



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level



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**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (US)**

**8274/09**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2013**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Center number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.





## Section A: Poetry

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either** (a) Blake creates contrasts between parallel poems in *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, such as 'Little Boy Lost' and 'Little Boy Found'. Discuss the effects of any **two** such pairs of poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents the child.

*A Cradle Song*

Sweet dreams, form a shade,  
O'er my lovely infant's head.  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,  
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep with soft down, 5  
Weave thy brows an infant crown.  
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles in the night,  
Hover over my delight. 10  
Sweet smiles, Mother's smiles,  
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thy eyes,  
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, 15  
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child.  
All creation slept and smil'd.  
Sleep sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee thy mother weep 20

Sweet babe, in thy face,  
Holy image I can trace.  
Sweet babe, once like thee,  
Thy maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all, 25  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;  
Who became an infant small. 30  
Infant smiles are His own smiles;  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

SYLVIA PLATH: *Ariel*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Among Plath's darker work, there is often a celebration of beauty.'

Discuss ways in which Plath presents beauty in **two** poems.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the tone and language of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Plath's poetry.

*Cut*

*For Susan O'Neill Roe*

What a thrill —  
My thumb instead of an onion.

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Dirty girl,  
Thumb stump.

40



*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present human relationships in **two** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer uses imagery in the following poem.

*Amends*

Nights like this:      on the cold apple-bough

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as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers      15  
as if to make amends

Adrienne Rich

## Section B: Prose

HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which James presents attitudes to money in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which it presents Morris Townsend and other characters' views of him.

After dinner Morris Townsend went and stood before Catherine, who was standing before the fire in her red satin gown.

'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all,' said the young man.

'Who doesn't like you?' asked Catherine.

'Your father; extraordinary man!'

5

'I don't see how you know,' said Catherine, blushing.

'I feel; I am very quick to feel.'

'Perhaps you are mistaken.'

'Ah, well! you ask him, and you will see.'

'I would rather not ask him, if there is any danger of his saying what you think.'

10

Morris looked at her with an air of mock melancholy.

'It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?'

'I never contradict him,' said Catherine.

'Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defence?'

'My father won't abuse you. He doesn't know you enough.'

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Morris Townsend gave a loud laugh, and Catherine began to blush again.

'I shall never mention you,' she said, to take refuge from her confusion.

'That is very well; but it is not quite what I should have liked you to say. I should have liked you to say, "If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?"'

'Ah, but it would matter; I couldn't say that!' the girl exclaimed.

20

He looked at her for a moment, smiling a little; and the Doctor, if he had been watching him just then, would have seen a gleam of fine impatience in the sociable softness of his eye. But there was no impatience in his rejoinder – none, at least, save what was expressed in a little appealing sigh. 'Ah, well! then I must not give up the hope of bringing him round.'

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He expressed it more frankly to Mrs Penniman later in the evening. But before that he sang two or three songs at Catherine's timid request; not that he flattered himself that this would help to bring her father round. He had a sweet, light tenor voice, and, when he had finished, everyone made some exclamation – everyone, that is, save Catherine, who remained intensely silent. Mrs Penniman declared that his manner of singing was 'most artistic', and Doctor Sloper said it was 'very taking – very taking, indeed'; speaking loudly and distinctly, but with a certain dryness.

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'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all,' said Morris Townsend, addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece. 'He thinks I am all wrong.'

Unlike her niece, Mrs Penniman asked for no explanation. She only smiled very sweetly, as if she understood everything; and, unlike Catherine too, she made no attempt to contradict him. 'Pray, what does it matter?' she murmured, softly.

35

'Ah, you say the right thing!' said Morris, greatly to the gratification of Mrs Penniman, who prided herself on always saying the right thing.

The Doctor, the next time he saw his sister Elizabeth, let her know that he had made the acquaintance of Lavinia's protégé.

40

'Physically,' he said, 'he's uncommonly well set up. As an anatomist, it is really a pleasure to me to see such a beautiful structure; although, if people were all like him, I suppose there would be very little need for doctors.'

'Don't you see anything in people but their bones?' Mrs Almond rejoined. 'What do you think of him, as a father?'

45

'As a father? Thank Heaven, I am not his father!'

'No; but you are Catherine's. Lavinia tells me she is in love.'

'She must get over it. He is not a gentleman.'

- 5 **Either** (a) What seems to you to be the significance of the title, *The Woman Warrior*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the difficulties maintaining cultural traditions.

Occasionally the rumour went about that the United States immigration authorities had set up headquarters in the San Francisco or Sacramento Chinatown to urge wetbacks and stowaways, anybody here on fake papers, to come to the city and get their files straightened out. The immigrants discussed whether or not to turn themselves in. 'We might as well,' somebody would say. 'Then we'd have our citizenship for real.' 5

'Don't be a fool,' somebody else would say. 'It's a trap. You go in there saying you want to straighten out your papers, they'll deport you.'

