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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9765/03**

Paper 3 Comment and Analysis

**October/November 2013**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

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.

Answer Question 1 and **one** other Question.

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 **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Answer Question 1 and **one** other question

**All questions carry equal marks**

In your answers you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form in the poems or passages, and pay attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the following passages, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

<b>A</b>	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Married, Mr. Worthing?	
	<i>Jack (astounded):</i> Well... surely. You know that I love you, and you led me to believe, Miss Fairfax, that you were not absolutely indifferent to me.	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> I adore you. But you haven't proposed to me yet. Nothing has been said at all about marriage. The subject has not even been touched on.	5
	<i>Jack:</i> Well... may I propose to you now?	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> I think it would be an admirable opportunity. And to spare you any possible disappointment, Mr. Worthing, I think it only fair to tell you quite frankly beforehand that I am fully determined to accept you.	10
	<i>Jack:</i> Gwendolen!	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Yes, Mr. Worthing, what have you got to say to me?	
	<i>Jack:</i> You know what I have got to say to you.	15
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Yes, but you don't say it.	
	<i>Jack:</i> Gwendolen, will you marry me? ( <i>Goes on his knees.</i> )	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Of course I will, darling. How long you have been about it! I am afraid you have had very little experience in how to propose.	20
	<i>Jack:</i> My own one, I have never loved any one in the world but you.	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Yes, but men often propose for practice. I know my brother Gerald does. All my girl-friends tell me so. What wonderfully blue eyes you have! They are quite, quite blue. I hope you will always look at me just like that, especially when there are other people present.	25
	<i>Enter Lady Bracknell.</i>	
	<i>Lady Bracknell:</i> Mr. Worthing! Rise, sir, from this semi-recumbent posture. It is most indecorous.	30
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> Mamma! ( <i>He tries to rise; she restrains him.</i> ) I must beg you to retire. This is no place for you. Besides, Mr. Worthing has not quite finished yet.	
	<i>Lady Bracknell:</i> Finished what, may I ask?	
	<i>Gwendolen:</i> I am engaged to Mr. Worthing, mamma. ( <i>They rise together.</i> )	35
	<i>Lady Bracknell:</i> Pardon me, you are not engaged to any one. When you do become engaged to some one, I, or your father, should his health permit him, will inform you of the fact. An engagement should come on a young girl as a surprise, pleasant or unpleasant, as the case may be. It is hardly a matter that she could be allowed to arrange for herself.	40

From *The Importance of Being Earnest* by Oscar Wilde (1854–1900)

**B**

“May I come to what is in my mind?”

“I think you had better not. There is a story about someone who saw into people’s minds, and it was impossible for him. And what is the good of not being able to see into them, if you are told about it?”

5

“You would have to be told. You can have no inkling. It would transcend your furthest dreams. And if you could guess it, your tongue would be barred.” Chaucer spoke with a great gentleness of a woman’s further compulsions. “I will go slowly. You shall have time.”

10

“What can it be? I thought you were going to propose to me. But that has nothing to do with my dreams. Have I not seen into your mind after all?”

Chaucer looked at her in silence.

“You forgot a woman’s intuition, when you enumerated the things about her. And you forgot her tongue. It is not so often barred. It is not really supposed to be. Is it going to be yours that is barred?”

15

“Did you want me to say it in words?” said Chaucer, struck by a thought.

20

“No, no, your way of saying it was much better. Your tongue was so nicely barred. I hope it will continue to be. You see how mistaken you were in me. Suppose I were to accept you now?”

“I should be honoured.”

“You would be, I suppose, more than you would have been. But it is no good to marry a dependant, if she is not grateful. You might as well marry someone who had no need to be.”

25

“Am I to understand you do not wish for what I offer?”

“Well, don’t you understand it? My tongue has not been barred. I hope yours is not going to break its bars.”

30

From *Daughters and Sons* by Ivy Compton-Burnett (1884–1969)

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, which is the opening of *Justice* (1910) by John Galsworthy, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness.

*The scene is the managing clerk's room, at the offices of JAMES AND WALTER HOW, on a July morning. The room is old-fashioned, furnished with well-worn mahogany and leather, and lined with tin boxes and estate plans. It has three doors. Two of them are close together in the centre of a wall. One of these two doors leads to the outer office, which is only divided from the managing clerk's room by a partition of wood and clear glass; and when the door into this outer office is opened there can be seen the wide outer door leading out on to the stone stairway of the building. The other of these two centre doors leads to the junior clerk's room. The third door is that leading to the partners' room.*

*The managing clerk, COKESON, is sitting at his table adding up figures in a pass-book, and murmuring their numbers to himself. He is a man of sixty, wearing spectacles; rather short, with a bald head, and an honest, pug-dog face. He is dressed in a well-worn black frock-coat and pepper-and-salt trousers.*

