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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/33

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2016

2 hours

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 **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.

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) ‘Hughes’s poetry is as concerned with human beings as it is with animals.’

With close reference to **two** poems, discuss Hughes’s presentation of human beings in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hughes uses language and form to present the bird in the following extract from *Skylarks*.

From *Skylarks*

I

The lark begins to go up
Like a warning
As if the globe were uneasy –
Barrel-chested for heights,
Like an Indian of the high Andes,

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A whippet head, barbed like a hunting arrow,

But leaden
With muscle
For the struggle
Against
Earth’s centre.

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And leaden
For ballast
In the rocketing storms of the breath.

Leaden
Like a bullet
To supplant
Life from its centre.

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II

Crueller than owl or eagle

A towered bird, shot through the crested head
With the command, not die

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But climb

Climb

Sing

Obedient as to death a dead thing.

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III

I suppose you just gape and let your gaspings
Rip in and out through your voicebox
O lark

And sing inwards as well as outwards
Like a breaker of ocean milling the shingle
O lark

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O song, incomprehensibly both ways –
Joy! Help! Joy! Help!
O lark

4

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 Either** (a) Discuss Owen's presentation of individual viewpoints in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering how Owen develops a response to the miners and coal mining.

Miners

There was a whispering in my hearth,
 A sigh of the coal,
 Grown wistful of a former earth
 It might recall.

I listened for a tale of leaves 5
 And smothered ferns;
 Frond-forests; and the low, sly lives
 Before the fawns.

My fire might show steam-phantoms simmer 10
 From Time's old cauldron,
 Before the birds made nests in summer,
 Or men had children.

But the coals were murmuring of their mine,
 And moans down there 15
 Of boys that slept wry sleep, and men
 Writhing for air.

And I saw white bones in the cinder-shard.
 Bones without number;
 For many hearts with coal are charred
 And few remember. 20

I thought of some who worked dark pits
 Of war, and died
 Digging the rock where Death reposes
 Peace lies indeed.

Comforted years will sit soft-chaired 25
 In rooms of amber;
 The years will stretch their hands, well cheered
 By our lives' ember.

The centuries will burn rich loads 30
 With which we groaned,
 Whose warmth shall lull their dreaming lids
 While songs are crooned.
 But they will not dream of us poor lads
 Lost in the ground.

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Songs of Ourselves

- 3 Either** (a) Explore the effects achieved by using a speaker to address another person in **two** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the speaker's experience.

They Flee From Me, That Sometime Did Me Seek

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
 With naked foot stalking in my chamber.
 I have seen them, gentle, tame, and meek,
 That now are wild, and do not remember
 That sometime they put themselves in danger 5
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
 Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thankèd be fortune it hath been otherwise,
 Twenty times better; but once in special,
 In thin array, after a pleasant guise, 10
 When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,
 Therewith all sweetly did me kiss,
 And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'

It was no dream, I lay broad waking, 15
 But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,
 Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
 And I have leave to go, of her goodness,
 And she also to use newfangledness.
 But since that I so kindly am servèd, 20
 I fain would know what she hath servèd.

Thomas Wyatt

Section B: Prose

JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

- 4 **Either** (a) At the opening of the novel, Ashima feels isolated 'in a foreign land', but at the end 'she knows that this is home nevertheless'.

In the light of these comments, discuss the way the writer develops the presentation and role of Ashima in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering the presentation of Gogol's experience at the party.

Instead of pushing his way through to the other end of the hallway, he decides to climb another set of stairs. This time the hallway is deserted, an expanse of dark blue carpeting and white wooden doors. The only presence in the space is the sound of muffled music and voices coming from below. He is about to turn back down the staircase when one of the doors opens and a girl emerges, a pretty, slender girl wearing a buttoned-up polka-dotted thrift store dress and scuffed Doc Martens. She has short, dark brown hair, curving in toward her cheeks and cut in a high fringe over her brows. Her face is heart-shaped, her lips painted a glamorous red.

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"Sorry," Gogol says. "Am I not supposed to be up here?"

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"Well, it's technically a girls' floor," the girl says. "But that's never stopped a guy before." She studies him thoughtfully, as no other girl has looked at him. "You don't go here, do you?"

"No," he says, his heart pounding. And then he remembers his surreptitious identity for the evening: "I'm a freshman at Amherst."

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"That's cool," the girl says, walking toward him. "I'm Kim."

"Nice to meet you." He extends his hand, and Kim shakes it, a bit longer than necessary. For a moment she looks at him expectantly, then smiles, revealing two front teeth that are slightly overlapping.

"Come on," she says. "I can show you around." They walk together down the staircase. She leads him to a room where she gets herself a beer and he pours himself another. He stands awkwardly at her side as she pauses to say hello to friends. They work their way to a common area where there is a television, a Coke machine, a shabby sofa, and an assortment of chairs. They sit on the sofa, slouching, a considerable space between them. Kim notices a stray pack of cigarettes on the coffee table and lights one.

