
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/31

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 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 humankind in his poems. Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hughes presents the hawk in the following poem.

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
 Inaction, no falsifying dream
 Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
 Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!
 The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
 Are of advantage to me;
 And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

5

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
 It took the whole of Creation
 To produce my foot, my each feather:
 Now I hold Creation in my foot

10

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –
 I kill where I please because it is all mine.
 There is no sophistry in my body:
 My manners are tearing off heads –

15

The allotment of death.
 For the one path of my flight is direct
 Through the bones of the living.
 No arguments assert my right:

20

The sun is behind me.
 Nothing has changed since I began.
 My eye has permitted no change.
 I am going to keep things like this.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Owen's poetry is concerned with more than war and its consequences.'

With close reference to the writing and effects of **two** poems, discuss your response to this view.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Owen creates the pessimistic mood of the following poem.

The Unreturning

Suddenly night crushed out the day and hurled
Her remnants over cloud-peaks, thunder-walled.
Then fell a stillness such as harks appalled
When far-gone dead return upon the world.

There watched I for the Dead; but no ghost woke. 5
Each one whom Life exiled I named and called.
But they were all too far, or dumbed, or thralled;
And never one fared back to me or spoke.

Then peered the indefinite unshapen dawn 10
With vacant gloaming, sad as half-lit minds,
The weak-limned hour when sick men's sighs are drained.
And while I wondered on their being withdrawn,
Gagged by the smothering wing which none unbinds,
I dreaded even a heaven with doors so chained.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which poets use imagery and symbolism to present nature. You should refer to **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's feelings.

Sonnet 61

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part;
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, 5
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath, 10
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes;
 Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

Michael Drayton

Turn over for Section B

Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Ashima's and Ashoke's relationship in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the train accident in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

Immersed in the sartorial plight of Akaky Akakyevich, lost in the wide, snow-white, windy avenues of St. Petersburg, unaware that one day he was to dwell in a snowy place himself, Ashoke was still reading at two-thirty in the morning, one of the few passengers on the train who was awake, when the locomotive engine and seven bogies derailed from the broad-gauge line. The sound was like a bomb exploding. The first four bogies capsized into a depression alongside the track. The fifth and sixth, containing the first-class and air-conditioned passengers, telescoped into each other, killing the passengers in their sleep. The seventh, where Ashoke was sitting, capsized as well, flung by the speed of the crash farther into the field. The accident occurred 209 kilometers from Calcutta, between the Ghatshila and Dhalbumgarh stations. The train guard's portable phone would not work; it was only after the guard ran nearly five kilometers from the site of the accident, to Ghatshila, that he was able to transmit the first message for help. Over an hour passed before the rescuers arrived, bearing lanterns and shovels and axes to pry bodies from the cars.

Ashoke can still remember their shouts, asking if anyone was alive. He remembers trying to shout back, unsuccessfully, his mouth emitting nothing but the faintest rasp. He remembers the sound of people half-dead around him, moaning and tapping on the walls of the train, whispering hoarsely for help, words that only those who were also trapped and injured could possibly hear. Blood drenched his chest and the right arm of his shirt. He had been thrust partway out the window. He remembers being unable to see anything at all; for the first hours he thought that perhaps, like his grandfather whom he was on his way to visit, he'd gone blind. He remembers the acrid odor of flames, the buzzing of flies, children crying, the taste of dust and blood on his tongue. They were nowhere, somewhere in a field. Milling about them were villagers, police inspectors, a few doctors. He remembers believing that he was dying, that perhaps he was already dead. He could not feel the lower half of his body, and so was unaware that the mangled limbs of Ghosh were draped over his legs. Eventually he saw the cold, unfriendly blue of earliest morning, the moon and a few stars still lingering in the sky. The pages of his book, which had been tossed from his hand, fluttered in two sections a few feet away from the train. The glare from a search lantern briefly caught the pages, momentarily distracting one of the rescuers. "Nothing here," Ashoke heard someone say. "Let's keep going."

But the lantern's light lingered, just long enough for Ashoke to raise his hand, a gesture that he believed would consume the small fragment of life left in him. He was still clutching a single page of "The Overcoat," crumpled tightly in his fist, and when he raised his hand the wad of paper dropped from his fingers. "Wait!" he heard a voice cry out. "The fellow by that book. I saw him move."

