



# Cambridge International AS Level

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LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/23

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

October/November 2022

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## 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 [ ].

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

## Section A: Drama

ARTHUR MILLER: *All My Sons*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'Miller enables an audience to feel sympathy for Joe Keller, despite what Joe has done.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on the play? [25]

- Or** (b) With close attention to detail of language and action, discuss Miller's presentation of Ann in the following extract. [25]

*Ann:* People like to do things for the Kellers.

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I resent everything you've said.

*(from Act 2)*

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing***

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of different attitudes to marriage in *Much Ado About Nothing*. [25]
- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following extract unfolds? In your answer you should pay close attention to language and dramatic methods. [25]

|                  |   |  |
|------------------|---|--|
| <i>Friar:</i>    | Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?  |  |
| <i>Hero:</i>     | They know that do accuse me; I know none.<br>If I know more of any man alive<br>Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,<br>Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,<br>Prove you that any man with me convers'd<br>At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight<br>Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,<br>Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.   | 5  |
| <i>Friar:</i>    | There is some strange misprision in the princes.  | 10   |
| <i>Benedick:</i> | Two of them have the very bent of honour;<br>And if their wisdoms be misled in this,<br>The practice of it lives in John the bastard,<br>Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.   |  |
| <i>Leonato:</i>  | I know not. If they speak but truth of her,<br>These hands shall tear her, if they wrong her honour,<br>The proudest of them shall well hear of it.<br>Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,<br>Nor age so eat up my invention,<br>Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,<br>Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,<br>But they shall find awak'd in such a kind<br>Both strength of limb and policy of mind,<br>Ability in means and choice of friends,<br>To quit me of them throughly. | 15<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>20<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>25 |
| <i>Friar:</i>    | <p style="text-align: right;">Pause awhile,</p> And let my counsel sway you in this case.<br>Your daughter here the princes left for dead;<br>Let her awhile be secretly kept in,<br>And publish it that she is dead indeed;<br>Maintain a mourning ostentation,<br>And on your family's old monument<br>Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites<br>That appertain unto a burial.  | 30   |
| <i>Leonato:</i>  | What shall become of this? What will this do?   | 35   |
| <i>Friar:</i>    | Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf<br>Change slander to remorse; that is some good.<br>But not for that dream I on this strange course,<br>But on this travail look for greater birth.<br>She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,<br>Upon the instant that she was accus'd,<br>Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,<br>Of every hearer; for it so falls out<br>That what we have we prize not to the worth   | 40   |

|                  |  |    |
|------------------|--|----|
|                  | Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,       | 45 |
|                  | Why, then we rack the value, then we find            |    |
|                  | The virtue that possession would not show us         |    |
|                  | Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio.    |    |
|                  | When he shall hear she died upon his words,          |    |
|                  | Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep             | 50 |
|                  | Into his study of imagination,                       |    |
|                  | And every lovely organ of her life                   |    |
|                  | Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,        |    |
|                  | More moving, delicate, and full of life,             |    |
|                  | Into the eye and prospect of his soul,               | 55 |
|                  | Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,     |    |
|                  | If ever love had interest in his liver,              |    |
|                  | And wish he had not so accused her –                 |    |
|                  | No, though he thought his accusation true.           |    |
|                  | Let this be so, and doubt not but success            | 60 |
|                  | Will fashion the event in better shape               |    |
|                  | Than I can lay it down in likelihood.                |    |
|                  | But if all aim but this be levell'd false,           |    |
|                  | The supposition of the lady's death                  |    |
|                  | Will quench the wonder of her infamy.                | 65 |
|                  | And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,        |    |
|                  | As best befits her wounded reputation,               |    |
|                  | In some reclusive and religious life,                |    |
|                  | Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.       |    |
| <i>Benedick:</i> | Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you;           | 70 |
|                  | And though you know my inwardness and love           |    |
|                  | Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,            |    |
|                  | Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this             |    |
|                  | As secretly and justly as your soul                  |    |
|                  | Should with your body.                               | 75 |
| <i>Leonato:</i>  | Being that I flow in grief                           |    |
|                  | The smallest twine may lead me.                      |    |
| <i>Friar:</i>    | 'Tis well consented. Presently away;                 |    |
|                  | For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure. |    |
|                  | Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day            | 80 |
|                  | Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience and endure.  |    |

(from Act 4 Scene 1)

**WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero and Jero's Metamorphosis***

- 3 Either** (a) 'Jero in *Jero's Metamorphosis* is a much more serious character than he is in *The Trials of Brother Jero*.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on Soyinka's presentation of Jero in these plays? [25]

- Or** (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of the relationship between Amope and Chume in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*. In your answer you should pay close attention to Soyinka's dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

*Amope:* Kill me.

