



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level  
Advanced International Certificate of Education

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**LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**  
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH (HALF CREDIT)**

**8695/09**  
**0397/01**

Paper 9 Poetry, Prose and Drama

Paper 1 Poetry, Prose and Drama

**May/June 2008**

**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.

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 **15** printed pages and **5** blank pages.



## Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'How can you bear witness with words?'

Referring to **two** poems, discuss ways in which Bhatt considers difficult circumstances, such as violence and upheaval, in her poetry.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the content, language and form of the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Bhatt's poetry in the selection you have studied.

*The Peacock*

His loud sharp call  
seems to come from nowhere.  
Then, a flash of turquoise  
in the pipal tree.  
The slender neck arched away from you 5  
as he descends,  
and as he darts away, a glimpse  
of the very end of his tail.

I was told  
that you have to sit in the veranda 10  
and read a book,  
preferably one of your favourites  
with great concentration.

The moment you begin to live  
inside the book 15  
a blue shadow will fall over you.  
The wind will change direction,  
the steady hum of bees  
in the bushes nearby  
will stop. 20

The cat will awaken and stretch.  
Something has broken your attention;  
and if you look up in time  
you might see the peacock 25  
turning away as he gathers in his tail  
to shut those dark glowing eyes,  
violet fringed with golden amber.  
It is the tail that has to blink  
for eyes that are always open.

*Songs of Ourselves (Section 4)*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'I'm not sure such a thing [*life*]  
should be put in the way of children'

Referring to **two** poems, discuss the ways the poets present aspects of human life.

- Or** (b) Discuss the following poem in detail, commenting on the ways in which the poet presents the planners.

*The Planners*

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,  
filled with permutations of possibilities.  
The buildings are in alignment with the roads  
which meet at desired points  
linked by bridges all hang 5  
in the grace of mathematics.  
They build and will not stop.  
Even the sea draws back  
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws, 10  
the blemishes of the past, knock off  
useless blocks with dental dexterity.

All gaps are plugged  
with gleaming gold. 15  
The country wears perfect rows  
of shining teeth.

Anaesthesia, amnesia, hypnosis.  
They have the means.  
They have it all so it will not hurt,  
so history is new again. 20  
The piling will not stop.  
The drilling goes right through  
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed  
poetry. Not a single drop 25  
to stain the blueprint  
of our past's tomorrow.

Boey Kim Cheng

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: *Selected Poetry*

- 3 **Either** (a) Wordsworth wrote of the significance to poetry of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'. With reference to **two** poems, discuss Wordsworth's poetry in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, saying how far you find it characteristic of Wordsworth's methods and concerns.

*Lines Written in Early Spring*

I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link 5  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower, 10  
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played:  
Their thoughts I cannot measure,  
But the least motion which they made, 15  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can, 20  
That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not prevent,  
If such be of my creed the plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

**Turn to page 6 for Question 4.**

## Section B: Prose

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Anthills of the Savannah*

- 4 **Either** (a) Beatrice tells Ikem that he has 'no clear role for women in his political thinking'. Discuss Achebe's presentation of women in the novel in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the presentation of information in the 'Special Announcement'.

It was clear that Major Samsonite Ossai and his boss were adopting a quiet line. Therefore he must embark on a massive publicizing of the abduction. He knew he could count on some of the representatives in Bassa of foreign news agencies, their press and radio. On the home front there was no comparable resource to lean on but there was the enormous potential of that great network nicknamed VOR, the Voice of Rumour, the despair of tyrants and shady dealers in high places. Before evening both systems, foreign and local seemed set to start buzzing in the interest of the abducted man. 5

Then at six o'clock yet another Special Announcement from the Directorate of State Research Council was on the air: 10

In the discharge of its duty in safeguarding the freedom and security of the State and of every law-abiding citizen of Kangan the State Research Council has uncovered a plot by unpatriotic elements in Kangan working in concert with certain foreign adventurers to destabilize the lawful government of this country. 15

This dastardly plot was master-minded by Mr Ikem Osodi until recently Editor of the government-owned *National Gazette*.

Investigations by top security officers of SRC have revealed Mr Osodi's involvement in three separate aspects of the plot:

(1) He was the key link between the plotters in Kangan and their foreign collaborators. 20

(2) He was the lynchpin between the plotters in Bassa and a group of disgruntled and unpatriotic chiefs in the Province of Abazon.