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"Well?" she says, turning to look at him, somewhat suspiciously this time.

"What?"

"Aren't you going to introduce yourself to me?"

"Oh," he says. "Yeah." But he doesn't want to tell Kim his name. He doesn't want to endure her reaction, to watch her lovely blue eyes grow wide. He wishes there were another name he could use, just this once, to get him through the evening. It wouldn't be so terrible. He's lied to her already, about being at Amherst. He could introduce himself as Colin or Jason or Marc, as anybody at all, and their conversation could continue, and she would never know or care. There were a million names to choose from. But then he realizes there's no need to lie. Not technically. He remembers the other name that had once been chosen for him, the one that should have been.

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"I'm Nikhil," he says for the first time in his life. He says it tentatively, his voice sounding strained to his ears, the statement turning without his meaning it to into a question. He looks at Kim, his eyebrows furrowed, prepared for her to challenge him,

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to correct him, to laugh in his face. He holds his breath. His face tingles, whether from triumph or terror he isn't sure.

But Kim accepts it gladly. "Nikhil," she says, blowing a thin plume of smoke toward the ceiling. Again she turns to him and smiles. "Nikhil," she repeats. "I've never heard that before. That's a lovely name."

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They sit awhile longer, the conversation continuing, Gogol stunned at how easy it is. His mind floats; he only half listens as Kim talks about her classes, about the town in Connecticut where she's from. He feels at once guilty and exhilarated, protected as if by an invisible shield. Because he knows he will never see her again, he is brave that evening, kissing her lightly on the mouth as she is talking to him, his leg pressing gently against her leg on the sofa, briefly running a hand through her hair. It is the first time he's kissed anyone, the first time he's felt a girl's face and body and breath so close to his own. "I can't believe you kissed her, Gogol," his friends exclaim as they drive home from the party. He shakes his head in a daze, as astonished as they are, elation still welling inside him. "It wasn't me," he nearly says. But he doesn't tell them that it hadn't been Gogol who'd kissed Kim. That Gogol had had nothing to do with it.

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Chapter 4

EDITH WHARTON: *The House of Mirth*

- 5 **Either** (a) What, for you, is the significance of the novel's title, *The House of Mirth*?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which it presents the relationship between Lily and George Dorset at this point in the novel.

It was in this frame of mind that, striking back from the shore one morning into the windings of an unfamiliar lane, she came suddenly upon the figure of George Dorset. The Dorset place was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gormers' newly-acquired estate, and in her motor-flights thither with Mrs Gormer, Lily had caught one or two passing glimpses of the couple; but they moved in so different an orbit that she had not considered the possibility of a direct encounter.

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Dorset, swinging along with bent head, in moody abstraction, did not see Miss Bart till he was close upon her; but the sight, instead of bringing him to a halt, as she had half-expected, sent him toward her with an eagerness which found expression in his opening words.

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'Miss Bart! – You'll shake hands, won't you? I've been hoping to meet you – I should have written to you if I'd dared.' His face, with its tossed red hair and straggling moustache, had a driven uneasy look, as though life had become an unceasing race between himself and the thoughts at his heels.

The look drew a word of compassionate greeting from Lily, and he pressed on, as if encouraged by her tone: 'I wanted to apologise – to ask you to forgive me for the miserable part I played –'

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She checked him with a quick gesture. 'Don't let us speak of it: I was very sorry for you,' she said, with a tinge of disdain which, as she instantly perceived, was not lost on him.

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He flushed to his haggard eyes, flushed so cruelly that she repented the thrust. 'You might well be; you don't know – you must let me explain. I was deceived: abominably deceived –'

'I am still more sorry for you, then,' she interposed, without irony; 'but you must see that I am not exactly the person with whom the subject can be discussed.'

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He met this with a look of genuine wonder. 'Why not? Isn't it to you, of all people, that I owe an explanation –'

'No explanation is necessary: the situation was perfectly clear to me.'

'Ah –' he murmured, his head drooping again, and his irresolute hand switching at the underbrush along the lane. But as Lily made a movement to pass on, he broke out with fresh vehemence: 'Miss Bart, for God's sake don't turn from me! We used to be good friends – you were always kind to me – and you don't know how I need a friend now.'

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The lamentable weakness of the words roused a motion of pity in Lily's breast. She too needed friends – she had tasted the pang of loneliness; and her resentment of Bertha Dorset's cruelty softened her heart to the poor wretch who was after all the chief of Bertha's victims.

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'I still wish to be kind; I feel no ill-will toward you,' she said. 'But you must understand that after what has happened we can't be friends again – we can't see each other.'