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*They all stare at him in bewilderment.]*

*(from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 4)*

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY: *The Changeling*

- 4 **Either** (a) *De Flores*: Look but into your conscience, read me there.  
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal.'

With his comment about Beatrice in mind, discuss Middleton and Rowley's presentation of De Flores's relationship with Beatrice in *The Changeling*. [25]

- Or** (b) With close reference to detail of language and action, discuss ways in which Middleton and Rowley create dramatic tension in the following extract. [25]

*Vermandero*: Oh, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news,  
I saw Piracquo lately.

*Beatrice* [*aside.*]: That's ill news.

*Vermandero*: He's hot preparing for this day of triumph,  
Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight. 5

*Alsemero* [*aside.*]: Ha!

*Beatrice*: Nay, good sir, be not so violent, with speed  
I cannot render satisfaction  
Unto the dear companion of my soul,  
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with, 10  
And part with it so rude and suddenly;  
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,  
Without a solemn farewell?

*Vermandero*: Tush, tush, there's a toy.

*Alsemero* [*aside.*]: I must now part, and never meet again 15  
With any joy on earth; [*to VERMANDERO*] sir, your pardon,  
My affairs call on me.

*Vermandero*: How, sir? By no means;  
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my castle,  
And her best entertainment, ere we part, 20  
I shall think myself unkindly us'd else.  
Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay  
Had been a while with us in Alicant;  
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.

*Alsemero* [*aside.*]: He means to feast me, and poisons me 25  
beforehand;  
[*To VERMANDERO*] I should be dearly glad to be there,  
sir,  
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

*Beatrice*: I shall be sorry if you be not there 30  
When it is done, sir; – but not so suddenly.

*Vermandero*: I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,  
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd  
With many fair and noble ornaments;  
I would not change him for a son-in-law 35  
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,  
And we have great ones, that you know.

*Alsemero*: He's much  
Bound to you, sir.



|                    |  |    |
|--------------------|--|----|
| <i>Vermandero:</i> | He shall be bound to me,<br>As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want<br>My will else.   | 40 |
| <i>Beatrice</i>    | <i>[aside.]</i> : I shall want mine if you do it.  |    |
| <i>Vermandero:</i> | But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.  |    |
| <i>Alsemero</i>    | <i>[aside.]</i> : How shall I dare to venture in his castle,<br>When he discharges murderers at the gate?<br>But I must on, for back I cannot go.  | 45 |
| <i>Beatrice</i>    | <i>[aside.]</i> : Not this serpent gone yet? <i>[Drops a glove.]</i>   |    |
| <i>Vermandero:</i> | Look, girl, thy glove's fall'n;<br>Stay, stay, – De Flores, help a little.<br><i>[Exeunt VERMANDERO, ALSEMERO, JASPERINO, and<br/>Servants.]</i>   | 50 |
| <i>De Flores:</i>  | Here, lady. <i>[Offers the glove.]</i>   |    |
| <i>Beatrice:</i>   | Mischief on your officious forwardness!<br>Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no more:<br>There, for t'other's sake I part with this,<br><i>[Takes off the other glove and throws it down.]</i><br>Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em.<br><i>[Exeunt BEATRICE and DIAPHANTA.]</i>   | 55 |
| <i>De Flores:</i>  | Here's a favour come, with a mischief! Now I know<br>She had rather wear my pelt tann'd in a pair<br>Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers<br>Into her sockets here, I know she hates me,<br>Yet cannot choose but love her:<br>No matter, if but to vex her, I'll haunt her still;<br>Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will. | 60 |
|                    | <i>[Exit.]</i>   | 65 |

*(from Act 1 Scene 1)*

## Section B: Poetry

## ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Browning present envy in **two** poems from your selection? [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the speaker's attitude to Porphyria in the following poem. [25]

*Porphyria's Lover*

The rain set early in to-night,  
 The sullen wind was soon awake,  
 It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
 And did its worse to vex the lake:  
 I listened with heart fit to break. 5

When glided in Porphyria; straight  
 She shut the cold out and the storm,  
 And kneeled and made the cheerless grate  
 Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;  
 Which done, she rose, and from her form 10

Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,  
 And laid her soiled gloves by, untied  
 Her hat and let the damp hair fall,  
 And, last, she sat down by my side  
 And called me. When no voice replied, 15

She put my arm about her waist,  
 And made her smooth white shoulder bare,  
 And all her yellow hair displaced,  
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,  
 And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair, 20

Murmuring how she loved me—she  
 Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,  
 To set its struggling passion free  
 From pride, and vainer ties dissever,  
 And give herself to me for ever. 25

But passion sometimes would prevail,  
 Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain  
 A sudden thought of one so pale  
 For love of her, and all in vain:  
 So, she was come through wind and rain. 30

Be sure I looked up at her eyes  
 Happy and proud; at last I knew  
 Porphyria worshipped me; surprise  
 Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
 While I debated what to do. 35

That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
 Perfectly pure and good: I found  
 A thing to do, and all her hair  
 In one long yellow string I wound  
 Three times her little throat around, 40

And strangled her. No pain felt she;  
 I am quite sure she felt no pain.

