

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**9695/04**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

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. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
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 **18** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Pre-1900 poetry and prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

Jane Austen: *Mansfield Park*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Austen present different attitudes to marriage in the novel?
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage from *Mansfield Park*, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

When she had been coming to Portsmouth, she had loved to call it her home, had been fond of saying that she was going home; the word had been very dear to her; and so it still was, but it must be applied to Mansfield. *That* was now the home. Portsmouth was Portsmouth; Mansfield was home. They had been long so arranged in the indulgence of her secret meditations; and nothing was more consolatory to her than to find her aunt using the same language. – ‘I cannot but say, I much regret your being from home at this distressing time, so very trying to my spirits. – I trust and hope, and sincerely wish you may never be absent from home so long again’ – were most delightful sentences to her. Still, however, it was her private regale. – Delicacy to her parents made her careful not to betray such a preference of her uncle’s house: it was always, ‘when I go back into Northamptonshire, or when I return to Mansfield, I shall do so and so.’ – For a great while it was so; but at last the longing grew stronger, it overthrew caution, and she found herself talking of what she should do when she went home, before she was aware. – She reproached herself, coloured and looked fearfully towards her Father and Mother. She need not have been uneasy. There was no sign of displeasure, or even of hearing her. They were perfectly free from any jealousy of Mansfield. She was as welcome to wish herself there, as to be there.

It was sad to Fanny to lose all the pleasure of spring. She had not know before what pleasures she *had* to lose in passing March and April in a town. She had not known before, how much the beginnings and progress of vegetation had delighted her. – What animation both of body and mind, she had derived from watching the advance of that season which cannot, in spite of its capriciousness, be unlovely, and seeing its increasing beauties, from the earliest flowers, in the warmest divisions of her aunt’s garden, to the opening of leaves of her uncle’s plantations, and the glory of his woods. – To be losing such pleasures was no trifle; to be losing them, because she was in the midst of closeness and noise, to have confinement, bad air, bad smells, substituted for liberty, freshness, fragrance, and verdure, was infinitely worse; – but even these incitements to regret, were feeble, compared with what arose from the conviction of being missed, by her best friends, and the longing to be useful to those who were wanting her!

Could she have been at home, she might have been of service to every creature in the house. She felt that she must have been of use to all. To all, she must have saved some trouble of head or hand; and were it only in supporting the spirits of her aunt Bertram, keeping her from the evil of solitude, or the still greater evil of a restless, officious companion, too apt to be heightening danger in order to enhance her own importance, her being there would have been a general good. She loved to fancy how she could have read to her aunt, how she could have

talked to her, and tried at once to make her feel the blessing of what was, and prepare her mind for what might be; and how many walks up and down stairs she might have saved her, and how many messages she might have carried.

(from Chapter 45)

Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Nun's Priest's Prologue, Tale and Epilogue*

2 Either (a) 'For evere the latter ende of joye is wo'

With this comment from the tale in mind, consider Chaucer's exploration of pride in *The Nun's Priest's Prologue, Tale and Epilogue*.

Or (b) Discuss the following extract, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Chaucer's methods and concerns in the *Nun's Priest's Prologue, Tale and Epilogue*.

'Sire Monk, namoore of this, so God yow blesse!
 Youre tale anoyeth al this compaignye.
 Swich talkyng is nat worth a boterflye,
 For therinne is ther no desport ne game.
 Wherefore, sire Monk, daun Piers by youre name,
 I pray yow hertely telle us somewhat elles;
 For sikerly, nere clynkyng of youre belles
 That on youre bridel hange on every syde,
 By hevene kyng that for us alle dyde,
 I sholde er this han fallen down for sleep,
 Although the slough had never been so deep;
 Thanne hadde your tale al be toold in veyn.
 For certainly, as that thise clerkes seyn,
 Whereas a man may have noon audience,
 Noght helpeth it to tellen his sentence.

'And wel I woot the substance is in me,
 If any thyng shal wel reported be.
 Sir, sey somewhat of huntyng, I yow preye.'

'Nay,' quod this Monk, 'I have no lust to pleye:
 Now lat another telle, as I have toold.'
 Thanne spak oure Hoost with rude speche and boold,
 And seyde unto the Nonnes Preest anon,
 'Com neer, thou preest, com hyder, thou sir John!
 Telle us swich thyng as may oure hertes glade.
 Be blithe, though thou ryde upon a jade.
 What thogh thyn hors be bothe foul and lene?
 If he wol serve thee, rekke nat a bene.
 Looke that thyn herte be murie everemo.'

