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General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/32

Paper 3 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2011

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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 **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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.

This document consists of **9** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Section A: Poetry

SUJATA BHATT: *Point No Point*

- 1 **Either** (a) Referring to **two** poems, discuss by what means and with what effects Bhatt treats political events in her poetry.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, considering ways it presents the progression of the poet's thoughts.

What Happened to the Elephant?

What happened to the elephant,
the one whose head Shiva stole
to bring his son Ganesh
back to life?

This is the child's curiosity
the nosy imagination that continues
probing, looking for a way
to believe the fantasy
a way to prolong the story.

5

If Ganesh could still be Ganesh
with an elephant's head,
then couldn't the body
of that elephant
find another life
with a horse's head – for example?

10

And if we found
a horse's head to revive
the elephant's body –
Who is the true elephant?
And what shall we do
about the horse's body?

20

Still, the child refuses
to accept Shiva's carelessness
and searches for a solution
without death

25

*

But now when I gaze
at the framed postcard
of Ganesh on my wall,
I also picture a rotting carcass
of a beheaded elephant
lying crumpled up
on its side, covered with bird shit
vulture shit –

30

Oh that elephant
 whose head survived
for Ganesh – 35

He died, of course, but the others
in his herd, the hundreds
in his family must have found him.
They stared at him for hours
with their slow swaying sadness ... 40
How they turned and turned
in a circle, with their trunks
facing outwards and then inwards
towards the headless one. 45

That is a dance
 a group dance
no one talks about.

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems*

- 2 **Either** (a) Referring closely to Hardy's writing in **two** poems, discuss ways in which he treats the passage of time.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, paying particular attention to its presentation of the relationship.

The Haunter

He does not think that I haunt here nightly:
 How shall I let him know
 That whither his fancy sets him wandering
 I, too, alertly go? –
 Hover and hover a few feet from him 5
 Just as I used to do,
 But cannot answer the words he lifts me –
 Only listen thereto!

When I could answer he did not say them:
 When I could let him know 10
 How I would like to join in his journeys
 Seldom he wished to go.
 Now that he goes and wants me with him
 More than he used to do,
 Never he sees my faithful phantom 15
 Though he speaks thereto.

Yes, I companion him to places
 Only dreamers know,
 Where the shy hares print long paces,
 Where the night rooks go; 20
 Into old aisles where the past is all to him,
 Close as his shade can do,
 Always lacking the power to call to him,
 Near as I reach thereto!

What a good haunter I am, O tell him! 25
 Quickly make him know
 If he but sigh since my loss befell him
 Straight to his side I go.
 Tell him a faithful one is doing
 All that love can do 30
 Still that his path may be worth pursuing,
 And to bring peace thereto.

Songs of Ourselves

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss the effects created by poets' choices of form and structure. Refer to **two** contrasting poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which the following poem presents the anticipation and the meeting.

Meeting at Night

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

5

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

10

Robert Browning

Section B: Prose

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the role of Bertha Mason and her significance to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Jane's flight from Thornfield in the following passage.

Drearily I wound my way downstairs: I knew what I had to do, and I did it mechanically. I sought the key of the side-door in the kitchen; I sought, too, a phial of oil and a feather; I oiled the key and the lock. I got some water, I got some bread: for perhaps I should have to walk far; and my strength, sorely shaken of late, must not break down. All this I did without one sound. I opened the door, passed out, shut it softly. Dim dawn glimmered in the yard. The great gates were closed and locked; but a wicket in one of them was only latched. Through that I departed: it, too, I shut; and now I was out of Thornfield. 5

A mile off, beyond the fields, lay a road which stretched in the contrary direction to Millcote; a road I had never travelled, but often noticed, and wondered where it led: thither I bent my steps. No reflection was to be allowed now: not one glance was to be cast back; not even one forward. Not one thought was to be given either to the past or the future. The first was a page so heavenly sweet – so deadly sad – that to read one line of it would dissolve my courage and break down my energy. The last was an awful blank: something like the world when the deluge was gone by. 10 15

