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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/43**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2025**

2 hours

8250118220

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

1 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways Austen shapes a reader's response to Mr Darcy through his relationships with different women.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Austen's language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel's meaning and effects.

'I have been thinking it over again, Elizabeth,' said her uncle, as they drove from the town; 'and really, upon serious consideration, I am much more inclined than I was to judge as your eldest sister does of the matter. It appears to me so very unlikely, that any young man should form such a design against a girl who is by no means unprotected or friendless, and who was actually staying in his colonel's family, that I am strongly inclined to hope the best. Could he expect that her friends would not step forward? Could he expect to be noticed again by the regiment, after such an affront to Colonel Forster? His temptation is not adequate to the risk.'

'Do you really think so?' cried Elizabeth, brightening up for a moment.

'Upon my word,' said Mrs Gardiner, 'I begin to be of your uncle's opinion. It is really too great a violation of decency, honour, and interest, for him to be guilty of it. I cannot think so very ill of Wickham. Can you, yourself, Lizzy, so wholly give him up, as to believe him capable of it?'

'Not perhaps of neglecting his own interest. But of every other neglect I can believe him capable. If, indeed, it should be so! But I dare not hope it. Why should they not go on to Scotland, if that had been the case?'

'In the first place,' replied Mr Gardiner, 'there is no absolute proof that they are not gone to Scotland.'

'Oh! but their removing from the chaise into an hackney coach is such a presumption! And, besides, no traces of them were to be found on the Barnet road.'

'Well, then – supposing them to be in London. They may be there, though for the purpose of concealment, for no more exceptionable purpose. It is not likely that money should be very abundant on either side; and it might strike them that they could be more economically, though less expeditiously, married in London, than in Scotland.'

'But why all this secrecy? Why any fear of detection? Why must their marriage be private? Oh! no, no, this is not likely. His most particular friend, you see by Jane's account, was persuaded of his never intending to marry her. Wickham will never marry a woman without some money. He cannot afford it. And what claims has Lydia, what attractions has she beyond youth, health, and good humour, that could make him for her sake, forego every chance of benefiting himself by marrying well. As to what restraint the apprehension of disgrace in the corps might throw on a dishonourable elopement with her, I am not able to judge; for I know nothing of the effects that such a step might produce. But as to your other objection, I am afraid it will hardly hold good. Lydia has no brothers to step forward; and he might imagine, from my father's behaviour, from his indolence and the little attention he has ever seemed to give to what was going forward in his family, that *he* would do as little, and think as little about it, as any father could do, in such a matter.'

'But can you think that Lydia is so lost to every thing but love of him, as to consent to live with him on any other terms than marriage?'

'It does seem, and it is most shocking indeed,' replied Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, 'that a sister's sense of decency and virtue in such a point should admit of doubt. But, really, I know not what to say. Perhaps I am not doing her justice.

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But she is very young; she has never been taught to think on serious subjects; and for the last half year, nay, for a twelvemonth, she has been given up to nothing but amusement and vanity. She has been allowed to dispose of her time in the most idle and frivolous manner, and to adopt any opinions that came in her way. Since the ——shire were first quartered in Meryton, nothing but love, flirtation, and officers, have been in her head. She has been doing every thing in her power by thinking and talking on the subject, to give greater – what shall I call it? susceptibility to her feelings; which are naturally lively enough. And we all know that Wickham has every charm of person and address that can captivate a woman.'

(*from* Chapter 47)

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

2 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Chaucer present different attitudes of men towards women in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*?

