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CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/33**

Paper 3 Shakespeare and Drama **May/June 2026**

2 hours

4669900203

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - 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.

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Section A: Shakespeare

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*

1 Either (a) Discuss the use and dramatic significance of soliloquies in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Queen Gertrude's relationship with her son. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

HAMLET: Why, look you there. Look how it steals away.
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes even now out at the portal.

[*Exit* GHOST.]

QUEEN: This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET: Ecstasy!
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utt'red. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET: O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night – but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;

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And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel only to be kind;
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN: What shall I do?

HAMLET: Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN: Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET: I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN: Alack,
I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

(*from* Act 3, Scene 4)

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Taming of the Shrew*

2 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of disguise in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Shakespeare's dramatic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the play. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

[*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, *and servants.*]

PETRUCHIO: Come on, a God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHERINA: The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINA: I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO: Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HORTENSIO: Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHERINA: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon.

KATHERINA: I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATHERINA: Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

PETRUCHIO: Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! Company is coming here.

[*Enter* VINCENTIO.]

[*To* VINCENTIO] Good-morrow, gentle mistress; where away? –
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO: 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

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KATHERINA: Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow.

PETRUCHIO: Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

KATHERINA: Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green;
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO: Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest – if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO: Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO: What is his name?

VINCENTIO: Lucentio, gentle sir.

(*from* Act 4, Scene 5)

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Section B: Drama

Answer **one** question from this section.

LYNN NOTTAGE: *Sweat*

3 Either (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of Oscar in the play.

Or (b) Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to Nottage's dramatic presentation of difficult situations here and elsewhere in the play. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

JASON: [*Amped up*] Aw, some of the guys got into a scrape with the scabs. McManus got cut, he's gonna need ten stitches on the side of his face.

STAN: Yeah?

JASON: Some of the guys feel we shouldn't make it so easy to cross the line.

STAN: Don't like the sound of that.

CHRIS: Some shit, huh?

STAN: Seen it before. It's not gonna help your cause.

[JASON *sneaks a drink from a small bottle of whiskey tucked in his pocket.*]

CHRIS: Same shit, nobody's budging. The workers coming in ain't feeling so temporary.

STAN: Tough. Whatcha gonna do?

JASON: Who the fuck knows? There's a few guys, Stubbs, Godski, talking about taking the deal, but I don't know, seems like a big waste of time if we give in now. They'll break us, and there's no going back. I figure I can hold out another three months. Push comes to shove, I'll sell the bike. But me, honestly, I think we teach some of those guys a lesson, what do you think?

STAN: Hell, why are you asking me? I dunno. You're young, I mean there are a lotta things you could do. Maybe it's time to move on, this place ain't what it used to be.

JASON: And go where?

STAN: Anywhere. Sometimes I think we forget that we're meant to pick up and go when the well runs dry. Our ancestors knew that. You stay put for too long, you get weighed down by things, things you don't need. It's true. Then your life becomes this pathetic accumulation of stuff. Emotional and physical junk. You gotta ask yourself what you're hanging on to, huh? I knew your dad, he was a good enough guy, but that place took him young. Sure he made decent money, but jacking's hard –

CHRIS: Word.

JASON: Well, if things get too real, I got a buddy who works on a rig in the Gulf, says he can get me something in the spring.

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STAN: Yeah? I hear you can make like a grand a week. Work half the year, and then do whatever.

JASON: Yeah. Just gotta get the card, and get down there.

STAN: Why the hell not? Me, if I was thirty years younger, I'd already be down there. Nothing but mildew lingering in these cracks. This place is for shit. Sure, it used to be something. But nostalgia's a disease, I'm not gonna be one of those guys that surrenders to it. What do you get?

CHRIS: I don't wanna think about it. My jaw's tired of the damn chatter. Just wanna get drunk, smoke a blunt and chill for a little while.

JASON: That's an excellent plan.

CHRIS: You know … I see my dad and –

STAN: He's going through a rough patch.

CHRIS: That's very polite. Not me, I'll probably ride out unemployment, maybe pick up some heavy lifting, day stuff, then start college next September. The union's offering some financial aid.