I skirted fields and hedges and lanes till after sunrise. I believe it was a lovely summer morning: I know my shoes, which I had put on when I left the house, were soon wet with dew. But I looked neither to rising sun, nor smiling sky, nor wakening nature. He who is taken out to pass through a fair scene to the scaffold, thinks not of the flowers that smile on his road, but of the block and axe-edge; of the disseverment of bone and vein; of the grave gaping at the end: and I thought of drear flight and homeless wandering – and oh! with agony I thought of what I left. I could not help it. I thought of him now – in his room – watching the sunrise; hoping I should soon come to say I would stay with him and be his. I longed to be his; I panted to return: it was not too late. I could yet spare him the bitter pang of bereavement. As yet my flight, I was sure, was undiscovered. I could go back and be his comforter – his pride; his redeemer from misery, perhaps from ruin. Oh, that fear of his self-abandonment – far worse than my abandonment – how it goaded me! It was a barbed arrowhead in my breast; it tore me when I tried to extract it; it sickened me when remembrance thrust it farther in. Birds began singing in brake and copse: birds were faithful to their mates; birds were emblems of love. What was I? In the midst of my pain of heart and frantic effort of principle, I abhorred myself. I had no solace from self-approbation: none even from self-respect. I had injured – wounded – left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one and stifled the other. I was weeping wildly as I walked along my solitary way; fast, fast I went like one delirious. A weakness, beginning inwardly, extending to the limbs, seized me, and I fell; I lay on the ground some minutes, pressing my face to the wet turf. I had some fear – or hope – that here I should die; but I was soon up, crawling forwards on my hands and knees, and then again raised to my feet – as eager and as determined as ever to reach the road. 20 25 30 35 40

When I got there, I was forced to sit to rest me under the hedge; and while I sat I heard wheels, and saw a coach come on. I stood up and lifted my hand; it stopped. I asked where it was going: the driver named a place a long way off, and where I was sure Mr Rochester had no connexions. I asked for what sum he would take me there; he said thirty shillings; I answered I had but twenty; well, he would try to make it do. He further gave me leave to get into the inside, as the vehicle was empty: I entered, was shut in, and it rolled on its way. 45

Gentle reader, may you never feel what I then felt! May your eyes never shed such stormy, scalding, heart-wrung tears as poured from mine. May you never appeal to Heaven in prayers so hopeless and so agonized as in that hour left my lips; for never may you, like me, dread to be the instrument of evil to what you wholly love. 50

Chapter 27

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Maiguru and her significance to the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, discussing its presentation of Tambu's attitude towards her parents' wedding.

Sweet. Sweet enough to bring a smile and a chuckle. That was what Nyasha thought about my parents' wedding and it hurt. It hurt even though I knew she was being kind to call it sweet when the truth was much worse than that, when in fact the whole performance was ridiculous. The whole business reduced my parents to the level of the stars of a comic show, the entertainers. I did not want to see them brought down like that and I certainly did not want to be part of it. So I could not approve of the wedding. This I acknowledged with half of my mind, but in the other half the black square of sin reappeared and grew to an alarming size. I could not ignore it. With the preparations in full swing and people talking about nothing else but the wedding, there was no way of pretending that it was not going to happen. I had to think about it, about the fact that I did not want to go to that wedding. A wedding that made a mockery of the people I belonged to and placed doubt on my legitimate existence in this world. I knew I had to come to a decision, take some sort of action, but I was not like Nyasha: I couldn't simply go up to Babamukuru and tell him what I thought. So I pretended to myself that the wedding was a wonderful plan, just what my parents needed. I told myself that my parents had been deprived of the pomp and ceremony of a wedding in their youth and that now Babamukuru's generosity was making it up to them. It was necessary to exaggerate quite wildly to try to convince myself. I even insisted, very strictly, that my parents were eagerly looking forward to the occasion, but it was no use. I simply did not believe these lies. My father always enjoyed a bit of play-acting, a chance to make a show, so he would be all right. He would have a marvellous time playing the part of the groom and would carry it off too, but my mother's case was entirely different. She had tiredly told me that it did not matter one way or the other, and even Lucia was uncharacteristically unpassionate about it. 'It is happening,' she said, 'so we make it good. Otherwise people will laugh. They won't fail. So we make it good, isn't it?'

