

# **Cambridge International AS Level**

### LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

8695/23

2 hours

May/June 2022

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

#### INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total, each from a different section.
- 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.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

This document has 24 pages. Any blank pages are indicated.



#### Section A: Drama

#### ARTHUR MILLER: All My Sons

- 1 Either (a) Discuss Miller's presentation of different attitudes to reputation in All My Sons. [25]
  - Or (b) Paying close attention to language and dramatic methods, discuss Miller's presentation of the relationship between Chris and Kate Keller (Mother) in the following extract. [25]

[As twilight falls, that evening.

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*Chris:* I'm relaxed.

(from Act 2)

#### WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Much Ado About Nothing

- 2 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Shakespeare presents different friendships in Much Ado About Nothing.
  - Or (b) How might an audience react as the following extract unfolds? In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

[25]

	[ <i>Enter</i> LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, and Others.]	
Leonato:	Was not Count John here at supper?	
Antonio:	I saw him not.	
Beatrice:	How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.	5
Hero:	He is of a very melancholy disposition.	
Beatrice:	He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.	10
Leonato:	Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face –	
Beatrice:	With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.	15
Leonato:	By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.	
Antonio:	In faith, she's too curst.	20
Beatrice:	Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none.	
Leonato:	So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.	
Beatrice:	Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.	25
Leonato:	You may light on a husband that hath no beard.	
Beatrice:	What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I	
	will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell.	35
Leonato:	Well then, go you into hell?	
Beatrice:	No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids'. So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint	40

Antonio	Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.	
Antonio	[ <i>To</i> HERO]: Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.	45
Beatrice:	Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say 'Father, as it please you'. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'	
Leonato:	Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.	50
Beatrice:	Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.	55
Leonato:	Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.	
Beatrice:	The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace; the first suit	60
	is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.	65
Leonato:	Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.	70
Beatrice:	I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.	

(from Act 2 Scene 1)

- **3 Either (a)** In what ways, and with what effects, does Soyinka present the relationship between Jero and Chume in these plays? [25]
  - Or (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of the prophets in the following extract from *Jero's Metamorphosis*. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]
    - *Shadrach:* We have heard all we need to know of the conspiracy against us.

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[Roars off alone into laughter.]

(from Jero's Metamorphosis, Scene 3)

#### THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: The Changeling

- 4 Either
- (a) In what ways, and with what effects, do Middleton and Rowley explore different kinds of madness in *The Changeling*? [25]
- Or (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following exchange unfolds? In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

	[ <i>Enter</i> VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA, TOMAZO, FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO.]	
Vermandero:	Oh, Alsemero, I have a wonder for you.	
Alsemero:	No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.	
Vermandero:	l have suspicion near as proof itself For Piracquo's murder.	5
Alsemero:	Sir, I have proof Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.	
Vermandero:	Beseech you hear me; these two have been disguis'd E'er since the deed was done.	10
Alsemero:	I have two other That were more close disguis'd than your two could be, E'er since the deed was done.	
Vermandero:	You'll hear me! – these mine own servants –	
Alsemero:	Hear me; – those nearer than your servants, That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.	15
Franciscus:	That may be done with easy truth, sir.	
Tomazo:	How is my cause bandied through your delays! 'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for haste; Give me a brother alive or dead: Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both A recompense, for murder and adultery.	20
Beatrice	[ <i>within</i> ]: Oh, oh!	
Alsemero:	Hark, 'tis coming to you.	
De Flores	[within]: Nay, I'll along for company.	25
Beatrice	[ <i>within</i> ]: Oh, oh!	
Vermandero:	What horrid sounds are these?	
Alsemero:	Come forth, you twins of mischief!	
	[Enter DE FLORES bringing in BEATRICE (wounded).]	
De Flores:	Here we are; if you have any more To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet, And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.	30
Vermandero:	An host of enemies enter'd my citadel Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice! Joanna!	35
Beatrice:	Oh come not near me, sir, I shall defile you: I am that of your blood was taken from you For your better health; look no more upon't, But cast it to the ground regardlessly: Let the common sewer take it from distinction.	40
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	Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corrupti I ne'er could pluck it from him: my loathing Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd; Mine honour fell with him, and now my life. Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed, Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night, For which your false bride died.		45
Alsemero:	Diaphanta!		
De Flores:	Yes; and the while I coupled with your mate At barley-brake; now we are left in hell.	Э	50
Vermandero:	We are all there, it circumscribes here.		
De Flores:	I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart; Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.		
Tomazo:	Ha! My brother's murderer!		55
De Flores:	Yes, and her ho Was my reward; I thank life for nothing But that pleasure: it was so sweet to me That I have drunk up all, left none behind For any man to pledge me.	nour's prize	60
Vermandero:	Horrid villain! Keep life in him for further tortures.		
De Flores:	No! I can prevent you; here's my penknife still. It is but one thread more, [ <i>stabs himself</i> ] – cut.	and now 'tis	65
	Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee Canst not forget, so lately put in mind, I would not go to leave thee far behind.	[Dies.]	
Beatrice:	Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive; 'Tis time to die, when 'tis a shame to live.	[Dies.]	70
	(from	Act 5 Scene 3)	