(3) Under the guise of a public lecture at the University of Bassa on 26 September, Mr Osodi furthered the aim of the plotters by inciting the students of the University to disaffection and rebellion against the government and the life of His Excellency the President and the peace and security of the State. 25

In the early hours of this morning a team of security officers effected the arrest of Mr Osodi in his official flat at 202 Kingsway Road in the Government Reservation Area and were taking him in a military vehicle for questioning at the SRC Headquarters when he seized a gun from one of his escorts. In the scuffle that ensued between Mr Osodi and his guards in the moving vehicle Mr Osodi was fatally wounded by gunshot. 30

His Excellency has already appointed a high-level inquiry into the accident to be headed by the Chief of Staff, Major-General Ahmed Lango, with the directive to commence investigations immediately and to report within fourteen days. 35

Meanwhile investigations are proceeding with a view to uncover all aspects of the plot and to bring to book any other person or persons, no matter how highly placed, involved in this treasonable conspiracy to divert our great and beloved country from its chosen path of orderly progress into renewed bloodshed and anarchy. Long live His Excellency the President! Long live the Republic of Kangan. 40

Signed Colonel Johnson Ossai,  
Director of the State Research Council. 45

That is the end of this Special Announcement. There will be a repeat of the announcement at seven o'clock.

Chris threw a few things into his travelling bag while he waited nervously for Beatrice to arrive. As soon as she drove in he went out with the bag, locked the front door and left his house, as it turned out, for good. 50

The decision to leave had little at first to do with fear for his own safety although that factor was to loom larger with every passing day. But right now in his mind the overwhelming issue which had been crystallizing even as the announcement was issuing from the box was how to counter the hideous lie. Not tomorrow, it could be too late, but now! 55

*Chapter 13*

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*

- 5 **Either** (a) George Eliot described Maggie as ‘essentially noble but liable to great error’. How far do you find that Eliot’s presentation of Maggie fits this description?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, paying particular attention to the impression Tom and Mr Deane might make on the reader here.

Tom was going to speak, but Mr Deane put up his hand and said –  
 “Stop! hear what I’ve got to say. You don’t want to be a ’prentice, – I know, I know, – you want to make more haste – and you don’t want to stand behind a counter. But if you’re a copying-clerk, you’ll have to stand behind a desk, and stare at your ink and paper all day: there isn’t much out-look there, and you won’t be much wiser at the end of the year than at the beginning. The world isn’t made of pen, ink, and paper, and if you’re to get on in the world, young man, you must know what the world’s made of. Now the best chance for you ’ud be to have a place on a wharf, or in a warehouse, where you’d learn the smell of things – but you wouldn’t like that, I’ll be bound; you’d have to stand cold and wet, and be shouldered about by rough fellows. You’re too fine a gentleman for that.”

Mr Deane paused and looked hard at Tom, who certainly felt some inward struggle before he could reply –

“I would rather do what will be best for me in the end, sir; I would put up with what was disagreeable.”

“That’s well, if you can carry it out. But you must remember it isn’t only laying hold of a rope – you must go on pulling. It’s the mistake you lads make that have got nothing either in your brains or your pocket, to think you’ve got a better start in the world if you stick yourselves in a place where you can keep your coats clean, and have the shop-wenches take you for fine gentlemen. That wasn’t the way I started, young man: when I was sixteen, my jacket smelt of tar, and I wasn’t afraid of handling cheeses. That’s the reason I can wear good broadcloth now, and have my legs under the same table with the heads of the best firms in St Ogg’s.”

Uncle Deane tapped his box, and seemed to expand a little under his waistcoat and gold chain, as he squared his shoulders in the chair.

“Is there any place at liberty that you know of now, uncle, that I should do for? I should like to set to work at once,” said Tom, with a slight tremor in his voice.

“Stop a bit, stop a bit; we mustn’t be in too great a hurry. You must bear in mind, if I put you in a place you’re a bit young for, because you happen to be my nephew, I shall be responsible for you. And there’s no better reason, you know, than your being my nephew; because it remains to be seen whether you’re good for anything.”

“I hope I should never do you any discredit, uncle,” said Tom, hurt, as all boys are at the statement of the unpleasant truth that people feel no ground for trusting them. “I care about my own credit too much for that.”