'Yis, sir,' quod he, 'yis, Hoost, so moot I go,
 But I be myrie, ywis I wol be blamed.'
 And right anon his tale he hath attamed,
 And thus he seyde unto us everichon,
 This sweete preest, this goodly man sir John.

Charles Dickens: *A Tale of Two Cities*

- 3 Either** (a) Compare ways in which Dickens presents Lucie Manette's relationships with Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

- Or** (b) Discuss how Dickens uses language, tone and narrative methods to create atmosphere here and elsewhere in the novel.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not? But, the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

'What has gone wrong?' said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

'Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!' said a ragged and submissive man, 'it is a child.'

'Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?'

'Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis – it is a pity – yes.'

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

'Killed!' shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. 'Dead!'

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

'It is extraordinary to me,' said he, 'that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that.'

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, 'Dead!'

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some women were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

(from Book the Second: The Golden Thread, Chapter 7)

from **George Gordon, Lord Byron: *Selected Poetry***

- 4 Either (a)** 'Byron's poems are always a dramatic performance.'

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

- Or (b)** Comment closely on the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Byron's poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

To the Po. June 2nd 1819

River! that rollest by the ancient walls
 Where dwells the Lady of my Love, when she
 Walks by thy brink and there perchance recalls
 A faint and fleeting memory of me,
 What if thy deep and ample stream should be
 A mirror of my heart, where she may read
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee
 Wild as thy wave and headlong as thy speed?
 What do I say? 'a mirror of my heart'?
 Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong,
 Such as my feelings were and are, thou art,
 And such as thou art were my passions long.
 Time may have somewhat tamed them, not forever
 Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye
 The bosom overboils, congenial River!
 Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk away,
 But left long wrecks behind us, yet again
 Borne on our old career unchanged we move,
 Thou tendest wildly to the wilder main
 And I to loving one I should not love.
 The current I behold will sweep beneath
 Her palace walls, and murmur at her feet,
 Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
 The twilight air unchained from Summer's heat.
 She will look on thee, – I have looked on thee
 Full of that thought, and from this moment ne'er
 Thy waters could I name, hear named, or see
 Without the inseparable Sigh for her.
 Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy Stream –
 Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now,
 But mine can not even witness in a dream
 That happy wave repass me in its flow.
 The wave that bears my tears returns no more
 Will She return by whom that wave shall sweep?
 Both tread thy bank, both wander by thy shore.
 I near thy source, and She by the blue deep.
 But that which keepeth us apart, is not
 Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
 But the distractions of a various lot,
 Ah! various as the climates of our birth!

A Stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the Mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fanned
By the bleak wind that chills the Polar flood.
My heart is all meridian, were it not
I had not suffered now, nor should I be –
Despite of tortures ne'er to be forgot –
The Slave again, Oh Love! at least of thee!
'Tis vain to struggle, I have struggled long
To love again no more as once I loved.
Oh! Time! why leave this earliest Passion strong?
To tear a heart which pants to be unmoved?

Mary Shelley: *Frankenstein*

- 5 Either** (a) Discuss Shelley's presentation of fear and its consequences in the novel *Frankenstein*.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following passage, considering ways in which Shelley shapes a reader's response to Victor Frankenstein here and elsewhere in the novel.

Having parted from my friend, I determined to visit some remote spot of Scotland, and finish my work in solitude. I did not doubt but that the monster followed me, and would discover himself to me when I should have finished, that he might receive his companion.

With this resolution I traversed the northern highlands, and fixed on one of the remotest of the Orkneys as the scene of my labours. It was a place fitted for such a work, being hardly more than a rock, whose high sides were continually beaten upon by the waves. The soil was barren, scarcely affording pasture for a few miserable cows, and oatmeal for its inhabitants, which consisted of five persons, whose gaunt and scraggy limbs gave tokens of their miserable fare. Vegetables and bread, when they indulged in such luxuries, and even fresh water, was to be procured from the mainland, which was about five miles distant.

On the whole island there were but three miserable huts, and one of these was vacant when I arrived. This I hired. It contained but two rooms, and these exhibited all the squalidness of the most miserable penury. The thatch had fallen in, the walls were unplastered, and the door was off its hinges. I ordered it to be repaired, bought some furniture, and took possession; an incident which would, doubtless, have occasioned some surprise had not all the senses of the cottagers been benumbed by want and squalid poverty. As it was, I lived ungazed at and unmolested, hardly thanked for the pittance of food and clothes which I gave; so much does suffering blunt even the coarsest sensations of men.