- Cokeson:* And five's twelve, and three—fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, thirty-two, forty-one—and carry four. [*He ticks the page, and goes on murmuring.*] Five, seven, twelve, seventeen, twenty-four and nine, thirty-three, thirteen and carry one. [*He again makes a tick. The outer office door is opened, and SWEEDLE, the office-boy, appears, closing the door behind him. He is a pale youth of sixteen, with spiky hair.*]
- Cokeson* [*with grumpy expectation*]: And carry one.
- Sweedle:* There's a party wants to see Falder, Mr. Cokeson.
- Cokeson:* Five, nine, sixteen, twenty-one, twenty-nine—and carry two. Send him to Morris's. What name?
- Sweedle:* Honeywill.
- Cokeson:* What's his business?
- Sweedle:* It's a woman.
- Cokeson:* A lady?
- Sweedle:* No, a person.
- Cokeson:* Ask her in. Take this pass-book to Mr. James. [*He closes the pass-book.*]
- Sweedle* [*reopening the door*]: Will you come in, please? [*RUTH HONEYWILL comes in. She is a tall woman, twenty-six years old, unpretentiously dressed, with black hair and eyes, and an ivory-white, clear-cut face. She stands very still, having a natural dignity of pose and gesture. [SWEEDLE goes out into the partners' room with the pass-book.*]
- Cokeson* [*looking round at RUTH*]: The young man's out. [*Suspiciously.*] State your business, please.
- Ruth* [*who speaks in a matter-of-fact voice, and with a slight West-country accent*]: It's a personal matter, sir.
- Cokeson:* We don't allow private callers here. Will you leave a message?
- Ruth:* I'd rather see him, please. [*She narrows her dark eyes and gives him a honeyed look.*]

- Cokeson [*expanding*]: It's all against the rules. Suppose I had *my* friends here to see me! It'd never do!
- Ruth: No, sir.
- Cokeson [*a little taken aback*]: Exactly! And here you are wanting to see a *junior* clerk! 55
- Ruth: Yes, sir; I must see him.
- Cokeson [*turning full round to her with a sort of outraged interest*]: But this is a lawyer's office. Go to his private address.
- Ruth: He's not there.
- Cokeson [*uneasy*]: Are you related to the party? 60
- Ruth: No, sir.
- Cokeson [*in real embarrassment*]: I don't know what to say. It's no affair of the office.
- Ruth: But what am I to do?
- Cokeson: Dear me! I can't tell you that. 65  
[*SWEEDLE comes back. He crosses to the outer office and passes through into it, with a quizzical look at COKESON, carefully leaving the door an inch or two open.*]
- Cokeson [*fortified by this look*]: This won't do, you know, this won't do at all. Suppose one of the partners came in! 70  
[*An incoherent knocking and chuckling is heard from the outer door of the outer office.*]
- Sweedle [*putting his head in*]: There's some children outside here.
- Ruth: They're mine, please.
- Sweedle: Shall I hold them in check? 75
- Ruth: They're quite small, sir.  
[*She takes a step towards COKESON.*]
- Cokeson: You mustn't take up his time in office hours; we're a clerk short as it is.
- Ruth: It's a matter of life and death. 80
- Cokeson [*again outraged*]: Life and death!
- Sweedle: Here *is* Falder.  
[*FALDER has entered through the outer office. He is a pale, good-looking young man, with quick, rather scared eyes. He moves towards the door of the clerks' office, and stands there irresolute.*]
- Cokeson: Well, I'll give you a minute. It's not regular. 85  
[*Taking up a bundle of papers, he goes out into the partners' room.*]
- Ruth [*in a low, hurried voice*]: He's on the drink again, Will. He tried to cut my throat last night. I came out with the children before he was awake. I went round to you— 90
- Falder: I've changed my digs.
- Ruth: Is it all ready for to-night?
- Falder: I've got the tickets. Meet me 11.45 at the booking office. For God's sake don't forget we're man and wife! [*Looking at her with tragic intensity.*] Ruth! 95
- Ruth: You're not afraid of going, are you?
- Falder: Have you got your things, and the children's?
- Ruth: Had to leave them, for fear of waking Honeywill, all but one bag. I can't go near home again. 100
- Falder [*wincing*]: All that money gone for nothing. How much *must* you have?
- Ruth: Six-pounds—I could do with that, I think.
- Falder: Don't give away where we're going. [*As if to himself.*] When I get out there I mean to forget it all. 105

- 3 Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Before the Birth of One of Her Children

All things within this fading world hath end,  
 Adversity doth still our joys attend;  
 No ties so strong, no friends so dear and sweet,  
 But with death's parting blow are sure to meet.  
 The sentence past is most irrevocable, 5  
 A common thing, yet oh, inevitable.  
 How soon, my Dear, death may my steps attend,  
 How soon't may be thy lot to lose thy friend,  
 We both are ignorant, yet love bids me  
 These farewell lines to recommend to thee, 10  
 That when the knot's untied that made us one,  
 I may seem thine, who in effect am none.  
 And if I see not half my days that's due,  
 What nature would, God grant to yours and you;  
 The many faults that well you know I have 15  
 Let be interred in my oblivious grave;  
 If any worth or virtue were in me,  
 Let that live freshly in thy memory  
 And when thou feel'st no grief, as I no harmes,  
 Yet love thy dead, who long lay in thine arms, 20  
 And when thy loss shall be repaid with gains  
 Look to my little babes, my dear remains.  
 And if thou love thyself, or loved'st me,  
 These O protect from stepdame's injury.  
 And if chance to thine eyes shall bring this verse, 25  
 With some sad sighs honor my absent hearse;  
 And kiss this paper for thy dear love's sake,  
 Who with salt tears this last farewell did take.

Anne Bradstreet (1612–1672)



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