

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**9695/02**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen

For examination from 2029

SPECIMEN PAPER

2 hours

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- 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.
- Each question is worth 25 marks.

This document has **12** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

Chris Abani: *GraceLand*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Abani presents political corruption in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Abani presents Mr Aggrey's dance lesson in the following passage, examining its significance to the novel.

Elvis often stayed back to watch them, hidden by the tall congas standing in the shadows at the back of the open yard where all the lessons were held. They

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stiff like marionettes; a forest of Pinocchios, waltzing mug trees, marching like Macbeth's mythical forest.

(from Chapter 8)

Turn over

John Steinbeck: *The Grapes of Wrath*

- 2 Either (a)** 'People moving ... Movin' 'cause they got to.'

With this quotation from the novel in mind, discuss ways in which the idea of movement is made central in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the presentation of the meeting between the woman and Rose of Sharon in the following passage. You must consider its importance to the wider novel.

Along the road a stocky woman walked, carrying an apple box of dirty clothes toward the wash tubs. Her face was brown with sun, and her eyes were black and

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Rose of Sharon listened, her eyes and mouth open.

(from Chapter 22)

from *Stories of Ourselves: Volume 3*

- 3 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the writers of **two** stories present characters living in material comfort or wealth.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Nora in the following passage. You must consider the significance of the passage to *Atrophy* by Edith Wharton.

Nora hesitated. 'No. The fact is, I have an old governess who lives at Ockham. I go to see her sometimes. And so I came on to Westover –' She paused, and Miss Aldis interrogated brightly: 'Yes?' as if prompting her in a lesson she was repeating.

'Because I saw Gladys Brincker the other day, and she told me that your brother was ill.'

'Oh.' Miss Aldis gave the syllable its full weight, and set a full stop after it. Her eyebrows went up, as if in a faint surprise. The silent room seemed to close in on the two speakers, listening. A resuscitated fly buzzed against the sunny windowpane. 'Yes; he's ill,' she conceded at length.

'I'm so sorry; I ... he has been ... such a friend of ours ... so long ...'

'Yes; I've often heard him speak of you and Mr Frenway.' Another full stop sealed this announcement. ('No, she knows nothing,' Nora thought.) 'I remember his telling me that he thought a great deal of Mr Frenway's advice about moving trees. But then you see our soil is so different from yours. I suppose Mr Frenway has had your soil analyzed?'

'Yes; I think he has.'

'Christopher's always been a great gardener.'

'I hope he's not – not very ill? Gladys seemed to be afraid –'

'Illness is always something to be afraid of, isn't it?'

'But you're not – I mean, not anxious ... not seriously?'

'It's so kind of you to ask. The doctors seem to think there's no particular change since yesterday.'

'And yesterday?'

'Well, yesterday they seemed to think there might be.'

'A change, you mean?'

'Well, yes.'

'A change – I hope for the better?'

'They said they weren't sure; they couldn't say.'

The fly's buzzing had become so insistent in the still room that it seemed to be going on inside of Nora's head, and in the confusion of sound she found it more and more difficult to regain a lead in the conversation. And the minutes were slipping by, and upstairs the man she loved was lying. It was absurd and lamentable to make a pretense of keeping up this twaddle. She would cut through it, no matter how.

'I suppose you've had – a consultation?'

'Oh, yes; Dr Knowlton's been down twice.'

'And what does he –'

'Well; he seems to agree with the others.'

There was another pause, and then Miss Aldis glanced out of the window. 'Why, who's that driving up?' she inquired. 'Oh, it's your taxi, I suppose, coming up the drive.'

'Yes. I got out at the gate.' She dared not add: 'For fear the noise might disturb him.'

'I hope you had no difficulty in finding a taxi at the Junction?'

'Oh, no; I had no difficulty.'

'I think it was so kind of you to come – not even knowing whether you'd find a carriage to bring you out all this way. And I know how busy you are. There's always so much going on in town, isn't there, even at this time of year?'

'Yes; I suppose so. But your brother –'

'Oh, of course my brother won't be up to any sort of gaiety; not for a long time.'

'A long time; no. But you do hope –'

'I think everybody about a sick bed ought to hope, don't you?'

