

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

9695/06

Paper 6 1900 to the Present

**For Examination from 2016**

SPECIMEN PAPER

**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 **two** questions.

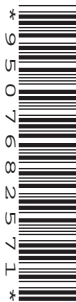
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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

All questions in this paper carry 25 marks.

The specimen paper is for general illustrative purposes. Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of the examination for details of the set texts.

This document consists of **12** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



- 1 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Adcock present the idea of home? You should make detailed reference to **three** poems.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, showing how far it is characteristic of Adcock's methods and concerns.

*A Way Out*

The other option's to become a bird.  
 That's kindly done, to guess from how they sing,  
 decently independent of the word  
 as we are not; and how they use the air  
 to sail as we might soaring on a swing 5  
 higher and higher; but the rope's not there,

it's free fall upward, out into the sky;  
 or if the arc veer downward, then it's planned:  
 a bird can loiter, skimming just as high  
 as lets him supervise the hazel copse, 10  
 the turnip field, the orchard, and then land  
 on just the twig he's chosen. Down he drops

to feed, if so it be: a pretty killer,  
 a keen-eyed stomach weighted like a dart.  
 He feels no pity for the caterpillar, 15  
 that moistly munching hoop of innocent green.  
 It is such tender lapses twist the heart.  
 A bird's heart is a tight little red bean,

untwistable. His beak is made of bone,  
 his feet apparently of stainless wire; 20  
 his coat's impermeable; his nest's his own.  
 The clogging multiplicity of things  
 amongst which other creatures, battling, tire  
 can be evaded by a pair of wings.

The point is, most of it occurs below, 25  
 earthed at the levels of the grovelling wood  
 and gritty buildings. Up's the way to go.  
 If it's escapist, if it's like a dream  
 the dream's prolonged until it ends for good.  
 I see no disadvantage in the scheme. 30

W.H. AUDEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Auden focus on the impact of a particular moment? You should make detailed reference to **three** poems from this selection.
- Or** (b) Focusing on Auden's poetic methods and effects, write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

*The Unknown Citizen*  
*To JS/07/M/378*  
*This Marble Monument is Erected by the State*

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JANET FRAME: *Towards Another Summer*

3 **Either** (a) 'Nothing was simple, known, safe, believed, identified.'

By what means and with what effects does Frame present insecurity in the novel.

**Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Frame's methods and concerns.

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Turn over for Question 4

BRIAN FRIEL: *Translations*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the significance of renaming in the play, and with reference to particular scenes, show how Friel uses the idea to create a variety of dramatic effects.
- Or** (b) Comment on the language and action in the following scene, to show how Friel shapes an audience's response to the characters.

