
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2018

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

ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) With reference to **two** poems, compare ways in which Frost uses conversations between people.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the task of gathering leaves.

Gathering Leaves

Spades take up leaves
 No better than spoons,
 And bags full of leaves
 Are light as balloons.

I make a great noise
 Of rustling all day
 Like rabbit and deer
 Running away.

5

But the mountains I raise
 Elude my embrace,
 Flowing over my arms
 And into my face.

10

I may load and unload
 Again and again
 Till I fill the whole shed,
 And what have I then?

15

Next to nothing for weight;
 And since they grew duller
 From contact with earth,
 Next to nothing for color.

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Next to nothing for use.
 But a crop is a crop,
 And who's to say where
 The harvest shall stop?

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Compare Jennings's presentation of love in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the patients' experience of the hospital.

A Mental Hospital Sitting-Room

Utrillo on the wall. A nun is climbing
 Steps in Montmartre. We patients sit below.
 It does not seem a time for lucid rhyming;
 Too much disturbs. It does not seem a time
 When anything could fertilize or grow. 5

It is as if a scream were opened wide,
 A mouth demanding everyone to listen.
 Too many people cry, too many hide
 And stare into themselves. I am afraid
 There are no life-belts here on which to fasten. 10

The nun is climbing up those steps. The room
 Shifts till the dust flies in between our eyes.
 The only hope is visitors will come
 And talk of other things than our disease ...
 So much is stagnant and yet nothing dies. 15

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss different ways in which poets present loving relationships in **two** poems.
Or (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents sleep.

To Sleep

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the press 5
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed, 10
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head;
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sidney

Turn over for Section B.

Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Within Bengali families, individual names are sacred, inviolable.'

In the light of this statement, discuss some of the ways in which the novel explores the importance of names and naming.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing ways in which it presents the meeting between Gogol's parents and Maxine.

"Hi, Baba," Gogol says. "I'd like you to meet Maxine."

"Hello," his father says, putting up a hand, looking as if he is about to take an oath. He does not sit down with them. Instead he asks Maxine, "That is your car outside?"

"It's a rental," she says. 5

"Better to put it in the driveway," his father tells her.

"It doesn't matter," Gogol says. "It's fine where it is."

"But better to be careful," his father persists. "The neighborhood children, they are not very careful. One time my car was on the road and a baseball went through the window. I can park it for you if you like." 10

"I'll do it," Gogol says, getting up, irritated by his parents' perpetual fear of disaster. When he returns to the house, the lunch is set out, too rich for the weather. Along with the samosas, there are breaded chicken cutlets, chickpeas with tamarind sauce, lamb biryani, chutney made with tomatoes from the garden. It is a meal he knows it has taken his mother over a day to prepare, and yet the amount of effort embarrasses him. The water glasses are already filled, plates and forks and paper napkins set on the dining room table they use only for special occasions, with uncomfortable high-backed chairs and seats upholstered in gold velvet. 15

"Go ahead and start," his mother says, still hovering between the dining room and the kitchen, finishing up the last of the samosas. 20

His parents are diffident around Maxine, at first keeping their distance, not boisterous as they typically are around their Bengali friends. They ask where she went to college, what it is her parents do. But Maxine is immune to their awkwardness, drawing them out, devoting her attention to them fully, and Gogol is reminded of the first time he'd met her, when she'd seduced him in the same way. She asks his father about his research project in Cleveland, his mother about her part-time job at the local public library, which she's recently begun. Gogol is only partly attentive to the conversation. He is overly aware that they are not used to passing things around the table, or to chewing food with their mouths fully closed. They avert their eyes when Maxine accidentally leans over to run her hand through his hair. To his relief she eats generously, asking his mother how she made this and that, telling her it's the best Indian food she's ever tasted, accepting his mother's offer to pack them some extra cutlets and samosas for the road. 25

When his mother confesses that she is nervous to be in the house alone, Maxine tells her she'd be nervous, too. She mentions a break-in at her parents' once when she was by herself. When she tells them that she lives with her parents, Ashima says, "Really? I thought no one did that in America." When she tells them she was born and raised in Manhattan, his father shakes his head. "New York is too much," he says, "too many cars, too many tall buildings." He tells the story of the time they'd driven in for Gogol's graduation from Columbia, the trunk of the car broken into in just five minutes, their suitcase stolen, having to attend the commencement without a jacket and tie. 30

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“It’s a pity you can’t stay for dinner,” his mother says as the meal comes to an end.

But his father urges them to get going. “Better not to drive in the dark,” he says.

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Chapter 6

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*5 **Either** (a) 'Ah, love me, love me – but don't tell me so!'

In the light of Lily's words to Selden, discuss Wharton's presentation of their relationship in the novel.

Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the meeting between Lily and Mrs Haffen in the following passage.

Lily looked at the charwoman in surprise.

'Do you wish to see me?' she asked.

'I should like to say a word to you, Miss.' The tone was neither aggressive nor conciliatory: it revealed nothing of the speaker's errand. Nevertheless, some precautionary instinct warned Lily to withdraw beyond earshot of the hovering parlour-maid. 5

She signed to Mrs Haffen to follow her into the drawing-room, and closed the door when they had entered.

'What is it that you wish?' she enquired.

The charwoman, after the manner of her kind, stood with her arms folded in her shawl. Unwinding the latter, she produced a small parcel wrapped in dirty newspaper. 10

'I have something here that you might like to see, Miss Bart.' She spoke the name with an unpleasant emphasis, as though her knowing it made a part of her reason for being there. To Lily the intonation sounded like a threat.

