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**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**0477/03**

Paper 3 Unseen Comparison

**For Examination from 2017**

SPECIMEN PAPER

**1 hour 30 minutes**

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 **one** question, **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

A maximum of 40 marks are available, of which 33 are for the response to the question and 7 are for spelling, punctuation and grammar.

This syllabus is regulated in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.



Answer **one** question, **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

**Either 1** Read carefully poem A and poem B about women.

**Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly portray the women and their lives in these two poems.**

In your answer you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form and how contexts are suggested by the writing.

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the images of the tigers and of the breakfast table
- the ways in which the poets present the two women
- how the poets convey to you the differences between the lives of the two women.

### POEM A

In the following poem, the poet writes about her Aunt Jennifer whose hobby is to weave tapestry. One of these tapestries includes tigers in a hunting scene.

#### *Aunt Jennifer's Tigers*

Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance across a screen<sup>1</sup>,  
Bright topaz<sup>2</sup> denizens<sup>3</sup> of a world of green.  
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;  
They pace in sleek chivalric<sup>4</sup> certainty.

Aunt Jennifer's fingers fluttering through her wool 5  
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.  
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band  
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.

When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie 10  
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.  
The tigers in the panel that she made  
Will go on prancing, proud and unafraid.

- <sup>1</sup> *screen*: the frame which holds the tapestry  
<sup>2</sup> *topaz*: the colour of a yellowish-brown gemstone  
<sup>3</sup> *denizens*: inhabitants  
<sup>4</sup> *chivalric*: relating to knights and their code of honour

## POEM B

In the following poem a young woman arrives at breakfast after an early morning

*Still-Life*<sup>1</sup>

Through the open French window the warm sun  
lights up the polished breakfast-table, laid  
round a bowl of crimson roses, for one –  
a service of Worcester porcelain<sup>2</sup>, arrayed  
near it a melon, peaches, figs, small hot  
rolls in a napkin, fairy rack of toast,  
butter in ice, high silver coffee-pot,  
and, heaped on a salver<sup>3</sup>, the morning's post.

5

She comes over the lawn, the young heiress,  
from her early walk in her garden-wood  
feeling that life's a table set to bless  
her delicate desires with all that's good,

10

that even the unopened future lies  
like a love-letter, full of sweet surprise.

- <sup>1</sup> *Still-Life*: painting of inanimate objects such as fruit, flowers or food, often in a domestic setting  
<sup>2</sup> *Worcester porcelain*: a type of china  
<sup>3</sup> *salver*: a silver tray

[Total: **40 marks**, including **7 marks** for spelling, punctuation and grammar.]

Or 2 Read carefully prose extract A and prose extract B describing events in school.

**Compare the ways in which both writers vividly portray school life in the extracts.**

In your answer you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form and how contexts are suggested by the writing.

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how both writers introduce characters to you
- the ways in which the writers present these school events
- the impressions the writers create of Mr D'Mello and Mr Plumb.

### PROSE EXTRACT A

In the following extract, a catholic school in India is gathering for a national remembrance day.

In the staff room, Mr D'Mello, assistant headteacher, folded his copy of the newspaper, noisily, like a pelican folding its wings. Tossing the paper on a sandalwood table, Mr D'Mello struggled against his paunch to get to his feet. He was the last to leave the staff room.

Six hundred and twenty-three boys, pouring out of classrooms and eventually merging into one long line, proceeded into the Assembly Square. In ten minutes they had formed a geometrical pattern, a tight grid around the flagpole at the centre of the square. 5

By the flagpole stood an old wooden platform. And next to the platform stood Mr D'Mello, drawing the morning air into his lungs and shouting: 'A-ten-shannn!' 10

The students shuffled in concert. Thump! Their feet knocked the chatter out of the square. Now the morning was ready for the sombre ceremony.