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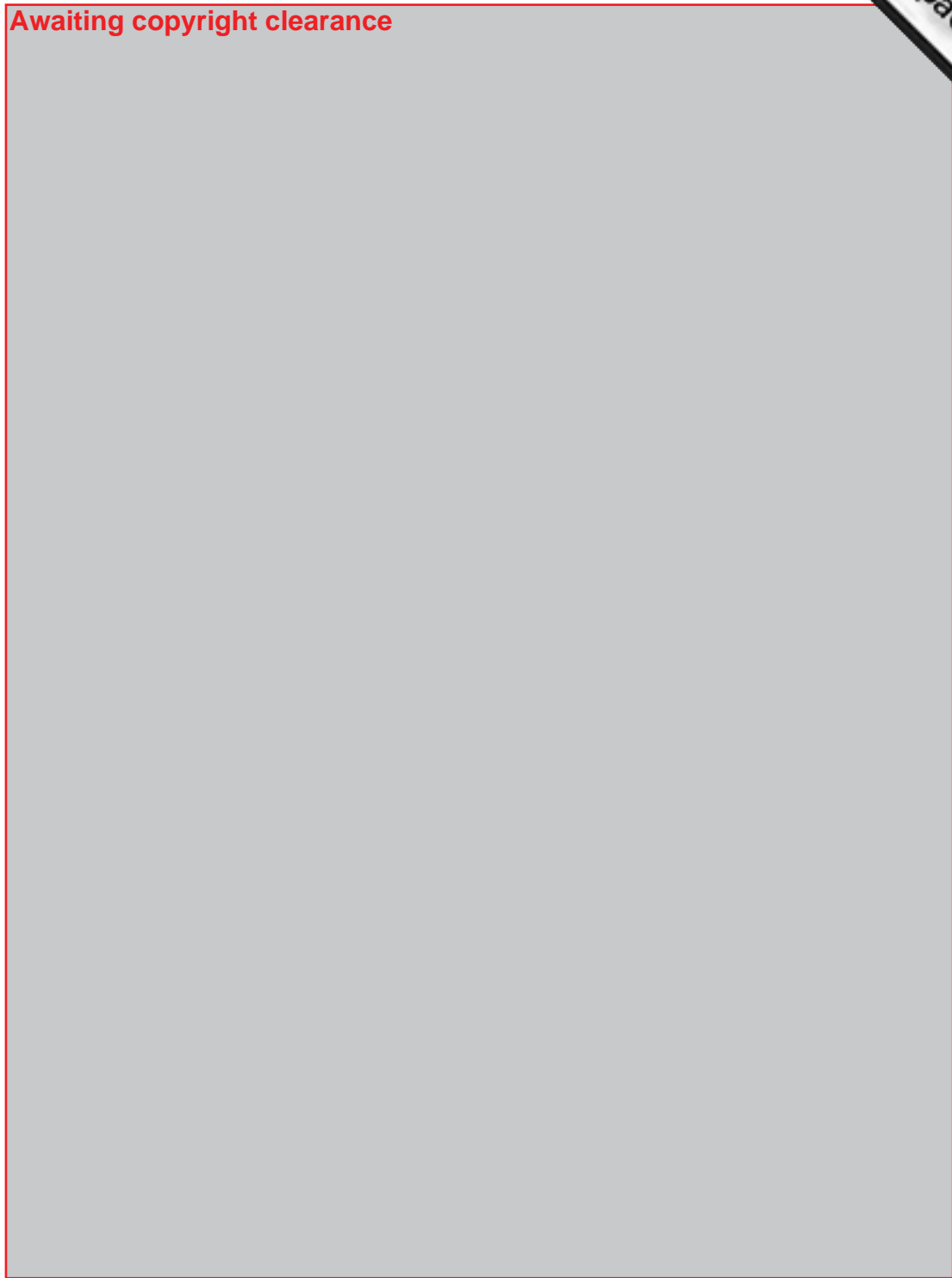
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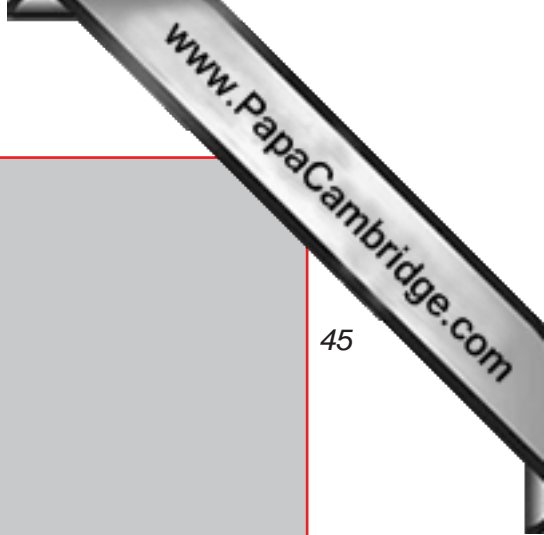
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- 5 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Roy present a child's view of the world in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, paying close attention to the way Roy presents character and suggests the wider concerns of the novel.

It was his smile that reminded Ammu of Velutha as a little boy. Helping Vellya Paapen to count coconuts. Holding out little gifts he had made for her, flat on the palm of his hand so that she could take them without touching him. Boats, boxes, small windmills. Calling her Ammukutty. Little Ammu. Though she was so much less little than he was. When she looked at him now, she couldn't help thinking that the man he had become bore so little resemblance to the boy he had been. His smile was the only piece of baggage he had carried with him from boyhood into manhood. 5

Suddenly Ammu hoped that it *had* been him that Rahel saw in the march. She hoped it had been him that had raised his flag and knotted arm in anger. She hoped that under his careful cloak of cheerfulness, he housed a living, breathing anger against the smug, ordered world that she so raged against. 10

She hoped it had been him.

She was surprised at the extent of her daughter's physical ease with him. Surprised that her child seemed to have a sub-world that excluded *her* entirely. A tactile world of smiles and laughter that she, her mother, had no part in. Ammu recognized vaguely that her thoughts were shot with a delicate, purple tinge of envy. She didn't allow herself to consider whom it was that she envied. The man or her own child. Or just their world of hooked fingers and sudden smiles. 15

The man standing in the shade of the rubber trees with coins of sunshine dancing on his body, holding her daughter in his arms, glanced up and caught Ammu's gaze. Centuries telescoped into one evanescent moment. History was wrong-footed, caught off guard. Sloughed off like an old snakeskin. Its marks, its scars, its wounds from old wars and the walking backwards days all fell away. In its absence it left an aura, a palpable shimmering that was as plain to see as the water in a river or the sun in the sky. As plain to feel as the heat on a hot day, or the tug of a fish on a taut line. So obvious that no one noticed. 20

In that brief moment, Velutha looked up and saw things that he hadn't seen before. Things that had been out of bounds so far, obscured by history's blinkers.

