

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**8695/09**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

May/June 2003

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions, from **two** different sections.  
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.  
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.  
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

This document consists of **16** printed pages.



## Section A: Poetry

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

- 1 **Either (a)** 'In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice; in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear'.

How far do these lines reflect the tone of *Songs of Experience*?

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the following poem, considering how its form and language contribute to Blake's presentation of the tiger.

*The Tyger*

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies, 5  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art 10  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Ed. HYDES: *Touched with Fire*

- 2 **Either** (a) Several of the poems in your selection concern childhood. Compare the ways the poets approach this subject in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Discuss the poet's treatment of human ambition in the following poem:

*Ozymandias*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command 5  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive (stamped on these lifeless things)  
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

*P.B. Shelley*

SYLVIA PLATH : *Ariel*

- 3 **Either** (a) Colour is often a striking feature of Plath's poems. Focusing on **two** or **three** poems, comment on her use of colour and how effective it is.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find its methods and concerns typical of the poetry about children in *Ariel*.

*You're*

Clownlike, happiest on your hands,  
Feet to the stars, and moon-skulled,  
Gilled like a fish. A common-sense  
Thumbs-down on the dodo's mode.  
Wrapped up in yourself like a spool, 5  
Trawling your dark as owls do.  
Mute as a turnip from the Fourth  
Of July to All Fools' Day,  
O high-riser, my little loaf.

Vague as fog and looked for like mail. 10  
Farther off than Australia.  
Bent-backed Atlas, our travelled prawn.  
Snug as a bud and at home  
Like a sprat in a pickle jug.  
A creel of eels, all ripples. 15  
Jumpy as a Mexican bean.  
Right, like a well-done sum.  
A clean slate, with your own face on.

## Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Okonkwo's attitude to Ikemefuna and the significance of this relationship in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment on the content and style of Uchendu's advice to Okonkwo in the following passage, and its importance for his exile in Mbanta.

'It is Okonkwo that I primarily wish to speak to,' he began. 'But I want all of you to note what I am going to say. I am an old man and you are all children. I know more about the world than any of you. If there is any one among you who thinks he knows more let him speak up.' He paused, but no one spoke.

'Why is Okonkwo with us today? This is not his clan. We are only his mother's kinsmen. He does not belong here. He is an exile, condemned for seven years to live in a strange land. And so he is bowed with grief. But there is just one question I would like to ask him. Can you tell me, Okonkwo, why it is that one of the commonest names we give our children is Nneka, or "Mother is Supreme"? We all know that a man is the head of the family and his wives do his bidding. A child belongs to its father and his family and not to its mother and her family. A man belongs to his fatherland and not to his motherland. And yet we say Nneka – "Mother is Supreme". Why is that?' 5

There was silence. 'I want Okonkwo to answer me,' said Uchendu.

'I do not know the answer,' Okonkwo replied. 15

'You do not know the answer? So you see that you are a child. You have many wives and many children – more children than I have. You are a great man in your clan. But you are still a child, *my* child. Listen to me and I shall tell you. But there is one more question I shall ask. Why is it that when a woman dies she is taken home to be buried with her own kinsmen? She is not buried with her husband's kinsmen. Why is that? Your mother was brought home to me and buried with my people. Why was that?' 20

Okonkwo shook his head.

'He does not know that either,' said Uchendu, 'and yet he is full of sorrow because he has come to live in his motherland for a few years.' He laughed a mirthless laughter, and turned to his sons and daughters. 'What about you? Can you answer my question?' 25

They all shook their heads.

'Then listen to me,' he said and cleared his throat. 'It's true that a child belongs to its father. But when a father beats his child, it seeks sympathy in its mother's hut. A man belongs to his fatherland when things are good and life is sweet. But when there is sorrow and bitterness he finds refuge in his motherland. Your mother is there to protect you. She is buried there. And that is why we say that mother is supreme. Is it right that you, Okonkwo, should bring your mother a heavy face and refuse to be comforted? Be careful or you may displease the dead. Your duty is to comfort your wives and children and take them back to your fatherland after seven years. But if you allow sorrow to weigh you down and kill you, they will all die in exile.' He paused for a long while. 'These are now your kinsmen.' He waved at his sons and daughters. 'You think you are the greatest sufferer in the world. Do you know that men are sometimes banished for life? Do you know that men sometimes 30 35 40

lose all their yams and even their children? I had six wives once. I have none now except that young girl who knows not her right from her left. Do you know how many children I have buried – children I begot in my youth and strength? Twenty-two. I did not hang myself, and I am still alive. If you think you are the greatest sufferer in the world ask my daughter, Akeuni, how many twins she has borne and thrown away. Have you not heard the song they sing when a woman dies?