He was pulled from the wreckage, placed on a stretcher, transported on another train to a hospital in Tatanagar. He had broken his pelvis, his right femur, and three of his ribs on the right side. For the next year of his life he lay flat on his back, ordered to keep as still as possible as the bones of his body healed. There was a risk that his right leg might be permanently paralyzed. He was transferred to Calcutta Medical College, where two screws were put into his hips. By December he had returned to his parents' house in Alipore, carried through the courtyard and up

the red clay stairs like a corpse, hoisted on the shoulders of his four brothers. Three times a day he was spoon-fed. He urinated and defecated into a tin pan. Doctors and visitors came and went. Even his blind grandfather from Jamshedpur paid a visit. His family had saved the newspaper accounts. In a photograph, he observed the train smashed to shards, piled jaggedly against the sky, security guards sitting on the unclaimed belongings. He learned that fishplates and bolts had been found several feet from the main track, giving rise to the suspicion, never subsequently confirmed, of sabotage. That bodies had been mutilated beyond recognition. "Holiday-Makers' Tryst with Death," the *Times of India* had written. 50

Chapter 1

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of New York society in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Simon Rosedale in the following passage.

Then he gave a short laugh, and drew out a gold cigarette-case, in which, with plump jewelled fingers, he groped for a gold-tipped cigarette. Selecting one, he paused to contemplate it a moment before saying: 'My dear Miss Lily, I'm sorry if there's been any little misapprehension between us – but you made me feel my suit was so hopeless that I had really no intention of renewing it.' 5

Lily's blood tingled with the grossness of the rebuff; but she checked the first leap of her anger, and said in a tone of gentle dignity: 'I have no one but myself to blame if I gave you the impression that my decision was final.'

Her word-play was always too quick for him, and this reply held him in puzzled silence while she extended her hand and added, with the faintest inflection of sadness in her voice: 'Before we bid each other goodbye, I want at least to thank you for having once thought of me as you did.' 10

The touch of her hand, the moving softness of her look, thrilled a vulnerable fibre in Rosedale. It was her exquisite inaccessibility, the sense of distance she could convey without a hint of disdain, that made it most difficult for him to give her up. 15

'Why do you talk of saying goodbye? Ain't we going to be good friends all the same?' he urged, without releasing her hand.

She drew it away quietly. 'What is your idea of being good friends?' she returned with a slight smile. 'Making love to me without asking me to marry you?' 20

Rosedale laughed with a recovered sense of ease. 'Well, that's about the size of it, I suppose. I can't help making love to you – I don't see how any man could; but I don't mean to ask you to marry me as long as I can keep out of it.'

She continued to smile. 'I like your frankness; but I am afraid our friendship can hardly continue on those terms.' 25

She turned away, as though to mark that its final term had in fact been reached, and he followed her for a few steps with a baffled sense of her having after all kept the game in her own hands.

'Miss Lily – ' he began impulsively; but she walked on without seeming to hear him. 30

He overtook her in a few quick strides, and laid an entreating hand on her arm. 'Miss Lily – don't hurry away like that. You're beastly hard on a fellow; but if you don't mind speaking the truth I don't see why you shouldn't allow me to do the same.'

She had paused a moment with raised brows, drawing away instinctively from his touch, though she made no effort to evade his words. 35

'I was under the impression,' she rejoined, 'that you had done so without waiting for my permission.'

'Well – why shouldn't you hear my reasons for doing it, then? We're neither of us such new hands that a little plain speaking is going to hurt us. I'm all broken up on you: there's nothing new in that. I'm more in love with you than I was this time last year; but I've got to face the fact that the situation is changed.' 40

She continued to confront him with the same air of ironic composure. 'You mean to say that I'm not as desirable a match as you thought me?'

'Yes; that's what I do mean,' he answered resolutely. 'I won't go into what's happened. I don't believe the stories about you – I don't *want* to believe them. But they're there, and my not believing them ain't going to alter the situation.' 45

She flushed to her temples, but the extremity of her need checked the retort on her lip, and she continued to face him composedly. 'If they are not true,' she said, 'doesn't *that* alter the situation?'