Simple things.

For instance, he saw that Rahel's mother was a woman. 30

That she had deep dimples when she smiled and that they stayed on long after her smile left her eyes. He saw that her brown arms were round and firm and perfect. That her shoulders shone, but her eyes were somewhere else. He saw that when he gave her gifts they no longer needed to be offered flat on the palms of his hands so that she wouldn't have to touch him. His boats and boxes. His little windmills. He saw too that he was not necessarily the only giver of gifts. That *she* had gifts to give him too. 35

This knowing slid into him cleanly, like the sharp edge of a knife. Cold and hot at once. It only took a moment.

Ammu saw that he saw. She looked away. He did too. History's fiends returned to claim them. To rewrap them in its old, scarred pelt and drag them back to where they really lived. Where the Love Laws lay down who should be loved. And how. And how much. 40

Ammu walked up to the verandah, back into the Play. Shaking.



Turn over for Question 6

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'The comedy in the plays is visual, verbal, and used to expose human weakness.'  
With reference to particular scenes, discuss the plays in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Discuss the dramatic effects of the writing in the following extract, considering the ways Soyinka shapes an audience's response to the characters and concerns of the play.

*Executive:* Is this the woman?  
*Clerk:* Yes, sir. Miss Denton, this is the Chief Executive Officer of the Tourist Board of the City Council. Miss Denton, sir.  
*Executive:* Miss Denton ...  
*Rebecca:* My name is Rebecca. 5  
*Executive:* I do not believe, young lady, that we are on Christian name terms.  
*Rebecca:* I do not believe that you are on Christian terms at all, sir. Your soul is in danger.  
*Executive [splutters badly and explodes]:* My religious state is no concern of yours, young woman. 10  
*Rebecca:* But it is, sir, it is. I am my brother's keeper. The state of your soul distresses me, sir.  
*Clerk:* That's how it started, sir. That's how it started.  
*Executive:* That is how what started?  
*Clerk:* That was how the prophet got her. He wasn't even addressing her at all but the C.E.O. who came to serve him notice. He kept preaching at him all the time but she was the one who got the message. Christ, sir, you should have seen her convulsions! 15  
*Executive:* Why the hell did he bring her in the first place?  
*Rebecca:* Hell is true sir. I was living in hell but did not know it until Brother Jero pointed the path of God to me. 20  
*Executive:* I was not addressing you, woman.  
*Clerk:* She was his private secretary ...  
*Executive:* I know she was his private secretary, damn you ...  
*Rebecca:* He will not be damned sir, the Lord is merciful. ... 25  
*Executive:* Can't anyone shut up this religious maniac? I asked, why bring her along? Do you see me here with my private secretary?  
*Rebecca:* I shall answer that question. When you are saved, you are no longer afraid to tell the truth. My boss asked me to come with him to take notes, but in my heart I knew that he was planning to seduce me. 30  
*Executive:* What! You dare slander a senior government official of my department in my presence? I shall order an investigation and have you charged with ...  
*Clerk:* Don't, sir. It's the truth. The C.E.O. has had his eye on her a long time. Wouldn't let her alone in the office, making her do overtime even if there was no work to do, just to try and ... 35  
*Executive:* That's enough thank you. I don't need the whole picture painted in bold and dirty colours.  
*Clerk:* Yes sir I mean no sir

