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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/32**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2019**

**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.

## 2

**Section A: Poetry**ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Frost presents rural landscape. You should refer to **two** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Frost presents the speaker's experience of the night-time camp.

*An Unstamped Letter in Our Rural Letter Box*

Last night your watchdog barked all night,

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To say as much I write you this.

## 4

ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Jennings explores feelings of fear in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the relationship between father and son is presented in the following poem.

*Father to Son*

I do not understand this child  
 Though we have lived together now  
 In the same house for years. I know  
 Nothing of him, so try to build  
 Up a relationship from how  
 He was when small. Yet have I killed

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The seed I spent or sown it where  
 The land is his and none of mine?  
 We speak like strangers, there's no sign  
 Of understanding in the air.  
 This child is built to my design  
 Yet what he loves I cannot share.

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Silence surrounds us. I would have  
 Him prodigal, returning to  
 His father's house, the home he knew,  
 Rather than see him make and move  
 His world. I would forgive him too,  
 Shaping from sorrow a new love.

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Father and son, we both must live  
 On the same globe and the same land.  
 He speaks: I cannot understand  
 Myself, why anger grows from grief.  
 We each put out an empty hand,  
 Longing for something to forgive.

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## 5

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 3 Either** (a) Compare ways in which particular characters are presented in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which a parent's view of children is presented in the following poem.

*Sons, Departing*

They walked away between tall hedges,  
 their heads just clear and blond  
 with sunlight, the hedges' dark sides  
 sickly with drifts of flowers.

They were facing the sea and miles  
 of empty air; the sky had high  
 torn clouds, the sea its irregular  
 runs and spatters of white.

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They did not look back; the steadiness  
 of their retreating footfalls lapsed  
 in a long diminuendo; their line  
 was straight as the clipped privets.

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They looked at four sliding gulls  
 a long way up, scattering down frail  
 complaints; the fickle wind filled in  
 with sounds of town and distance.

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They became sunlit points; in a broad  
 Haphazard world the certain focus.  
 Against the random patterns of the sea  
 their walk was one-dimensional, and final.

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John Cassidy

## Section B: Prose

E.M. FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 4 **Either** (a) Margaret asks: 'Whether women are to remain what they have been since the dawn of history.'

In the light of Margaret's remark, discuss the presentation of women's desire for change in the novel.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Margaret and Mr Wilcox's marriage in the following passage.

The furniture, with a few exceptions, went down into Hertfordshire, Mr. Wilcox having most kindly offered Howards End as a warehouse. Mr. Bryce had died abroad—an unsatisfactory affair—and as there seemed little guarantee that the rent would be paid regularly, he cancelled the agreement, and resumed possession himself. Until he relet the house, the Schlegels were welcome to stack their furniture in the garage and lower rooms. Margaret demurred, but Tibby accepted the offer gladly; it saved him from coming to any decision about the future. The plate and the more valuable pictures found a safer home in London, but the bulk of the things went country-ways, and were entrusted to the guardianship of Miss Avery.

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Shortly before the move, our hero and heroine were married. They have weathered the storm, and may reasonably expect peace. To have no illusions and yet to love—what stronger surety can a woman find? She had seen her husband's past as well as his heart. She knew her own heart with a thoroughness that commonplace people believe impossible. The heart of Mrs. Wilcox was alone hidden, and perhaps it is superstitious to speculate on the feelings of the dead. They were married quietly—really quietly, for as the day approached she refused to go through another Oniton. Her brother gave her away, her aunt, who was out of health, presided over a few colourless refreshments. The Wilcoxes were represented by Charles, who witnessed the marriage settlement, and by Mr. Cahill. Paul did send a cablegram. In a few minutes, and without the aid of music, the clergyman made them man and wife, and soon the glass shade had fallen that cuts off married couples from the world. She, a monogamist, regretted the cessation of some of life's innocent odours; he, whose instincts were polygamous, felt morally braced by the change and less liable to the temptations that had assailed him in the past.

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They spent their honeymoon near Innsbruck. Henry knew of a reliable hotel there, and Margaret hoped for a meeting with her sister. In this she was disappointed. As they came south, Helen retreated over the Brenner, and wrote an unsatisfactory postcard from the shores of the Lake of Garda, saying that her plans were uncertain and had better be ignored. Evidently she disliked meeting Henry. Two months are surely enough to accustom an outsider to a situation which a wife has accepted in two days, and Margaret had again to regret her sister's lack of self-control. In a long letter she pointed out the need of charity in sexual matters; so little is known about them; it is hard enough for those who are personally touched to judge; then how futile must be the verdict of Society. "I don't say there is no standard, for that would destroy morality; only that there can be no standard until our impulses are classified and better understood." Helen thanked her for her kind letter—rather a curious reply. She moved south again, and spoke of wintering in Naples.

