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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

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Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

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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.

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 **8** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Bhatt presents intensely personal experiences, referring closely to the poetic methods and effects of **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the subject matter, language and form of the following poem.

The One Who Goes Away

But I am the one
who always goes away.

The first time was the most –
was the most
silent. 5

I did not speak,
did not answer
those who stood waving
with the soft noise
of saris flapping in the wind. 10

To help the journey
coconuts were flung
from Juhu beach
into the Arabian Sea –
But I saw beggars jump in 15
after those coconuts – a good catch
for dinner. And in the end
who gets the true luck
from those sacrificed coconuts?

I am the one 20
who always goes away.

Sometimes I'm asked if
I were searching for a place
that can keep my soul
from wandering 25
a place where I can stay
without wanting to leave.

Who knows.

Maybe the joy lies
in always being able to leave – 30

But I never left home.
I carried it away
with me – here in my darkness
in myself. If I go back, retrace my steps
I will not find 35

that first home anywhere outside
in that mother-land place.

We weren't allowed
to take much
but I managed to hide
my home behind my heart. 40

Look at the deserted beach
now it's dusk – no sun
to turn the waves gold,
no moon to catch
the waves in silver mesh – 45

Look
at the in-between darkness
when the sea is unmasked
she's no beauty queen.
Now the wind stops
beating around the bush – 50

While the earth calls
and the hearth calls
come back, come back – 55

I am the one
who always goes away.

Because I must –

with my home intact
but always changing
so the windows don't match
the doors anymore – the colours
clash in the garden –
And the ocean lives in the bedroom. 60

I am the one
who always goes
away with my home
which can only stay inside
in my blood – my home which does not fit
with any geography. 65
70

- 2 **Either** (a) 'And I shall traverse old love's domain
Never again.'

Referring to Hardy's poetic methods in **two** poems, discuss ways in which he presents past love in his poetry.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to how the voices and tone guide a reader's response.

The Ruined Maid

'O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?' –
'O didn't you know I'd been ruined?' said she.

– 'You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks, 5
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!' –
'Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'At home in the barton you said "thee" and "thou", 10
And "thik oon", and "theäs oon", and "t'other"; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!' –
'A polish is gained with one's ruin,' said she.

– 'Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak, 15
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!' –
'We never do work when we're ruined,' said she.

– 'You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream, 20
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!' –
'True. One's pretty lively when ruined,' said she.

– 'I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!' –
'My dear – a raw country girl, such as you be,
Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined,' said she.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Commenting closely on the language, compare ways in which poets present relationships between children and their parents in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss ways in which the following poem presents a soldier's experience of battle, commenting closely on its language.

Attack

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun
 In the wild purple of the glowering sun,
 Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud
 The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,
 Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire. 5
 The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed
 With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,
 Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.
 Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,
 They leave their trenches, going over the top, 10
 While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
 And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
 Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

Siegfried Sassoon

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The burden must be carried; the want provided for; the suffering endured ...'

In what ways does Brontë present suffering as an essential part of Jane's development?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which St John is portrayed in the following passage.

As to Mr St John, the intimacy which had arisen so naturally and rapidly between me and his sisters did not extend to him. One reason of the distance yet observed between us was, that he was comparatively seldom at home: a large proportion of his time appeared devoted to visiting the sick and poor among the scattered population of his parish.

5

No weather seemed to hinder him in these pastoral excursions: rain or fair, he would, when his hours of morning study were over, take his hat, and, followed by his father's old pointer, Carlo, go out on his mission of love or duty – I scarcely know in which light he regarded it. Sometimes, when the day was very unfavourable, his sisters would expostulate. He would then say, with a peculiar smile, more solemn than cheerful –

10

'And if I let a gust of wind or a sprinkling of rain turn me aside from these easy tasks, what preparation would such sloth be for the future I propose to myself?'

Diana and Mary's general answer to this question was a sigh, and some minutes of apparently mournful meditation.

