



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH****9695/12**

Paper 1 Drama and Poetry

**February/March 2025****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:  
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.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**Section A: Drama**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**ERROL JOHN: *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl***

- 1    **Either**    **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does John present different kinds of conflict in *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*?
- Or**        **(b)** Discuss some of the ways in which John creates dramatic tension in the following extract from the play.

OLD MACK:    Well, Charlie – how are things with you?

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OLD MACK: Young man ... If yer don't mind ... we'd like to pass.

*(from Act 2, Scene 2)*

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure***

- 2 Either (a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Shakespeare explores different attitudes to morality in *Measure for Measure*.
- Or (b)** Paying close attention to detail, analyse ways in which Shakespeare creates comedy in the following extract.

*[The street before the prison*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.]*

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ELBOW:  | Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 5                                |
| DUKE:   | O heavens! what stuff is here?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                  |
| POMPEY: | 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox on lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.                                                                                                                                    | 10                               |
| ELBOW:  | Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                  |
| DUKE:   | And you, good brother father.<br>What offence hath this man made you, sir?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 15                               |
| ELBOW:  | Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                  |
| DUKE:   | Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!<br>The evil that thou causest to be done,<br>That is thy means to live. Do thou but think<br>What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back<br>From such a filthy vice; say to thyself<br>'From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live'.<br>Canst thou believe thy living is a life,<br>So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend. | 20<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>25 |
| POMPEY: | Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                  |
| DUKE:   | Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,<br>Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;<br>Correction and instruction must both work<br>Ere this rude beast will profit.                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 30                               |
| ELBOW:  | He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 35                               |
| DUKE:   | That we were all, as some would seem to be,<br>From our faults, as his faults from seeming, free.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                  |
| ELBOW:  | His neck will come to your waist – a cord, sir.<br><i>[Enter LUCIO.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 40                               |
| POMPEY: | I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                  |

## 5

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
|---------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| LUCIO:  | How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar?<br>Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's<br>images, newly made woman, to be had now for putting the<br>hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha?                                  | 45 |
|         | What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not<br>drown'd i' th' last rain, ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world<br>as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or<br>how? The trick of it?                                                       | 50 |
| DUKE:   | Still thus, and thus; still worse!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| LUCIO:  | How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still,<br>ha?                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| POMPEY: | Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in<br>the tub.                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 55 |
| LUCIO:  | Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so; ever your<br>fresh whore and your powerder'd bawd – an unshunn'd<br>consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?                                                                                                 |    |
| POMPEY: | Yes, faith, sir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| LUCIO:  | Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee<br>thither. For debt, Pompey – or how?                                                                                                                                                                                  | 60 |
| ELBOW:  | For being a bawd, for being a bawd.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| LUCIO:  | Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a<br>bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity,<br>too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the<br>prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey;<br>you will keep the house. | 65 |
| POMPEY: | I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| LUCIO:  | No, indeed, will I not.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |

*(from Act 3, Scene 2)*

**JOHN WEBSTER: *The Duchess of Malfi***

- 3 Either** (a) Discuss the presentation and dramatic significance of Ferdinand's relationship with his sister, the Duchess.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to dramatic methods and effects, discuss Webster's presentation of Antonio in the following scene.

