

Cambridge International AS Level

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**8695/02**

Paper 2 Drama, 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, 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.
- Each question is worth 25 marks.

This document has **22** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Drama

Aphra Behn: *The Rover*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Behn explore different attitudes to social class in *The Rover*?
- Or** (b) Discuss Behn's presentation of the relationship between Hellena and Willmore in the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of their relationship in the play. Pay careful attention to dramatic methods and their effects.

HELLENA: [Aside] Now, if I should be hanged, I can't be angry with him, he dissembles so heartily. [To WILLMORE] Alas, good captain, what pains you have taken: now were I ungrateful not to reward so true a servant.

WILLMORE: Poor soul, that's kindly said, I see thou bearest a conscience. Come then, for a beginning show me thy dear face.

HELLENA: I'm afraid, my small acquaintance, you have been staying that swingeing stomach you boasted of this morning: I then remember my little collation would have gone down with you, without the sauce of a handsome face; is your stomach so queasy now?

WILLMORE: Faith, long fasting, child, spoils a man's appetite. Yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still –

HELLENA: And would you fall to, before a priest says grace?

WILLMORE: Oh fie, fie, what an old out-of-fashioned thing hast thou named? Thou couldst not dash me more out of countenance shouldst thou show me an ugly face.

[Whilst he is seemingly courting HELLENA, enter ANGELLICA, MORETTA, BISKEY, and SEBASTIAN, all in masquerade. ANGELLICA sees WILLMORE and stares.]

ANGELLICA: Heavens, 'tis he! and passionately fond to see another woman.

MORETTA: What could you less expect from such a swaggerer?

ANGELLICA: Expect? As much as I paid him: a heart entire,
Which I had pride enough to think whene'er I gave,
It would have raised the man above the vulgar,
Made him all soul! and that all soft and constant.

HELLENA: You see, captain, how willing I am to be friends with you (till time and ill luck make us lovers), and ask you the question first, rather than put your modesty to the blush, by asking me; for alas, I know you captains are such strict men, and such severe observers of your vows to chastity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender conscience to marry a young willing maid.

WILLMORE: Do not abuse me, for fear I should take thee at thy word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm sure will be revenge sufficient.

HELLENA: O' my conscience, that will be our destiny, because we are both of one humour: I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, captain, that a handsome woman has a great deal to do whilst her face is good, for then is our harvest-time to gather friends; and should I in these days of my youth, catch a fit of foolish constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by daylight in our great journey. Therefore, I declare, I'll allow but one year for love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate; and then, go hang yourself: for I profess myself the gay, the kind, and the inconstant. The devil's in't if this won't please you.

WILLMORE: Oh, most damnably. I have a heart with a hole quite through it too, no prison mine to keep a mistress in.

ANGELLICA: [*Aside*] Perjured man! how I believe thee now.

HELLENA: Well, I see our business as well as humours are alike: yours to cozen as many maids as will trust you, and I as many men as have faith. See if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you.

[*HELLENA pulls off her vizard: WILLMORE starts.*]

How do you like it, captain?

WILLMORE: Like it! by heaven, I never saw so much beauty! Oh, the charms of those sprightly black eyes, that strangely fair face, full of smiles and dimples, those soft round melting cherry lips, and small even white teeth! Not to be expressed, but silently adored! [*HELLENA replaces her vizard.*] Oh, one look more, and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I'm mad.

(*from Act 3, Scene 1*)

Inua Ellams: *Barber Shop Chronicles*

- 2 Either (a)** ‘You’re young, your opinion doesn’t matter.’

Keeping Simphwe’s comments to Fabrice in mind, discuss Ellams’s exploration of relationships between the older and younger generations in *Barber Shop Chronicles*.

- Or (b)** Analyse some of the ways in which Ellams shapes an audience’s response to Emmanuel here and elsewhere in the play. Use the following extract as the central focus of your answer.

[SIZWE *is leaving as* EMMANUEL *enters.*]

SAMUEL: Did you want a cut?

TANAKA: Er ... Yeah. Where’s Winston?

SAMUEL: Did you make an appointment?

TANAKA: Yeah, three hours ago.