The guest of honour had fallen asleep. From the top of the flagpole, the national tricolour hung, limp and crumpled, entirely uninterested in the events organized for its benefit. Alvarez, the old school peon<sup>1</sup>, tugged on a blue cord to goad the recalcitrant piece of cloth into a respectable tautness. 15

Mr D'Mello sighed and gave up on the flag. His lungs swelled again: 'Sa-loot!'

The wooden platform began to creak noisily. Father Mendoza, junior school headmaster, was ascending the steps. At a sign from Mr D'Mello, he cleared his throat into the booming mike and launched into a speech on the glories of dying young for your country. 20

A series of black boxes amplified his nervous voice across the square. The boys listened to their headmaster spellbound. The Jesuit<sup>2</sup> told them the blood of Bhagat Singh and Indira Gandhi<sup>3</sup> fertilized the earth on which they stood, and they brimmed with pride. 25

Mr D'Mello, squinting fiercely, kept an eye on the little patriots. He knew that the whole humbug would end any moment. After thirty-three years in an all-boys' school, no secret of human nature was hidden from him.

<sup>1</sup> *peon*: a servant

<sup>2</sup> *Jesuit*: religious order to which Father Mendoza belongs

<sup>3</sup> *Bhagat Singh and Indira Gandhi*: Indian politicians

## PROSE EXTRACT B

In the following extract, two sets of parents are attending a school parents' evening.

'It's Sheila, isn't it?' said the woman, holding out her hand. 'Barbara Chase. Your Ben and my Philip were both in the play last term. That dreadful Shakespearean thing.'

She was referring to Mr Fletcher's crushingly lacklustre production of Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*<sup>1</sup>, which had reduced successive audiences of doting parents to a state of glassy-eyed catatonia<sup>2</sup> for three nights in a row shortly before Christmas. Sheila had kept her copy of the programme, however, and filed it away lovingly along with her son's school reports. The names Chase and Trotter could be found at the bottom of the cast list: they had played two mutes<sup>3</sup>.

Once this introduction had been made, the foursome rapidly divided along gender lines. Sam Chase noticed that there was nobody waiting to talk to the games master, so he and Colin went to take issue with him on the vexed issue of football vs. rugby. A lively, ill-tempered argument broke out at once. Meanwhile, Barbara and Sheila waited in line for their audience with Mr Plumb. His queue was moving slowly. Sheila looked ahead and was at once intrigued by his body language. He was addressing his remarks exclusively to the boys' mothers, never making eye contact with the fathers and indeed barely seeming to acknowledge their existence. He was wearing a bottle-green corduroy jacket with leather patches at the elbows, over a cotton shirt with thick blue checks, the whole ensemble being set off by a brilliant cravat, in vermilion with greenish spots. A moustache of sorts drooped limply on either side of his lips, which were thin and dark as if wine-stained. When talking to the women in the queue, he held their gaze with an embarrassing directness, compelled them to return it. As for his voice, they were soon to discover that it was reedy and high, almost to the point of effeminacy.

'My word', he exclaimed, when they appeared at the front of the queue. He was staring at them with the startled, fixed intensity of an electrified ferret. 'And whom do I now have the pleasure – the most unexpected pleasure – of addressing?'

The two women looked at each other briefly, and giggled. 'Well I'm Barbara, and this is my friend Sheila.'

<sup>1</sup> *The Alchemist*: a comic play from Shakespeare's time

<sup>2</sup> *catatonia*: paralysis

<sup>3</sup> *mutes*: non-speaking parts

[Total: **40 marks**, including **7 marks** for spelling, punctuation and grammar.]

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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Question 1 Poem B	© ed. Deryn Rees-Jones; Elizabeth Daryush; <i>Still-life</i> , in <i>Modern Women Poets</i> ; Bloodaxe Books; 2005.
Question 2 Extract A	© Aravind Adiga; <i>Between the Assassinations</i> ; Atlantic Books/Grove Atlantic Ltd; 2008.
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