'You have found something belonging to me?' she asked, extending her hand. 15

Mrs Haffen drew back. 'Well, if it comes to that, I guess it's mine as much as anybody's,' she returned.

Lily looked at her perplexedly. She was sure, now, that her visitor's manner conveyed a threat; but, expert as she was in certain directions, there was nothing in her experience to prepare her for the exact significance of the present scene. She felt, however, that it must be ended as promptly as possible. 20

'I don't understand; if this parcel is not mine, why have you asked for me?'

The woman was unabashed by the question. She was evidently prepared to answer it, but like all her class she had to go a long way back to make a beginning, and it was only after a pause that she replied: 'My husband was janitor to the Benedick till the first of the month; since then he can't get nothing to do.' 25

Lily remained silent and she continued: 'It wasn't no fault of our own, neither: the agent had another man he wanted the place for, and we was put out, bag and baggage, just to suit his fancy. I had a long sickness last winter, and an operation that ate up all we'd put by; and it's hard for me and the children, Haffen being so long out of a job.' 30

After all, then, she had come only to ask Miss Bart to find a place for her husband; or, more probably, to seek the young lady's intervention with Mrs Peniston. Lily had such an air of always getting what she wanted that she was used to being appealed to as an intermediary, and, relieved of her vague apprehension, she took refuge in the conventional formula. 35

'I am sorry you have been in trouble,' she said.

'Oh, that we have, Miss, and it's on'y just beginning. If on'y we'd 'a got another situation – but the agent, he's dead against us. It ain't no fault of ours, neither, but – ' 40

At this point Lily's impatience overcame her. 'If you have anything to say to me – ' she interposed.

The woman's resentment of the rebuff seemed to spur her lagging ideas.

'Yes, Miss; I'm coming to that,' she said. She paused again, with her eyes on Lily, and then continued, in a tone of diffuse narrative: 'When we was at the Benedick 45

I had charge of some of the gentlemen's rooms; leastways, I swep' 'em out on Saturdays. Some of the gentlemen got the greatest sight of letters: I never saw the like of it. Their waste-paper baskets'd be fairly brimming, and papers falling over on the floor. Maybe havin' so many is how they get so careless. Some of 'em is worse than others. Mr Selden, Mr Lawrence Selden, he was always one of the carefulest: burnt his letters in winter, and tore 'em in little bits in summer. But sometimes he'd have so many he'd just bunch 'em together, the way the others did, and tear the lot through once like this.'

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While she spoke she had loosened the string from the parcel in her hand, and now she drew forth a letter which she laid on the table between Miss Bart and herself. As she had said, the letter was torn in two; but with a rapid gesture she laid the torn edges together and smoothed out the page.

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Book 1, Chapter 9

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which writers present journeys in **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the reader's understanding is developed by the letters in the following passage from *Secrets*.

He carefully opened one and took out the letter and unfolded it, frail, khaki-coloured.

My dearest Mary, it began, I am so tired I can hardly write to you. I have spent what seems like all day censoring letters (there is a howitzer about 100 yds away firing every 2 minutes). The letters are heartrending in their attempt to express what they cannot. Some of the men are illiterate, others almost so. I know that they feel as much as we do, yet they do not have the words to express it. That is your job in the schoolroom to give us generations who can read and write well. They have ...

5

The boy's eye skipped down the page and over the next. He read the last paragraph.

10

Mary I love you as much as ever – more so that we cannot be together. I do not know which is worse, the hurt of this war or being separated from you. Give all my love to Brendan and all at home.

It was signed, scribbles with what he took to be John. He folded the paper carefully into its original creases and put it in the envelope. He opened another.

15

My love, it is thinking of you that keeps me sane. When I get a moment I open my memories of you as if I were reading. Your long dark hair – I always imagine you wearing the blouse with the tiny roses, the white one that opened down the back – your eyes that said so much without words, the way you lowered your head when I said anything that embarrassed you, and the clean nape of your neck.

20

The day I think about most was the day we climbed the head at Ballycastle. In a hollow, out of the wind, the air full of pollen and the sound of insects, the grass warm and dry and you lying beside me your hair undone, between me and the sun. You remember that that was where I first kissed you and the look of disbelief in your eyes that made me laugh afterwards.

25

It makes me laugh now to see myself savouring these memories standing alone up to my thighs in muck. It is everywhere, two, three feet deep. To walk ten yards leaves you quite breathless.

30

I haven't time to write more today so I leave you with my feet in the clay and my head in the clouds.

I love you, John.

He did not bother to put the letter back into the envelope but opened another.

My dearest, I am so cold that I find it difficult to keep my hand steady enough to write. You remember when we swam the last two fingers of your hand went the colour and texture of candles with the cold. Well that is how I am all over. It is almost four days since I had any real sensation in my feet or legs. Everything is frozen. The ground is like steel.

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Forgive me telling you this but I feel I have to say it to someone. The worst thing is the dead. They sit or lie frozen in the position they die. You

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can distinguish them from the living because their faces are the colour of slate. God help us when the thaw comes ... This war is beginning to have an effect on me. I have lost all sense of feeling. The only emotion I have experienced lately is one of anger. Sheer white trembling anger. I have no pity or sorrow for the dead and injured. I thank God it is not me but I am enraged that it had to be them. If I live through this experience I will be a different person.

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The only thing that remains constant is my love for you.

Today a man died beside me. A piece of shrapnel had pierced his neck as we were moving under fire. I pulled him into a crater and stayed with him until he died. I watched him choke and then drown in his blood.

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I am full of anger which has no direction.

He sorted through the pile and read half of some, all of others.

Secrets

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