



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**9695/23**

Paper 2 Prose and Unseen

May/June 2021**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.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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

Section A: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

E M FORSTER: *Howards End*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'It certainly is a funny world, but so long as men like my husband and his sons govern it, I think it'll never be a bad one.'

How far does Forster's presentation of the Wilcox family lead you to agree with Margaret's statement?

- Or** (b) Comment briefly on Forster's presentation of the argument in the following passage.

'Helen commands my sympathy,' said Henry.

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in silence to talk to me of differences, Henry.'

You have the

(from Chapter 38)

ANDREA LEVY: *Small Island*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Levy presents relationships as developing through the course of the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment briefly on ways in which the following passage presents the return of Bernard's father from the war.

My father had been in the army in the last lot.

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But he was nearer my pa again.

(from Chapter 43)

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 3 **Either** (a) Compare ways in which two stories portray female characters
- Or (b) Comment briefly on Adagha's presentation of events in the following passage from *The Plantation*.

Not long after, the local people from the village and nearby fishing villages converged at the spill site to fetch petrol. The day had progressed to a burning noon, with the sun gliding overhead like a circle of fire. The market, the school and the farms were all deserted. Fishermen, artisans, farmers and women abandoned their wares and hurried to the plantation, which seemed to glitter with a wave of sweat-drenched, dark bodies. Away to the right, to the left, and all around, the plantation sparkled with lanterns as the people jostled and fought each other for space around the site. Metal pans and buckets clattered and flared in the scorching heat like weapons of war.

The petrol was gradually swallowed by huge asphalt pans and any element of shortage the villagers would muster. But it flowed on still, steadily giving in to the endless mania of seeking, the avid thirst of animals long deprived of nurturing milk. The plantation reeled from the endless trampling of feet, but took it all in; except for the petrol, foreign to its depths which was reserved and only allowed to brim over the oil surface; enough for the villagers to swim or sink in.

Namidi, his clothes dripping with perspiration and petrol, stationed Obuko at an embankment, some distance away from the busle. He was to watch over the family possessions while his parents and siblings did their best at the pits.

But the boy wandered about intermittently and played with his friend, Onome. It was in their manner to climb a tree wherever they would find one. They would not resist the lure of the plantation and the rubber trees. Up they climbed, laughing and swinging playfully from branch to branch, while the villagers below bubbled and brawled.

To the children, the fortune-hunters presented hearty entertainment. They giggled with glee at the sound of high-pitched whistles drawn tight with tension; as grown men barged and bawled riotously at each other; as here and there a woman lost her footing, and rolled in a heap in the slimy oil. Onome taunted Obuko with mimics of his father's belligerent displays in the heat of battle. 'Hey you, get away from there. Is this your plantation?' Namidi barked at anyone that came close to him. 'Hey you, get away from that tree. Is this your plantation?' Onome sneered at Obuko in parody.

They lost interest in the brawling at the site and kept themselves busy with all manner of play. Soon they were playing soldiers, launcheoning between branches and taking mock shots at each other – their fingers ringing as makeshift guns. Onome took aim at Obuko and fired. And as Obuko hurried to duck behind a branch, there was a flash of light from inside the spill site and a deafening explosion that shook the tree he was hanging on. His young admirer fell headlong from the tree, screamed and lay still.

Ochuko froze. There followed a brief moment when the world seemed engulfed in a blanket of yellow light. And then it broke loose with a gut-wrenching roar of falling that rang out all at once. The boy stared at the growing roofs of figures that broke out frenziedly from the smoky interior, running and waving in scattered directions. He watched it all with a bewildered fascination.

But it was the heat that finally got to him – the hot, stifling sensation that suddenly seized him in a tight, airless embrace and threw him from the tree. In a flash, he was up on his feet and running off towards the village bearing. He ran, followed by the acid smell of burnt black feathers by the long grasses and the screaming demons that leaped up and down behind him. The day had turned grey

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and a shadow over him like imminent nightfall; but instead of easing down peacefully, the demons picked up pace, screaming and gathering behind him in a swift whirl of smoke and blackness. It made him run faster and faster towards the village and the familiar outlines of his father's hut. 50

Huge billows of smoke rose from the heart of the plantation as the dust-laden boy – his eyes stinging with soot and tears – emerged from it. He ran into the hut and hid himself under his mother's bed. 55

(from The Plantation)

NGŪGĪ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

4 **Either** (a) Munira says '... everybody is in prison'...

In what ways does Ngũgĩ make this a central idea in the novel?

Or (b) Comment briefly on ways in which Wanjira's narrative presents changes in Kenya in the following passage.

Thank you for this beer ...

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We were another tribe: another family.

(from Chapter 5)

TURN OVER FOR SECTION B.

Section B: Unseen

Answer **one** question from this section.

Either

- 5 Comment briefly on the following extract, considering ways in which it presents Lakshmi's argument with Sadiku.

Consider the writer's choice of language, structure and dramatic methods in your answer.

Sadiku [bursts into her cackling laughter]:

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You e nd my Sidi to his b ame. ...

Or

6 Discuss the presentation of the husband and his feelings for his wife in the following passage.

Consider the writer's choice of language, structure and narrative methods in your answer.

They operated on Janet on June 30th. It was a hot morning.

Her condition is called hydrocephalus. Water builds up inside the skull and pressures on the brain. If the water can't be drained off, parts of the brain atrophy. Then the person slips away – back into the past or to any place where he can't be reached. The success rate of the operation to drain off the water is variable according to age. About thirty per cent of those operated on die.

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Death, to me, has always been synonymous with falling. This is how my mind sees it; a long, black slipping fall. And Janet saw it the same. I once asked her.

Before Janet's operation, the surgeon asked me to see me. He said: 'Go home. Dig the yard. Mend a fence. This is a long operation. She's in our hands now. There's nothing you can do.'

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I said: 'Sure. I understand.'

But I didn't leave. I sat on a chair in a Waiting Area and concentrated my mind on holding Janet up.

I held her in different ways. I carried her above my head, holding her waist and her thigh. When this got tiring, I put her on my back – her back to my back – and her legs made an arc around mine. Then I flew her above me, my hands on her tummy. I stood her on my shoulders and hung onto her feet ...

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People asked me into the Waiting Area. They looked at magazines. They read the words 'Ford' or 'Toyota' on their car key tags. They didn't bother me. They recognised that I was busy.

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To help me, I sang songs in my mind and I whirled Janet around in time to them. I dressed her in a floaty kind of dress to make her lighter in my imaginary arms. As the hours passed, she got hungrier. Her hair hung down like it used to when she was a Redon girl ...

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Then someone spoke to me. It was the surgeon. He seemed to have learned my first name. 'Donald,' he said, 'I'm pretty sure your wife's going to make it.'

They kept her in hospital quite a long while. Then I took her home and the summer passed and then the fall and now here we are again in the winter and this morning we woke up to find Our Creek covered with ice.

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Every day, I watch Janet. I watch and wait, for the least sign that she's slipping back to Daniel's life, but none comes.

She's in fine spirits too, keen to do things. She says we should travel again, see more of the world before we leave it.

Today, we dress up warm and go down to the creek and Janet says: 'Come on, Don, look at this great ice! Let's dance and fool around on it like we did before.'

35

She's at the end of the jetty. She's all ready to climb down onto the frozen water.

But I can see that this ice is pretty thin. It's not like it was in that other winter, two foot thick – it's a different kind of ice.

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So I call Janet back. I say: 'Honey, don't go down there. It's too dangerous. Enough dancing already. Right? Just stay up here with me.'

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