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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/31**

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2014**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

Answer **two** questions, each from a different section.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

**Section A: Poetry**SEAMUS HEANEY: *District and Circle*

- 1 **Either** (a) It has been said that, in Heaney's poetry, 'the extraordinary is found in the ordinary.'
- Compare ways in which Heaney develops the significance of the ordinary in **two** poems.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem makes connections between acts of violence.

*Out of Shot*

November morning sunshine on my back

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Lost to its owner, lost for its sunlit hills.

WILFRED OWEN: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss **two** poems in detail, showing ways in which Owen presents soldiers at war.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Owen expresses a view of war in the following poem.

1914

War broke: and now the Winter of the world  
 With perishing great darkness closes in.  
 The foul tornado, centred at Berlin,  
 Is over all the width of Europe whirled,  
 Rending the sails of progress. Rent or furled  
 Are all Art's ensigns. Verse wails. Now begin  
 Famines of thought and feeling. Love's wine's thin.  
 The grain of human Autumn rots, down-hurled.

5

For after Spring had bloomed in early Greece,  
 And Summer blazed her glory out with Rome,  
 An Autumn softly fell, a harvest home,  
 A slow grand age, and rich with all increase.  
 But now, for us, wild Winter, and the need  
 Of sowings for new Spring, and blood for seed.

10

*Songs of Ourselves*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'The man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free ...' (from 'The Man of Life Upright')

Compare ways in which **two** poems explore different aspects of human nature.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of emotion and relationships in the following poem.

*When I Was Fair And Young*

When I was fair and young, and favour graced me,  
Of many was I sought their mistress for to be.  
But I did scorn them all, and said to them therefore:  
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more.'

How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe; 5  
How many sighing hearts I have not skill to show,  
But I the prouder grew, and still this spake therefore:  
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more.'

Then spake fair Venus' son, that brave victorious boy, 10  
Saying: 'You dainty dame, for that you be so coy,  
I will so pluck your plumes as you shall say no more:  
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more''

As soon as he had said, such change grew in my breast 15  
That neither night nor day I could take any rest.  
Wherefore I did repent that I had said before:  
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more.'

Queen Elizabeth I

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4**

## Section B: Prose

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Half of a Yellow Sun*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Olanna and her role in the novel.
- Or** (b) Discuss the following passage in detail, commenting on ways in which it presents Ugwu's first impressions of Odenigbo and his house.

His aunty tapped on the glass. Ugwu could see the white curtains behind the door. A voice said, in English, 'Yes? Come in.'

They took off their slippers before walking in. Ugwu had never seen a room so wide. Despite the brown sofas arranged in a semicircle, the side tables between them, the shelves crammed with books, and the centre table with a vase of red and white plastic flowers, the room still seemed to have too much space. Master sat in an armchair, wearing a singlet and a pair of shorts. He was not sitting upright but slanted, a book covering his face, as though oblivious that he had just asked people in. 5

'Good afternoon, sah! This is the child,' Ugwu's aunty said. 10

Master looked up. His complexion was very dark, like old bark, and the hair that covered his chest and legs was a lustrous, darker shade. He pulled off his glasses. 'The child?'

'The houseboy, sah.'

'Oh, yes, you have brought the houseboy. *I kpotago ya.*' Master's Igbo felt feathery in Ugwu's ears. It was Igbo coloured by the sliding sounds of English, the Igbo of one who spoke English often. 15

'He will work hard,' his aunty said. 'He is a very good boy. Just tell him what he should do. Thank, sah!'

