



Cambridge International AS Level

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

8695/22

Paper 2 Drama, Poetry and Prose

May/June 2023

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total, each from a different section.
- 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.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

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

1 **Either** (a) Discuss Middleton and Rowley's dramatic presentation of family relationships in *The Changeling*. [25]

Or (b) Discuss the presentation of the relationship between De Flores and Beatrice in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

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	'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's chang'd now, To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero, Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted) If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st; I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage, I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.	45
<i>Beatrice:</i>	De Flores!	50
<i>De Flores:</i>	I shall rest from all lovers' plagues then; I live in pain now: that shooting eye Will burn my heart to cinders.	
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Oh sir, hear me.	
<i>De Flores:</i>	She that in life and love refuses me, In death and shame my partner she shall be.	55
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Stay, hear me once for all; [<i>kneels</i>] I make thee master Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels: Let me go poor unto my bed with honour, And I am rich in all things.	60
<i>De Flores:</i>	Let this silence thee: The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy My pleasure from me; Can you weep fate from its determin'd purpose? So soon may you weep me.	65
<i>Beatrice:</i>	Vengeance begins; Murder I see is followed by more sins. Was my creation in the womb so curs'd, It must engender with a viper first?	
<i>De Flores:</i>	Come, rise, and shroud your blushes in my bosom; <i>[Raises her.]</i> Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts: Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding. 'Las, how the turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.	70 75
	<i>[Exeunt.]</i>	
	(from Act 3, Scene 4)	

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 **Either** (a) What, in your view, are the dramatic effects of Shakespeare's use of characters in disguise in *Measure for Measure*? [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Shakespeare's presentation of Isabella and Angelo in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

<i>Isabella:</i>	Must he needs die?	
<i>Angelo:</i>	Maiden, no remedy.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.	
<i>Angelo:</i>	I will not do't.	5
<i>Isabella:</i>	But can you, if you would?	
<i>Angelo:</i>	Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	But might you do't, and do the world no wrong, If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?	10
<i>Angelo:</i>	He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.	
<i>Lucio</i>	[To ISABELLA]: You are too cold.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again. Well, believe this: No ceremony that to great ones longs, Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does.	15
	If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.	20
<i>Angelo:</i>	Pray you be gone.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge And what a prisoner.	25
<i>Lucio</i>	[To ISABELLA]: Ay, touch him; there's the vein.	
<i>Angelo:</i>	Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.	30
<i>Isabella:</i>	Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And He that might the vantage best have took Found out the remedy. How would you be If He, which is the top of judgement, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that; And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.	35
<i>Angelo:</i>	Be you content, fair maid. It is the law, not I condemn your brother.	40

	Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.	
<i>Isabella:</i>	To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him. He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you. Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.	45
<i>Lucio</i>	[<i>Aside</i>]:	50
<i>Angelo:</i>	Ay, well said. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept. Those many had not dar'd to do that evil If the first that did th' edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake, Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet, Looks in a glass that shows what future evils – Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born – Are now to have no successive degrees, But here they live to end.	55 60
<i>Isabella:</i>	Yet show some pity.	
<i>Angelo:</i>	I show it most of all when I show justice; For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall, And do him right that, answering one foul wrong, Lives not to act another. Be satisfied; Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.	65
<i>Isabella:</i>	So you must be the first that gives this sentence, And he that suffers. O, it is excellent To have a giant's strength! But it is tyrannous To use it like a giant.	70

(from Act 2, Scene 2)

WOLE SOYINKA: *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *Jero's Metamorphosis*

- 3** **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Soyinka presents the importance of reputation in the **two** plays. [25]
- Or** (b) Discuss Soyinka's presentation of Jero in the following extract from *The Trials of Brother Jero*. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

[*The Beach*.

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[The MEMBER turns round slowly.]

(from The Trials of Brother Jero, Scene 5)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

- 4** **Either** **(a)** Discuss Williams's dramatic presentation of parent and child relationships in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. [25]
- Or** **(b)** Discuss the presentation of Margaret in the following extract. In your answer you should pay close attention to dramatic methods and their effects. [25]

Margaret: Did anyone ever tell you that you're an ass-aching Puritan,
Brick?

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Margaret: Somebody spit tobacco juice in her face.