As a shut bud that holds a bee,  
I warily oped her lids: again  
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain. 45  
And I untightened next the tress  
About her neck; her cheek once more  
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:  
I propped her head up as before,  
Only, this time my shoulder bore 50  
Her head, which droops upon it still:  
The smiling rosy little head,  
So glad it has its utmost will,  
That all it scorned at once is fled,  
And I, its love, am gained instead! 55  
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how  
Her darling one wish would be heard.  
And thus we sit together now,  
And all night long we have not stirred,  
And yet God has not said a word! 60

**OWEN SHEERS: *Skirrid Hill***

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the writing and effects of **two** poems from *Skirrid Hill* which present family life. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Sheers presents the steelworks. [25]

*The Steelworks,*

except it doesn't anymore.

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across a brushed-metal sky.

*Ebbw Vale, 2002*

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which poets present death. In your answer you should refer to **two** poems from your selection. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Elizabeth Barrett Browning presents the speaker's feelings. [25]

*If Thou must Love Me*

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 "I love her for her smile .. her look .. her way  
 Of speaking gently ..; for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—" 5  
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee, .. and love so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity wiping my cheeks dry!— 10  
 For one might well forget to weep, who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby—  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou may'st love on through love's eternity—

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

## GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 8 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which Clarke explores the seasons of the year in **two** poems. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Clarke's presentation of the relationship in the following poem. In your answer you should pay close attention to poetic methods. [25]

*Stealing Peas*

Tamp of a clean ball on stretched gut.  
 Warm evening voices over clipped privet.  
 Cut grass. Saltfish from the mudflats,  
 and the tide far out.

He wore a blue shirt with an Aertex logo, 5  
 filthy with syrups of laurel and rhododendron,  
 the grime of a town park.

We crawled in the pea-rows  
 in a stolen green light, 10  
 pea-curls catching the tendrils of my hair,  
 peas tight in their pods as sucklers.

We slit the skins with bitten nails,  
 and slid the peas down the chutes of our tongues.  
 The little ones were sweet,  
 the big ones dusty and bitter. 15

'Who d'you like best?'  
 Beyond the freckled light of the allotment,  
 the strawberry beds, the pigeon cotes,  
 a lawn-mower murmured, and the parky shouted  
 at a child we could not see. 20

'You're prettier. She's funnier.'  
 I wish I hadn't asked.

**TURN OVER FOR SECTION C.**

## Section C: Prose

IAN McEWAN: *Atonement*

9 **Either** (a) 'Briony, too, is a victim.'

Discuss the presentation and role of Briony in the novel, saying how far you agree with this view. [25]

**Or** (b) Comment closely on McEwan's presentation of the hospital in the following passage. [25]

Their filthy hair, their blackened faces were on the pillows.

down to the theatre turned out to be amputations.

Two cases going

(from Part 3)



**NGŪGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood***

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Ngũgĩ presents the effects of drought and failed harvests on Ilmorog. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Ngũgĩ's presentation of Cambridge Fraudsham in the following passage. [25]

'Well, as you know Cambridge Fraudsham was great in his own way: he could unsettle a face, however calm and sure.

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a man lose himself so?

But Lizzy was not any of these: how could she make

45

(from *The Journey*)

*Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 11 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present characters making significant decisions. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Penelope Fitzgerald presents Singlebury and the effects of his redundancy in the following passage from *The Axe*. [25]

There were no cooking arrangements and he left me there while he went down to fetch us something ready to eat from the Steakorama next to the cleaners. In his absence I took the opportunity to examine his room, though of course not in an inquisitive or prying manner. I was struck by the fact that none of his small store of stationery had been brought home from the office. He returned with two steaks wrapped in aluminium foil, evidently a special treat in my honour, and afterwards he went out on to the landing and made cocoa, a drink which I had not tasted for more than thirty years. The evening dragged rather. In the course of conversation it turned out that Singlebury was fond of reading. There were in fact several issues of a colour-printed encyclopaedia which he had been collecting as it came out, but unfortunately it had ceased publication after the seventh part. Reading is my hobby, he said. I pointed out that a hobby was rather something that one did with one's hands or in the open air – a relief from the work of the brain. Oh, I don't accept that distinction, Singlebury said. The mind and the body are the same. Well, one cannot deny the connection, I replied. Fear, for example, releases adrenalin, which directly affects the nerves. I don't mean connection. I mean identity, Singlebury said, the mind is the blood. Nonsense, I said, you might just as well tell me that the blood is the mind. It stands to reason that the blood can't think. 5

