



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

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/33**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2010**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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, one from Section A and one from Section B.

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 equal marks.



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## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Bhatt presents difficult experiences in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways in which it evokes a personal memory.

*Rooms by the Sea**for Michael*

It's summer all right.  
 This light makes me think  
 of June in Miami  
 July in Ocean City  
 August in Cape Cod. 5

This heat reminds me of a certain freedom  
 this light is the colour of a certain freedom  
 we had one summer –  
 the freedom to want  
 a child, the longing to let life go on 10  
 as it pleases.

The heat has flung the door wide open –  
 and the light is constant.  
 The cry of our imaginary child  
 breaks our afternoon nap, 15  
 untangles our sticky thighs ...  
 The sea is a loud salty glitter  
 pounding against the shore, back and forth  
 back and forth, as if driven by nervous fishes.  
 The light remains steady 20  
 and the heat is constant –

Someone, we don't see,  
 has stepped inside  
 and walks through the kitchen, that we don't see.  
 I imagine you 25  
 grabbing a beer  
 from the fridge.

The sofa burns red  
 the carpet crackles green  
 and the picture in the pine wood frame 30  
 is fading away.

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the different ways poets have explored issues of personal identity in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the tone of the following poem, discussing ways in which it presents the narrator's response to the call.

*The Telephone Call*

They asked me 'Are you sitting down?  
Right? This is Universal Lotteries',  
they said. 'You've won the top prize,  
the Ultra-super Global Special.  
What would you do with a million pounds? 5  
Or, actually, with more than a million –  
not that it makes a lot of difference  
once you're a millionaire.' And they laughed.

'Are you OK?' they asked – 'Still there?  
Come on, now, tell us, how does it feel?' 10  
I said 'I just ... I can't believe it!'  
They said 'That's what they all say.  
What else? Go on, tell us about it.'  
I said 'I feel the top of my head  
has floated off, out through the window,  
revolving like a flying saucer.' 15

'That's unusual' they said. 'Go on.'  
I said 'I'm finding it hard to talk.  
My throat's gone dry, my nose is tingling.  
I think I'm going to sneeze – or cry.' 20  
'That's right' they said, 'don't be ashamed  
of giving way to your emotions.  
It isn't every day you hear  
you're going to get a million pounds.

Relax, now, have a little cry; 25  
we'll give you a moment ... 'Hang on!' I said.  
'I haven't bought a lottery ticket  
for years and years. And what did you say  
the company's called?' They laughed again.  
'Not to worry about a ticket. 30  
We're Universal. We operate  
A retrospective Chances Module.

Nearly everyone's bought a ticket  
in some lottery or another,  
once at least. We buy up the files, 35  
feed the names into our computer,  
and see who the lucky person is.'  
'Well, that's incredible' I said.  
'It's marvellous. I still can't quite ...  
I'll believe it when I see the cheque.' 40

'Oh,' they said, 'there's no cheque.'  
'But the money?' 'We don't deal in money.  
Experiences are what we deal in.  
You've had a great experience, right?  
Exciting? Something you'll remember?  
That's your prize. So congratulations  
from all of us at Universal.  
Have a nice day!' And the line went dead.

45

Fleur Adcock

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poems*

3 **Either** (a) 'Wordsworth's central interest is in humanity rather than nature.'

Say how far you agree with this view, making reference to at least **two** poems.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, relating it to the other 'Lucy' poems in your selection.

*Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower*

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This Child I to myself will take,  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own. 5

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse, and with me  
The Girl in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs, 15  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her, for her the willow bend, 20  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
A beauty that shall mould her form  
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear 25  
To her, and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face 30

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell,  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live 35  
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

40

## Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

4 **Either** (a) 'Sense would resist delirium: judgement would warn passion.'

In what ways does Brontë explore the conflict between judgement and passion in the novel?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing in particular the impression made on the reader by Mr Rochester.

He rang, and despatched an invitation to Mrs Fairfax, who soon arrived, knitting-basket in hand.

'Good-evening, madam; I sent to you for a charitable purpose. I have forbidden Adèle to talk to me about her presents, and she is bursting with repletion; have the goodness to serve her as auditress and interlocutrice; it will be one of the most benevolent acts you have ever performed.'

5

Adèle, indeed, no sooner saw Mrs Fairfax, than she summoned her to the sofa, and there quickly filled her lap with the porcelain, the ivory, the waxen contents of her 'boîte'; pouring out, meantime, explanations and raptures in such broken English as she was mistress of.