(from Act 1)

Section B: Poetry

SIMON ARMITAGE: *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

- 5 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Armitage present temptation in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*? [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways Armitage presents the action in the following extract from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. [25]

In the standing position he prepared to be struck,

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The court
was deadened now with dread.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

ROBERT BROWNING: Selected Poems

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Browning presents the effects of desire in **two** poems from your selection. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Browning's presentation of the speaker in the following poem, *The Patriot*. [25]

The Patriot

AN OLD STORY

1.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had, 5
 A year ago on this very day!

2.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
 Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels – 10
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!'
 They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

3.

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
 To give it my loving friends to keep. 15
 Nought man could do, have I left undone
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

4.

There's nobody on the house-tops now – 20
 Just a palsied few at the windows set –
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate – or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

5.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind, 30
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!
In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
'Thou paid by the World, – what dost thou owe
Me?' God might have questioned: but now instead
'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so.

GILLIAN CLARKE: Selected Poems

- 7 **Either** (a) Compare some of the ways in which Clarke presents the past in **two** poems. [25]
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Clarke's poetic methods, discuss the presentation of the dog and the hare in the following poem. [25]

Hare in July

All spring and summer the bitch has courted the hare,
 thrilled to the scent in a gateway, the musk of speed.
 Months while I dug and planted and watched a mist
 of green grow to a dense foliage,
 neat rows in a scaffolding of sticks and nets,
 nose down, tail up in thickening grass
 she has been hunting the hare.

5

Today the big machines are in the field
 raising their cromlechs against the sun.
 The garden is glamorous with summer.
 We cut and rake grass for the fire.
 She leaps the bank bearing the weight of her gift,
 the golden body of a young jack hare,
 blood in its nostrils and a drowning sound.

10

'Drop' we say 'drop'. Heartbeat running out,
 its eyes as wide and black as peaty lakes.
 I feel under my finger one snapped rib
 fine as a needle in a punctured lung
 where it leaped too wild against the bitch's jaw.
 Light fades from its fur, and in its eyes
 a sudden fall of snow.

15

20

Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which **two** poems present home. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following poem, analysing ways in which Kathleen Raine presents the speaker. [25]

Passion

Full of desire I lay, the sky wounding me,
Each cloud a ship without me sailing, each tree
Possessing what my soul lacked, tranquillity.

Waiting for the longed-for voice to speak
Through the mute telephone, my body grew weak
With the well-known and mortal death, heartbreak.

5

The language I knew best, my human speech
Forsook my fingers, and out of reach
Were Homer's ghosts, the savage conches of the beach.

Then the sky spoke to me in language clear,
Familiar as the heart, than love more near.
The sky said to my soul, 'You have what you desire.'

10

'Know now that you are born along with these
Clouds, winds, and stars, and ever-moving seas
And forest dwellers. This your nature is.'

15

Lift up your heart again without fear,
Sleep in the tomb, or breathe the living air,
This world you with the flower and with the tiger share.'

Then I saw every visible substance turn
Into immortal, every cell new born
Burned with the holy fire of passion.

20

This world I saw as on her judgment day
When the war ends, and the sky rolls away,
And all is light, love and eternity.

(Kathleen Raine)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 10.

NGŪGĨ WA THIONG'O: *Petals of Blood*

- 10 Either** (a) Discuss Ngũgĩ's presentation of business and making money in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering Ngũgĩ's presentation of Munira's meeting in prison with his parents and Reverend Jerrod Brown. [25]

'And where are the children?'

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And they will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life.'

(from Chapter 13)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 11.

Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2

- 11 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the writers of **two** stories explore change. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Penelope Fitzgerald's presentation of the narrator's experience in the following passage from *The Axe*. [25]

As I stood in the empty hallway I could hear the numerous creakings, settleings and faint tickings of an old building, possibly associated with the plumbing system. The lifts for reasons of economy do not operate after 6.30 p.m., so I began to walk up the stairs. After one flight I felt a strong creeping tension in the nerves of the back such as any of us feel when there is danger from behind; one might say that the body was thinking for itself on these occasions. I did not look round, but simply continued upwards as rapidly as I could. At the third floor I paused, and could hear footsteps coming patiently up behind me. This was not a surprise; I had been expecting them all evening. 5