“Well done, Tom, well done! That’s the right spirit, and I never refuse to help anybody if they’ve a mind to do themselves justice. There’s a young man of two-and-twenty I’ve got my eye on now. I shall do what I can for that young man – he’s got some pith in him. But then, you see, he’s made good use of his time – a first-rate calculator – can tell you the cubic contents of anything in no time, and put me up the other day to a new market for Swedish bark; he’s uncommonly knowing in manufactures, that young fellow.”

“I’d better set about learning book-keeping, hadn’t I, uncle?” said Tom, anxious to prove his readiness to exert himself.

“Yes, yes, you can’t do amiss there. But ... ah, Spence, you’re back again. Well, Tom, there’s nothing more to be said just now, I think, and I must go to business again. Goodbye. Remember me to your mother.”



**Turn to page 10 for Question 6.**

KATHERINE MANSFIELD: *Short Stories*

- 6 **Either** (a) 'Mansfield's stories tend to conclude with disappointment – either for the characters' expectations or the reader's.'

What are the effects of this sense of disappointment in Mansfield's stories? Refer to **two** stories in your answer.

- Or** (b) Commenting closely on the language of the following passage, discuss the ways Mansfield creates uncertainty and excitement.

'Of course the photograph is deplorable,' I said, scarcely breathing with terror, 'but it has been viséd and viséd.'

He raised his big bulk and went over to God II.

'Courage!' I said to my muff and held it firmly, 'Courage!'

God II held up a finger to me, and I produced Aunt Julie's letter and her card. 5  
But he did not seem to feel the slightest interest in her. He stamped my passport idly, scribbled a word on my ticket, and I was on the platform again.

'That way – you pass out that way.'

Terribly pale, with a faint smile on his lips, his hand at salute, stood the little corporal. I gave no sign, I am sure I gave no sign. He stepped behind me. 10

'And then follow me as though you do not see me,' I heard him half whisper, half sing.

How fast he went, through the slippery mud towards a bridge. He had a postman's bag on his back, a paper parcel and the *Matin* in his hand. We seemed to dodge through a maze of policemen, and I could not keep up at all with the little corporal who began to whistle. From the toll-house 'our good friend, Madame Grinçon', her hands wrapped in a shawl, watched our coming, and against the toll-house there leaned a tiny faded cab. *Montez vite, vite!* said the little corporal, hurling my suitcase, the postman's bag, the paper parcel and the *Matin* on to the floor. 15

'A-ie! A-ie! Do not be so mad. Do not ride yourself. You will be seen,' wailed 'our good friend, Madame Grinçon.' 20

'Ah, je m'en f ...' said the little corporal.

The driver jerked into activity. He lashed the bony horse and away we flew, both doors, which were the complete sides of the cab, flapping and banging.

'Bon jour, mon amie.' 25

'Bon jour, mon ami.'

And then we swooped down and clutched at the banging doors. They would not keep shut. They were fools of doors.

'Lean back, let me do it!' I cried. 'Policemen are as thick as violets everywhere.' 30

At the barracks the horse reared up and stopped. A crowd of laughing faces blotted the window.

'Prends ça, mon vieux,' said the little corporal, handing the paper parcel.

'It's all right,' called someone.

We waved, we were off again. By a river, down a strange white street, with the little houses on either side, gay in the late sunlight. 35

'Jump out as soon as he stops again. The door will be open. Run straight inside. I will follow. The man is already paid. I know you will like the house. It is quite white. And the room is white too, and the people are –'

'White as snow.' 40

We looked at each other. We began to laugh. 'Now,' said the little corporal.

Out I flew and in at the door. There stood, presumably, my Aunt Julie. There in the background hovered, I supposed, my Uncle Paul.

'Bon jour, Madame!' 'Bon jour, Monsieur!'

'It is all right, you are safe,' said my Aunt Julie. Heavens, how I loved her! 45  
And she opened the door of the white room and shut it upon us. Down went the  
suitcase, the postman's bag, the *Matin*. I threw my passport up into the air, and  
the little corporal caught it.

*An Indiscreet Journey*

## Section C: Drama

ATHOL FUGARD: *The Township Plays*

- 7 **Either** (a) 'Fugard's plays emphasise that the absurdity of life is a condition resulting from human power structures, not of life itself.'

Referring to **two** plays in your answer, show how far you find this to be true.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following episode, discussing the ways it establishes the excitement of the characters' optimism for the future.