In this retreat I devoted the morning to labour; but in the evening, when the weather permitted, I walked on the stony beach of the sea to listen to the waves as they roared and dashed at my feet. It was a monotonous yet everchanging scene. I thought of Switzerland; it was far different from this desolate and appalling landscape. Its hills are covered with veins, and its cottages are scattered thickly in the plains. Its fair lakes reflect a blue and gentle sky; and, when troubled by the winds, their tumult is but as the play of a lively infant, when compared to the roarings of the giant ocean.

In this manner I distributed my occupations when I first arrived; but as I proceeded in my labour, it became every day more horrible and irksome to me. Sometimes I could not prevail on myself to enter my laboratory for several days; and at other times I toiled day and night in order to complete my work. It was, indeed, a filthy process in which I was engaged. During my first experiment, a kind of enthusiastic frenzy had blinded me to the horror of my employment; my mind was intently fixed on the consummation of my labour, and my eyes shut to the horror of my proceedings. But now I went to it in cold blood, and my heart often sickened at the work of my hands.

(from Volume 3, Chapter 2)

from *Eighteenth-Century Women Poets*

- 6 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects are powerful feelings explored in the selection? You should refer to **three** poems in your response.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following poem by Elizabeth Tollet, considering how far and in what ways it is characteristic of poetic methods and concerns in the selection.

Winter Song

ASK me no more, my truth to prove,
 What I would suffer for my love.
 With thee I would in exile go
 To regions of eternal snow,
 O'er floods by solid ice confined,
 Through forest bare with northern wind:
 While all around my eyes I cast,
 Where all is wild and all is waste.
 If there the timorous stag you chase,
 Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,
 Undaunted I thy arms would bear,
 And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
 When the low sun withdraws his light,
 And menaces an half-year's night,
 The conscious moon and stars above
 Shall guide me with my wandering love.
 Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
 Or in its rocky cells below,
 Thy rural feast I would provide,
 Nor envy palaces their pride.
 The softest moss should dress thy bed,
 With savage spoils about thee spread:
 While faithful love the watch should keep,
 To banish danger from thy sleep.

(Elizabeth Tollet)

Section B: Post-1900 poetry and prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

from **Chinua Achebe: *Collected Poems***

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Achebe explores human suffering. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Achebe's poetic methods and concerns.

1966

absentminded
our thoughtless days

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confirming His first
disappointment in Eden

from **Elizabeth Bishop: *Poems***

- 8 Either (a)** ‘Many of Bishop’s poems closely link human and animal experience.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this comment on Bishop’s poetry? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

- Or (b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Bishop’s concerns in the selection.

One Art

The art of losing isn’t hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

Then practice losing farther, losing faster:
faces, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother’s watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn’t hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn’t a disaster.

– Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan’t have lied. It’s evident
the art of losing’s not too hard to master
thought it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Angela Carter: *Nights at the Circus*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Carter presents journeys and their significance in *Nights at the Circus*.
- Or** (b) Using the following passage as the central focus of your answer, explore ways in which Carter uses humour in the novel.

They put the coffin down on the sawdust beside Buffo. They start to put him in it.

But will he fit? Of course he won't! His legs and arms can't be bent, won't be bent, won't be ordered about! Nobody can lay out *this* force of nature, even if it *is* dead! Pozzo or Bimbo runs off to get an axe to hack bits off him, to cut him down to coffin-size. It turns out the axe is made of rubber.

At long, hilarious last, somehow or other they finally contrive to load him into the box and get the coffin lid on top of him, although it keeps on jerking and tilting because dead Buffo can't and won't lie down. The clown attendants heave the coffin up on their shoulders; they have some difficulty coordinating themselves as pall-bearers. One falls to his knees and, when he rises, down goes another. But, sooner or later, the coffin is aloft upon their shoulders and they prepare to process out of the ring with him.

At which Buffo bursts through the coffin lid! Right through. With a great, rending crash, leaving behind a huge, ragged hole, the silhouette of himself, in the flimsy wood. Here he is, again, large as life and white and black and red all over! 'Thunder and lightning, did yuz think I was dead?'

Tumultuous resurrection of the clown. He leaps from his coffin even as his acolytes hold it high, performing a double somersault on his way to the ground. (He started out in life as an acrobat.) Roars of applause, cheers. He darts round and round the ring, shaking hands, kissing those babies who are not weeping with terror, tousling the heads of bug-eyed children teetering between tears and laughter. Buffo who was dead is now alive again.

And all bound out the ring, led by this demoniac, malign, enchanted reveller.

The other clowns called him the Old Man, as a mark of respect, although he was not yet quite fifty, hovering about the climacteric of his years.