'No, they won't. They're promising that nobody is going to go to jail or get deported. They'll give you citizenship as a reward for turning yourself in, for your honesty.' 10

'Don't you believe it. So-and-so trusted them, and he was deported. They can deport his children too.'

'Where can they send us now? Hong Kong? Taiwan? I've never been to Hong Kong or Taiwan. The Big Six? Where?' We don't belong anywhere since the Revolution. The old China has disappeared while we've been away. 15

'Don't tell,' advised my parents. 'Don't go to San Francisco until they leave.'

Lie to Americans. Tell them you were born during the San Francisco earthquake. Tell them your birth certificate and your parents were burned up in the fire. Don't report crimes; tell them we have no crimes and no poverty. Give a new name every time you get arrested; the ghosts won't recognize you. Pay the new immigrants twenty-five cents an hour and say we have no unemployment. And, of course, tell them we're against Communism. Ghosts have no memory anyway and poor eyesight. And the Han people won't be pinned down. 20

Even the good things are unspeakable, so how could I ask about deformities? From the configurations of food my mother set out, we kids had to infer the holidays. She did not whip us up with holiday anticipation or explain. You only remembered that perhaps a year ago you had eaten monks' food, or that there was meat, and it was a meat holiday; or you had eaten moon cakes or long noodles for long life (which is a pun). In front of the whole chicken with its slit throat towards the ceiling, she'd lay out just so many pairs of chopsticks alternating with wine cups, which were not for us because there were a different number from the number in our family, and they were set too close together for us to sit at. To sit at one of those place settings a being would have to be about two inches wide, a tall wisp of an invisibility. Mother would pour Seagram's 7 into the cups and, after a while, pour it back into the bottle. Never explaining. How can Chinese keep any traditions at all? They don't even make you pay attention, slipping in a ceremony and clearing the table before the children notice specialness. The adults get mad, evasive, and shut you up if you ask. You get no warning that you shouldn't wear a white ribbon in your hair until they hit you and give you the sideways glare for the rest of the day. They hit you if you wave brooms around or drop chopsticks or drum them. They hit you if you wash your hair on certain days, or tap somebody with a ruler, or step over a brother whether it's during your menses or not. You figure out what you got hit for and don't do it again if you figured correctly. But I think that if you don't figure it out, it's all right. Then you can grow up bothered by 'neither ghost nor deities'. 'Gods you avoid won't hurt you.' I don't see how they kept up a continuous culture for five thousand years. Maybe they didn't; maybe everyone makes it up as they go along. If we had to depend on being told, we'd have no religion, no babies, no menstruation (sex, of course, unspeakable), no death. 25 30 35 40 45



- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories from the selection portray different disasters and their consequences.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, paying particular attention to its style and effects.

'Far away,' continued the statue in a low musical voice, 'far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move.'

'I am waited for in Egypt,' said the Swallow. 'My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves.'

'Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,' said the Prince, 'will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad.'

'I don't think I like boys,' answered the Swallow. 'Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect.'

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. 'It is very cold here,' he said; 'but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger.'

'Thank you, little Swallow,' said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. 'How wonderful the stars are,' he said to her, 'and how wonderful is the power of love!'

'I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball,' she answered; 'I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy.'

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. 'How cool I feel!' said the boy, 'I must be getting better': and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done.

'It is curious,' he remarked, 'but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold.'

'That is because you have done a good action,' said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

*The Happy Prince*

## Section C: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 7 **Either** (a) What, in your view, is the function and dramatic significance of the neighbors in *All My Sons*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to ways in which Miller begins to prepare us for what is to come.

AT CURTAIN, JIM *is standing at L., staring at the broken tree. He taps a pipe on it, blows through the pipe, feels in his pockets for tobacco, then speaks.*

*Jim:* Where's your tobacco?

*Keller:* I think I left it on the table. [*JIM goes slowly to table on the arbor at R., finds a pouch, and sits there on the bench, filling his pipe.*]

5

Gonna rain tonight.

*Jim:* Paper says so?

*Keller:* Yeah, right here.

10

*Jim:* Then it can't rain.

[*FRANK LUBEY enters, from R., through a small space between the poplars. FRANK is thirty-two but balding. A pleasant, opinionated man, uncertain of himself, with a tendency toward peevishness when crossed, but always wanting it pleasant and neighborly. He rather saunters in, leisurely, nothing to do. He does not notice JIM in the arbor. On his greeting, JIM does not bother looking up.*]

15

*Frank:* Hya.

*Keller:* Hello, Frank. What's doin'?

