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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/72**

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

**October/November 2017**

**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.

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 **7** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

- 1 Write a critical commentary on the following passage from the novel *The Good Earth* (1931) by Pearl S. Buck.

It was Wang Lung's marriage day.

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warm my bones in my age.”

He will

2 Write a critical commentary on the following poem by Joseph Furtado (published 1942).

*Long Years Ago*

I knew a sweet maiden  
 With beautiful eyes,  
     Long years ago;  
 I have seen many eyes  
 But no pair like hers— 5  
     They haunt me so!

She lived on the field side  
 In a mean little hut,  
     Long years ago;  
 I lived on the hill side 10  
 In a clean little house—  
     And hence mine woe.

And ne'er the sun rose,  
 And ne'er the sun set,  
     Long years ago— 15  
 No matter what weather—  
 But found us together  
     And watched us grow.

Two light-hearted children  
 With smiles we had parted, 20  
     Long years ago;  
 Of partings and pain,  
 Of life and its trials,  
     What could we know?

I am sitting now lone 25  
 On the steps we sate on,  
     Long years ago—  
 O to see once again  
 The beautiful eyes  
     That haunt me so. 30

Joseph Furtado (1872–1945)

**Turn over for Question 3**

3 Write a critical commentary on the following passage from the novel *The Mountain is Young* (1958) by Han Suyin.

Anne has recently arrived in Nepal with her husband John. Together with a number of local people they spend the day sightseeing in the mountains around the capital city, Kathmandu.

They had Indian *dhosis*, baked flat cakes, for breakfast, made with flour and onion, light and savoury, though Paul Redworth stuck to a standard English breakfast. John had rallied, was now talking and laughing frequently, his face bright red, asking questions about the road and the camp from the Colonel, and every now and then turning to Anne. 5

'We might do a bit of walking,' he said, 'go straight down by those mountain paths and rejoin the jeeps lower down.'

'In winter,' said Colonel Jaganathan, 'our workers get on their spades and ski down the slopes.'

Then it was time to get back on the jeeps, and Unni turned to Anne and said: 'Would you like to drive?' 10

'I don't think I could, I've never driven a jeep. And not on a mountain road.'

'Then it's time you tried.' He went round to the front of the jeep and said: 'Jump in. It's yours.'

'Is Anne going to drive?' said John, and began to laugh. 15

'Yes, Mrs Ford is going to drive,' replied Unni, smiling.

'Well, well,' said Paul Redworth, climbing in with a fraction of hesitation. 'Have you ever driven a jeep before?'

'Never,' said Anne, very loud and clear. 'But I'm going to.'

Unni sat in the middle between Paul Redworth and Anne. 'The road's clear,' he said. 'Blow your horn round the corners, as you never know when a lorry may be driving up and those Nepalese drivers never blow *their* horns. That's all. The rest you'll do easily.' 20

'But it's a left-hand drive, and she's never driven anything but a right-hand drive, and she's not good with a car,' said John, still laughing, but with irritation. 25

Unni looked at him speculatively from his seat in the jeep. 'Go on,' he said to Anne, 'start.'

Coming with Unni the road had looked difficult, but they had winged over unmade portions rough with boulders and stones, potholes and narrow places where small slips had dented the road-bed; but now, driving herself, Anne felt every pebble. The jeep tilted and she had an uncontrollable urge to throw herself inwards and away from what she had not noticed until now, the precipice, a few thousand feet down, which bordered the road all the way. 30

'It didn't look that far below us yesterday,' she managed to say between clenched teeth at one moment, and Unni replied: 35

'I rolled two hundred feet down one day and I'm still here.'

She swerved too quickly and Paul Redworth on the other side uttered an exclamation of fear as his shoulder grazed an overhanging rock.

'That's all right, there was an inch to spare,' said Unni. He himself appeared completely happy, he had no hat on, his dark hair was ruffled, his leather jacket open, both his arms enveloped the two seat backs on either side of him. 'I like this,' he declared. 'It's relaxing.' He closed his eyes. 40

'For heaven's sake keep your eyes open,' implored Anne tensely, 'I'm frightened.'

'I thought you enjoyed this,' said Unni.

'I do, but I'm scared.' 45

'Can you sing?'

'Not very well.'

'It's awfully nice to hear singing up a mountain road. I'll sing to you then.' And suddenly, effortlessly, he began to sing a Nepalese song, and it was the song that

Rukmini had sung in jail; then he sang another, then whistled it, looked at Anne, and said, 'You're doing fine.' 50

They were climbing up to the pass, and at a turn Paul said: 'Ah, there they are, the snow peaks.'

'Where?' said Anne.

'Don't look now,' said Paul. 'Stick to the road, lass.' 55

'We get down just below here and have a rest and some food and look at the snow lords,' said Unni.

Further down they stopped, got out, and climbed a hillet<sup>1</sup> upon which was an upright concrete slab on which had been engraved:

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CORPS OF  
INDIAN ENGINEERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES  
BUILDING THE ROAD 60

Round them in an immense arc, bounding the rim of the world, were all the snow peaks in their rifts and folds, watchful magnificence in being and in name. 65

'Breath-taking, breath-taking,' said Father MacCullough, and with binoculars he and Paul started identifying them, reciting their names: Dhaulaghiri, Manaslu, Nanda Devi, Himalchuli, Annapurna, Gosainthan, and suddenly Paul said: 'Look, look, there's Everest, I'm sure.'

Small and grey between two nearer and seemingly larger peaks, with a grey spume which was the snow blown off its top by the eternal wind, was Chomolungma, Everest. 70

<sup>1</sup> *hillet*: a small hill

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