His personal habits were dominated by his tremendous and perpetual thirst. His pockets always bulged with bottles; his drinking was prodigious yet always seemed somehow unsatisfactory to himself, as if alcohol were an inadequate substitute for some headier or more substantial intoxicant, as though he would have liked, if he could, to bottle the whole world, tip it down his throat, then piss it against the wall. Like Fevvers, he was Cockney bred and born; his *real* name was George Buffins, but he had long ago forgotten it, although he was a great patriot, British to the bone, even if as widely travelled as the British Empire in the service of fun.

(from Chapter 4)

Turn over

Richard Powers: *The Overstory*

- 10 Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Powers present different reactions to loss in *The Overstory*?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Powers's presentation of Patricia Westerford here and elsewhere in the novel.

Journal articles have always been hard enough. Her years as an outcast come back to her each time she writes one, even when she's only one of a dozen

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tell readers of her little book. Trouble, like the atmosphere, flows everywhere, in currents beyond the power of humans to predict or control.

(from *Trunk*)

Tan Twan Eng: *The Garden of Evening Mists*

- 11 Either** (a) 'A relationship based more on art than emotion.'

With this comment in mind, explore the relationship between Yun Ling and Aritomo in *The Garden of Evening Mists*.

- Or** (b) Consider the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of Tan's methods of characterisation here and elsewhere in the novel.

Following the High Commissioner's murder, Magnus and Frederik went about supervising the workers as they repaired the fence protecting the house. They set up a pair of spotlights along the fence, facing them outwards. Having heard from someone at the Tanah Rata Golf Club about an incident in Ipoh where CTs had lobbed a hand grenade into the dining room of a rubber estate manager's bungalow as his family was sitting down for lunch, Magnus decided to have the windows covered in a thin wire mesh.

'Emily said you haven't seen our clinic,' Magnus said, while I helped him nail a sheet of wire netting over my bedroom windows. The netting made the room gloomy, and I switched on the light. Two days had passed since Aritomo had turned me down, but I was still resentful about it. 'Go take a look,' Magnus went on. 'Our nurse quit last year – said it was too dangerous to work here. Emily decided to run it herself. She trained as a nurse you know, before she saw the light and married me.'

I was reluctant to visit the clinic, but I knew I had to, if only to give Emily face. The whitewashed bungalow was a short walk from the workers' houses. A Tamil man slouching on a chair grinned at me when I entered the waiting room. Emily sat behind a low counter, her lips moving soundlessly as she counted out pills into a bottle. Through an open doorway I saw a room with two beds behind a partition. The bare legs of a woman were sticking out from one of the beds.

'That's Letchumi,' Emily said, glancing at me.

'Bitten by a snake.'

Emily tilted her head to one side. 'Oh, yes, it was the night you arrived. She's doing fine now. Dr Yeoh gave her an injection. Maniam, eh, Maniam! *Ambil ubat.*'

The coolie in the chair stood up and came to collect the bottle of pills from her. She made him repeat her dosage instructions in Malay before she let him leave. Turning back to me, she pointed at the boxes of medicines stacked in a corner. 'These came in today. I ordered more, in case the CTs attack us.' She shook her head. 'Irony isn't it, that Gurney was killed by them?'

'In what way?'

'That man sat on his *ka-chooi* for days after the CTs attacked that estate in Sungai Siput. He did nothing.'

'He *did* declare a nationwide state of emergency.'

'Only because the planters made him do it. Magnus got everyone here to sign a petition. You people living in the cities,' she hawked a derisive noise up her throat, 'I don't think you even realise there's a war going on.' There was some truth in her allegations. 'One thing I'm happy about,' she went on, 'at least Magnus no longer wastes his Sundays running around in the mountains with his friends.'

'What do they do, hunt wild boar?'

'Have you not heard the stories? They say that the Japs in Tanah Rata buried a pile of gold bars somewhere in these mountains before they surrendered.'

'That's just a rumour, surely.'

(from Chapter 6)

from **Ocean Vuong: *Night Sky with Exit Wounds***

- 12 Either** (a) Examine Vuong's use of imagery in *Night Sky with Exit Wounds*. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Using the following extract as the central focus of your answer, consider how far and in what ways it is characteristic of Vuong's poetic methods and concerns.

Cú Chi, Vietnam

Red is only black remembering.
Early dark & the baker wakes

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again. His fingers blurred
like a photograph.

(from Daily Bread)

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Question 7(b)

Question 8(b)

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Question 9(b)

Question 10(b)

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Question 10(b)

Question 11(b)

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Question 12(b)

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Question 12(b)

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