Or (b) Discuss the following extract, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Now lat us turne agayn to Januarie,
That in the gardyn with his faire May
Syngeth ful murier than the papejay,
'Yow love I best, and shal, and oother noon.'
So longe aboute the aleyes is he goon,
Til he was come agaynes thilke pyrie
Where as this Damyan sitteth ful myrie
An heigh among the fresshe leves grene.
This fresshe May, that is so bright and sheene,
Gan for to syke, and seyde, 'Allas, my syde!
Now sire,' quod she, 'for aught that may bityde,
I moste han of the peres that I see,
Or I moot dye, so soore longeth me
To eten of the smale peres grene.
Help, for hir love that is of hevene queene!
I telle yow wel, a womman in my plit
May han to fruyt so greet an appetit
That she may dyen but she of it have.'
'Allas,' quod he, 'that I ne had heer a knave
That koude clymbe! Allas, allas,' quod he,
'For I am blynd!' 'Ye, sire, no fors,' quod she;
'But wolde ye vouche sauf, for Goddes sake,
The pyrie inwith youre armes for to take,
For wel I woot that ye mystruste me,
Thanne sholde I clymbe wel ynogh,' quod she,
'So I my foot myghte sette upon youre bak.'
'Certes,' quod he, 'theron shal be no lak,
Mighte I yow helpen with myn herte blood.'
He stoupeth doun, and on his bak she stood,
And caughte hire by a twiste, and up she gooth –
Ladyes, I prey yow that ye be nat wrooth;
I kan nat glose, I am a rude man –
And sodeynly anon this Damyan
Gan pullen up the smok, and in he throng.
And whan that Pluto saugh this grete wrong,
To Januarie he gaf agayn his sighte,
And made hym se as wel as evere he myghte.
And whan that he hadde caught his sighte agayn,
Ne was ther nevere man of thyng so fayn,
But on his wyf his thoght was everemo.

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JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Donne explores personal conflicts in his religious poetry. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss Donne's presentation of relationships here and elsewhere in the selection.

Air and Angels

Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worshipped be;
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see,
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who
I bid love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw, I had love's pinnace overfraught,
Every thy hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel, face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

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GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

4 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Eliot shapes a reader's response to Rosamond Vincy throughout the novel.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering Eliot's presentation of Dorothea here and elsewhere in the novel.

And here Dorothea's pity turned from her own future to her husband's past – nay, to his present hard struggle with a lot which had grown out of that past: the lonely labour, the ambition breathing hardly under the pressure of self-distrust; the goal receding, and the heavier limbs; and now at last the sword visibly trembling above him! And had she not wished to marry him that she might help him in his life's labour? – But she had thought the work was to be something greater, which she could serve in devoutly for its own sake. Was it right, even to soothe his grief – would it be possible, even if she promised – to work as in a treadmill fruitlessly?

And yet, could she deny him? Could she say, 'I refuse to content this pining hunger?' It would be refusing to do for him dead, what she was almost sure to do for him living. If he lived, as Lydgate had said he might, for fifteen years or more, her life would certainly be spent in helping him and obeying him.

Still, there was a deep difference between that devotion to the living, and that indefinite promise of devotion to the dead. While he lived, he could claim nothing that she would not still be free to remonstrate against, and even to refuse. But – the thought passed through her mind more than once, though she could not believe in it – might he not mean to demand something more from her than she had been able to imagine, since he wanted her pledge to carry out his wishes without telling her exactly what they were? No; his heart was bound up in his work only: that was the end for which his failing life was to be eked out by hers.

And now, if she were to say, 'No! if you die, I will put no finger to your work' – it seemed as if she would be crushing that bruised heart.

For four hours Dorothea lay in this conflict, till she felt ill and bewildered, unable to resolve, praying mutely. Helpless as a child which has sobbed and sought too long, she fell into a late morning sleep, and when she waked Mr Casaubon was already up. Tantripp told her that he had read prayers, breakfasted, and was in the library.

'I never saw you look so pale, madam,' said Tantripp, a solid-figured woman who had been with the sisters at Lausanne.

'Was I ever high-coloured, Tantripp?' said Dorothea, smiling faintly.

'Well, not to say high-coloured, but with a bloom like a Chiny rose. But always smelling those leather books, what can be expected? Do rest a little this morning, madam. Let me say you are ill and not able to go into that close library.'

'Oh no, no! let me make haste,' said Dorothea. 'Mr Casaubon wants me particularly.'

When she went down she felt sure that she should promise to fulfil his wishes; but that would be later in the day – not yet.

As Dorothea entered the library, Mr Casaubon turned round from the table where he had been placing some books, and said –

'I was waiting for your appearance, my dear. I had hoped to set to work at once this morning, but I find myself under some indisposition, probably from too much excitement yesterday. I am going now to take a turn in the shrubbery, since the air is milder.'

'I am glad to hear that,' said Dorothea. 'Your mind, I feared, was too active last night.'

'I would fain have it set at rest on the point I last spoke of, Dorothea. You can now, I hope, give me an answer.'

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'May I come out to you in the garden presently?' said Dorothea, winning a little breathing space in that way.