*[Enter ANTONIO and DELIO. There is an echo from the Duchess' grave.]*

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                  |
|----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| DELIO:   | Yon's the Cardinal's window. This fortification<br>Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey,<br>And to yond side o'th' river lies a wall,<br>Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion<br>Gives the best echo that you ever heard:<br>So hollow, and so dismal, and withal<br>So plain in the distinction of our words,<br>That many have supposed it is a spirit<br>That answers.                                                                                                                           | 5<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>10                          |
| ANTONIO: | I do love these ancient ruins:<br>We never tread upon them but we set<br>Our foot upon some reverend history.<br>And questionless, here in this open court,<br>Which now lies naked to the injuries<br>Of stormy weather, some men lie interred<br>Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to't,<br>They thought it should have canopied their bones<br>Till doomsday. But all things have their end:<br>Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,<br>Must have like death that we have. | <br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>15<br><br><br><br><br><br>20 |
| ECHO:    | Like death that we have.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                  |
| DELIO:   | Now the echo hath caught you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                  |
| ANTONIO: | It groaned, methought, and gave<br>A very deadly accent.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 25                                                               |
| ECHO:    | Deadly accent.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                  |
| DELIO:   | I told you 'twas a pretty one. You may make it<br>A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,<br>Or a thing of sorrow.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 30                                                               |
| ECHO:    | A thing of sorrow.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                  |
| ANTONIO: | Ay, sure: that suits it best.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                  |
| ECHO:    | That suits it best.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                  |
| ANTONIO: | 'Tis very like my wife's voice.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                  |
| ECHO:    | Ay, wife's voice.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 35                                                               |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| DELIO:   | Come, let's us walk farther from't.<br>I would not have you go to th' Cardinal's tonight:<br>Do not.                                                                                       |    |
| ECHO:    | Do not.                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| DELIO:   | Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow<br>Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.                                                                                      | 40 |
| ECHO:    | Be mindful of thy safety.                                                                                                                                                                  |    |
| ANTONIO: | Necessity compels me:<br>Make scrutiny throughout the passes<br>Of your own life, you'll find it impossible<br>To fly your fate.                                                           | 45 |
| ECHO:    | O, fly your fate.                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| DELIO:   | Hark, the dead stones seem to have pity on you<br>And give you good counsel.                                                                                                               |    |
| ANTONIO: | Echo, I will not talk with thee,<br>For thou art a dead thing.                                                                                                                             | 50 |
| ECHO:    | Thou art a dead thing.                                                                                                                                                                     |    |
| ANTONIO: | My Duchess is asleep now,<br>And her little ones, I hope, sweetly. O heaven,<br>Shall I never see her more?                                                                                | 55 |
| ECHO:    | Never see her more.                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| ANTONIO: | I marked not one repetition of the echo<br>But that; and on the sudden, a clear light<br>Presented me a face folded in sorrow.                                                             |    |
| DELIO:   | Your fancy, merely.                                                                                                                                                                        | 60 |
| ANTONIO: | Come, I'll be out of this ague;<br>For to live thus is not indeed to live:<br>It is a mockery, and abuse of life.<br>I will not henceforth save myself by halves;<br>Lose all, or nothing. | 65 |
| DELIO:   | Your own virtue save you.<br>I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you;<br>It may be that the sight of his own blood,<br>Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget<br>The more compassion.   | 70 |
| ANTONIO: | However, fare you well.<br>Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,<br>Yet in our noble suff'rings she hath none:<br>Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.                        |    |

[Exeunt.]

(from Act 5, Scene 3)

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***

- 4**   **Either**   **(a)** What, in your view, is the significance of Mae, Gooper and their children to the play's meaning and effects?
- Or**        **(b)** Paying close attention to detail, discuss some of the ways in which Williams makes Skipper significant in the following extract.

MARGARET:    I've thought a whole lot about it and now I know when I made my mistake.

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MARGARET: Good Lord, man, d' you think I'd care if you did?

*(from Act 1)*

**Section B: Poetry**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**MAYA ANGELOU: *And Still I Rise***

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Angelou present relationships between men and women? In your answer, you should refer to **two** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Angelou's presentation of the character in the following poem.

*Junkie Monkey Reel*

Shoulders sag,

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This monkey dance?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

**SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight***

- 6**   **Either**   **(a)** Compare and contrast Armitage's presentation of Arthur's court and the lord's court in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.
- Or**        **(b)** Analyse ways in which Armitage presents Sir Gawain and the lord of the castle, Bertilak de Hautdesert, in the following extract.

[...] One strike was promised – consider it served!

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to clear my clouded name.'

**WILLIAM BLAKE: Selected Poems from *Songs of Innocence and of Experience***

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Blake present parents? In your answer, you should refer to **two** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Discuss ways in which Blake presents the Bard in the following poem.

*Introduction*

Hear the voice of the Bard!  
 Who Present, Past, & Future sees  
 Whose ears have heard,  
 The Holy Word,  
 That walk'd among the ancient trees. 5

Calling the lapsed Soul  
 And weeping in the evening dew:  
 That might controll,  
 The starry pole;  
 And fallen fallen light renew! 10

O Earth O Earth return!  
 Arise from out the dewy grass;  
 Night is worn,  
 And the morn  
 Rises from the slumberous mass. 15

Turn away no more:  
 Why wilt thou turn away  
 The starry floor  
 The watry shore  
 Is giv'n thee till the break of day. 20

*Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 8 **Either** (a) Compare some of the ways in which **two** poems from the selection present love.
- Or** (b) Analyse ways in which Matthew Arnold explores growing old in the following poem.

*Growing Old*

What is it to grow old?  
 Is it to lose the glory of the form,  
 The lustre of the eye?  
 Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?  
 – Yes, but not this alone. 5

Is it to feel our strength –  
 Not our bloom only, but our strength – decay?  
 Is it to feel each limb  
 Grow stiffer, every function less exact,  
 Each nerve more loosely strung? 10

Yes, this, and more; but not  
 Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!  
 'Tis not to have our life  
 Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow,  
 A golden day's decline. 15

'Tis not to see the world  
 As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,  
 And heart profoundly stirred;  
 And weep, and feel the fullness of the past,  
 The years that are no more. 20

It is to spend long days  
 And not once feel that we were ever young;  
 It is to add, immured  
 In the hot prison of the present, month  
 To month with weary pain. 25

It is to suffer this,  
 And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.  
 Deep in our hidden heart  
 Festers the dull remembrance of a change,  
 But no emotion – none. 30

It is – last stage of all –  
 When we are frozen up within, and quite  
 The phantom of ourselves,  
 To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost  
 Which blamed the living man. 35

(Matthew Arnold)

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