I was right, after all, in thinking that he would refer to the matter of the redundancy. This was not until he was seeing me off at the bus-stop, when for a moment he turned his grey, exposed-looking face away from me and said that he did not see how he could manage if he really had to go. He stood there like someone who has 'tried to give satisfaction' – he even used this phrase, saying that if the expression were not redolent of a bygone age, he would like to feel he had given satisfaction. Fortunately we had not long to wait for the 45 bus. 10

At the expiry of the month the staff gave a small tea-party for those who were leaving. I cannot describe this occasion as a success. 15

The following Monday I missed Singlebury as a familiar presence and also, as mentioned above, because I had never quite realized how much work he had been taking upon himself. As a direct consequence of losing him I found myself having to stay late – not altogether unwillingly, since although following general instructions I have discouraged overtime, the extra pay in my own case would be instrumental in making ends meet. Meanwhile Singlebury's desk had not been cleared – that is, of the trays, pencil-sharpener and complimentary calendar which were, of course, office property. The feeling that he would come back – not like Mrs Horrocks, who has rung up and called round incessantly – but simply come back to work out of habit and through not knowing what else to do, was very strong, without being openly mentioned. I myself half expected and dreaded it, and I had mentally prepared two or three lines of argument in order to persuade him, if he *did* come, not to try it again. Nothing happened, however, and on the Thursday I personally removed the 'things' from the cubby-hole into my own room. 20

Meanwhile in order to dispel certain quite unfounded rumours I thought it best to issue a notice for general circulation, pointing out that if Mr Singlebury should turn out to have taken any unwise step, and if in consequence any inquiry should be necessary, we should be the first to hear about it from the police. I dictated this to our only permanent typist, who immediately said, oh, he would never do that. He would never cause any unpleasantness like bringing police into the place, he'd do 25

all he could to avoid that. I did not encourage any further discussion, but I asked my wife, who is very used to social work, to call round at Singlebury's place in Clapham North and find out how he was. She did not have very much luck. The people in the cleaner's shop knew, or thought they knew, that he was away, but they had not been sufficiently interested to ask where he was going.

50

On Friday young Patel said he would be leaving, as the damp and the smell were affecting his health. The damp is certainly not drying out in this seasonably warm weather.

55

*(from The Axe)*

**MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss Twain's presentation of Huck's pretences and stories in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering Twain's presentation of the boys' adventures led by Tom Sawyer. [25]

We played robber now and then about a month, and then I resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, we hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. We used to hop out of the woods and go charging down on hog-drovers and women in carts taking garden stuff to market, but we never hived any of them. Tom Sawyer called the hogs 'ingots', and he called the turnips and stuff 'julery' and we would go to the cave and pow-wow over what we had done and how many people we had killed and marked. But I couldn't see no profit in it. One time Tom sent a boy to run about town with a blazing stick, which he called a slogan (which was the sign for the Gang to get together), and then he said he had got secret news by his spies that next day a whole parcel of Spanish merchants and rich A-rabs was going to camp in Cave Hollow with two hundred elephants, and six hundred camels, and over a thousand 'sumter' mules, all loaded down with di'monds, and they didn't have only a guard of four hundred soldiers, and so we would lay in ambuscade, as he called it, and kill the lot and scoop the things. He said we must slick up our swords and guns, and get ready. He never could go after even a turnip-cart but he must have the swords and guns all scoured up for it; though they was only lath and broom-sticks, and you might scour at them till you rotted and then they warn't worth a mouthful of ashes more than what they was before. I didn't believe we could lick such a crowd of Spaniards and A-rabs, but I wanted to see the camels and elephants, so I was on hand next day, Saturday, in the ambuscade; and when we got the word, we rushed out of the woods and down the hill. But there warn't no Spaniards and A-rabs, and there warn't no camels nor no elephants. It warn't anything but a Sunday-school picnic, and only a primer-class at that. We busted it up, and chased the children up the hollow; but we never got anything but some doughnuts and jam, though Ben Rogers got a rag doll, and Jo Harper got a hymn-book and a tract; and then the teacher charged in and made us drop everything and cut. I didn't see no di'monds, and I told Tom Sawyer so. He said there was loads of them there, anyway; and he said there was A-rabs there, too, and elephants and things. I said, why couldn't we see them, then? He said if I warn't so ignorant, but had read a book called 'Don Quixote', I would know without asking. He said it was all done by enchantment. He said there was hundreds of soldiers there, and elephants and treasure, and so on, but we had enemies which he called magicians, and they had turned the whole thing into an infant Sunday school, just out of spite. I said, all right, then the thing for us to do was to go for the magicians. Tom Sawyer said I was a numskull.

(from Chapter 3)







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