15

But besides his frequent absences, there was another barrier to friendship with him: he seemed of a reserved, an abstracted, and even of a brooding nature. Zealous in his ministerial labours, blameless in his life and habits, he yet did not appear to enjoy that mental serenity, that inward content, which should be the reward of every sincere Christian and practical philanthropist. Often, of an evening, when he sat at the window, his desk and papers before him, he would cease reading or writing, rest his chin on his hand, and deliver himself up to I know not what course of thought; but that it was perturbed and exciting might be seen in the frequent flash and changeful dilation of his eye.

20

I think, moreover, that nature was not to him that treasury of delight it was to his sisters. He expressed once, and but once in my hearing, a strong sense of the rugged charm of the hills, and an inborn affection for the dark and hoary walls he called his home; but there was more of gloom than pleasure in the tone and words in which the sentiment was manifested; and never did he seem to roam the moors for the sake of their soothing silence – never seek out or dwell upon the thousand peaceful delights they could yield.

25

30

Incommunicative as he was, some time elapsed before I had an opportunity of gauging his mind. I first got an idea of its calibre when I heard him preach in his own church at Morton. I wish I could describe that sermon: but it is past my power. I cannot even render faithfully the effect it produced on me.

35

It began calm – and indeed, as far as delivery and pitch of voice went, it was calm to the end: an earnestly felt, yet strictly restrained zeal breathed soon in the distinct accents, and prompted the nervous language. This grew to force – compressed, condensed, controlled. The heart was thrilled, the mind astonished, by the power of the preacher: neither were softened. Throughout there was a strange bitterness; an absence of consolatory gentleness; stern allusions to Calvinistic doctrines – election, predestination, reprobation – were frequent; and each reference to these points sounded like a sentence pronounced for doom.

40

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways is it helpful to think of *Nervous Conditions* as a novel about kinds of independence?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing on the presentation of Tambu's early responses to Babamukuru's household.

Feeling clean and warm and expansive, I ran Nyasha's bath. She thanked me most graciously for this favour, and so we were able to stop quarrelling. All the same, I did not feel up to confessing that I had not known what bedclothes were, but it did not matter. Observing what Nyasha was wearing I found something similar in my suitcase. These, then, were the bedclothes. I made my bed, folding the bedclothes neatly at its foot. 5

When I was dressed I admired myself in the mirror. I looked better in that uniform than I had ever looked before, even though it was blue (which I now know does not suit my complexion) and had angular four-inch pleats down the front. It was a shock to see that in fact I was pretty, and also difficult to believe, making it necessary for me to scrutinise myself for a long time, from all angles and in many different positions, to verify the suspicion. Nyasha, returning from her bath, caught me at it and did not allow me to be embarrassed. Generously, sincerely, she confirmed my own impressions. 10

'Not bad,' she agreed, standing beside me to observe my reflection. 'Not bad at all. You've got a waist. One of these days you'll have a bust. Pity about the backside,' she continued, slapping it playfully as she turned away. 'It's rather large. Still, if you can look good in that old gym-dress, you'll look good in anything.' 15

I was flattered by everything she said and did, the examination, the approval, the teasing. Any attention from Nyasha, who did not often attend to things other than the excursions and forays of her unpeaceful mind, was enough to make me tingle with pleasure. I came close to being infatuated with myself. Thinking back to my maize field, I was convinced for a moment that my present propitious circumstances were entirely of my own making. 20

At breakfast the food would not go down. My throat constricted more tightly with each mouthful I tried to swallow, so impatient was I to be at school, where I was sure I would breeze through the whole syllabus in a single morning. It was nerve-racking. Watching Nyasha work her way daintily through egg and bacon and tea, having declined the porridge and toast because too much food would make her fat, I saw myself walking into the classroom late and conspicuous on my first day. But the siren did not wail and while Nyasha ate I found time to be impressed by these relatives of mine who ate meat, and not only meat, but meat and eggs for breakfast. As for roasting bread before you ate it, as if it had not already been baked, well, yesterday I would have been surprised, but today I was aware that all things were possible. 25

Maiguru fussed around me, clucking concern over my lack of appetite.