*[Blackie takes up his clock and goes. A few seconds later the door, which was left slightly ajar, swings open and Johnny comes in carrying his suitcase.]*

- QUEENY *[not looking around]*. I told you to get out! 5  
 JOHNNY It wasn't me you told.  
 QUEENY Johnny!  
 JOHNNY That's your man, plus the finest selection of material any township has ever seen.  
 QUEENY Johnny!  
 JOHNNY You been crying or something? 10  
 QUEENY I thought you wasn't coming.  
 JOHNNY And you cried? Well you can stop 'cause I'm here and just take a look at this.  
*[He opens his suitcase. A flood of coloured material spills out onto the floor. For Queeny it is a moment of release which starts with a gasp of surprise.]* 15  
 And you wanted to know if ten pounds was enough? Well there's all this and I still got two quid in my pocket. But take a good look at the colours. Red ...  
 QUEENY Blue ... green ... 20  
 JOHNNY Yellow ... purple ...  
 QUEENY You brought in the rainbow, man!  
 JOHNNY And the sizes ... see this one.  
 QUEENY *[taking a large length of red from his hands and draping it round her]*. My colour, Johnny. 25  
 JOHNNY That's a curtain you're wearing ... and what about this for a bed? And cushions to match!  
 QUEENY I never seen so much colour.  
 JOHNNY How does it make you feel?  
 QUEENY Excited. 30  
 JOHNNY Well, don't be scared. Come on, touch it ... get the feel of it, you'll be handling a lot.  
 QUEENY You really think so, Johnny?  
 JOHNNY Now that I actually see it I say we can't go wrong. You know when I was walking up the street with this material the women came out of their houses to see what I had. They wanted to buy it there and then. I got two names already. I got to be there this afternoon when they get back with their men's pay ... and let me tell you they are going to buy. I got scared last night when you offered me the money so suddenly. But now! This is what I've been waiting for, Queeny. I got so many ideas up here my head is bursting. Number one. The place that sold me this also sells feathers and fluff for cushions, you buy it by the box. So we are going to make the cushions complete ourselves. You got a sewing machine? 40  
 QUEENY No. But I can buy one.

- JOHNNY No. You've given your share. The machine comes out of the profits ... 45  
 maybe in a month or so. Then you can do some stitching while I'm out  
 selling.
- QUEENY I don't know how to sew.
- JOHNNY So you learn. Other women can, you can. You're the same as them.
- QUEENY Say that again. 50
- JOHNNY I said you're like the other women. Anything wrong?
- QUEENY Nothing. Nothing at all. I just wanted to hear you say it.
- JOHNNY Now to work.
- QUEENY But you just come in. Aren't you tired? Carrying all that?
- JOHNNY Tired today? 55
- QUEENY But breakfast. I got something cooking.
- JOHNNY Okay. Bring it in.  
*[Queeny goes to the kitchen to fetch his breakfast. Johnny starts sorting  
 out his material.]*
- QUEENY *[from the other room]*. When you going to start? 60
- JOHNNY Straight after I've eaten. This is make-or-break day for me, and I want to  
 know which it is.
- QUEENY *[in the doorway]*. Nothing could break today, Johnny. Even if you came  
 home with nothing sold.

*Nongogo, Act Two*

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Miller dramatises the aspirations of immigrants into America in the play.
- Or** (b) Comment in detail on the following episode, showing how it develops Eddie's growing uneasiness about Rodolpho.

