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AS & A Level

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Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2015**

**2 hours**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.

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This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** insert.

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**Section A: Poetry**

TED HUGHES: *New Selected Poems 1957–1994*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Hughes present parts of the natural world such as plants or insects? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the language and imagery of the following poem present the season.

*October Dawn*

October is marigold, and yet

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## 3

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Owen present the horror of war? Refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents a view of the war.

*The Parable of the Old Man and the Young*

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,  
 And took the fire with him, and a knife.  
 And as they sojourned both of them together,  
 Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,  
 Behold the preparations, fire and iron, 5  
 But where's the lamb for this burnt-offering?  
 Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,  
 And builded parapets and trenches there,  
 And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.  
 When lo! an angel called him out of heaven, 10  
 Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,  
 Neither do anything to him. Behold,  
 A ram, caught in a thicket by its horns;  
 Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.  
 But the old man would not so, but slew his son, 15  
 And half the seed of Europe, one by one.

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*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** poems treat the subject of death.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the spring season in the following poem.

*Spring, the Sweet Spring*

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing;  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo!

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The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo!  
Spring, the sweet spring!

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Thomas Nashe

**Turn over for Question 4**

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does the novel deal with different kinds of loyalty?
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents the coup and Madu's escape.

'You remember my friend Ibrahim? From Sandhurst?' Madu asked finally.

Kainene nodded.

'Ibrahim saved my life. He told me about the coup that morning. He was not directly involved, but most of them – the Northern officers – knew about it. He drove me to his cousin's house, but I didn't really understand until he asked his cousin to take me to the backyard, where he kept his domestic animals. I slept in the chicken house for two days.'

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'No! *Ekwuzina!*'

'And do you know that soldiers came to search his cousin's house to look for me? Everybody knew how close Ibrahim and I were, and they suspected he helped me escape. They didn't check the chicken house, though.' Colonel Madu paused, nodding and looking into the distance. 'I did not know how bad chicken shit smelt until I slept in it for three days. On the third day, Ibrahim sent me some kaftans and money through a small boy and asked me to leave right away. I dressed as a Fulani nomad and walked through the smaller villages because Ibrahim said that artillery soldiers had set up blocks on all the major roads in Kaduna. I was lucky to find a lorry driver, an Igbo man from Ohafia, who took me to Kafanchan. My cousin lives there. You know Onunkwo, don't you?' Madu did not wait for Kainene to respond. 'He is the station master at the railway, and he told me that Northern soldiers had sealed off Makurdi Bridge. That bridge is a grave. They searched every single vehicle, they delayed passenger trains for up to eight hours, and they shot all the Igbo soldiers they discovered there and threw the bodies over. Many of the soldiers wore disguises, but they used their boots to find them.'

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'What?' Kainene leaned forwards.

'Boots.' Madu glanced at his shoes. 'You know we soldiers wear boots all the time so they examined the feet of each man, and any Igbo man whose feet were clean and uncracked by harmattan, they took away and shot. They also examined their foreheads for signs of their skin being lighter from wearing a soldier's beret.' Madu shook his head. 'Onunkwo advised me to wait for some days. He did not think I would make it across the bridge because they would recognize me easily under any disguise. So I stayed ten days in a village near Kafanchan. Onunkwo found me different houses to stay in. It was not safe to stay with him. Finally, he said he had found a driver, a good man from Nnewi, who would hide me in the water tank of his goods train. The man gave me a fireman's suit to wear and I climbed into the tank. I had water up to my chin. Each time the train jerked, some of the water entered my nose. When we got to the bridge, the soldiers searched the train thoroughly. I heard footsteps on the lid of the tank and thought it was all over. But they did not open it and we passed. It was only then I knew that I was alive and I would survive. I came back to Umuunnachi to find Adaobi wearing black.'

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Kainene kept looking at Madu long after he finished speaking. There was another stretch of silence, which made Richard uncomfortable because he was not sure how to react, what expression to have.

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'Igbo soldiers and Northern soldiers can never live in the same barracks after this. It is impossible, impossible,' Colonel Madu said. He had a glassy sheen in his eyes. 'And Gowon cannot be head of state. They cannot impose Gowon on us as

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head of state. It is not how things are done. There are others who are senior to him.’  
‘What are you going to do now?’ Kainene asked.

Madu did not seem to hear her. ‘So many of us are gone,’ he said. ‘So many solid, good men – Udodi, Iloputaife, Okunweze, Okafor – and these were men who believed in Nigeria and didn’t care for tribe. After all, Udodi spoke better Hausa than he spoke Igbo, and look how they slaughtered him.’ He stood up and began to pace the room. ‘The problem was the ethnic balance policy. I was part of the commission that told our GOC that we should scrap it, that it was polarizing the army, that they should stop promoting Northerners who were not qualified. But our GOC said no, our *British* GOC.’ Madu turned and glanced at Richard.

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## Chapter 9

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss Forster's presentation of Adela Quested's experience of India.  
**Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents Godbole.

'Godbole!'

The old fellow put his hands together, and looked sly and charming.

'Is Aziz innocent or guilty?'

'That is for the court to decide. The verdict will be in strict accordance with the evidence, I make no doubt.'

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'Yes, yes, but your personal opinion. Here's a man we both like, generally esteemed; he lives here quietly doing his work. Well, what's one to make of it? Would he or would he not do such a thing?'

'Ah, that is rather a different question from your previous one, and also more difficult; I mean difficult in our philosophy. Dr Aziz is a most worthy young man, I have a great regard for him; but I think you are asking me whether the individual can commit good actions or evil actions, and that is rather difficult for us.' He spoke without emotion and in short tripping syllables.

