle for the men so they will get chicken-feed money and nonsense tea in a fancy tin. It's a new slavery, I'm telling you, a new slavery. But you 40

are a Big Man's daughter, so what you are doing with him?' 45

Major Madu stood up. 'Sorry about this, Kainene. The man isn't himself.' He pulled Major Udodi up and said something in swift Igbo.

Major Udodi was laughing again. 'Okay, okay, but let me take the whisky. The bottle is almost empty. Let me take the whisky.'

Chapter 3

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

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which religious places and ceremonies are presented in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering its presentation of the changes in Aziz.

His impulse to escape from the English was sound. They had frightened him permanently, and there are only two reactions against fright: to kick and scream on committees, or to retreat to a remote jungle, where the sahib seldom comes. His old lawyer friends wanted him to stop in British India and help agitate, and might have prevailed but for the treachery of Fielding. The news had not surprised him in the least. A rift had opened between them after the trial, when Cyril had not joined in his procession; those advocacies of the girl had increased it; then came the postcards from Venice, so cold, so unfriendly that all agreed that something was wrong; and finally, after a silence, the expected letter from Hampstead. Mahmoud Ali was with him at the time. 'Some news that will surprise you. I am to marry someone whom you know...' He did not read further. 'Here it comes, answer for me –' and he threw it to Mahmoud Ali. Subsequent letters he destroyed unopened. It was the end of a foolish experiment. And, though sometimes at the back of his mind he felt that Fielding had made sacrifices for him, it was now all confused with his genuine hatred of the English. 'I am an Indian at last,' he thought, standing motionless in the rain. 5

Life passed pleasantly, the climate was healthy so that the children could be with him all the year round, and he had married again – not exactly a marriage, but he liked to regard it as one – and he read his Persian, wrote his poetry, had his horse, and sometimes got some shikar while the good Hindus looked the other way. His poems were all on one topic – oriental womanhood. 'The purdah must go,' was their burden, 'otherwise we shall never be free.' And he declared (fantastically) that India would not have been conquered if women as well as men had fought at Plassy. 'But we do not show our women to the foreigner' – not explaining how this was to be managed, for he was writing a poem. Bulbuls and roses would still persist, the pathos of defeated Islam remained in his blood and could not be expelled by modernities. Illogical poems – like their writer. Yet they struck a true note: there cannot be a mother-land without new homes. In one poem – the only one funny old Godbole liked – he had skipped over the mother-land (whom he did not truly love) and gone straight to internationality. 'Ah, that is bhakti; ah, my young friend, that is different and very good. Ah, India, who seems not to move, will go straight there while the other nations waste their time. May I translate this particular one into Hindi? In fact, it might be rendered into Sanskrit almost, it is so enlightened. Yes, of course, all your other poems are very good too. His Highness was saying to Colonel Maggs last time he came that we are proud of you' – simpering slightly. 10

Colonel Maggs was the Political Agent for the neighbourhood, and Aziz's dejected opponent. The Criminal Investigation Department kept an eye on Aziz ever since the trial – they had nothing actionable against him, but Indians who have been unfortunate must be watched, and to the end of his life he remained under observation, thanks to Miss Quested's mistake. Colonel Maggs learned with concern that a suspect was coming to Mau, and, adopting a playful manner, rallied the old Rajah for permitting a Moslem doctor to approach his sacred person. 15

*Stories of Ourselves*

6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present characters' attempts to deal with the challenges that face them.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the effects of the writing in the following passage.

In those strange old times, when fantastic dreams and madmen's reveries were realised among the actual circumstances of life, two persons met together at an appointed hour and place. One was a lady, graceful in form and fair of feature, though pale and troubled, and smitten with an untimely blight in what should have been the fullest bloom of her years; the other was an ancient and meanly dressed woman, of ill-favored aspect, and so withered, shrunken and decrepit, that even the space since she began to decay must have exceeded the ordinary term of human existence. In the spot where they encountered, no mortal could observe them. Three little hills stood near each other, and down in the midst of them sunk a hollow basin, almost mathematically circular, two or three hundred feet in breadth, and of such depth that a stately cedar might but just be visible above the sides. Dwarf pines were numerous upon the hills, and partly fringed the outer verge of the intermediate hollow; within which there was nothing but the brown grass of October, and here and there a tree-trunk, that had fallen long ago, and lay mouldering with no green successor from its roots. One of these masses of decaying wood, formerly a majestic oak, rested close beside a pool of green and sluggish water at the bottom of the basin. Such scenes as this (so gray tradition tells) were once the resort of a Power of Evil and his plighted subjects; and here, at midnight or on the dim verge of evening, they were said to stand round the mantling pool, disturbing its putrid waters in the performance of an impious baptismal rite. The chill beauty of an autumnal sunset was now gilding the three hill-tops, whence a paler tint stole down their sides into the hollow. 5

'Here is our pleasant meeting come to pass,' said the aged crone, 'according as thou hast desired. Say quickly what thou wouldst have of me, for there is but a short hour that we may tarry here.' 10

As the old withered woman spoke, a smile glimmered on her countenance, like lamplight on the wall of a sepulchre. The lady trembled, and cast her eyes upward to the verge of the basin, as if meditating to return with her purpose unaccomplished. But it was not so ordained. 15

'I am stranger in this land, as you know,' said she at length. 'Whence I come it matters not; – but I have left those behind me with whom my fate was intimately bound, and from whom I am cut off forever. There is a weight in my bosom that I cannot away with, and I have come hither to inquire of their welfare.' 20

'And who is there by this green pool, that can bring thee news from the ends of the Earth?' cried the old woman, peering into the lady's face. 'Not from my lips mayst thou hear these tidings; yet, be thou bold, and the daylight shall not pass away from yonder hill-top, before thy wish be granted.' 25

'I will do your bidding though I die,' replied the lady desperately.

The old woman seated herself on the trunk of the fallen tree, threw aside the hood that shrouded her gray locks, and beckoned her companion to draw near. 30

'Kneel down,' she said, 'and lay your forehead on my knees.'

She hesitated a moment, but the anxiety, that had long been kindling, burned fiercely up within her. As she knelt down, the border of her garment was dipped into the pool; she laid her forehead on the old woman's knees, and the latter drew a cloak about the lady's face, so that she was in darkness. Then she heard the muttered words of a prayer, in the midst of which she started, and would have arisen. 35

'Let me flee, – let me flee and hide myself, that they may not look upon me!' she cried. But, with returning recollection, she hushed herself, and was still as death. 40

*The Hollow of the Three Hills*





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