10

'Now I have performed the part of a good host,' pursued Mr Rochester; 'put my guests into the way of amusing each other, I ought to be at liberty to attend to my own pleasure. Miss Eyre, draw your chair still a little farther forward: you are yet too far back: I cannot see you without disturbing my position in this comfortable chair, which I have no mind to do.'

15

I did as I was bid, though I would have much rather have remained somewhat in the shade; but Mr Rochester had such a direct way of giving orders, it seemed a matter of course to obey him promptly.

We were, as I have said, in the dining-room: the lustre which had been lit for dinner filled the room with a festal breadth of light; the large fire was all red and clear; the purple curtains hung rich and ample before the lofty window and loftier arch; everything was still save the subdued chat of Adèle (she dared not speak loud), and, filling up each pause, the beating of winter rain against the panes.

20

Mr Rochester, as he sat in the damask-covered chair, looked different to what I had seen him look before; not quite so stern – much less gloomy. There was a smile on his lips, and his eyes sparkled, whether with wine or not, I am not sure, but I think it very probable. He was, in short, in his after-dinner mood; more expanded and genial, and also more self-indulgent than the frigid and rigid temper of the morning: still, he looked preciously grim, cushioning his massive head against the swelling back of his chair, and receiving the light of the fire on his granite-hewn features, and in his great dark eyes; for he had great dark eyes, and very fine eyes, too – not without a certain change in their depths sometimes, which, if it were not a softness, reminded you, at least, of that feeling.

25

30

He had been looking two minutes at the fire, and I had been looking the same length of time at him, when, turning suddenly, he caught my gaze fastened on his physiognomy.

35

'You examine me, Miss Eyre,' said he: 'do you think me handsome?'

I should, if I had deliberated, have replied to this question by something conventionally vague and polite; but the answer somehow slipped from my tongue before I was aware, 'No, sir.'

40

'Ah! By my word! there is something singular about you,' he said: 'you have the air of a little *nonnette*; quaint, quiet, grave, and simple, as you sit with your hands



before you, and your eyes generally bent on the carpet (except, by the by, when they are directed piercingly to my face, as just now, for instance); and when one asks you a question, or makes a remark to which you are obliged to reply, you rap out a round rejoinder, which, if not blunt, is at least brusque. What do you mean by it?' 45

'Sir, I was too plain: I beg your pardon. I ought to have replied that it was not easy to give an impromptu answer to a question about appearances; that tastes mostly differ; and that beauty is of little consequence, or something of that sort.'

'You ought to have replied no such thing. Beauty of little consequence, indeed!' 50

Chapter 14

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'She was retreating into some private world that we could not reach.'  
'I'm not a good girl. I'm evil.'

How far does Dangarembga's characterisation of Nyasha lead you to feel sympathy for her?

- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting in particular on the presentation of Tambu's attitude towards white people.

Another thing that was different about the mission was that there were many white people there. The Whites on the mission were a special kind of white person, special in the way that my grandmother had explained to me, for they were holy. They had come not to take but to give. They were about God's business here in darkest Africa. They had given up the comforts and security of their own homes to come and lighten our darkness. It was a big sacrifice that the missionaries made. It was a sacrifice that made us grateful to them, a sacrifice that made them superior not only to us but to those other Whites as well who were here for adventure and to help themselves to our emeralds. The missionaries' self-denial and brotherly love did not go unrewarded. We treated them like minor deities. With the self-satisfied dignity that came naturally to white people in those days, they accepted this improving disguise. 5

Today there are fewer white people on the mission. They are called expatriates, not missionaries, and can be seen living in unpainted brick houses. But they are deified in the same way as the missionaries were because they are white so that their coming is still an honour. I am told that whether you are called an expatriate or a missionary depends on how and by whom you were recruited. Although the distinction was told to me by a reliable source, it does not stick in my mind since I have not observed it myself in my dealings with these people. I often ask myself why they come, giving up the comforts and security of their more advanced homes. Which brings us back to matters of brotherly love, contribution and lightening of diverse darkneses. 10

At the time though – and you must remember that I was very young then, very young and correct in my desire to admire and defer to all the superior people I found at the mission – at that time I liked the missionaries. In particular I liked the young ones. They had smooth, healthy, sun-brown skin. This took away most if not all of the repulsion towards white people that had started with the papery-skinned Doris and her sallow, brown-spotted husband. I used to feel very guilty about feeling that way. I used to feel guilty and unnatural for not being able to love the Whites as I ought. So it was good to see the healthy young missionaries and discover that some Whites were as beautiful as we were. After that it did not take long for me to learn that they were in fact more beautiful and then I was able to love them. 15