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Mr. Wilcox was not sorry that the meeting failed. Helen left him time to grow skin over his wound. There were still moments when it pained him. Had he only known that Margaret was awaiting him—Margaret, so lively and intelligent, and yet so submissive—he would have kept himself worthier of her. Incapable of grouping

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the past, he confused the episode of Jacky with another episode that had taken place in the days of his bachelorhood. The two made one crop of wild oats, for which he was heartily sorry, and he could not see that those oats are of a darker stock which are rooted in another's dishonour. Unchastity and infidelity were as confused to him as to the Middle Ages, his only moral teacher. Ruth (poor old Ruth!) did not enter into his calculations at all, for poor old Ruth had never found him out.

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His affection for his present wife grew steadily. Her cleverness gave him no trouble, and, indeed, he liked to see her reading poetry or something about social questions; it distinguished her from the wives of other men. He had only to call, and she clapped the book up and was ready to do what he wished. Then they would argue so jollily, and once or twice she had him in quite a tight corner, but as soon as he grew really serious, she gave in. Man is for war, woman for the recreation of the warrior, but he does not dislike it if she makes a show of fight.

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Chapter 31

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Levy presents different attitudes of English characters towards immigrants.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage presents the aftermath of bombing in London.

I should have been asleep on my days off. Lulled drowsy by ordinary daytime noises I'd thought so loudly disturbing before the war – postmen, delivery lorries, kids playing cricket in the street. But as often as not those precious days were spent craning my neck trying to calculate how long a queue could go on. Six sausages and a loaf of bread later and I'm still trying to work it out. If I cooked the dinner and Bernard and Arthur ate it sharpish, I could wash the dishes, and a few clothes from the basket, iron my dress for work, a shirt for Bernard, then maybe get an hour and a half sleep in my feather-pillowed, clean-sheeted, highly sprung bed before they started – the bombers – and I had to go to the Anderson to kip in Armageddon.

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Didn't seem any point being at home for just a few hours when in the morning I had to fight my way through an upside-down world. Roads that should have been familiar turned to wastelands strewn with mountains of wreckage, the displaced intestines of buildings spewing everywhere. Coughing in the fog of rubble dust. Stepping lightly over this, teetering over that. Forced round corners to avoid a factory still ablaze. Gushing streams of water lapping at my heels. Glass crunching under my feet. One morning, looking up a road near home, I recognised nothing. I was a foreigner to this newly modelled place. I had to ask a warden, 'Have you seen Longbridge Road?' And even the warden was puzzled, looking around him as if he'd mislaid his hat. 'It used to be around here somewhere,' was all he could offer. I had to start spending nights in the rest centre, too, because those few miles to work were taking me hours! But Bernard didn't like it. He turned up at the centre more than once, standing in the doorway on tippy-toes, scanning the classroom until he'd found me.

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'I just need to know you're alive,' he'd say.

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'Oh, yes,' I'd tell him. 'Very much so.'

'You say you lost all your clothes in the fire,' I said now, 'and your coupons.'

'Miss, what I'm standing up in is all I've got, is what I'm telling you.' And that was no more than tatty rags. The man's son was wrapped in a blanket with no shoes on. 'My boy here was in bed. I was making a quick cup of tea. I only had time to grab him when I see the thing falling out the sky. Then suddenly nothing and we're on fire. My neighbours are screaming, I can hear them through the wall. I get him out. My wife, she was in the shelter – well, she's in the hospital now. Dunno what happened to next door.'

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'There's clothes in the other classroom. You could go in and get something for your son and—'

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'We tried that, miss. One of your colleagues pointed it out to us when we came in. But there weren't any trousers left, well, not to fit 'im, and my boy really don't wanna wear a dress.'

'Okay,' I said, looking for advice in my little book. 'To replace your clothing coupons you'll need to get the form CRSC1 from the administrative centre. That's CRSC1. Fill it in, then forward it by post, to the Customs and Excise office at the Board of Trade in Westminster. That's in ... SW one.'

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'Right – is that it, then?' he asked.

And I had to tell him, 'Yes, I'm afraid it is.'

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'Well, I suppose we could have another go in the classroom next door.'

There were just not enough bunks. People were having to sleep on the floor.

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‘But my house has gone. Surely there is some compensation I can have now so I can find another property?’