45

*“For whom is it well, for whom is it well?  
There is no one for whom it is well.”*

‘I have no more to say to you.’

*Chapter Fourteen*

ELIZABETH GASKELL: *North and South*

- 5 **Either** (a) Elizabeth Gaskell originally intended to call the novel *Margaret Hale* before changing it to *North and South*. Which of these titles would you have chosen, and why?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing the significance of Henry Lennox's proposal at this point in the novel.

'Margaret,' said he, taking her by surprise, and getting sudden possession of her hand, so that she was forced to stand still and listen, despising herself for the fluttering at her heart all the time; 'Margaret. I wish you did not like Helstone so much – did not seem so perfectly calm and happy here. I have been hoping for these three months past to find you regretting London – and London friends, a little – enough to make you listen more kindly' (for she was quietly, but firmly, striving to extricate her hand from his grasp) 'to one who has not much to offer, it is true – nothing but prospects in the future – but who does love you, Margaret, almost in spite of himself. Margaret, have I startled you too much? Speak!' For he saw her lips quivering almost as if she were going to cry. She made a strong effort to be calm; she would not speak till she had succeeded in mastering her voice, and then she said:

'I was startled. I did not know that you care for me in that way. I have always thought of you as a friend; and, please, I would rather go on thinking of you so. I don't like to be spoken to as you have been doing. I cannot answer you as you want me to do, and yet I should feel so sorry if I vexed you.'

'Margaret,' said he, looking into her eyes, which met his with their open, straight look, expressive of the utmost good faith and reluctance to give pain, 'Do you' – he was going to say – 'love anyone else?' But it seemed as if this question would be an insult to the pure serenity of those eyes. 'Forgive me! I have been too abrupt. I am punished. Only let me hope. Give me the poor comfort of telling me you have never seen anyone whom you could –' Again a pause. He could not end his sentence. Margaret reproached herself acutely as the cause of his distress.

'Ah! if you had but never got this fancy into your head! It was such a pleasure to think of you as a friend.'

'But I may hope, may I not, Margaret, that some time you will think of me as a lover? Not yet, I see – there is no hurry – but some time –'

She was silent for a minute or two, trying to discover the truth as it was in her own heart before replying, then she said:

'I have never thought of – you, but as a friend. I like to think of you so; but I am sure I could never think of you as anything else. Pray let us both forget that all this' ('disagreeable,' she was going to say, but stopped short) 'conversation has taken place.'

He paused before he replied. Then, in his habitual coldness of tone, he answered:

'Of course, as your feelings are so decided, and as this conversation has been so evidently unpleasant to you, it had better not be remembered. That is all very fine in theory, that plan of forgetting whatever is painful, but it will be somewhat difficult for me, at least, to carry it into execution.'

'You are vexed,' said she, sadly; 'yet how can I help it?'

She looked so truly grieved as she said this, that he struggled for a moment with his real disappointment, and then answered more cheerfully, but still with a little hardness in his tone:

'You should make allowances for the mortification, not only of a lover, Margaret, but of a man not given to romance in general – prudent, worldly, as some people

call me – who has been carried out of his usual habits by the force of a passion – well, we will say no more of that; but in the one outlet which he has formed for the deeper and better feelings of his nature, he meets with rejection and repulse. I shall have to console myself with scorning my own folly. A struggling barrister to think of matrimony!

50

Margaret could not answer this.

*Chapter 3*



DORIS LESSING: *Martha Quest*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss Lessing's presentation of the development of Martha's political consciousness in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, focusing on the significance of Martha's first experience of independence and employment.

At the office that day, she was left to 'keep her eyes open' until after the lunch hour. Then Mr Max Cohen brought her a document to copy. She was so nervous, she had to start afresh three times; and when he came to fetch it, all that had been achieved were the words 'Memorandum of an Agreement of Sale' typed raggedly across the top of the sheet. She shrank under his impatient assurance that it did not matter in the least, and she must take her time. Her fingers were heavy and trembling, and her head was thick. To type two pages of his small neat writing into something clean and pleasant to look at seemed to her, just then, an impossibly difficult task. He went home without coming to her desk again; and she flung a dozen sheets of paper into the wastepaper basket, and decided she would come early next morning and do it before anyone else arrived. 5

Mrs Buss, on her way out, asked, 'Have you got any certificates?' Martha said no, she had learned to type at home. Mrs Buss said nothing consoling, but merely nodded absent-mindedly, for her eyes were on the elegant Mrs Jasper Cohen. 10

Martha left the office so humiliated she could hardly see where she was going. She was filled with a violent revulsion against the law and everything connected with it. What she said to herself was, I won't spend the rest of my life typing this stupid jargon. 15