'I shall be in the Yew-Tree Walk for the next half-hour,' said Mr Casaubon, and then he left her.

(*from* Chapter 48)

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THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) Boldwood says of himself 'no woman ever had power over me for any length of time.'

Discuss Hardy's development of the role and characterisation of Boldwood in the light of this comment.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of the relationship between Troy and Bathsheba in the novel as a whole.

'That outer loose lock of hair wants tidying,' he said, before she had moved or spoken. 'Wait: I'll do it for you.'

An arc of silver shone on her right side: the sword had descended. The lock dropped to the ground.

'Bravely borne!' said Troy. 'You didn't flinch a shade's thickness. Wonderful in a woman!'

'It was because I didn't expect it. O you have spoilt my hair!'

'Only once more.'

'No – no! I am afraid of you – indeed I am!' she cried.

'I won't touch you at all – not even your hair. I am only going to kill that caterpillar settling on you. Now: still!'

It appeared that a caterpillar had come from the fern and chosen the front of her boddice as his resting place. She saw the point glisten towards her bosom and seemingly enter it. Bathsheba closed her eyes in the full persuasion that she was killed at last. However, feeling just as usual, she opened them again.

'There it is, look,' said the sergeant holding his sword before her eyes.

The caterpillar was spitted upon its point.

'Why it is magic!' said Bathsheba, amazed.

'O no – dexterity. I merely gave point to your bosom where the caterpillar was and instead of running you through checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of your surface.'

'But how could you chop off a curl of my hair with a sword that has no edge?'

'No edge! This sword will shave like a razor. Look here.'

He touched the palm of his hand with the blade, and then, lifting it, showed her a thin shaving of scarf-skin dangling therefrom.

'But you said before beginning that it was blunt and couldn't cut me!'

'That was to get you to stand still, and so ensure your safety. The risk of injuring you through your moving was too great not to compel me to tell you an untruth to obviate it.'

She shuddered. 'I have been within an inch of my life, and didn't know it!'

'More precisely speaking you have been within half an inch of being pared alive two hundred and ninety-five times.'

'Cruel, cruel 'tis of you!'

'You have been perfectly safe nevertheless. My sword never errs.' And Troy returned the weapon to the scabbard.

Bathsheba overcome by a hundred tumultuous feelings resulting from the scene, abstractedly sat down on a tuft of heather.

'I must leave you now,' said Troy softly. 'And I'll venture to take and keep this in remembrance of you.'

She saw him stoop to the grass, pick up the winding lock which he had severed from her manifold tresses, twist it round his fingers, unfasten a button in the breast of his coat, and carefully put it inside. She felt powerless to withstand or deny him.

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He was altogether too much for her, and Bathsheba seemed as one who, facing a reviving wind, finds it to blow so strongly that it stops the breath.

He drew near and said, 'I must be leaving you.' He drew nearer still. A minute later and she saw his scarlet form disappear amid the ferny thicket, almost in a flash, like a brand swiftly waved.

That minute's interval had brought the blood beating to her face, set her stinging as if aflame to the very hollows of her feet, and enlarged emotion to a compass which quite swamped thought. It had brought upon her a stroke resulting, as did that of Moses in Horeb, in a liquid stream – here a stream of tears. She felt like one who has sinned a great sin.

The circumstance had been the gentle dip of Troy's mouth downwards upon her own. He had kissed her.

(*from* Chapter 27)

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WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Whitman present different attitudes to war? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract from *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, showing what it adds to your understanding of Whitman's methods and concerns in the selection.

from *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-arous'd words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

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TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

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Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Glück make use of different voices? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

Love in Moonlight

Sometimes a man or woman forces his despair
on another person, which is called
baring the heart, alternatively, baring the soul –
meaning for this moment they acquired souls –
outside, a summer evening, a whole world
thrown away on the moon: groups of silver forms
which might be buildings or trees, the narrow garden
where the cat hides, rolling on its back in the dust,
the rose, the coreopsis, and, in the dark, the gold dome of the capitol
converted to an alloy of moonlight, shape
without detail, the myth, the archetype, the soul
filled with fire that is moonlight really, taken
from another source, and briefly
shining as the moon shines: stone or not,
the moon is still that much of a living thing.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 8.

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JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

8 **Either** **(a)** In Dubliners, some characters reach an understanding of themselves and their place in the world.