Lucia's was a sensible attitude, one I tried to adopt. But the advantages and disadvantages of white lace and vows and veils at this late stage battled about in my head so furiously that I could not sleep for nights on end. Yet I said nothing, not even to Nyasha, who would have told me to make up my mind and stick to my principles, and would have called me feeble when I confessed I could not. There was no way out. The dresses were made, the shoes and stockings, real stockings to make our high-heeled peach sandals look even more elegant, all these things were ready and waiting. My role in the comedy had been confirmed and rehearsed, but I still did not want to take part. It was all right for the others, I grumbled to myself; they were not my parents' daughter. I watched Nyasha, who remained amused, and Maiguru, who had gone back to being solicitous, bustling about with her share of the preparations so that the wedding would be a success and, she said, her Daddy-sweet would not be disappointed. I watched the day draw nearer and still I said nothing.

'Er, Tambudzai,' Babamukuru said to me at supper on the Thursday before the wedding, 'I shall take you home tomorrow, in the afternoon, with Lucia, so that you can help with the preparations over there.'

'Do not take me at all. I don't want to be in your stupid wedding,' I wanted to shout. Instead I said quietly and politely, 'Very well, Babamukuru. That will make things much easier for everybody.'

There was definitely something wrong with me, otherwise I would have had something to say for myself. I knew I had not taken a stand on many issues since coming to the mission, but all along I had been thinking that it was because there had been no reason to, that when the time came I would be able to do it.

Stories of Ourselves

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which **two** stories present characters' responses to tragedies.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways the following passage presents the experience of living in wartime.

The truck was full of dynamite, which any one of the many bullets fired could have set off at any moment – and it was near enough to us to have taken our shed clean away. My father and I kept our heads down, as the Germans by this time (early in '44) were very nervous and shot at anything that moved, if they felt it threatened them. But I wanted to warn Cécile, who was due to pass at any minute. To run up the road would have attracted fire, and even to go the back way, through the vineyards, would have been assumed suspicious by the Germans. So I walked up the road. 'Where the hell are you going?' yelled my father. 'For a walk,' I called back, and then kept going, keeping by the verge, with my hands in my pockets, looking as ordinary as possible but with terror beating in my mouth. I had, I think, a fifty-fifty chance of attracting fire, but none came. When I saw Cécile, I waved, and she stopped. 'You're going to be late for work today,' I said. She held my hand. She was quite startled to see me out of my usual place. She took the long, winding back route and arrived safely. My return was easier: the German guards, looking minuscule against the Latil, hardly seemed to look at me. There is nothing worse than facing danger with your spine. 5

That evening (by which time everything had been cleared up), Cécile thanked me with an open kiss. My father called me 'a bloody fool' and gripped my hand. He was proud of me, for once. 10

Then the village, one Sunday, was crossed with the darkest shadow of war – that of blood. We were sitting down to eat when the rumble of a convoy sounded. 'Bloody Boche,' murmured my father, followed by something ruder, in *patois*. A few minutes later there was shouting, and sounds of gunfire from the northern end of the village, near the little crossroads. There was lots of banging on doors, and we were all told to pay a visit to the *Mairie*. In the larger room, on the big table there used for the meetings of the *Conseil Municipal*, were laid three bodies. Their guts were literally looped and dripping almost to the floor, ripped open by that brief burst of gunfire. One of them was a local man, the son of the butcher, a little older than myself. The other two I did not know. They looked surprised in death, and it was said later that, though all three were members of the *Maquis*, no one knew why they had taken that road slap-bang into the German convoy, and then reversed in such panic. I know why: because, for all their bravery, they were mortals, and felt mortal fear. I was sick in the gutter, immediately afterwards, to my shame. We all – the whole village – filed past the bodies and came out silent and pale. A few of us cried. I had never seen anything like it before, the only dead person I had ever looked at being my poor mother, at peace in her bed. The following week they looped a rope around the long neck of Petit Ours, whom they'd caught in a botched raid on the *gendarmerie*, and pushed him from the town bridge – over which the schoolchildren were forced to walk class by class in the afternoon, while the body swayed in the wind. The Mayor had to give a speech, thanking the Boche for keeping public order and so forth. The atmosphere was terrible. It crept up the road and cast my father and I, and most of our clients, into a deep gloom. 20 25 30 35 40

Tyres

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