(*from* Act 2, Scene 6)

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EUGENE O'NEILL: *Long Day's Journey Into Night*

4 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what dramatic effects does O'Neill present blame and resentment in the play?

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, considering it in relation to O'Neill's dramatic methods and concerns here and elsewhere in the play. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

TYRONE: She's still moving around. God knows when she'll go to sleep.

EDMUND: [*Pleads tensely.*] For Christ's sake, Papa, forget it!

[*He reaches out and pours a drink.* TYRONE *starts to protest, then gives it up.* EDMUND *drinks. He puts down the glass. His expression changes. When he speaks it is as if he were deliberately giving way to drunkenness and seeking to hide behind a maudlin manner.*]

Yes, she moves above and beyond us, a ghost haunting the past, and here we sit pretending to forget, but straining our ears listening for the slightest sound, hearing the fog drip from the eaves like the uneven tick of a rundown, crazy clock – or like the dreary tears of a trollop spattering in a puddle of stale beer on a honky-tonk table top! [*He laughs with maudlin appreciation.*] Not so bad, that last, eh? Original, not Baudelaire. Give me credit! [*Then with alcoholic talkativeness*] You've just told me some high spots in your memories. Want to hear mine? They're all connected with the sea. Here's one. When I was on the Squarehead square rigger, bound for Buenos Aires. Full moon in the Trades. The old hooker driving fourteen knots. I lay on the bowsprit, facing astern, with the water foaming into spume under me, the masts with every sail white in the moonlight, towering high above me. I became drunk with the beauty and singing rhythm of it, and for a moment I lost myself – actually lost my life. I was set free! I dissolved in the sea, became white sails and flying spray, became beauty and rhythm, became moonlight and the ship and the high dim-starred sky! I belonged, without past or future, within peace and unity and a wild joy, within something greater than my own life, or the life of Man, to Life itself! To God, if you want to put it that way. Then another time, on the American Line, when I was lookout on the crow's nest in the dawn watch. A calm sea, that time. Only a lazy ground swell and a slow drowsy roll of the ship. The passengers asleep and none of the crew in sight. No sound of man. Black smoke pouring from the funnels behind and beneath me. Dreaming, not keeping lookout, feeling alone, and above, and apart, watching the dawn creep like a painted dream over the sky and sea which slept together. Then the moment of ecstatic freedom came. The peace, the end of the quest, the last harbour, the joy of belonging to a fulfilment beyond men's lousy, pitiful, greedy fears and hopes and dreams! And several other times in my life, when I was swimming far out, or lying alone on a beach, I have had the same experience. Became

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the sun, the hot sand, green seaweed anchored to a rock, swaying in the tide. Like a saint's vision of beatitude. Like the veil of things as they seem drawn back by an unseen hand. For a second you see – and seeing the secret, are the secret. For a second there is meaning! Then the hand lets the veil fall and you are alone, lost in the fog again, and you stumble on toward nowhere, for no good reason! [*He grins wryly.*] It was a great mistake, my being born a man, I would have been much more successful as a sea-gull or a fish. As it is, I will always be a stranger who never feels at home, who does not really want and is not really wanted, who can never belong, who must always be a little in love with death!

TYRONE: [*Stares at him – impressed*.] Yes, there's the making of a poet in you all right. [*Then protesting uneasily*] But that's morbid craziness about not being wanted and loving death.

EDMUND: [*Sardonically*] The *makings* of a poet. No, I'm afraid I'm like the guy who is always panhandling for a smoke. He hasn't even got the makings. He's got only the habit. I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. I mean, if I live. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people.

[*A pause. Then they both jump startledly as there is a noise from outside the house, as if someone had stumbled and fallen on the front steps.* EDMUND *grins.*]

(*from* Act 4)

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WOLE SOYINKA: *Kongi's Harvest*

5 **Either** **(a)** Discuss Soyinka's dramatic presentation of the Organising Secretary and his significance to the play.

Or **(b)** Analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the relationship between Segi and Daodu. In your answer, you should pay close attention to language, tone and action.

DAODU: Oh Segi!

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[DAODU *goes off; the dirge rises*.]

(*from* First Part)

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