# Section B: Poetry

#### **ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems**

Either	(a)	In what ways, and with what effects, does Browning present conflict in <b>two</b> poem from your selection?	
Or	(b)	Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the relationship between th speaker and the girl in the following poem. [25]	
		Confessions	
		I What is he buzzing in my ears? 'Now that I come to die, 'Do I view the world as a vale of tears?'	F
			5
		II What I viewed there once, what I view again Where the physic bottles stand On the table's edge,—is a suburb lane, With a wall to my bedside hand.	0
		That lane sloped, much as the bottles do, From a house you could descry O'er the garden-wall: is the curtain blue	5
		IV To mine, it serves for the old June weather Blue above lane and wall; And that farthest bottle labelled 'Ether' Is the house o'ertopping all. 2	0
			•
		At a terrace, somewhere near the stopper, There watched for me, one June, A girl: I know, sir, it's improper, My poor mind's out of tune. 2	5
		VI	
		Only there was a way you crept Close by the side, to dodge Eyes in the house, two eyes except:	0
		VII	
		<ul> <li>What right had a lounger up their lane?</li> <li>But, by creeping very close,</li> <li>With the good wall's help,—their eyes might strain</li> <li>And stretch themselves to Oes,</li> </ul>	5

https://xtremepape.rs/

VIII Yet never catch her and me together, As she left the attic, there, By the rim of the bottle labelled 'Ether,' And stole from stair to stair,

11

IX

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas, We loved, sir—used to meet: How sad and bad and mad it was— But then, how it was sweet!

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#### **OWEN SHEERS:** Skirrid Hill

- 6 Either (a) Compare ways in which Sheers explores love in two poems from Skirrid Hill. [25]
  - Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Sheers shapes a reader's response to the events. [25]

#### Liable to Floods

'Liable to floods' the farmer warned them. And on the map, the letters arcing down the valley in black and white but still the major wouldn't listen –	
tipping back his cap with one finger and laying a fatherly hand on the farmer's shoulder 'Don't you worry Jack,' he said, 'We've got this one covered.'	5
And so they made their camp, a thousand tents across the valley floor, but even then as the GI's tapped the steel they felt the backbone of the rock, shallow beneath the soil.	10
For the next two days they trained under Moel Siabod's shoulder. Greenhorns from Kansas, Ohio and Iowa, sweeping in a line	15
through the ditches, streams and bracken, preparing for the landings on Utah and Omaha pegged as yet to an unknown date hung somewhere just over the horizon.	20
On the third night they slept to the sound of the rain's fusillade and the artillery of thunder, while outside, under cover of darkness the river pulled herself up and spread her wings,	
bleeding through the camp like ink from a broken cartridge. The guards were woken by their tin cans and cups set afloat and clinking against each other like ghosts in celebration.	25
They raised the alarm but it was already too late and the river, arming herself with their rifles, flushing out the latrines, swallowing the jeeps, gathered them all and ushered them off.	30
And as their camp beds became rafts, gently lifted and spun, more than one GI woke from dreams of home to sense, just for a second, somewhere deep in the bone,	35

how suitable this was, as if the weather had finally caught up with their lives – this being taken at night without any say, this being borne, this being swept away.

#### Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 7 Either (a) Discuss ways in which two poems present women's attitudes to men. [25]
  - Or (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Owen presents the effects of nature. [25]

#### Futility

Move him into the sun – Gently its touch awoke him once, At home, whispering of fields unsown. Always it woke him, even in France, Until this morning and this snow. If anything might rouse him now The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds, – Woke, once, the clays of a cold star. Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides, Full-nerved – still warm – too hard to stir? Was it for this the clay grew tall? – O what made fatuous sunbeams toil To break earth's sleep at all?

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(Wilfred Owen)

#### **GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems**

15

- 8 Either (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems in which Clarke presents dead animals. [25]
  - Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss ways Clarke shapes a reader's response in the following poem. [25]

#### Cold Knap Lake

We once watched a crowd pull a drowned child from the lake. Blue-lipped and dressed in water's long green silk she lay for dead.

Then kneeling on the earth, a heroine, her red head bowed, her wartime cotton frock soaked, my mother gave a stranger's child her breath. The crowd stood silent, drawn by the dread of it.	5 10
The child breathed, bleating and rosy in my mother's hands. My father took her home to a poor house and watched her thrashed for almost drowning.	
Was I there? Or is that troubled surface something else shadowy under the dipped fingers of willows where satiny mud blooms in cloudiness after the treading, heavy webs of swans as their wings beat and whistle on the air?	15 20
All lost things lie under closing water	

in the lake with the poor man's daughter.

#### Section C: Prose

#### IAN McEWAN: Atonement

- **9 Either (a)** Discuss the effects of McEwan's use of different time periods in the novel. [25]
  - Or (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which McEwan presents Briony's experience. [25]

She knew from her map that Balham lay at the far end of the Common, in the direction the vicar was walking.

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This was an interview she was preparing for, the post of beloved younger sister.

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 10.

#### NGŨGĨ WA THIONG'O: Petals of Blood

- **10 Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and significance of the Theng'eta drink in the novel. [25]
  - Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Inspector Godfrey's interrogation of Munira in the following passage. [25]

There was a quiet but firm conviction in Munira's voice that somehow carried Inspector Godfrey.

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'Stop ... wait ... I've not finished.'

(from Chapter 12)

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Or

#### Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

- **11 Either (a)** Compare the presentation and importance of landscape in **two** stories. [25]
  - (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following passage from *The Paper Menagerie* presents the narrator's mother and their relationship. [25]

The catalog said she was eighteen, loved to dance, and spoke good English because she was from Hong Kong. None of these facts turned out to be true.

He wrote to her, and the company passed their messages back and forth. Finally, he flew to Hong Kong to meet her.

'The people at the company had been writing her responses. She didn't know 5 any English other than "hello" and "good-bye."

What kind of woman puts herself into a catalog so that she can be bought? The high-school-me thought I knew so much about everything. Contempt felt good, like wine.

Instead of storming into the office to demand his money back, he paid a *10* waitress at the hotel restaurant to translate for them.

'She would look at me, her eyes halfway between scared and hopeful, while I spoke. And when the girl began translating what I said, she'd start to smile slowly.'

He flew back to Connecticut and began to apply for the papers for her to come to him. I was born a year later, in the Year of the Tiger.

At my request, Mom also made a goat, a deer, and a water buffalo out of wrapping paper. They would run around the living room while Laohu chased after them, growling. When he caught them he would press down until the air went out of them and they became just flat, folded-up pieces of paper. I would then have to blow into them to reinflate them so they could run around some more.