SAMUEL: He is out, he has a four o’clock home client.

TANAKA: Right.

EMMANUEL: My friend. [*Gestures to his chair*]

SAMUEL: I’d watch him if I was you.

TANAKA: What?

SAMUEL: Man has a history of violence and stealing people’s business / if he

EMMANUEL: Samuel.

SAMUEL: What?

[*Beat*]

Three years to the day since went in, remember? And you can’t even apologise.

[*Beat*]

EMMANUEL: Whatever you feel happened, I think / you should think

SAMUEL: Move, man.

[*He leaves. EMMANUEL is silent, gestures again.*]

TANAKA: Winston cuts me.

EMMANUEL: I trained Winston. All the time you’ve been coming here, we’ve not spoken.

TANAKA: I always go to Winston.

EMMANUEL: I don’t mind. Just an observation.

[*Beat*]

TANAKA: Lower the sides and a shape up?

EMMANUEL: I know.

TANAKA: Same price?

EMMANUEL: Eight pounds

[*Beaf*]

[TANAKA *sits.*]

[*Beaf*]

TANAKA: What Sam said ... a history of violence?

EMMANUEL: Let's just say I used to ... communicate with my fists when I was young. I was someone else. I stopped when I started barbing, when Samuel was born. Both things can't exist in a man.

[*Beaf*]

TANAKA: Stealing people's business?

EMMANUEL: That's another conversation.

[*Beaf*]

TANAKA: You've know him for a while?

EMMANUEL: Yes. He's my best friend's boy.

TANAKA: His father started the shop?

EMMANUEL: He invested more than us, but we were three, Malachi, Elnathan and me. Young rascals. Your age. So similar, we had the same poster above our chairs.

[TANAKA *laughs.*]

EMMANUEL: Same dreams.

(*from* Scene 10, London)

Lorraine Hansberry: *A Raisin in the Sun*

- 3** **Either** (a) Consider some of the dramatic ways in which Hansberry explores the loss of hope and the effects of its loss in *A Raisin in the Sun*.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on Hansberry's dramatic presentation of the family in the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of the family in the play.

MAMA: [*Eyeing the box, which is obviously a gift*] What is that?

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MAMA:

What are we all standing around here for? We ain't finished packin' yet. Bennie, you ain't packed one book.

[The bell rings.]

(from Act 2, Scene 3)

William Shakespeare: *As You Like It*

- 4 Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which Shakespeare makes loyalty significant to the play's meaning and effects.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of Rosalind and Celia in the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of their characterisation in the play.

[Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.]

CELIA: I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

ROSALIND: Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA: Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee; if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND: Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

CELIA: You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND: From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see, what think you of falling in love?

CELIA: Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest – nor no further in sport neither – than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND: What shall be our sport then?

CELIA: Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND: I would we could do so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blindwoman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA: 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

ROSALIND: Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

[Enter TOUCHSTONE the clown.]

- CELIA: No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?
- ROSALIND: Indeed there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.
- CELIA: Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither but Nature's who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. – How now, Wit, whither wander you?
- TOUCHSTONE: Mistress, you must come away to your father.

(from Act 1, Scene 2)

Section B: Poetry

from **Zaffar Kunial: *England's Green***

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Kunial's use of settings. You should explore **two** poems from the selection in your answer.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Kunial explores language and its effects in the following poem and elsewhere in the selection.

Brontë Taxis

On the hour, up in the wind
 I hear the parish chimes
 and think of the word *parochial*
 and then *precarious* –
 the whole village almost clings
 to the hill, as if stalled by the syllables
 of a spell, a stopped fall, or rise –
 the brunt air pulls at the branches
 and reaches for foundations
 and ropes, the high buried bells,
 their tilting hinterlands –
 precarious and parochial
 the way whole islands can hang
 on a vowel, windy
 as an *o*, *u* or

e and how it all can turn – a land
 found on the pebble of a *p* or a *b*
 is lost in a high-browed, hawk-eyed *ë*
 and I think of that low-rooted *y*
 in the Ulster name *Prunty* –
 a forked hawthorn at the end
 of *border-country* – where wind
 and earth, vowel and consonant
 aren't continents apart – as the steep
 B&Bs, their hinged signs
 lifting in the breeze, grip the tipping
 verticals of Haworth – here
 within my radius in Brontë
 Country – and a Kashmiri
 cab driver puts his hand
 to the gear, clutch down
 up the cobbled road.

from **Ada Limón: *The Carrying***

- 6 Either (a)** ‘Her poetry appeals to our mind rather than our emotions.’

