



Cambridge International AS & A Level

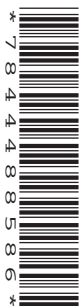
LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/43

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2024

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.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Austen engages a reader's response to Mr Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Austen's methods of characterisation, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

It now occurred to the girls that their mother was in all likelihood perfectly ignorant of what had happened. They went to the library, therefore, and asked their father, whether he would not wish them to make it known to her. He was writing, and, without raising his head, calmly replied,

'It is as you please.'

5

'May we take my uncle's letter to read to her?'

'Take whatever you like, and get away.'

Elizabeth took the letter from his writing table, and they went upstairs together. Mary and Kitty were both with Mrs Bennet: one communication would, therefore, do for all. After a slight preparation for good news the letter was read aloud. Mrs Bennet could hardly contain herself. As soon as she had read Mr Gardiner's hope of Lydia's being soon married, her joy burst forth, and every following sentence added to its exuberance. She was now in an irritation as violent from delight, as she had ever been fidgety from alarm and vexation. To know that her daughter would be married was enough. She was disturbed by no fear for her felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct.

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'My dear, dear Lydia!' she cried: 'This is delightful indeed! – She will be married! – I shall see her again! – She will be married at sixteen! – My good, kind brother! – I knew how it would be – I knew he would manage every thing. How I long to see her! and to see dear William too! But the sooner the wedding comes I will write to my sister Gardiner about them directly. Lizzy, my dear, run down to your father, and ask him how much he will give her. Stay, say, I will go myself. Ring the bell, Kitty, for Hill. I will put on my things in a moment. My dear, dear Lydia! – How merry we shall be together when we meet!'

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Her eldest daughter endeavoured to give some relief to the violence of these transports by leading her thoughts to the obligations which Mr Gardiner's behaviour laid them all under.

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'For we must attribute this happy occasion,' she added, 'in a great measure, to his kindness. We are persuaded that he has pledged himself to assist Mr William with money.'

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'Well,' cried her mother, 'it is all very right; who could do it but her own uncle? If he had not had a family of his own, I and my children must have had all his money upon him, and it is the first time we have ever had any thing from him, except a few presents. Well! I am so happy. In a short time, I shall have a daughter married. Mrs William! How well it sounds. And she was only sixteen last June. My dear Anne, I am in a bubble of flutter, that I am sure I can't write; so I will dictate, and you write for me. We will settle with your father about the money afterwards, but the things should be ordered immediately.'

35

She was then proceeding to all the particulars of a lio, music, and a marriage and would shortly have dictated some very plentiful orders had not Anne, though with some difficulty, persuaded her to wait, till her father was at leisure to be consulted. One day's delay she observed, would be of small importance; and her

40

mother was too happy, to be quite so obstinate as usual. Other schemes too came into her head.

'I will go to Meriton,' said she, 'as soon as I am dressed, and tell the good, good news to my sister Phillips. And as I come back I shall call on Lady Lucas and Mrs Long. Kitty, run down and order the carriage. An airing would do me a great deal of good, I am sure. Girls, shall I do any thing for you in Meriton? Oh! here comes Hill. My dear Hill, have you heard the good news? Miss Lydia is going to be married; and you shall all have a bowl of punch, to make merry at her wedding.'

Mrs Hill began instantly to express her joy. Elizabeth received her congratulations amongst the rest, and then, sick of this folly, took refuge in her own room, that she might think with freedom.

Poor Lydia's situation must, at best, be bad enough; but that it was no worse, she had need to be thankful. She felt it so; and though, in looking forward, neither rational happiness nor worldly prosperity, could be justly expected for her sister; in looking back to what they had feared, only two hours ago, she felt all the advantages of what they had gained.