Because there were so many Whites on the mission I had a lot to do with them, but their behaviour remained difficult to understand. What I noticed, very early on, was that some of the missionaries were definitely strange, strange in the way that Nyasha and Chido were strange when they came back from England. These missionaries, the strange ones, liked to speak Shona much more than they liked to speak English. And when you, wanting to practise your English, spoke to them in English, they always answered in Shona. It was disappointing, and confusing too for people like me who were bilingual, since we had developed a kind of reflex which made us speak English when we spoke to white skins and reserved our own language for talking to each other. Most of these missionaries' children, the children of the strange ones, did not speak English at all until they learnt it at school, just as we did and in the same classroom as we did, because their parents sent them to school at the mission with the rest of us. I often wondered how they would manage when they went back home and had to stop behaving like Africans. 20

Not all the missionaries were like this though. The other sort, and this was the majority, were somewhat more normal. They spoke English more freely and sent their children to the Government school in town, where they would be among their own kind. This arrangement must have been less painful for the children, but more so for their parents since these Government schools represented everything that the missionaries were praying against. We used to have debates about it: which was the better missionary – one who sent his child to a Government school or one who sent his child to the mission school? 50

Chapter 6

## Stories of Ourselves

- 6 Either (a) '... whether he himself was the possessor of an inestimable privilege or the victim of a fantastic dream, I cannot pretend to guess.'

Discuss ways in which **two** stories deal with strange or unusual events.

- Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering in particular ways in which Mistry establishes the significance of the narrator's discovery.

I waved again to Viraf and gave our private signal, 'OO ooo OO ooo,' which was like a yodel. He waved back, then took the doctor's bag and accompanied him into A Block. His polite demeanour made me smile. That Viraf. Shrewd fellow, he knew the things to do to make grown-ups approve of him, and was always welcome at all the homes in Firozsha Baag. He would be back soon. 5

I waited for at least half an hour. I cracked all my fingers and knuckles, even the thumbs. Then I went to the other end of the compound. After sitting on the steps there for a few minutes, I got impatient and climbed upstairs to find out why Viraf was buttering up the doctor.

But Dr Sidhwa was on his way down, carrying his black bag. I said, '*Sahibji*, doctor,' and he smiled at me as I raced up to the third floor. Viraf was standing at the balcony outside his flat. 'What's all the *muskaa-paalis* for the doctor?' 10

He turned away without answering. He looked upset but I did not ask what the matter was. Words to show concern were always beyond me. I spoke again, in that easygoing debonair style which all of us tried to perfect, right arm akimbo and head tilted ever so slightly, 'Come on *yaar*, what are your plans for today?' 15

He shrugged his shoulders, and I persisted, 'Half the morning's over, man, don't be such a cry-baby.'

'Fish off,' he said, but his voice shook. His eyes were red, and he rubbed one as if there was something in it. I stood quietly for a while, looking out over the balcony. His third-floor balcony was my favourite spot, you could see the road beyond Firozsha Baag, and sometimes, on a sunny day, even a corner of Chaupatty beach with the sun gleaming on the waves. From my ground floor veranda the compound's black stone wall was all that was visible. 20

Hushed voices came from the flat, the door was open. I looked into the dining-room where some A Block neighbours had gathered around Viraf's mother. 'How about Ludo or Snakes-and-Ladders?' I tried. If he shrugged again I planned to leave. What else could I do? 25

'Okay,' he said, 'but stay quiet. If *Mumma* sees us she'll send us out.'

No one saw as we tiptoed inside, they were absorbed in whatever the discussion was about. '*Puppa* is very sick,' whispered Viraf, as we passed the sickroom. I stopped and looked inside. It was dark. The smell of sickness and medicines made it stink like the waiting room of Dr Sidhwa's dispensary. Viraf's father was in bed, lying on his back, with a tube through his nose. There was a long needle stuck into his right arm, and it glinted cruelly in a thin shaft of sunlight that had suddenly slunk inside the darkened room. I shivered. The needle was connected by a tube to a large bottle which hung upside down from a dark metal stand towering over the bed. 35

Viraf's mother was talking softly to the neighbours in the dining-room. '... in his chest got worse when he came home last night. So many times I've told him, three floors to climb is not easy at your age with your big body, climb one, take rest for a few minutes, then climb again. But he won't listen, does not want people to think it is too much for him. Now this is the result, and what I will do I don't know. Poor little Viraf, being so brave when the doctor ...' 40

*Of White Hairs and Cricket*