Master grunted in response, watching Ugwu and his aunty with a faintly distracted expression, as if their presence made it difficult for him to remember something important. Ugwu's aunty patted Ugwu's shoulder, whispered that he should do well, and turned to the door. After she left, Master put his glasses back on and faced his book, relaxing further into a slanting position, legs stretched out. Even when he turned the pages he did so with his eyes on the book. 20

Ugwu stood by the door, waiting. Sunlight streamed in through the windows, and from time to time, a gentle breeze lifted the curtains. The room was silent except for the rustle of Master's page turning. Ugwu stood for a while before he began to edge closer and closer to the bookshelf, as though to hide in it, and then, after a while, he sank down to the floor, cradling his raffia bag between his knees. He looked up at the ceiling, so high up, so piercingly white. He closed his eyes and tried to reimagine this spacious room with the alien furniture, but he couldn't. He opened his eyes, overcome by a new wonder, and looked around to make sure it was all real. To think that he would sit on these sofas, polish this slippery-smooth floor, wash these gauzy curtains. 25

'*Kedu afa gi?* What's your name?' Master asked, startling him. 30

Ugwu stood up.

'What's your name?' Master asked again and sat up straight. He filled the armchair, his thick hair that stood high on his head, his muscled arms, his broad shoulders; Ugwu had imagined an older man, somebody frail, and now he felt a sudden fear that he might not please this master who looked so youthfully capable, who looked as if he needed nothing. 35

'Ugwu, sah.'

'Ugwu. And you've come from Obukpa?'

'From Opi, sah.' 40 45

'You could be anything from twelve to thirty.' Master narrowed his eyes. 'Probably thirteen.' He said *thirteen* in English.

'Yes, sah.'

Master turned back to his book. Ugwu stood there. Master flipped past some pages and looked up. '*Ngwa*, go to the kitchen; there should be something you can eat in the fridge.' 50

'Yes, sah.'

Chapter 1

E.M. FORSTER: *A Passage to India*

5 **Either (a)** Fielding is first described as 'a hard-bitten, good-tempered, intelligent fellow'.

How far and in what ways does Forster's presentation of Fielding in the novel confirm this early view?

**Or (b)** Comment closely on the presentation of Ronny and Adela in the following episode.

She owed him an explanation, but unfortunately there was nothing to explain. The 'thorough talk' so dear to her principles and temperament had been postponed until too late. There seemed no point in being disagreeable to him and formulating her complaints against his character at this hour of the day, which was the evening ... The polo took place on the maidan, near the entrance of Chandrapore city. The sun was already declining and each of the trees held a premonition of night. They walked away from the governing group to a distant seat, and there, feeling that it was his due and her own, she forced out of herself the undigested remark: 'We must have a thorough talk, Ronny, I'm afraid.' 5

'My temper's rotten, I must apologize,' was his reply. 'I didn't mean to order you and mother about, but of course the way those Bengalis let you down this morning annoyed me, and I don't want that sort of thing to keep happening.' 10

'It's nothing to do with them that I ...'

'No, but Aziz would make some similar muddle over the caves. He meant nothing by the invitation, I could tell by his voice; it's just their way of being pleasant.' 15

'It's something very different, nothing to do with caves, that I wanted to talk over with you.' She gazed at the colourless grass. 'I've finally decided we are not going to be married, my dear boy.'

The news hurt Ronny very much. He had heard Aziz announce that she would not return to the country, but had paid no attention to the remark, for he never dreamt that an Indian could be a channel of communication between two English people. He controlled himself and said gently, 'You never said we should marry, my dear girl; you never bound either yourself or me – don't let this upset you.' 20

She felt ashamed. How decent he was! He might force his opinions down her throat, but did not press her to an 'engagement', because he believed, like herself, in the sanctity of personal relationships; it was this that had drawn them together at their first meeting, which had occurred among the grand scenery of the English Lakes. Her ordeal was over, but she felt it should have been more painful and longer. Adela will not marry Ronny. It seemed slipping away like a dream. She said: 'But let us discuss things; it's all so frightfully important, we mustn't make false steps. I want next to hear your point of view about me – it might help us both.' 30

His manner was unhappy and reserved. 'I don't much believe in this discussing – besides, I'm so dead with all the extra work Mohurram's bringing, if you'll excuse me.'