Discuss Joyce's presentation of his characters in the light of this comment. In your answer, you should refer to at least **two** stories from Dubliners.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Joyce's narrative methods and concerns.

Father Butler turned over the pages, frowning.

– What is this rubbish? he said. *The Apache Chief!* Is this what you read instead of studying your Roman History? Let me not find any more of this wretched stuff in this college. The man who wrote it, I suppose, was some wretched scribbler that writes these things for a drink. I'm surprised at boys like you, educated, reading such stuff. I could understand it if you were … National School boys. Now, Dillon, I advise you strongly, get at your work or …

This rebuke during the sober hours of school paled much of the glory of the Wild West for me and the confused puffy face of Leo Dillon awakened one of my consciences. But when the restraining influence of the school was at a distance I began to hunger again for wild sensations, for the escape which those chronicles of disorder alone seemed to offer me. The mimic warfare of the evening became at last as wearisome to me as the routine of school in the morning because I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home: they must be sought abroad.

The summer holidays were near at hand when I made up my mind to break out of the weariness of school-life for one day at least. With Leo Dillon and a boy named Mahony I planned a day's miching. Each of us saved up sixpence. We were to meet at ten in the morning on the Canal Bridge. Mahony's big sister was to write an excuse for him and Leo Dillon was to tell his brother to say he was sick. We arranged to go along the Wharf Road until we came to the ships, then to cross in the ferryboat and walk out to see the Pigeon House. Leo Dillon was afraid we might meet Father Butler or some one out of the college; but Mahony asked, very sensibly, what would Father Butler be doing out at the Pigeon House. We were reassured: and I brought the first stage of the plot to an end by collecting sixpence from the other two, at the same time showing them my own sixpence. When we were making the last arrangements on the eve we were all vaguely excited. We shook hands, laughing, and Mahony said:

– Till to-morrow, mates.

That night I slept badly. In the morning I was firstcomer to the bridge as I lived nearest. I hid my books in the long grass near the ashpit at the end of the garden where nobody ever came and hurried along the canal bank. It was a mild sunny morning in the first week of June. I sat up on the coping of the bridge admiring my frail canvas shoes which I had diligently pipeclayed overnight and watching the docile horses pulling a tramload of business people up the hill. All the branches of the tall trees which lined the mall were gay with little light green leaves and the sunlight slanted through them on to the water. The granite stone of the bridge was beginning to be warm and I began to pat it with my hands in time to an air in my head. I was very happy.

When I had been sitting there for five or ten minutes I saw Mahony's grey suit approaching. He came up the hill, smiling, and clambered up beside me on the bridge. While we were waiting he brought out the catapult which bulged from his inner pocket and explained some improvements which he had made in it. I asked him why he had brought it and he told me he had brought it to have some gas with

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the birds. Mahony used slang freely, and spoke of Father Butler as Bunsen Burner. We waited on for a quarter of an hour more but still there was no sign of Leo Dillon. Mahony, at last, jumped down and said:

– Come along. I knew Fatty'd funk it.

– And his sixpence …? I said.

– That's forfeit, said Mahony. And so much the better for us – a bob and a tanner instead of a bob.

(*from* An Encounter)

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TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

9 **Either** **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Morrison presents Sethe's killing of her baby and its impact on the novel as a whole.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways in which Morrison shapes a reader's response to the black community here and elsewhere in the novel.

[Baby Suggs] had decided to do something with the fruit worthy of the man's labor and his love.

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Whispered to each other in the yards about fat rats, doom and uncalled-for pride.

(*from* Part 1)

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 10.

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GABRIEL OKARA: Selected Poems from *Collected Poems*

10 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Okara present the natural world in his poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Okara's poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

You Laughed and Laughed and Laughed

In your ears my song

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through our naked feet.’

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JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys complicates a reader's response to Antoinette's husband.

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns.

'Christophine,' I said, 'I may do as you advise.

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A settlement can be arranged and it should be arranged. […]'

(*from* Part 2)

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NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either (a) In what ways and with what effects does Trethewey make use of photographs in her poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from the longer sequences.

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods and their effects, discuss the following poem, considering Trethewey's presentation of her mother, here and elsewhere in the collection.

My Mother Dreams Another Country

Already the words are changing.

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the waving Stars and Stripes, our national anthem.

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