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'I ask you: did he do it or not? Is that plain? I know he didn't, and from that I start. I mean to get at the true explanation in a couple of days. My last notion is that it's the guide who went round with them. Malice on Miss Quested's part – it couldn't be that, though Hamidullah thinks so. She has certainly had some appalling experience. But you tell me, oh no – because good and evil are the same.'

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'No, not exactly, please, according to our philosophy. Because nothing can be performed in isolation. All perform a good action, when one is performed, and when an evil action is performed, all perform it. To illustrate my meaning, let me take the case in point as an example. I am informed that an evil action was performed in the Marabar Hills, and that a highly esteemed English lady is now seriously ill in consequence. My answer to that is this: that action was performed by Dr Aziz.' He stopped and sucked in his thin cheeks. 'It was performed by the guide.' He stopped again. 'It was performed by you.' Now he had an air of daring and of coyness. 'It was performed by me.' He looked shyly down the sleeve of his own coat. 'And by my students. It was even performed by the lady herself. When evil occurs, it expresses the whole of the universe. Similarly when good occurs.'

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'And similarly when suffering occurs, and so on and so forth, and everything is anything and nothing something,' he muttered in his irritation, for he needed the solid ground.

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'Excuse me, you are now again changing the basis of our discussion. We were discussing good and evil. Suffering is merely a matter for the individual. If a young lady has sun-stroke, that is a matter of no significance to the universe. Oh no, not at all. Oh no, not the least. It is an isolated matter, it only concerns herself. If she thought her head did not ache, she would not be ill, and that would end it. But it is far otherwise in the case of good and evil. They are not what we think them, they are what they are, and each of us has contributed to both.'

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'You're preaching that evil and good are the same.'

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'Oh no, excuse me once again. Good and evil are different, as their names imply. But, in my own humble opinion, they are both of them aspects of my Lord. He is present in the one, absent in the other, and the difference between presence and absence is great, as great as my feeble mind can grasp. Yet absence implies presence, absence is not non-existence, and we are therefore entitled to repeat, "Come, come, come, come." And in the same breath, as if to cancel any beauty his words might have contained, he added, 'But did you have time to visit any of the interesting Marabar antiquities?'

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Fielding was silent, trying to meditate and rest his brain.

**Turn over for Question 6**

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the writers of **two** short stories present characters' strong feelings.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the human race.

*Subservient Populations*

For instance, recent landings on their moon, much publicised by the geographical groupings that made them and followed breathlessly by the inhabitants of the whole planet, were by no means the first achieved by the said groupings. No, the first 'moon landings' were made in secret, in service of one grouping's dominance in war over another, and the slavish populations knew nothing about them. A great many of the devices and machines used by the war departments are continuously under test in all parts of the earth and are always being glimpsed or even seen fully by inhabitants who report them to the authorities. But some of these devices are similar (in appearance, at least) to machines of extra-terrestrial origin. Citizens reporting 'flying saucers' – to use one of their descriptive phrases – may as well have seen the latest of their own grouping's machines on test as one of our observation craft or observation craft from the Jupiter family. Such a citizen will find that after reaching a certain level in the hierarchies of officialdom, silence will blanket him and his observations – he will in various ways be repulsed, ridiculed or even threatened. As usually happens, a council of highly placed officials was recently ordered to take evidence and report on the by now innumerable sightings of 'unidentified flying objects', but this council finished its deliberations with public words that left the situation exactly as it was before. The official report nowhere stated that there was a minority report by some of its own number. This is the level of behaviour in their public representatives that is tolerated by them. Large numbers, everywhere on the planet, see craft like ours, or like other planets' craft or war machines from their own or other geographical areas. But such is the atmosphere created by the war departments that dominate everything that these individuals are regarded as mentally inadequate or deluded. Until one of them has actually seen a machine or a spacecraft, he tends to believe that anyone who claims he has is deranged. Knowing this, when he does see something, he often does not say so. But so many individuals now have seen things for themselves that there are everywhere all kinds of dissident or sullen subgroupings. These are of all ages and they cut across the largest and most widespread subculture of them all, that of the young of the species who have grown up in a society of total war-preparedness, who are naturally reluctant to face a future that can only mean early death or maiming and who react in the way mentioned earlier, with a disinclination to take part in the administration of their various societies. The older ones seem much more able to delude themselves, to use words like peace when engaged in warlike behaviour, to identify with their geographical areas. The young ones are clear-minded, more easily see the planet as a single organism, but are also more passive and hopeless. We put forward the suggestion that the greater, or at least more purposive, energy of the older ones may be because of their comparative narrowness and identification with smaller ideas.

We are now able to explain why the young we met on the night we landed moved away. Some had already had the experience of insisting to the authorities that they had seen strange machines and objects of various kinds and of being discouraged or threatened. They would be prepared to publicise what they had seen in their own news sheets or to spread it by word of mouth; but, unlike their elders, most of them seem unable to understand the extent to which they are subjugated to the needs of war, they would never put themselves in a position where their authorities could capture or question them. But the older ones of the area who had seen our previous

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12 craft, which had all landed there, had evolved a different attitude. Some had reported what they had seen and had been discouraged. One or two, persisting, had been described as mad and had been threatened with incarceration. But, on the whole, they had taken the attitude of the authorities as a directive to mind their own business. Discussing it among themselves, they had agreed to keep watch on their own account, not saying too much about what they saw. In this group are two spies, who report to the war departments on what is seen and on the reactions of their fellow agriculturalists. 50

*Report on the Threatened City*

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