- Rebecca:* Do not distress yourself for that poor sinner. I pray for the salvation of his soul every day. 40
- Executive:* And we are praying for you to come to your senses. And for a start just hand me the file you had with you. And be thankful I am not having you charged for keeping an official file after office hours.
- Clerk:* And a confidential file don't forget that, sir. Very confidential. 45
- Executive:* Quite right. The file, young lady. We will overlook the offence since you weren't really in possession of your senses.
- Rebecca:* I was never more clearly within my senses as now.
- Executive:* You call this a sensible action? You, an intelligent young girl, a fully trained Confidential Secretary ... 50
- Clerk:* Eighty words per minute, sir, one hundred and twenty shorthand ...
- Executive:* Did I ask you to supply me statistics?
- Clerk:* Beg pardon, sir. Just saying what a waste it is.
- Executive:* Of course it's a bloody waste. Eighty words per minute and a hundred and twenty shorthand. You had enough will-power to resist the revolting advances of a lecherous Chief Eviction Officer on the rampage, you are trusted sufficiently to be assigned an official duty which is most essential to our national economy and what happens – you permit yourself to be bamboozled by a fake prophet, a transparent charlatan ... 55
- Rebecca [pitying.]:* It is the devil which speaks in you sir, it's the devil which makes you call Prophet Jeroboam all those bad names. 60
- Executive:* He deserves more than a bad name. He deserves a bad end and he will come to it yet.
- Rebecca:* Fight the devil in you, sir, let us help you fight and conquer him. 65
- Executive:* Can't you see Jeroboam is the devil, damn you? All the prophets on this beach are devils. ...
- Rebecca:* The devil is in you, sir, I can see him.
- Executive:* They have to be evicted. They stand in the way of progress. They clutter up the beach and prevent decent men from coming here and paying to enjoy themselves. They are holding up a big tourist business. You know yourself how the land value has doubled since we started public executions on this beach. 70
- Rebecca:* Shameless sinners who acquire wealth from the misfortunes of others? Will you make money off sin and iniquity? Oh sir, you must let Brother Jero talk to you about the evil in your plans. 75

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *To the Lighthouse*

- 7 **Either** (a) By what means and with what effects does Woolf portray the Ramsays' marriage?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, to show how its narrative methods and concerns are characteristic of the novel as a whole.

She seemed to have shrivelled slightly, he thought. She looked a little skimpy, wispy; but not unattractive. He liked her. There had been some talk of her marrying William Bankes once, but nothing had come of it. His wife had been fond of her. He had been a little out of temper too at breakfast. And then, and then – this was one of those moments when an enormous need urged him, without being conscious what it was, to approach any woman, to force them, he did not care how, his need was so great, to give him what he wanted: sympathy. 5

Was anybody looking after her? he said. Had she everything she wanted?

'Oh, thanks, everything,' said Lily Briscoe nervously. No; she could not do it. She ought to have floated off instantly upon some wave of sympathetic expansion: the pressure on her was tremendous. But she remained stuck. There was an awful pause. They both looked at the sea. Why, thought Mr Ramsay, should she look at the sea when I am here? She hoped it would be calm enough for them to land at the Lighthouse, she said. The Lighthouse! The Lighthouse! What's that got to do with it? he thought impatiently. Instantly, with the force of some primeval gust (for really he could not restrain himself any longer), there issued from him such a groan that any other woman in the whole world would have done something, said something – all except myself, thought Lily, girding at herself bitterly, who am not a woman, but a peevish, ill-tempered, dried-up old maid presumably. 10 15

Mr Ramsay sighed to the full. He waited. Was she not going to say anything? Did she not see what he wanted from her? Then he said he had a particular reason for wanting to go to the Lighthouse. His wife used to send the men things. There was a poor boy with a tuberculous hip, the lightkeeper's son. He sighed profoundly. He sighed significantly. All Lily wished was that this enormous flood of grief, this insatiable hunger for sympathy, this demand that she should surrender herself up to him entirely, and even so he had sorrows enough to keep her supplied for ever, should leave her, should be diverted (she kept looking at the house, hoping for an interruption) before it swept her down in its flow. 20 25

'Such expeditions,' said Mr Ramsay, scraping the ground with his toe, 'are very painful.' Still Lily said nothing. (She is a stock, she is a stone, he said to himself.) 'They are very exhausting,' he said, looking, with a sickly look that nauseated her (he was acting, she felt, this great man was dramatising himself), at his beautiful hands. It was horrible, it was indecent. Would they never come, she asked, for she could not sustain this enormous weight of sorrow, support these heavy draperies of grief (he had assumed a pose of extreme decrepitude; he even tottered a little as he stood there) a moment longer. 30 35

Still she could say nothing; the whole horizon seemed swept bare of objects to talk about; could only feel, amazedly, as Mr Ramsay stood there, how his gaze seemed to fall dolefully over the sunny grass and discolour it, and cast over the rubicund, drowsy, entirely contented figure of Mr Carmichael, reading a French novel on a deckchair, a veil of crape, as if such an existence, flaunting its prosperity in a world of woe, were enough to provoke the most dismal thoughts of all. Look at him, he seemed to be saying; look at me; and indeed, all the time he was feeling, Think of me, think of me. 40



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