'Yes; but I mean –'

Nora stood up suddenly, her brain whirling. Was it possible that she and that woman had sat thus facing each other for half an hour, piling up this conversational rubbish, while upstairs, out of sight, the truth, the meaning of their two lives hung on the frail thread of one man's intermittent pulse? She could not imagine why she felt so powerless and baffled. What had a woman who was young and handsome and beloved to fear from a dowdy and insignificant old maid? Why, the antagonism that these very graces and superiorities would create in the other's breast, especially if she knew they were all spent in charming the being on whom her life depended. Weak in herself, but powerful from her circumstances, she stood at bay on the ruins of all that Nora had ever loved.

(from *Atrophy*)

Tara June Winch: *The Yield*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'Yield itself is a funny word – yield in English is the reaping, the things that man can take from the land [...] In my language it's the things you give to, the movement, the space between things.'

With this quotation from Poppy's dictionary in mind, what for you is the significance of the title of the novel?

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of different kinds of authority in the following passage, evaluating its significance to the novel.

plover bird – *didadida* I learnt this word at the Boys' Home. *Didadida!* We'd scream it and run, swing the switches in the air to scare them back. Most people

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just slid right in here, slithered up like a snake – worse than a snake – ready to make a million, a billion, or more for a couple of greedy mates.

(from Chapter 19)

Turn over

Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

- 5** Comment closely on ways in which the poet presents the man in the following poem.

You must consider the writer's choice of language, structure and poetic methods.

The Young Woman Visitor

I never heard such boasting.
For two whole days while I was there

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but the little special one that would go down
diminishing past clay, and trembling, on his coffin.

Or

- 6 Comment closely on the following passage, considering ways in which the writer presents the stranger and his treasures.

You must consider the writer's choice of language, structure and narrative methods.

He showed her a coating of black on the under side of the jar.

'That's not from the firing. See, I can scratch it off. It's soot, from when it was on the cook-fire last – and that was before Columbus landed, I guess. Nothing makes those people seem so real to me as their old pots, with the fire-black on them.' As she gave it back to him, he shook his head. 'That one's for you, Ma'am, if you like it.'

'Oh, I couldn't think of letting you give it to me! You must keep it for yourself, or put it in a museum.' But that seemed to touch a sore spot.

'Museums,' he said bitterly, 'they don't care about our things. They want something that came from Crete or Egypt. I'd break my jars sooner than they should get them. But I'd like this one to have a good home, among your nice things' – he looked about appreciatively. 'I've no place to keep them. They're in my way, especially that big one. My trunk is at the station, but I was afraid to leave the pottery. You don't get them out whole like that very often.'

'But get them out of what, from where? I want to know all about it.'

'Maybe some day, Ma'am, I can tell you,' he said, wiping his sooty fingers on his handkerchief. His reply was courteous but final. He strapped his bag and picked up his hat, then hesitated and smiled. Taking a buckskin bag from his pocket, he walked over to the window-seat where the children were, and held out his hand to them, saying: 'These I would like to give to the little girls.' In his palm lay two lumps of soft blue stone, the colour of robins' eggs, or of the sea on halcyon¹ days of summer.

The children marvelled. 'Oh, what are they?'

'Turquoises, just the way they come out of the mine, before the jewellers have tampered with them and made them look green. The Indians like them this way.'

Again Mrs St Peter demurred. She told him very kindly that she couldn't let him give his stones to the children. 'They are worth a lot of money.'

'I'd never sell them. They were given to me by a friend. I have a lot, and they're no use to me, but they'll make pretty playthings for little girls.' His voice was so wistful and winning that there was nothing to do.

'Hold them still a moment,' said [Professor St Peter], looking down, not at the turquoises, but at the hand that held them: the muscular, many-lined palm, the long, strong fingers with soft ends, the straight little finger, the flexible, beautifully shaped thumb that curved back from the rest of the hand as if it were its own master. What a hand! He could see it yet, with the blue stones lying in it.

In a moment the stranger was gone, and the St Peter family sat down and looked at one another.

¹halcyon: perfect

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Question 1(b)
Question 2(b)

Question 2(b)

Question 4(b)
Question 5
Question 5

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