How far and in what ways do you agree with this view of Limón’s poetry? You should explore **two** poems from the selection in your answer.

- Or (b)** Comment closely on ways in which Limón explores human responses to animals in the following poem and elsewhere in the selection.

American Pharoah

Despite the morning’s gray static of rain,
we drive to Churchill Downs at 6 a.m.,
eyes still swollen shut with sleep. I say,
*Remember when I used to think everything
was getting better and better? Now I think
it’s just getting worse and worse.* I know it’s not
what I’m supposed to say as we machine our
way through the silent seventy minutes on 64
over potholes still oozing from the winter’s
wreckage. I’m tired. I’ve had vertigo for five
months and on my first day home, he’s shaken
me awake to see this horse not even race, but
work. He gives me his jacket as we face
the deluge from car to the Twin Spire turnstiles,
and once deep in the fern-green grandstands I see
the crowd. A few hundred maybe, black umbrellas,
cameras, and notepads, wet-winged eager early birds
come to see this Kentucky-bred bay colt with his
chewed-off tail train to end the almost forty-year
American Triple Crown drought. A man next to us,
some horse racing bigwig, hisses a list of reasons
why this horse – his speed-heavy pedigree, muscle
and bone recovery, etcetera etcetera could never
win the grueling mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes.
Then the horse comes out, first just casually trotting
with his lead horse, and all at once, a brief break
in the storm, and he’s racing against no one
but himself and the official clockers, monstrously
fast and head down so we can see that faded star
flash on his forehead like this is real gladness.
As the horse eases up and all of us close our mouths
to swallow, the big-talking guy next to us folds his arms,
says what I want to say too: *I take it all back.*

from **Christina Rossetti: *Selected Poems***

- 7 Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects does Rossetti explore relationships between women and men in **two** poems from the selection?
- Or** (b) Discuss some of the ways in which the following poem is typical of Rossetti's poetic methods and concerns in the wider selection. Use the poem below as the main focus of your answer.

From the Antique

It's a weary life, it is; she said: –
 Doubly blank in a woman's lot:
 I wish and I wish I were a man;
 Or, better than any being, were not:

Were nothing at all in all the world,
 Not a body and not a soul;
 Not so much as a grain of dust
 Or drop of water from pole to pole.

Still the world would wag on the same,
 Still the seasons go and come;
 Blossoms bloom as in days of old,
 Cherries ripen and wild bees hum.

None would miss me in all the world,
 How much less would care or weep:
 I should be nothing; while all the rest
 Would wake and weary and fall asleep.

from *Songs of Ourselves: Volume 3*

8 **Either** (a) Compare some of the ways in which **two** poems from the selection use symbols.

Or (b) Examine ways in which poets create atmosphere here and elsewhere in the selection. Use the poem by Robert Louis Stevenson below as the main focus of your answer.

I Saw Red Evening Through the Rain

I saw red evening through the rain,
Lower above the steaming plain;
I heard the hour strike small and still,
From the black belfry on the hill.

Thought is driven out of doors to-night
By bitter memory of delight;
The sharp constraint of finger tips,
Or the shuddering touch of lips.

I heard the hour strike small and still,
From the black belfry on the hill.
Behind me I could still look down
On the outspread monstrous town.

The sharp constraint of finger tips
Or the shuddering touch of lips,
And all old memories of delight
Crowd upon my soul to-night.

Behind me I could still look down
On the outspread feverish town;
But before me still and grey
And lonely was the forward way.

(Robert Louis Stevenson)

Section C: Prose

Chris Abani: *GraceLand*

- 9 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which Abani presents political corruption in the novel.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on ways in which Abani presents Mr Aggrey's dance lesson in the following passage, examining its significance to the novel.