(from Chapter 49)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Chaucer contrasts being single with being married in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Chaucer's poetic methods, analyse the following extract, showing its significance to *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

I trowe it were to longe þow to tarie,
 If I þow tolde of every bit and bond
 By which that he was feffed in his lond,
 Or for to herken of his ribbe array.
 But finally þow men is the day 5
 That to the birthe bothe be they went
 For to see þe hooly sacrament.
 Forth comth the preestes, with sole aboute his necke,
 And bad hire be like Sarra and Rebecke
 In weddom and in trouthe of mariage; 10
 And seþe his orison as is usage,
 And couthe hem, and bad God blesse hem,
 And made al sikerghogh with hooly esse.
 Thus been they wedded with sempritee,
 And at the feete sitteth he and she 15
 With othere worthy folk upon the dais
 Al ful of joye and blisse is the paleis
 And ful of instrumentz and of vntaille,
 The moostedentous of al Ytaille.
 Biforn hem soode instrumentz of swikeoun 20
 That Orpheus ne of Thebes Amphion,
 Ne maden nevere swike a melodye.
 At every ours thanne a moud melodye
 That nevere tromped doun for to heere,
 Nor he Theodomas, þat half seker 25
 At Thebes whan the citee was in doute.
 Baas the wyf hem brynke thal aboute,
 And Venus laugheth upon every wight,
 For Januarie was biome his kyght
 And wolde bothe as þe in his outrage 30
 In libertee, and eek in mariage;
 And with hire fybrond in hire hand aboute
 Daunte biforn the bryde and al the route.
 And eertainly, I dar right wel seþe this 35
 Ymeneus that god of weddeng is
 Saugh nevere his lye myie a wedded man.
 Hoold thou thy pees thou poete Marci an,
 That writes us that ille weddeng murie
 Of hire Philologie and hym Mervorie,
 And of the songes that the Muses songe! 40
 To shal is bothe thy penne, and eek thy tonge,
 For to desceyn of this mariage.
 Whan tendre þowthe hath wedded soupyng age,
 Ther is swike mythe that it may nat be writen.
 As þe thit þoures if; thanne may þe witen 45
 If that I lye or noon in this matiere.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

- 3 Either (a) In what way and with what effect does Donne explore different attitudes to death? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods discuss the following poem, showing what it adds to your understanding of Donne's concerns here and elsewhere in the selection.

The Good Morrow

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
 But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the sheep's den?
 'Twas I; but this all pleasures fancy be.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee. 5

And now good morrow to our waking souls
 Which watch not one another out of fear;
 For love, all love of other sights controls,
 And makes one little room, an everywhere.
 Let sea-die, rivers to new worlds have gone,
 Let maps to others' worlds on worlds have shown,
 Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one. 10

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears
 And true plain hearts do in the faces reflect,
 Wherein we find two better hemispheres
 Without sharp north, without declining west?
 What ever dies was not mixed equally
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
 Love's sake, that none do us abuse, none can die. 15 20

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

4 Either (a) In what ways and with what effect does Hardy explore different kinds of conflict in *Far from the Madding Crowd*?

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Hardy's presentation of the relationship between Bathsheba and Gabriel in the novel.

It was very odd to these two persons who knew each other passing well that the mere circumstance of their meeting in a new place and in a new way should make them so awkward and embarrassed. In the fields or at her house, there had never been any embarrassment: but now that Oak had become the entertainer their lives seemed to be moved back again to the days when they were strangers

'You'll think it strange that I have come, but –'

'O no – not at all.'

'– But I thought – Gabriel, I have been uneasy in the belief that I have offended you, and that you are going away on that account. It grieved me very much, and I couldn't help coming.'

'Offended me! As if you could do that Bathsheba.'

'Have n't I?' she asked gladly. 'But what are you going away for else?'

'I am not going to emigrate, you know: I wasn't aware that you would wish me not to when I told you, or I shouldn't have thought of doing it,' he said simply. 'I have arranged for the Lower Farm, and shall have it in my own hands at Lady Day. You know I've had a share in it for some time. Still, that wouldn't prevent my attending to your business as before, hadn't it been that things have been said about us.'

'What?' said Bathsheba in surprise. 'Things said about you and me – what are they?'

'I cannot tell you.'

'It would be wiser if you were to, I think. You have played the part of mentor to me many times and I don't see why you should fear to do it now.'

'It is nothing that you have done this time. It amounts to this that I am sniffing about here, and waiting for poor Boldwood's farm, with the idea of getting you some day.'