20

*Frank:* Nothin'. Walking off my breakfast. [*Looks up at the sky*] That beautiful? Not a cloud.

*Keller [looks up]:* Yeah, nice.

*Frank:* Every Sunday ought to be like this.

*Keller [indicating the sections beside him]:* Want the paper?

25

*Frank:* What's the difference, it's all bad news. What's today's calamity?

*Keller:* I don't know, I don't read the news part any more. It's more interesting in the want ads.

*Frank:* Why, you trying to buy something?

30

*Keller:* No, I'm just interested. To see what people want, y'know? For instance, here's a guy is lookin' for two Newfoundland dogs. Now what's he want with two Newfoundland dogs?

*Frank:* That is funny.

*Keller:* Here's another one. Wanted—Old Dictionaries. High prices paid. Now what's a man going to do with an old dictionary?

35

*Frank:* Why not? Probably a book collector.

*Keller:* You mean he'll make a living out of that?

- Frank:* Sure, there's a lot of them.
- Keller* [*shakes his head*]: All the kind of business goin' on. In my day, either you were a lawyer, or a doctor, or you worked in a shop. Now ...
- Frank:* Well, I was going to be a forester once.
- Keller:* Well, that shows you; in my day, there was no such thing. [*Scanning the page, sweeping it with his hand*] You look at a page like this you realize how ignorant you are. [*Softly, with wonder, as he scans page*] Psss! 45
- Frank* [*noticing tree*]: Hey, what happened to your tree?
- Keller:* Ain't that awful? The wind must've got it last night. You heard the wind, didn't you? 50
- Frank:* Yeah, I got a mess in my yard, too. [*Goes to tree*] What a pity. [*Turns to KELLER*] What'd Kate say?
- Keller:* They're all asleep yet. I'm just waiting for her to see it.
- Frank* [*struck*]: You know?—It's funny. 55
- Keller:* What?
- Frank:* Larry was born in August. He'd been twenty-seven this month. And his tree blows down.
- Keller* [*touched*]: I'm surprised you remember his birthday, Frank. That's nice. 60
- Frank:* Well, I'm working on his horoscope.
- Keller:* How can you make him a horoscope? That's for the future, ain't it?
- Frank:* Well, what I'm doing is this, see. Larry was reported missing on November 25th, right? 65
- Keller:* Yeah?
- Frank:* Well, then, we assume that if he was killed it was on November 25th. Now, what Kate wants ...
- Keller:* Oh, Kate asked you to make a horoscope?
- Frank:* Yeah, what she wants to find out is whether November 25th was a favorable day for Larry. 70
- Keller:* What is that, favorable day?
- Frank:* Well, a favorable day for a person is a fortunate day, according to his stars. In other words it would be practically impossible for him to have died on his favorable day. 75
- Keller:* Well, was that his favorable day?—November 25th?
- Frank:* That's what I'm working on to find out. It takes time! See, the point is, if November 25th was his favorable day, then it's completely possible he's alive somewhere, because ... I mean it's possible. [*He notices JIM now. JIM is looking at him as though at an idiot. To JIM—with an uncertain laugh*] I didn't even see you. 80
- Keller* [*to JIM*]: Is he talkin' sense?
- Jim:* Him? He's all right. He's just completely out of his mind, that's all. 85

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of women as victims in *Measure for Measure*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and dramatic situation, discuss the significance of this scene to your understanding of the Duke.

*A monastery.*

*Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.*

*Duke:* No, holy father; throw away that thought;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee 5  
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

*Friar Thomas:* May your Grace speak of it?

*Duke:* My holy sir, none better knows than you 10  
How I have ever lov'd the life removed,  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies  
Where youth, and cost, a witless bravery keeps.  
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence, 15  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this. 20

*Friar Thomas:* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke:* We have strict statutes and most biting  
laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip; 25  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,  
Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod 30  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum. 35

*Friar Thomas:* It rested in your Grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd;  
And in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke:* I do fear, too dreadful, 40  
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,  
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father, 45  
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,  
 And yet my nature never in the fight  
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway,  
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, 50  
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,  
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
 How I may formally in person bear me  
 Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action  
 At our more leisure shall I render you. 55  
 Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;  
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,  
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

*Act 1, Scene 3*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

- 9 **Either** (a) What, for you, is the significance of the play's title?
- Or** (b) With close reference to language and action, discuss Williams's presentation of tension between Laura and Amanda at this point in the play.

*Amanda purses her lips, opens her eyes very wide, rolls them upward, and shakes her head.*

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Fifty dollars' tuition, all of our plans – my hopes and ambition for you – just gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that. [LAURA *draws a long breath and gets awkwardly to her feet. She crosses to the victrola and winds it up.*]

85

*Scene 2*

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