Sometimes, the animals got into trouble. Once, the water buffalo jumped into a dish of soy sauce on the table at dinner. (He wanted to wallow, like a real water buffalo.) I picked him out quickly but the capillary action had already pulled the dark liquid high up into his legs. The sauce-softened legs would not hold him up, and he collapsed onto the table. I dried him out in the sun, but his legs became crooked after that, and he ran around with a limp. Mom eventually wrapped his legs in Saran wrap so that he could wallow to his heart's content (just not in soy sauce).

Also, Laohu liked to pounce at sparrows when he and I played in the backyard. But one time, a cornered bird struck back in desperation and tore his ear. He whimpered and winced as I held him and Mom patched his ear together with tape. He avoided birds after that.

And then one day, I saw a TV documentary about sharks and asked Mom for one of my own. She made the shark, but he flapped about on the table unhappily. I filled the sink with water and put him in. He swam around and around happily. However, after a while he became soggy and translucent, and slowly sank to the bottom, the folds coming undone. I reached in to rescue him, and all I ended up with was a wet piece of paper.

Laohu put his front paws together at the edge of the sink and rested his head on them. Ears drooping, he made a low growl in his throat that made me feel guilty.

Mom made a new shark for me, this time out of tinfoil. The shark lived happily in a large goldfish bowl. Laohu and I liked to sit next to the bowl to watch the tinfoil shark chasing the goldfish, Laohu sticking his face up against the bowl on the other side so that I saw his eyes, magnified to the size of coffee cups, staring at me from across the bowl.

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(from The Paper Menagerie)

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# MARK TWAIN: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

**12 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Twain explores issues of race in the novel.

Or	(b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which presents Huck's deception of the Wilks sisters.	Twain [25]
	Well, I was gone up again. I forgot I was the old man's servant. But next minute I whirled in on a kind of an explanation how a valley was different from a common servant, and <i>had</i> to go to church whether he wanted to or not, and set with the family, on account of it's being the law. But I didn't do it pretty good, and when I got	
	done I see she warn't satisfied.	5
	She says:	
	'Honest injun, now, hain't you been telling me a lot of lies?' 'Honest injun,' says I.	
	'None of it at all?' 'None of it at all. Not a lie in it,' says I.	10
	'Lay your hand on this book and say it.'	10
	I see it warn't nothing but a dictionary, so I laid my hand on it and said it. So then she looked a little better satisfied, and says:	
	'Well, then, I'll believe some of it; but I hope to gracious if I'll believe the rest.'	
	'What is it you won't believe, Joe?' says Mary Jane, stepping in with Susan behind her. 'It ain't right nor kind for you to talk so to him, and him a stranger and so far from his people. How would you like to be treated so?'	15
	'That's always your way, Maim – always sailing in to help somebody before	
	they're hurt. I hain't done nothing to him. He's told some stretcher, I reckon; and I said I wouldn't swallow it all; and that's every bit and grain I <i>did</i> say. I reckon he can stand a little thing like that, can't he?'	20
	'I don't care whether 'twas little or whether 'twas big, he's here in our house and a stranger, and it wasn't good of you to say it. If you was in his place, it would make	
	you feel ashamed; and so you oughtn't to say a thing to another person that will	
	make <i>them</i> feel ashamed.' 'Why, Maim, he said –'	25
	'It don't make no difference what he <i>said</i> – that ain't the thing. The thing is for	
	you to treat him <i>kind</i> , and not be saying things to make him remember he ain't in his	
	own country and amongst his own folks.' I says to myself, <i>this</i> is a girl that I'm letting that old reptle rob of her money! Then Susan <i>she</i> waltzed in; and if you'll believe me, she did give Hare-lip hark	30
	from the tomb!	
	Says I to myself, And this is <i>another</i> one that I'm letting him rob her of her money!	

(from Chapter 26)

[25]

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