'I only want everything to be absolutely clear between us, and to answer any questions you care to put to me on my conduct.' 35

'But I haven't got any questions. You've acted within your rights, you were quite right to come out and have a look at me doing my work, it was an excellent plan, and anyhow it's no use talking further – we should only get up steam.' He felt angry and bruised; he was too proud to tempt her back, but he did not consider that she had behaved badly, because where his compatriots were concerned he had a generous mind. 40

'I suppose then there is nothing else; it's unpardonable of me to have given you and your mother all this bother,' said Miss Quested heavily, and frowned up at the tree beneath which they were sitting. A little green bird was observing her, so brilliant and neat that it might have hopped straight out of a shop. On catching her 45



eye it closed its own, gave a small skip and prepared to go to bed. Some Indian wild bird. 'Yes, nothing else,' she repeated, feeling that a profound and passionate speech ought to have been delivered by one or both of them. 'We've been awfully British over it, but I suppose that's all right.'

50

Chapter 8

*Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which writers present older characters in **two** stories.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Hawthorne creates a sense of the supernatural in the following passage.

Again the withered hag poured forth the monotonous words of a prayer that was not meant to be acceptable in Heaven; and soon, in the pauses of her breath, strange murmurings began to thicken, gradually increasing so as to drown and overpower the charm by which they grew. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound, and were succeeded by the singing of sweet female voices, which in their turn gave way to a wild roar of laughter, broken suddenly by groanings and sobs, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror and mourning and mirth. Chains were rattling, fierce and stern voices uttered threats, and the scourge resounded at their command. All these noises deepened and became substantial to the listener's ear, till she could distinguish every soft and dreamy accent of the love songs, that died causelessly into funeral hymns. She shuddered at the unprovoked wrath which blazed up like the spontaneous kindling of flame, and she grew faint at the fearful merriment, raging miserably around her. In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to-and-fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose up in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine-trees on those three lonely hills. The lady looked up, and there was the withered woman smiling in her face.

'Couldst thou have thought there were such merry times in a Mad House?' inquired the latter.

'True, true,' said the lady to herself; 'there is mirth within its walls, but misery, misery without.'

'Wouldst thou hear more?' demanded the old woman.

'There is one other voice I would fain listen to again,' replied the lady faintly.

'Then lay down thy head speedily upon my knees, that thou may'st get thee hence before the hour be past.'

The golden skirts of day were yet lingering upon the hills, but deep shades obscured the hollow and the pool, as if sombre night were rising thence to overspread the world. Again that evil woman began to weave her spell. Long did it proceed unanswered, till the knolling of a bell stole in among the intervals of her words, like a clang that had travelled far over valley and rising ground, and was just ready to die in the air. The lady shook upon her companion's knees, as she heard that boding sound. Stronger it grew and sadder, and deepened into the tone of a death-bell, knolling dolefully from some ivy-mantled tower, and bearing tidings of mortality and woe to the cottage, to the hall, and to the solitary wayfarer, that all might weep for the doom appointed in turn to them. Then came a measured tread, passing slowly, slowly on, as of mourners with a coffin, their garments trailing on the ground, so that the ear could measure the length of their melancholy array. Before them went the priest, reading the burial-service, while the leaves of his book were rustling in the breeze. And though no voice but his was heard to speak aloud, still there were revilings and anathemas, whispered but distinct, from women and from men, breathed against the daughter who had wrung the aged hearts of her parents,

– the wife who had betrayed the trusting fondness of her husband, – the mother who had sinned against natural affection, and left her child to die. The sweeping sound of the funeral train faded away like a thin vapour, and the wind, that just before had seemed to shake the coffin-pall, moaned sadly round the verge of the Hollow between three Hills. But when the old woman stirred the kneeling lady, she lifted not her head. 50

‘Here has been a sweet hour’s sport!’ said the withered crone, chuckling to herself. 55

The Hollow of the Three Hills

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