He met this with a steady gaze of his small stock-taking eyes, which made her 50
feel herself no more than some superfine human merchandise. 'I believe it does
in novels; but I'm certain it don't in real life. You know that as well as I do: if we're
speaking the truth, let's speak the whole truth. Last year I was wild to marry you,
and you wouldn't look at me: this year – well, you appear to be willing. Now, what
has changed in the interval? Your situation, that's all. Then you thought you could do 55
better; now –'

'You think you can?' broke from her ironically.

'Why, yes, I do: in one way, that is.'

Book 2, Chapter 7

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare the effects of a surprise or twist used at the end of **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *Games at Twilight* explores Ravi's hopes and fears.

Ravi shook, then shivered with delight, with self-congratulation. Also with fear. It was dark, spooky in the shed. It had a muffled smell, as of graves. Ravi had once got locked into the linen cupboard and sat there weeping for half an hour before he was rescued. But at least that had been a familiar place, and even smelt pleasantly of starch, laundry and, reassuringly, of his mother. But the shed smelt of rats, ant hills, dust and spider webs. Also of less definable, less recognisable horrors. And it was dark. Except for the white-hot cracks along the door, there was no light. The roof was very low. Although Ravi was small, he felt as if he could reach up and touch it with his finger tips. But he didn't stretch. He hunched himself into a ball so as not to bump into anything, touch or feel anything. What might there not be to touch him and feel him as he stood there, trying to see in the dark? Something cold, or slimy – like a snake. Snakes! He leapt up as Raghu whacked the wall with his stick – then, quickly realising what it was, felt almost relieved to hear Raghu, hear his stick. It made him feel protected. 5

But Raghu soon moved away. There wasn't a sound once his footsteps had gone around the garage and disappeared. Ravi stood frozen inside the shed. Then he shivered all over. Something had tickled the back of his neck. It took him a while to pick up the courage to lift his hand and explore. It was an insect – perhaps a spider – exploring *him*. He squashed it and wondered how many more creatures were watching him, waiting to reach out and touch him, the stranger. 10

There was nothing now. After standing in that position – his hand still on his neck, feeling the wet splodge of the squashed spider gradually dry – for minutes, hours, his legs began to tremble with the effort, the inaction. By now he could see enough in the dark to make out the large solid shapes of old wardrobes, broken buckets and bedsteads piled on top of each other around him. He recognised an old bathtub – patches of enamel glimmered at him and at last he lowered himself onto its edge. 15

He contemplated slipping out of the shed and into the fray. He wondered if it would not be better to be captured by Raghu and be returned to the milling crowd as long as he could be in the sun, the light, the free spaces of the garden and the familiarity of his brothers, sisters and cousins. It would be evening soon. Their games would become legitimate. The parents would sit out on the lawn on cane basket chairs and watch them as they tore around the garden or gathered in knots to share a loot of mulberries or black, teeth-splitting *jamun* from the garden trees. The gardener would fix the hosepipe to the water tap and water would fall lavishly through the air to the ground, soaking the dry yellow grass and the red gravel and arousing the sweet, the intoxicating scent of water on dry earth – that loveliest scent in the world. Ravi sniffed for a whiff of it. He half-rose from the bathtub, then heard the despairing scream of one of the girls as Raghu bore down upon her. There was the sound of a crash, and of rolling about in the bushes, the shrubs, then screams and accusing sobs of, 'I touched the den—' 'You did not—' 'I did—' 'You liar, you did *not*' and then a fading away and silence again. 20

Ravi sat back on the harsh edge of the tub, deciding to hold out a bit longer. What fun if they were all found and caught – he alone left unconquered! He had never known that sensation. Nothing more wonderful had ever happened to him than being taken out by an uncle and bought a whole slab of chocolate all to himself, or being flung into the soda-man's pony cart and driven up to the gate by the friendly 25

driver with the red beard and pointed ears. To defeat Raghu – that hirsute, hoarse-voiced football champion – and to be the winner in a circle of older, bigger, luckier children – that would be thrilling beyond imagination. He hugged his knees together and smiled to himself almost shyly at the thought of so much victory, such laurels. 50

Games at Twilight

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