

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

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/03

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2006

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre 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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Section A

JOHN KEATS : *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Keats wrote in a letter that 'the world is full of Misery and Heartbreak, Pain, Sickness and Oppression'.
- How far and in what ways have you found this view expressed in the poetry you have studied?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to the link the poet makes between art and mortality.

On Seeing the Elgin Marbles

My spirit is too weak — mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky. 5
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
 Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud; 10
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old time — with a billowy main —
 A sun — a shadow of a magnitude.

3 **Either** (a) 'Do not despair of man'.

What balance of hope and despair do you find in Smith's poetry? Refer to **two** **three** poems in your answer.

Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Smith's poetry. You should refer to **one** or **two** additional poems in your answer.

Not Waving But Drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking 5
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always 10
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

Section B

GEORGE ELIOT : *The Mill on the Floss*

- 4 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways does Eliot present Maggie and Tom as victims circumstance in their lives?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the characterisation of Mrs Tulliver and her sisters.

'Yes, yes, I know how it is with husbands,—they're for putting everything off; they'll put the dinner off till after tea, if they've got wives as are weak enough to give in to such work; but it's a pity for you, Bessy, as you haven't got more strength o' mind. It'll be well if your children don't suffer for it. And I hope you've not gone and got a great dinner for us, —going to expense for your sisters, as 'ud sooner eat a crust o' dry bread nor help to ruin you with extravagance. I wonder you don't take pattern by your sister Deane; she's far more sensible. And here you've got two children to provide for, and your husband's spent your fortin i' going to law, and 's like to spend his own too. A boiled joint, as you could make broth of for the kitchen,' Mrs. Glegg added, in a tone of emphatic protest, 'and a plain pudding, with a spoonful o' sugar, and no spice, 'ud be far more becoming.'

With sister Glegg in this humour, there was a cheerful prospect for the day. Mrs. Tulliver never went the length of quarrelling with her, any more than a water-fowl that puts out its leg in a deprecating manner can be said to quarrel with a boy who throws stones. But this point of the dinner was a tender one, and not at all new, so that Mrs. Tulliver could make the same answer she had often made before.

'Mr. Tulliver says he always *will* have a good dinner for his friends while he can pay for it,' she said; 'and he's a right to do as he likes in his own house, sister.'

'Well, Bessy, I can't leave your children enough out o' my savings to keep 'em from ruin. And you mustn't look to having any o' Mr. Glegg's money, for it's well if I don't go first, —he comes of a long-lived family; and if he was to die and leave me well for my life, he'd tie all the money up to go back to his own kin.'

The sound of wheels while Mrs. Glegg was speaking was an interruption highly welcome to Mrs. Tulliver, who hastened out to receive sister Pullet; it must be sister Pullet, because the sound was that of a four-wheel.

Mrs. Glegg tossed her head and looked rather sour about the mouth at the thought of the 'four-wheel.' She had a strong opinion on that subject.

Sister Pullet was in tears when the one-horse chaise stopped before Mrs. Tulliver's door, and it was apparently requisite that she should shed a few more before getting out; for though her husband and Mrs. Tulliver stood ready to support her, she sat still and shook her head sadly, as she looked through her tears at the vague distance.

'Why, whatever is the matter, sister?' said Mrs. Tulliver. She was not an imaginative woman, but it occurred to her that the large toilet-glass in sister Pullet's best bedroom was possibly broken for the second time.

There was no reply but a further shake of the head, as Mrs. Pullet slowly rose and got down from the chaise, not without casting a glance at Mr. Pullet to see that he was guarding her handsome silk dress from injury. Mr. Pullet was a small man, with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black and a white cravat, that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of mere personal ease. He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon sleeves, abundant mantle, and large be-feathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing-smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD : *Short Stories*

- 5 **Either** (a) With reference to **one** or **two** stories, discuss ways in which Mansfield presents characters' encounters with new situations or places.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following extract, concentrating on the presentation of the different attitudes of Herr and Frau Brechenmacher.

Herr Brechenmacher alone remained standing — he held in his hands a big silver coffee-pot. Everybody laughed at his speech, except the Frau; everybody roared at his grimaces, and at the way he carried the coffee-pot to the bridal pair, as if it were a baby he was holding.