	<i>[Eddie glances up the street, sees Louis and Mike coming, and sits on an iron railing. Louis and Mike enter.]</i>	
LOUIS	Wanna go bowlin' tonight?	
EDDIE	I'm too tired. Goin' to sleep.	
LOUIS	How's your two submarines?	5
EDDIE	They're okay.	
LOUIS	I see they're gettin' work allatime.	
EDDIE	Oh yeah, they're doin' all right.	
MIKE	That's what we oughta do. We oughta leave the country and come in under the water. Then we get work.	10
EDDIE	You ain't kiddin'.	
LOUIS	Well, what the hell. Y'know?	
EDDIE	Sure.	
LOUIS	<i>[- sits on railing beside Eddie]</i> Believe me, Eddie, you got a lotta credit comin' to you.	15
EDDIE	Aah, they don't bother me, don't cost me nutt'n.	
MIKE	That older one, boy, he's a regular bull. I seen him the other day liftin' coffee bags over the Matson Line. They leave him alone he woulda load the whole ship by himself.	
EDDIE	Yeah, he's a strong guy, that guy. Their father was a regular giant, supposed to be.	20
LOUIS	Yeah, you could see. He's a regular slave.	
MIKE	<i>[grinning]</i> That blond one, though – <i>[Eddie looks at him.]</i> He's got a sense of humour. <i>[Louis snickers.]</i>	
EDDIE	<i>[searchingly]</i> Yeah. He's funny –	25
MIKE	<i>[starting to laugh]</i> Well he ain't exactly funny, but he's always like makin' remarks like, y'know? He comes around, everybody's laughin'. <i>[Louis laughs.]</i>	
EDDIE	<i>[uncomfortably grinning]</i> Yeah, well ... he's got a sense of humour.	
MIKE	<i>[laughing]</i> Yeah, I mean, he's always makin' like remarks, like, y'know?	30
EDDIE	Yeah, I know. But he's a kid yet, y'know? He – he's just a kid, that's all.	
MIKE	<i>[getting hysterical with Louis]</i> I know. You take one look at him – everybody's happy. <i>[Louis laughs.]</i> I worked one day with him last week over the Moore-MacCormack Line, I'm tellin' you they was all hysterical. <i>[Louis and he explode in laughter.]</i>	35
EDDIE	Why? What'd he do?	
MIKE	I don't know ... he was just humorous. You never can remember what he says, y'know? But it's the way he says it. I mean he gives you a look sometimes and you start laughin'!	40
EDDIE	Yeah. <i>[Troubled]</i> He's got a sense of humour.	
MIKE	<i>[gasping]</i> Yeah.	
LOUIS	<i>[rising]</i> Well, we see ya, Eddie.	
EDDIE	Take it easy.	
LOUIS	Yeah. See ya.	45
MIKE	If you wanna come bowlin' later we're goin' Flatbush Avenue. <i>[Laughing, they move to exit, meeting Rodolpho and Catherine entering on the street. Their laughter rises as they see Rodolpho,</i>	

*who does not understand but joins in. Eddie moves to enter the house as Louis and Mike exit. Catherine stops him at the door.]* 50

- CATHERINE Hey, Eddie – what a picture we saw! Did we laugh!
- EDDIE [*– he can't help smiling at sight of her*] Where'd you go?
- CATHERINE Paramount. It was with those two guys, y'know? That –
- EDDIE Brooklyn Paramount?
- CATHERINE [*with an edge of anger, embarrassed before Rodolpho*] Sure, the 55  
Brooklyn Paramount. I told you we wasn't goin' to New York.
- EDDIE [*retreating before the threat of her anger*] All right, I only asked you.  
[*To Rodolpho*] I just don't want her hangin' around Times Square, see? It's full of tramps over there.

*Act One*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Caesar*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Shakespeare presents the relationship between Antony and Octavius, and the contribution of this relationship to the play.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, showing in what ways Shakespeare makes the murder of Caesar dramatic.

CINNA	O Caesar!	
CAESAR	Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?	
DECIUS	Great Caesar!	
CAESAR	Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?	
CASCA	Speak, hands, for me!	5
	<i>[They stab Caesar. Casca strikes the first, Brutus the last blow.]</i>	
CAESAR	Et tu, Brute? – Then fall, Caesar!	
		<i>[Dies</i>
CINNA	Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!	
	Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.	10
CASSIUS	Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'	
BRUTUS	People and Senators, be not affrighted. Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.	
CASCA	Go to the pulpit, Brutus.	15
DECIUS	And Cassius too.	
BRUTUS	Where's Publius?	
CINNA	Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.	
METELLUS	Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance –	20
BRUTUS	Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer! There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.	
CASSIUS	And leave us, Publius, lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.	25
BRUTUS	Do so; and let no man abide this deed But we the doers. <i>[Re-enter Trebonius]</i>	
CASSIUS	Where is Antony?	
TREBONIUS	Fled to his house amaz'd.	30
	Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.	
BRUTUS	Fates, we will know your pleasures. That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.	35
CASSIUS	Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life Cuts off so many years of fearing death.	
BRUTUS	Grant that, and then is death a benefit. So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords. Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace, And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'	40
CASSIUS	Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted over In states unborn and accents yet unknown!	45



BRUTUS	How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!	50
CASSIUS	So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.	
DECIUS	What, shall we forth?	55
CASSIUS	Ay, every man away. Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.	

*Act 3 Scene 1*





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