'Getting me – what does that mean?'

'Marrying you, in plain British. – You asked me to tell, so you mustn't blame me.'

Bathsheba did not look quite so alarmed as if a cannon had been discharged by her ear, which was what Oak had expected. 'Marrying me – I didn't know it was that you meant,' she said quietly. 'Substantially as that is too absurd – too soon – to think of by far.'

'Yes of course it is too absurd. I don't desire any such thing – I should think that was visible enough by this time. You are, nevertheless, the last person in the world I think of marrying. It is too absurd, as you say.'

'Too soon were the words I used.'

'I must beg your pardon for correcting you, but you said, too absurd, and so do I.'

'I beg your pardon too!' she returned with tears in her eyes. 'Too soon was all I said. But it doesn't matter a bit – not at all – but I only said too soon. Indeed I didn't, Mr Oak and you must believe me!'

Gabriel looked her long in the face, but the fire light being faint there was not much to be seen. 'Bathsheba,' he said tenderly and in surprise, and coming closer: 'If I only knew one thing – whether you would allow me to love you and win you and marry you after all – if I only knew that!'

'But you never will know,' she murmured.

'Why?'

'Bea use you never ask'

'O – O!' said Gabriel, with a low laugh of joy uses 'My own dear –'

'You ought not to have sent me that harsh letter this morning!' he interrupted. 50
'It shows you didn't care a bit about me, and were ready to desert me like all the rest of them. It was every cruel of you considering I was the first sweetheart that you ever had, and you were the first I ever had, and I shall not forget it!'

'Now Bathsheba, was ever any body so provoking,' he said laughing. 'You know it was purely that I as an unmarried man arriving on a business for you as a marriageable young woman had a very difficult part to play – more particularly 55
that people knew I had a sort of feeling for you; and I fancied from the way we were mentioned together that it might injure your good name. Nobody knows the uneasiness I have been assailed by it.'

'And was that all?'

'All.'

'O how glad I am I asked!' he exclaimed thankfully as he rose from her seat. 60
'I have thought somewhat more of you since I fancied you did not want ever to see me again. But I must be going now, or I shall be missed. Why Gabriel,' he said with a slight laugh as they went to the door; 'it seems exactly as if I had come out of your 65
you – how dreadful.'

(from Chapter 55)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

- 5 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Stoker present different attitudes to women in the novel?
- Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to your understanding of the way in which Stoker creates a sense of horror in the novel.

The moonlight was so bright that through the thick yellow blind the room was light enough to see. On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face flushed, and breathing heavily as though in a stupor. Kneeling on the near edge of the bed facing outwards was the white-clad figure of his wife. By her side stood a tall, thin man, clad in black. His face was turned from us but the instant we saw it we all recognised the Count – in every way, even to the scar on his forehead. With his left hand he held both Mrs Harker's hands keeping them away with her arms at full tension; his right hand gripped her by the back of the neck forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare breast, which was bled by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. As we burst into the room, the Count turned his face, and the hellish look that I had heard described seemed to leap into it. His eyes flamed red with devilish passion; the great nostrils of the white aquiline nose opened wide and quivered at the edge; and the white sharp teeth, behind the full lips of the blood-dripping mouth, bamped together like those of a wild beast. With a wrench, which threw his victim back upon the bed as though hurled from a height, he turned and sprang at us. But by this time the Professor had gained his feet, and was holding towards him the envelope which contained the Sacred Wafer. The Count suddenly stopped, just as poor Lucy had done outside the tomb, and cowered back. Further and further back he cowered, as we, lifting our crucifixes, advanced. The moonlight suddenly failed, as a great black cloud sailed across the sky, and when the gaslight sprang up under Quiney's mat, we saw nothing but a faint vapour. This, as we looked, trailed under the door, which with the recoil from its bursting open had swung back to its old position. Van Helsing, Art and I moved forward to Mrs Harker, who by this time had drawn her breath and with it had given a scream so wild, so ear-piercing, so despairing that it seems to me now that it will ring in my ears till my dying day. For a few seconds she lay in her helpless attitude and dazed. Her face was ghastly, with a pallor which was accentuated by the blood which smeared her lips and cheeks and ran; from her throat trickled a thin stream of blood. Her eyes were mad with terror. Then she put before her face her poor crucified hands which bore on their whiteness the red mark of the Count's terrible grip, and from behind them came a low desperate wail which made the terrible scream seem only the quick expression of an endless grief. Van Helsing stepped forward and drew the coverlet gently over her body, whilst Art, after looking at her face for an instant despairingly, ran out of the room. Van Helsing whispered to me:

'Jonathan is in a stupor as we know the Vampire can produce. We can do nothing with poor Madam Mina for a few moments till she recovers herself; I must wake him!' He dipped the end of a towel in cold water and with it began to flick him on the face, his wife all the while holding her face between her hands and sobbing in a way that was heart-breaking to hear. I raised the blind, and looked out of the window. There was much moonlight; and as I looked I could see Quiney Morris run across the lawn and hide himself in the shadow of a great yew-tree. It puzzled me to think why he was doing this but at the instant I heard Harker's quick exclamation as he woke to partial consciousness.

and turned to the bed. On his face, as there might well be, was a look of wild amazement.

(from Dr Seward's Diary, Chapter 21)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

- 6 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Whitman explores intense emotions in his poetry. You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or (b) Comment briefly on the following extract from *I Sing the Body Electric*, showing in what way it is characteristic of Whitman's presentation of human life, here and elsewhere in the selection. In your answer you should pay close attention to poetic methods and their effects.

from *I Sing the Body Electric*

1

I sing the body electric
 The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
 They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
 And disrupt them, and barge them full with the barge of the soul.

5

Was it doubted that those who disrupt their own bodies offend themselves?
 And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead?
 And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul?
 And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

2

The love of the body of man or woman balks account, the body itself balks account,
 That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect.

10

The expression of the face balks account,
 But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
 It is in his limbs and joints also, it is especially in the joints of his hips and wrists
 It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees, dress does
 not hide him,
 The strong sweet quality he has strikes through the cotton and broadcloth,
 To see him pass on earth as much as the best poem, perhaps more,
 You linger to see his back and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.

15

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The sprawl and fulness of babes, the bosoms and heads of women, the folds of
 their dresses, they lie as we pass in the street, the contour of their shape
 downwards

The swimmer naked in the swimming-bath, seen as he swims through the
 transparent green-bine, or lies with his face up and rolls silently to and fro in
 the heart of the water,

25

The bending forward and backward of rowers in row-boats, the horse man in his
 saddle,

Girls, mothers, house-keepers in all their performances
 The group of laborers seated at noon-time with their open dinner-kettles and their
 wives waiting,

30

The female smothering a child, the farmer's daughter in the garden or orchard,
 The young fellow hoeing corn, the stage-driver driving his six horses through the
 crowd,

The wreath of wreath-ers, two apprentice-boys, quite grown, lusty, good-natured,
 native-born, out on the vacant lot at sundown after work
 The coats and caps thrown down, the embrace of love and resistance,

35

The upper-hold and under-hold, the hair rumped over and blinding the eyes
 The march of firemen in their own oaths, the play of masks, line music through
 clean-cutting trousers and waistcoats raps 40
 The slow return from the fire, the pause when the bell strikes suddenly again, and
 the listening on the alert,
 The natural, perfect, varied attitudes, the bent head, the arched neck and the
 counting;
 Sublimely like I love – I love in myself. If, pass freely, am at the mother's breast with the 45
 little child,
 Swim with the swimmers, wrestle with wrestlers, march in line with the firemen, and
 pause, listen, count.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 7 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Bhatt use narrative in *Point No Point*? You should refer to **three** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Bhatt's presentation of children, here and elsewhere in the selection.

Oranges and Lemons

The second time
I came alone to say
a farewell of sorts, I wanted one more
look at her handwriting.

I was prepared for solitude, a floating
amputated quietness circling my wrists –
but not this song, not this

5

*Oranges and lemons
Sold for a penny
All the schoolgirls
Are so many ...*

10

They rub in breathless
climbing up behind me, ahead of me, up
the warehouse steep Dutch stairs
to Anne Frank's room.