She stood at the corner of the street, with Mr Jasper Cohen's money – or rather what was left of it – in her handbag, and watched a crowd of carefree young people going into McGrath's Hotel, and felt sick with envy. Then she crossed the street and went into the offices of the *Zambesi News*. She was going to see Mr Spur, an old journalist, whom she had known 'as a child' – that is to say, she had spent a month's holiday with him and his wife about four years before. She was in the building about half an hour, and when she came out her face was hot with embarrassment. It had been so painful she could not bear to remember what had happened. What she must remember was that she had no qualifications whatsoever. 20

She understood, finally, the extent of the favour Mr Cohen was doing her; and next morning she was at her desk in a very chastened frame of mind. Her eyes were certainly opened, but she had no time to use them, for long before that first document was finished, several more arrived on her desk, and it was lunchtime before she knew it. She was very incompetent. She tried to persuade herself that the papers she sent in, neatly clipped and tied with green tape in the form of the exquisite, faultless documents Mrs Buss turned out with such ease, were satisfactory. Mr Max Cohen received them with a noncommittal glance and a nod; and later Martha saw Mrs Buss doing them again. She was given no more. For a whole day she sat idle at her desk, feeling sick and useless, wishing that she could run away, wondering what would happen. 25

The fair, plump girl, Maisie Gale, who sat next to her said consolingly, 'Don't lose any sleep over it. Just do what you can get away with, that's my motto.' 30

Martha was offended, and replied with a stiff smile. 35

*Part Two, Chapter Two*

## Section C: Drama

CARYL CHURCHILL: *Top Girls*

- 7 **Either** (a) How does the character of Joyce contribute to your understanding of the play?
- Or** (b) Commenting closely on the following dialogue from Act Two, consider the ways in which Churchill establishes the differences between Angie and Kit.

ANGIE Do you like me?  
 KIT I don't know.  
 ANGIE You do like me.  
 KIT I'm going home.  
 KIT *gets up.* 5

ANGIE No you're not.  
 KIT I'm tired.  
 ANGIE She'll see you.  
 KIT She'll give me a chocolate biscuit.  
 ANGIE Kitty. 10  
 KIT Tell me where you're going.  
 ANGIE Sit down.  
 KIT *sits in the hut again.*

KIT Go on then.  
 ANGIE Swear? 15  
 KIT Swear.  
 ANGIE I'm going to London. To see my aunt.  
 KIT And what?  
 ANGIE That's it.  
 KIT I see my aunt all the time. 20  
 ANGIE I don't see my aunt.  
 KIT What's so special?  
 ANGIE It is special. She's special.  
 KIT Why?  
 ANGIE She is. 25  
 KIT Why?  
 ANGIE She is.  
 KIT Why?  
 ANGIE My mother hates her.  
 KIT Why? 30  
 ANGIE Because she does.  
 KIT Perhaps she's not very nice.  
 ANGIE She is nice.  
 KIT How do you know?  
 ANGIE Because I know her. 35  
 KIT You said you never see her.  
 ANGIE I saw her last year. You saw her.  
 KIT Did I?  
 ANGIE Never mind.  
 KIT I remember her. That aunt. What's so special? 40  
 ANGIE She gets people jobs.  
 KIT What's so special?  
 ANGIE I think I'm my aunt's child. I think my mother's really my aunt.  
 KIT Why?  
 ANGIE Because she goes to America, now shut up. 45

KIT I've been to London.  
 ANGIE Now give us a cuddle and shut up because I'm sick.  
 KIT You're sitting on my arm.  
*Silence.*  
 JOYCE *comes out and comes up to them quietly.* 50  
 JOYCE Come on.  
 KIT Oh hello.  
 JOYCE Time you went home.  
 KIT We want to go to the Odeon.  
 JOYCE What time? 55  
 KIT Don't know.  
 JOYCE What's on?  
 KIT Don't know.  
 JOYCE Don't know much do you?  
 KIT That all right then? 60  
 JOYCE Angie's got to clean her room first.  
 ANGIE No I don't.  
 JOYCE Yes you do, it's a pigsty.  
 ANGIE Well I'm not.  
 JOYCE Then you're not going. I don't care. 65  
 ANGIE Well I am going.  
 JOYCE You've no money, have you?  
 ANGIE Kit's paying anyway.  
 JOYCE No she's not.  
 KIT I'll help you with your room. 70  
 JOYCE That's nice.  
 ANGIE No you won't. You wait here.  
 KIT Hurry then.  
 ANGIE I'm not hurrying. You just wait.  
 ANGIE *goes into the house. Silence.* 75

*Act Two, Scene Two*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

8 **Either** (a) Infants and children are very important in *Macbeth*, both in the action and the language. Discuss the effects of this aspect of the play.

**Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following passage, discussing the dramatic effects achieved here.

*Knocking within. Enter a PORTER.*

PORTER	Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [ <i>Knock</i> ] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on th' expectation of plenty. Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.	5
	[ <i>Knock</i> ] Knock, knock! Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator.	
	[ <i>Knock</i> ] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.	10
	[ <i>Knock</i> ] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire.	15
	[ <i>Knock</i> ] Anon, anon! [ <i>Opens the gate.</i> ] I pray you, remember the porter. <i>Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.</i>	
MACDUFF	Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?	20
PORTER	Faith sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.	
MACDUFF	What three things does drink especially provoke?	
PORTER	Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.	25
MACDUFF	I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.	
PORTER	That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.	
MACDUFF	Is thy master stirring?	35
	<i>Enter MACBETH.</i> Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.	
LENNOX	Good morrow, noble sir!	
MACBETH	Good morrow, both!	
MACDUFF	Is the king stirring, worthy Thane?	40
MACBETH	Not yet.	
MACDUFF	He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipp'd the hour.	
MACBETH	I'll bring you to him.	

MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you; 45  
But yet 'tis one.

MACBETH The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. 50  
*Exit MACDUFF.*

*Act Two Scene 3*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *The Glass Menagerie*

9 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Williams present *The Glass Menagerie* as a 'memory play'?

**Or** (b) Comment closely on the dramatic presentation of Amanda's character in the following passage.

- AMANDA Deception? Deception? [*She slowly removes her hat and gloves, continuing the sweet suffering stare. She lets the hat and gloves fall on the floor – a bit of acting.*]
- LAURA [*shakily*] How was the D.A.R. meeting? [AMANDA slowly opens her purse and removes a dainty white handkerchief which she shakes out delicately and delicately touches to her lips and nostrils.] Didn't you go to the D.A.R. meeting, Mother? 5
- AMANDA [*faintly, almost inaudibly*] – No. – No. [*Then more forcibly.*] I did not have the strength – to go to the D.A.R. In fact, I did not have the courage! I wanted to find a hole in the ground and hide myself in it for ever! [*She crosses slowly to the wall and removes the diagram of the type-writer keyboard. She holds it in front of her for a second, staring at it sweetly and sorrowfully – then bites her lips and tears it into two pieces.*] 10
- LAURA [*faintly*] Why did you do that, Mother? [AMANDA repeats the same procedure with the chart of the Gregg alphabet.] Why are you – ? 15
- AMANDA Why? Why? How old are you, Laura?
- LAURA Mother, you know my age.
- AMANDA I thought that you were an adult; it seems that I was mistaken. [*She crosses slowly to the sofa and sinks down and stares at LAURA.*]
- LAURA Please don't stare at me, Mother. 20
- [AMANDA closes her eyes and lowers her head. Count ten.]
- AMANDA What are we going to do, what is going to become of us, what is the future? [*Count ten.*]
- LAURA Has something happened, Mother? [AMANDA draws a long breath and takes out the handkerchief again. Dabbing process.] Mother, has – something happened? 25
- AMANDA I'll be all right in a minute, I'm just bewildered – [*Count five.*] – by life ...
- LAURA Mother, I wish that you would tell me what's happened!
- AMANDA As you know, I was supposed to be inducted into my office at the D.A.R. this afternoon. [IMAGE: A SWARM OF TYPEWRITERS.] But I stopped off at Rubicam's business college to speak to your teachers about your having a cold and ask them what progress they thought you were making down there. 30
- LAURA Oh ... 35
- AMANDA I went to the typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't know who you were. Wingfield, she said. We don't have any such student enrolled at the school!
- I assured her she did, that you had been going to classes since early in January. 40
- 'I wonder,' she said, 'if you could be talking about that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after only a few days' attendance?'
- 'No,' I said, 'Laura, my daughter, has been going to school every day for the past six weeks!'
- 'Excuse me,' she said. She took the attendance book out and there was your name, unmistakably printed, and all the dates you were absent until they decided that you had dropped out of school. 45

I still said, 'No, there must have been some mistake! There must have been some mix-up in the records!'

And she said, 'No – I remember her perfectly now. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hit the right keys! The first time we gave a speed-test, she broke down completely – was sick at the stomach and almost had to be carried into the wash-room! After that morning she never showed up any more. We phoned the house but never got any answer' – while I was working at Famous and Barr, I suppose, demonstrating those – Oh!

I felt so weak I could barely keep on my feet!

I had to sit down while they got me a glass of water! Fifty dollars' tuition, all of our plans – my hopes and ambition for you – just gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that. [LAURA *draws a long breath and gets awkwardly to her feet. She crosses to the victrola and winds it up.*]

What are you doing?

LAURA Oh! [*She releases the handle and returns to her seat.*]

*Scene Two*

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