She lifted the lid, peeped in, then shut it down with a little scream and sat biting her lips. The bridegroom wrenched the pot away from her and drew forth a baby's bottle and two little cradles holding china dolls. As he dandled these treasures before Theresa the hot room seemed to heave and sway with laughter. 5

Frau Brechenmacher did not think it funny. She stared round at the laughing faces, and suddenly they all seemed strange to her. She wanted to go home and never come out again. She imagined that all these people were laughing at her, more people than there were in the room even — all laughing at her because they were so much stronger than she was. 10

They walked home in silence. Herr Brechenmacher strode ahead, she stumbled after him. White and forsaken lay the road from the railway station to their house—a cold rush of wind blew her hood from her face, and suddenly she remembered how they had come home together the first night. Now they had five babies and twice as much money; *but*— 15

'Na, what is it all for?' she muttered, and not until she had reached home, and prepared a little supper of meat and bread for her man did she stop asking herself that silly question. 20

Herr Brechenmacher broke the bread into his plate, smeared it round with his fork and chewed greedily.

'Good?' she asked, leaning her arms on the table and pillowing her breast against them. 25

'But fine!'

He took a piece of the crumb, wiped it round his plate edge, and held it up to her mouth. She shook her head.

'Not hungry,' she said.

'But it is one of the best pieces, and full of the fat.' 30

He cleared the plate; then pulled off his boots and flung them into a corner.

'Not much of a wedding,' he said, stretching out his feet and wriggling his toes in the worsted socks.

'N—no,' she replied, taking up the discarded boots and placing them on the oven to dry. 35

Herr Brechenmacher yawned and stretched himself, and then looked up at her, grinning.

'Remember the night that we came home? You were an innocent one, you were.'

'Get along! Such a time ago I forget.' Well she remembered. 40

'Such a clout on the ear as you gave me...But I soon taught you.'

'Oh, don't start talking. You've too much beer. Come to bed.'

He tilted back in his chair, chuckling with laughter.

'That's not what you said to me that night. God, the trouble you gave me!'

But the little Frau seized the candle and went into the next room. The children were all soundly sleeping. She stripped the mattress off the baby's bed to see if he was still dry, then began unfastening her blouse and skirt.

'Always the same,' she said—'all over the world the same; but, God in heaven — but *stupid!*'

Then even the memory of the wedding faded quite. She lay down on the bed and put her arm across her face like a child who expected to be hurt as Herr Brechenmacher lurched in. 50

Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Gikonyo walked towards detention with a brisk step and an assurance born of knowledge of love and life.'

Discuss the importance to the novel of Gikonyo's detention in the Yala camp.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering how it contributes to the characterisation of Karanja.

He had not thought what he would do on the day. But could he go back to Thabai and meet people who would mock him? What about if he went to see Mumbi just once? Couldn't he make a last attempt to wrench her from Gikonyo?

'You may call it nonsense. Anyway, I would rather go and see for myself. The man Mugo is a true hermit, has kept to himself, has never spoken to anyone, since he left detention camp. And there'll be plenty of women. You know how they go free (even married ones) on such occasions.' 5

'Are you going?' he asked, tempted by a desire to see Mumbi.

'Me, left behind?'

'Let me know when you decide to go,' Karanja said, looking at the window. John Thompson was just parking his Morris outside. 10

'There is *your* Thompson,' he told Mwaura, barely able to disguise his triumph. He stood up, quickly dusted the khaki overall, passed his hands over his hair and rushed out, hoping to meet Thompson along the corridor. Then he would put the awful question. A watery lump leapt to his throat as soon as he saw Thompson's abstract face: should I ask him or not? 15

'Excuse me, sir!' he called out, wanting to cry. John Thompson walked as though he had not seen Karanja. 'Excuse me, sir,' Karanja raised his voice, gathering courage in despair. Thompson turned round to face Karanja.

'Yes?' The voice was clear, cold, distant. 20

'You—' Karanja swallowed some lumpy liquid. '—you are going!' he made a statement instead of the intended cool question.

'What!'

'You are — you are — ' he swallowed some more lumpy liquid; it made a noise as it went down his throat. But he stood his ground. 25

'—are you going back to — to your country.'

'Yes, yes,' the whiteman answered quickly, as if puzzled by the question. Panic seized Karanja. He played with his fingers behind his back. He would have loved to suddenly vanish from the earth rather than bear the chill around. Thompson was about to move, but then he stopped. 30

'What can I do for you?' he asked, in a brusque manner.

'Nothing. Nothing, sir. You have been very kind.'

Thompson hastened away.

Karanja stood in the corridor for a while and took a dirty handkerchief to rub off the sweat from his face. Then he went back, his gait, to an observer, conjuring up the picture of a dog that has been unexpectedly snubbed by the master it trusts. Karanja did not seem to see Mwaura, who was still waiting in the room. He sat on the chair, his hands limply on the table, and uncomprehendingly stared at the world outside the window. 35

'Is he going back, then?' Mwaura asked, tentatively. 40

'I don't know,' Karanja answered in a thin, colourless voice.

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