15

Schoolgirls mostly schoolgirls
ages 13–16, they whisper about the important
things – staring eerily here: at windows corners
the eiling. Staring at the paper,
her patient paper, her brown ink
And a few linger behind, preferring to queue through
the netting, as if expecting something to happen
down by the other houses the trees –

20

*The grass is green
The rose is red
Remember me
When I am dead ...*

25

And a few linger behind, whispering
about the important things

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

- 8 Either** (a) In what way and with what effect does Glück present ideas about a rival in these poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what way it is characteristic of Glück's poetic methods and concerns.

Clear Morning

I've watched you long enough,

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clarity upon you.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

- 9 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Joyce presents social ambition in *Dubliners*. In your answer you should refer to at least **two** stories
- Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering ways in which Joyce presents the moment a character achieves some self-knowledge, here and elsewhere in *Dubliners*.

As the light failed and his memory began to wander he [Mr Duffy] thought her hand touched his. The block which had first attacked his stomach was now attacking his nerves. He put on his overcoat and hat quickly and went out. The cold air met him on the threshold; it crept into the sleeves of his coat. When he came to the public house at Chapel Bridge he went in and ordered a hot punch.

5

The proprietor received him obsequiously but did not venture to talk. There were five or six workmen in the shop discussing the value of a gentleman's estate in County Kildare. They drank at intervals from their huge pint tumblers and smoked, spitting often on the floor and sometimes dragging the awduls over their pants with their heavy boots. Mr Duffy sat on his stool and gazed at them, without seeing or hearing them. After a while they went out and he called for another punch. He sat a long time over it. The shop was very quiet. The proprietor prowled on the counter reading the *Herald* and yawning. Now and again a tram was heard whizzing along the lonely road outside.

10

As he sat there, living over his life with her and evoking alternately the two images in which he now owned her, he realised that she was dead, that she had agreed to exist, that she had become a memory. He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else could he have done. He could not have married on a comedy of deception with her; he could not have lied with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, agreed to exist, became a memory – if anyone remembered him.

15

It was after nine o'clock when he left the shop. The night was cold and gloomy. He entered the park by the first gate and walked along under the gaunt trees. He walked through the bleak alleys where they had walked four years before. She seemed to be near him in the darkness. At moments he seemed to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his. He stood still to listen. Why had he withheld life from her? Why had he sentenced her to death? He felt his moral nature falling to pieces.

25

When he gained the crest of the Magazine Hill he halted and looked along the river towards Dublin, the lights of which burned redly and hopelessly in the cold night. He looked down the slope and, at the base, in the shadow of the wall of the park, he saw some human figures lying. Those eternal and furtive looks filled him with despair. He gnawed the reticence of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness. He had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostitute crouched down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness obstinately and laboriously. It passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name.

30

He turned back the way he had come, the rhythm of the engine pounding in his ears. He began to doubt the reality of what memory told him. He halted under a tree

45

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and allowed the rhythm to die away. He could not feel her near him in the darkness nor her voice touch his ear. He waited for some minutes listening. He could hear nothing: the night was perfectly silent. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he was alone.

50

(from *A Painful Case*)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

- 10 Either** (a) In what way and with what effect does Morrison present Sweet Home in the novel?
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what way it is characteristic of Morrison's narrative methods and concerns.

Circling, circling, now she was gnawing something else instead of getting to the point.

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‘Your love is too thick,’ he said [...]

(from Part 1)

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

- 11 Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Rhys structure *Wide Sargasso Sea*?
- Or** (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Rhys's narrative methods and concerns

'Pierre died,' but she went on as if she had not heard me, 'and my mother hated Mr Mason.'

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'As you wish,' he said.

(from Part 2)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

- 12 Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Trethewey reflect on personal identity? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which should include individual poems from longer sequences.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from the sequence *Native Guard*, considering Trethewey's use of irony here and elsewhere in the collection.

January 1863

Today, dawn red as warning.

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I'll listen, put something else down in ink

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