

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/07**

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

October/November 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
You may use a soft pencil for any diagrams, graphs, music or rough working.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

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

All questions carry equal marks.

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

This document consists of 4 pages.



1 Write a comparison of the two extracts below, each of which describes a wet and dismal day in the English county of Lincolnshire.

- (a) Lady Dedlock has returned to her house in town for a few days previous to her departure for Paris; she has been down at what she calls, in familiar conversation, her 'place' in Lincolnshire. The waters are out in Lincolnshire. An arch of the bridge in the park has been sapped and sopped away. The adjacent low-lying ground, for half a mile in breadth, is a stagnant river, with melancholy trees for islands in it, and a surface punctured all over, all day long, with falling rain. Lady Dedlock's 'place' has been extremely dreary. The weather, for many a day and night, has been so wet that the trees seem wet through, and the soft loppings and prunings of the woodman's axe can make no crash or crackle as they fall. The deer, looking soaked, leave quagmires where they pass. The shot of a rifle loses its sharpness in the moist air, and its smoke moves in a tardy little cloud towards the green rise, coppice-topped, that makes a background for the falling rain. The view from Lady Dedlock's own windows is alternately a lead-coloured view, and a view in Indian ink. The vases on the stone terrace in the foreground catch the rain all day; and the heavy drops fall, drip, drip, drip, upon the broad flagged pavement, called, from old time, the Ghost's walk, all night. 5 10 15

(from **Bleak House** by Charles Dickens, published in 1853)

- (b) The rain beats down upon the battlemented roof of Marchmont Towers this July day, as if it had a mind to flood the old mansion. The flat waste of grass, and the lonely clumps of trees, are almost blotted out by the falling rain. The low grey sky shuts out the distance. This part of Lincolnshire – fenny, misty, and flat always – seems flatter and mistier than usual today. The rain beats hopelessly upon the leaves in the wood behind Marchmont Towers, and splashes into great pools beneath the trees, until the ground is almost hidden by the fallen water, and the trees seem to be growing out of a black lake. The land is lower behind Marchmont Towers, and slopes down gradually to the bank of a dismal river, which straggles through the Marchmont property at a snail's pace, to gain an impetus farther on, until it hurries into the sea somewhere northward of Grimsby. The wood is not held in any great favour by the household at the Towers; and it has been a pet project of several Marchmonts to level and drain it, but a project not very easily to be carried out. Marchmont Towers is said to be unhealthy, as a dwelling-house, by reason of this wood, from which miasmas rise in certain states of the weather; and it is on this account that the back of the house – the eastern front, at least, as it is called – looking to the wood is very little used. 5 10 15

Mary Marchmont sits at a window in the western drawing-room, watching the ceaseless falling of the rain upon this dreary summer afternoon.

(from **John Marchmont's Legacy** by Mary Elizabeth Braddon, published in 1863)

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by Zulfikar Ghose (born in 1935):

*Flying over India*

The point of the eagle's introspection  
or its lonely watch-tower withdrawal  
is also my point of view. This crab-crawl  
flight through sand-holes of air and the suction  
of blue, blue, blue makes the jungle below  
seem a rotation-crops plot grown fallow: 5

nothing moves in the relativity  
of speed. India lies still in primeval  
intactness of growth. The great alluvial  
plains are sodden with trees: neither city  
nor village intrudes with temples and towers 10  
in this sprawling virgin-land decked with flowers

and trees, trees. At the jungle's edge, a river  
coils out to shed its snake-skin waters to the charm  
of the sea. The bizarre, purposeless calm 15  
of sand, the country's dangerous cobra-glitter!  
The jet rises up in the ocean-swell  
of the sky and slides through the air like a shell.

The pilot announces famous landmarks.  
But what sand-dune civilization sank 20  
in the mud-banks, what mosquito-kingdom drank  
up the healing waters? The spoilt monarchs  
of luxurious empires could not prevent  
the bush-fires of religious dissent.

Give me the purer air. The flat earth is awful. 25  
Give me height, height, with its cold perspective  
of forms of the earth. Senseless now to dive  
like eagles to the earth's sparrows. The jungle's  
beasts are unseen from here. From these heights,  
one can almost believe in human rights. 30

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by Keith Douglas (1920–1944).

*Behaviour of Fish in an Egyptian Tea Garden*

As a white stone draws down the fish  
she on the seafloor of the afternoon  
draws down men's glances and their cruel wish  
for love. Her red lip on the spoon

slips-in a morsel of ice-cream. Her hands 5  
white as a shell are submarine  
fronds, sink with spread fingers, lean  
along the table, carmined at the ends.

A cotton magnate, an important fish 10  
with great eyepouches and a golden mouth  
through the frail reefs of furniture swims out  
and idling, suspended, stays to watch.

A crustacean old man clamped to his chair 15  
sits near her and might coldly see  
her charms through fissures where the eyes should be;  
or else his teeth are parted in a stare.

Captain on leave, a lean dark mackerel, 20  
lies in the offing, turns himself and looks  
through currents of sound. The flat-eyed flatfish sucks  
on a straw, staring from its repose, laxly.

And gallants in shoals swim up and lag,  
circling and passing near the white attraction –  
sometimes pausing, opening a conversation –  
fish pause so to nibble or tug.

Now the ice-cream is finished, is 25  
paid for. The fish swim off on business  
and she sits alone at the table, a white stone  
useless except to a collector, a rich man.