‘Well, madam, you could try writing to the Assistance Board or send to the War Damage Commission for a form CI but they don’t usually pay out until after the war.’

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‘Usually! What are you talking about? How many wars have we had where this has happened? And please, miss, don’t get me wrong but what exactly will they do with my claim if, God forbid, we don’t win?’

Sometimes the food ran out and all we had to offer anyone was a blinking cup of tea.

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Chapter 27

*Stories of Ourselves*

6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which **two** stories present violent events or the threat of violence.

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the father in the following passage from *The Fly in the Ointment*.

‘It must have been worrying,’ the son said.

‘Worrying? You keep on using that word. I’m not worrying. Things are fine,’ said the old man, smiling aggressively. ‘I feel they’re fine. I *know* they’re fine.’

‘Well, you always were an optimist,’ smiled his son.

‘Listen to me a moment. I want you to get this idea,’ said his father, his warm voice going dead and rancorous and his nostrils fidgiting. His eyes went hard, too. A different man was speaking, and even a different face; the son noticed for the first time that like all big-faced men his father had two faces. There was the outer face like a soft warm and careless daub of innocent sealing-wax and inside it, as if thumbed there by a seal, was a much smaller one, babyish, shrewd, scared and hard. Now this little inner face had gone greenish and pale and dozens of little veins were broken on the nose and cheeks. The small, drained, purplish lips of this little face were speaking. The son leaned back instinctively to get just another inch away from this little face. 5 10

‘Listen to this,’ the father said and leaned forward on the table as his son leaned back, holding his right fist up as if he had a hammer in his hand and was auctioning his life. ‘I am sixty-five. I don’t know how long I shall live, but let me make this clear: if I were not an optimist I wouldn’t be here. I wouldn’t stay another minute.’ He paused, fixing his son’s half-averted eyes to let the full meaning of his words bite home. ‘I’ve worked hard,’ the father went on. ‘For thirty years I built up this business from nothing. You wouldn’t know it, you were a child, but many’s the time coming down from the North I’ve slept in this office to be on the job early the next morning.’ He looked decided and experienced like a man of forty, but now he softened to sixty again. The ring in the hard voice began to soften into a faint whine and his thick nose sniffed. ‘I don’t say I’ve always done right,’ he said. ‘You can’t live your life from A to Z like that. And now I haven’t a penny in the world. Not a cent. It’s not easy at my time of life to begin again. What do you think I’ve got to live for? There’s nothing holding me back. My boy, if I wasn’t an optimist I’d go right out. I’d finish it.’ Suddenly the father smiled and the little face was drowned in a warm flood of triumphant smiles from the bigger face. He rested his hands on his waistcoat and that seemed to be smiling too, his easy coat smiling, his legs smiling and even winks of light on the shining shoes. Then he frowned. 15 20 25 30

‘Your hair’s going thin,’ he said. ‘You oughtn’t to be losing your hair at your age. I don’t want you to think I’m criticising you, you’re old enough to live your own life, but your hair you know – you ought to do something about it. If you used oil every day and rubbed it in with both hands, the thumbs and forefingers is what you want to use, it would be better. I’m often thinking about you and I don’t want you to think I’m lecturing you, because I’m not, so don’t get the idea this is a lecture, but I was thinking, what you want, what we all want, I say this for myself as well as you, what we all want is ideas – big ideas. We go worrying along but you just want bigger and better ideas. You ought to think big. Take your case. You’re a lecturer. I wouldn’t be satisfied with lecturing to a small batch of people in a university town. I’d lecture the world. You know, you’re always doing yourself injustice. We all do. Think big.’ 35 40

‘Well,’ said his son, still smiling, but sharply. He was very angry. ‘One’s enough in the family. You’ve thought big till you bust.’ 45

He didn’t mean to say this, because he hadn’t really the courage, but his pride was touched.

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‘I mean,’ said the son, hurriedly covering it up in a panic, ‘I’m not like you ... I ...’

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‘What did you say?’ said the old man. ‘Don’t say that.’ It was the smaller of the two faces speaking in a panic. ‘Don’t say that. Don’t use that expression. That’s not a right idea. Don’t you get a wrong idea about me. We paid sixpence in the pound,’ said the old man proudly.

The son began again, but his father stopped him.

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‘Do you know,’ said the bigger of his two faces, getting bigger as it spoke, ‘some of the oldest houses in the city are in Queer Street, some of the biggest firms in the country? I came up this morning with Mr Higgins, you remember Higgins? They’re in liquidation. They are. Oh yes.’

*The Fly in the Ointment*

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