'Eat, my child, eat,' she urged. 'Otherwise you'll be so famished you won't hear a word the teacher says. What do you like to eat?' she asked. 'Shall we find you *rukweza* for your porridge?' 30

'I'm glad I'm only your daughter,' observed Nyasha. 'You'd easily kill your nieces with kindness.'

'But she'll get hungry!' fluttered my aunt. 40

'She's probably dieting because I told her her bottom is fat.'

'Go on with you, lovey-dove! Sisi Tambu isn't fat. Don't worry about Nyasha's little ways,' she advised me unnecessarily, because at that moment I had no intention of worrying about anything except school, especially things that did not make sense.

'Little ways,' commented Nyasha. 'Little ways. Now, I wonder. Who's got little ways?' 45

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The ending of a short story should show that things are different, that characters have changed.'

In the light of this comment, discuss the effects of the endings of **two** stories from your selection.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the writing of the following passage, the opening of the story, discussing how it establishes the setting and characters.

Of the seven hundred thousand villages dotting the map of India, in which the majority of India's five hundred million live, flourish, and die, Kritam was probably the tiniest, indicated on the district survey map by a microscopic dot, the map being meant more for the revenue official out to collect tax than for the guidance of the motorist, who in any case could not hope to reach it since it sprawled far from the highway at the end of a rough track furrowed up by the iron-hooped wheels of bullock carts. But its size did not prevent its giving itself the grandiose name Kritam, which meant in Tamil 'coronet' or 'crown' on the brow of this subcontinent. The village consisted of less than thirty houses, only one of them built with brick and cement. Painted a brilliant yellow and blue all over with gorgeous carvings of gods and gargoyles on its balustrade, it was known as the Big House. The other houses, distributed in four streets, were generally of bamboo thatch, straw, mud, and other unspecified material. Muni's was the last house in the fourth street, beyond which stretched the fields. In his prosperous days Muni had owned a flock of forty sheep and goats and sallied forth every morning driving the flock to the highway a couple of miles away. There he would sit on the pedestal of a clay statue of a horse while his cattle grazed around. He carried a crook at the end of a bamboo pole and snapped foliage from the avenue trees to feed his flock; he also gathered faggots and dry sticks, bundled them, and carried them home for fuel at sunset.

His wife lit the domestic fire at dawn, boiled water in a mud pot, threw into it a handful of millet flour, added salt, and gave him his first nourishment for the day. When he started out, she would put in his hand a packed lunch, once again the same millet cooked into a little ball, which he could swallow with a raw onion at midday. She was old, but he was older and needed all the attention she could give him in order to be kept alive.

His fortunes had declined gradually, unnoticed. From a flock of forty which he drove into a pen at night, his stock had now come down to two goats which were not worth the rent of a half rupee a month the Big House charged for the use of the pen in their back yard. And so the two goats were tethered to the trunk of a drumstick tree which grew in front of his hut and from which occasionally Muni could shake down drumsticks. This morning he got six. He carried them in with a sense of triumph. Although no one could say precisely who owned the tree, it was his because he lived in its shadow.

She said, 'If you were content with the drumstick leaves alone, I could boil and salt some for you.'

'Oh, I am tired of eating those leaves. I have a craving to chew the drumstick out of sauce, I tell you.'

'You have only four teeth in your jaw, but your craving is for big things. All right, get the stuff for the sauce, and I will prepare it for you. After all, next year you may not be alive to ask for anything. But first get me all the stuff, including a measure of rice or millet, and I will satisfy your unholy craving. Our store is empty today. Dhal, chili, curry leaves, mustard, coriander, gingelly oil, and one large potato. Go out and get all this.' He repeated the list after her in order not to miss any item and walked off to the shop in the third street.

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