Just at the door of my own office, or rather of the cubby-hole, for I have to pass through that, I turned, and saw at the end of the dim corridor what I had also expected, Singlebury, advancing towards me with his unmistakable shuffling step. My first reaction was a kind of bewilderment as to why he, who had been such an excellent timekeeper, so regular day by day, should become a creature of the night. He was wearing the blue suit. This I could make out by its familiar outline, but it was not till he came halfway down the corridor towards me, and reached the patch of light falling through the window from the street, that I saw that he was not himself – I mean that his head was nodding or rather swivelling irregularly from side to side. It crossed my mind that Singlebury was drunk. I had never known him drunk or indeed seen him take anything to drink, even at the office Christmas party, but one cannot estimate the effect that trouble will have upon a man. I began to think what steps I should take in this situation. I turned on the light in his cubby-hole as I went through and waited at the entrance of my own office. As he appeared in the outer doorway I saw that I had not been correct about the reason for the odd movement of the head. The throat was cut from ear to ear so that the head was nearly severed from the shoulders. It was this which had given the impression of nodding, or rather, lolling. As he walked into his cubbyhole Singlebury raised both hands and tried to steady the head as though conscious that something was wrong. The eyes were thickly filmed over, as one sees in the carcasses in a butcher's shop. 10

I shut and locked my door, and not wishing to give way to nausea, or to lose all control of myself, I sat down at my desk. My work was waiting for me as I had left it – it was the file on the matter of the damp elimination – and, there not being anything else to do, I tried to look through it. On the other side of the door I could hear Singlebury sit down also, and then try the drawers of the table, evidently looking for the 'things' without which he could not start work. After the drawers had been tried, one after another, several times, there was almost total silence. 15

The present position is that I am locked in my office and would not, no matter what you offered me, indeed I could not, go out through the cubbyhole and pass what is sitting at the desk. The early cleaners will not be here for seven hours and forty-five minutes. I have passed the time so far as best I could in writing this report. One consideration strikes me. If what I have next door is a visitant which should not be walking but buried in the earth, then its wound cannot bleed, and there will be no stream of 20

blood moving slowly under the whole width of the communicating door. However I am sitting at the moment with my back to the door, so that, without turning round, I have no means of telling whether it has done so or not.

50

(from The Axe)

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

- 12 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Twain makes use of different settings in the novel. [25]
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the following passage, considering Twain's presentation of Huck's situation. [25]

Well, I see I was up a stump – and up it good. Providence had stood by me this fur, all right, but I was hard and tight aground, now. I see it warn't a bit of use to try to go ahead – I'd *got* to throw up my hand. So I says to myself, here's another place where I got to resk the truth. I opened my mouth to begin; but she grabbed me and hustled me in behind the bed, and says:

5

'Here he comes! stick your head down lower – there, that'll do; you can't be seen, now. Don't you let on you're here. I'll play a joke on him. Childern, don't you say a word.'

I see I was in a fix now. But it warn't no use to worry; there warn't nothing to do but just hold still, and try and be ready to stand from under when the lightning struck.

10

I had just one little glimpse of the old gentleman when he come in, then the bed hid him. Mrs Phelps she jumps for him and says:

'Has he come?'

15

'No,' says her husband.

'Good-ness gracious!' she says, 'what in the world *can* have become of him?'

'I can't imagine,' says the old gentleman; 'and I must say, it makes me dreadful uneasy.'

20

'Uneasy!' she says, 'I'm ready to go distracted! He *must* a come; and you've missed him along the road. I *know* it's so – something *tells* me so.'

'Why Sally, I *couldn't* miss him along the road – *you* know that.'

'But oh, dear, dear, what *will* Sis say? He must a come! You must a missed him. He –'

25

'Oh, don't distress me any more'n I'm already distressed. I don't know what in the world to make of it. I'm at my wit's end, and I don't mind acknowledging 't I'm right down scared. But there's no hope that he's come; for he *couldn't* come and me miss him. Sally, it's terrible – just terrible – something's happened to the boat, sure!'

30

'Why, Silas! Look yonder! – up the road! – ain't that somebody coming?'

He sprung to the window at the head of the bed, and that give Mrs Phelps the chance she wanted. She stooped down quick, at the foot of the bed, and give me a pull, and out I come; and when he turned back from the window, there she stood, a-beaming and a-smiling like a house afire, and I standing pretty meek and sweaty alongside. The old gentleman stared, and says:

35

'Why, who's that?'

'Who do you reckon 't is?'

40

'I hain't no idea. Who *is* it?'

'It's *Tom Sawyer*!'

By jings, I most slumped through the floor.

(from Chapter 32)

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