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'Ah, you *are* kind – you're merciful – you always were!' He fixed his miserable gaze on her. 'But why can't we be friends – why not, when I've repented in dust and ashes? Isn't it hard that you should condemn me to suffer for the falseness, the treachery of others? I was punished enough at the time – is there to be no respite for me?'

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'I should have thought you have found complete respite in the reconciliation which was effected at my expense,' Lily began, with renewed impatience; but he broke in imploringly: 'Don't put it in that way – when that's been the worst of my

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punishment. My God! What could I do – wasn't I powerless? You were singled out as a sacrifice: any word I might have said would have been turned against you – '

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'I have told you I don't blame you; all I asked you to understand is that, after the use Bertha chose to make of me – after all that her behaviour has since implied – it's impossible that you and I should meet.'

He continued to stand before her, in his dogged weakness. 'Is it – need it be? Mightn't there be circumstances – ?' He checked himself, slashing at the wayside weeds in a wider radius. Then he began again: 'Miss Bart, listen – give me a minute. If we're not to meet again, at least let me have a hearing now. You say we can't be friends after – after what has happened. But can't I at least appeal to your pity? Can't I move you if I ask you to think of me as a prisoner – a prisoner you alone can set free?'

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Book 2, Chapter 6

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 Either** (a) Compare the significance of setting and its effects in **two** stories from your selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the writer presents the relationships in the following passage from *The Stoat*.

He skinned and dressed the rabbit that evening, clinically teasing out the dried blood where the vein had been cut, and Miss McCabe came at eight. The father was plainly uneasy until she exclaimed that the rabbit was delicious.

'I never knew rabbit could be so good,' he added. 'I suppose it's just prejudice again. It was always known as the poor man's chicken.'

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'We must praise the cook too. As well as a future doctor we have also a good cook on our hands,' Miss McCabe was so much in her element that she was careless. 'It's much nicer to eat here than at the Kincora. Luke seems to have very good trout as well. Some of them look as fat as butter. You must allow me to cook them for dinner some evening soon. It's crazy not to have fish when at the ocean.'

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'Miss McCabe likes you enormously,' the father sang after he had returned from leaving her back to the hotel. 'She has savings, and she says you'll be welcome to them if you ever need money for post-graduate work or anything like that.'

'That won't be necessary. My uncle said I can have as much as I need on loan for those purposes,' the son said cuttingly, and the reference to the uncle annoyed the father as much as Miss McCabe's offer had the son. Irrationally, he felt soiled by meal and rabbit and whole evening, as if he had taken part in some buffoonery against the day, against any sense of dignity, and he was determining how to avoid the trout dinner and anything more got to do with them.

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As it turned out there was no need for avoidance. A uniformed bellhop came from the hotel the next evening to tell that Miss McCabe had suffered a heart attack in the salt baths that afternoon. The doctor had seen her and she was resting in her hotel room. She wished to see the father.

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'Will you come?' the father asked.

'It's you she wants to see.'

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When he got back from the hotel he was incredibly agitated. He could not sit still.

'She's all right,' he said. 'She just had a mild heart attack in the hot baths, but she still thinks we'll get engaged at the end of the month.'

'But I thought that was the general idea.'

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'It was. If everything went well. Who wants to marry a woman who can pop off at any minute?'

It sometimes happened, even in the act, the son had heard, but he said nothing.

'Isn't it enough to have buried one woman?' the father shouted.

'Did you tell her?'

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'I tried. I wasn't able. All she thinks of is our future. Her head is full of plans.'

'What are you going to do?'

'Clear out,' he said, to the son's dismay.

'You can't do that.'

'It's the only way to do it. I'll write to her.'

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'What ... if she doesn't take it?'

'There's nothing I can do about that.'

As if all the irons were being suddenly all truly struck and were flowing from all directions to the heart of the green, he saw with terrifying clarity that it was the stoat the father had glimpsed in Miss McCabe's hotel room, and he was running.

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'What'll you do about the cottage? It's rented till the end of the month.'

'It doesn't matter about the cottage. The rent is paid.'

'Where'll you go to?'

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‘Home, of course. Aren’t you coming?’ he asked as if he assumed it was foregone. 50

‘No,’ he saw his chance. ‘I’ll stay.’

‘What if Miss McCabe sees you?’ the father asked in alarm.

‘There’s nothing I can do for her or she for me.’

He was not staying by the sea either. Tomorrow he would leave for his uncle’s. 55

They were all running.

‘What if she asks about me?’

‘Naturally, I’ll try to avoid her, but if I meet her I’ll say I don’t know. That it’s not my affair. How soon are you going?’

‘As soon as I get the stuff into the boot of the car.’

‘I’ll give you a hand so.’ 60

‘Are you sure you won’t change your mind?’

‘No. I’ll stay.’

‘Write then.’

‘I’ll write.’

The Stoat

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