Elvis often stayed back to watch them, hidden by the tall congas standing in the shadows at the back of the open yard where all the lessons were held. They

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stiff like marionettes; a forest of Pinocchios, waltzing mug trees, marching like Macbeth's mythical forest.

(from Chapter 8)

Turn over

John Steinbeck: *The Grapes of Wrath*

- 10 Either** (a) 'People moving ... Movin' 'cause they got to.'

With this quotation from the novel in mind, discuss ways in which the idea of movement is made central in *The Grapes of Wrath*.

- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of the meeting between the woman and Rose of Sharon in the following passage. You must consider its importance to the wider novel.

Along the road a stocky woman walked, carrying an apple box of dirty clothes toward the wash tubs. Her face was brown with sun, and her eyes were black and

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Rose of Sharon listened, her eyes and mouth open.

(from Chapter 22)

from *Stories of Ourselves: Volume 3*

- 11 **Either** (a) Discuss ways in which the writers of **two** stories present characters living in material comfort or wealth.
- Or** (b) Comment closely on the presentation of Nora in the following passage. You must consider the significance of the passage to *Atrophy* by Edith Wharton.

Nora hesitated. 'No. The fact is, I have an old governess who lives at Ockham. I go to see her sometimes. And so I came on to Westover –' She paused, and Miss Aldis interrogated brightly: 'Yes?' as if prompting her in a lesson she was repeating.

'Because I saw Gladys Brincker the other day, and she told me that your brother was ill.'

'Oh.' Miss Aldis gave the syllable its full weight, and set a full stop after it. Her eyebrows went up, as if in a faint surprise. The silent room seemed to close in on the two speakers, listening. A resuscitated fly buzzed against the sunny windowpane. 'Yes; he's ill,' she conceded at length.

'I'm so sorry; I ... he has been ... such a friend of ours ... so long ...'

'Yes; I've often heard him speak of you and Mr Frenway.' Another full stop sealed this announcement. ('No, she knows nothing,' Nora thought.) 'I remember his telling me that he thought a great deal of Mr Frenway's advice about moving trees. But then you see our soil is so different from yours. I suppose Mr Frenway has had your soil analyzed?'

'Yes; I think he has.'

'Christopher's always been a great gardener.'

'I hope he's not – not very ill? Gladys seemed to be afraid –'

'Illness is always something to be afraid of, isn't it?'

'But you're not – I mean, not anxious ... not seriously?'

'It's so kind of you to ask. The doctors seem to think there's no particular change since yesterday.'

'And yesterday?'

'Well, yesterday they seemed to think there might be.'

'A change, you mean?'

'Well, yes.'

'A change – I hope for the better?'

'They said they weren't sure; they couldn't say.'

The fly's buzzing had become so insistent in the still room that it seemed to be going on inside of Nora's head, and in the confusion of sound she found it more and more difficult to regain a lead in the conversation. And the minutes were slipping by, and upstairs the man she loved was lying. It was absurd and lamentable to make a pretense of keeping up this twaddle. She would cut through it, no matter how.

'I suppose you've had – a consultation?'

'Oh, yes; Dr Knowlton's been down twice.'

'And what does he –'

'Well; he seems to agree with the others.'

There was another pause, and then Miss Aldis glanced out of the window.

'Why, who's that driving up?' she inquired. 'Oh, it's your taxi, I suppose, coming up the drive.'

'Yes. I got out at the gate.' She dared not add: 'For fear the noise might disturb him.'

'I hope you had no difficulty in finding a taxi at the Junction?'

'Oh, no; I had no difficulty.'

'I think it was so kind of you to come – not even knowing whether you'd find a carriage to bring you out all this way. And I know how busy you are. There's always so much going on in town, isn't there, even at this time of year?'

'Yes; I suppose so. But your brother –'

'Oh, of course my brother won't be up to any sort of gaiety; not for a long time.'

'A long time; no. But you do hope –'

'I think everybody about a sick bed ought to hope, don't you?'

'Yes; but I mean –'

Nora stood up suddenly, her brain whirling. Was it possible that she and that woman had sat thus facing each other for half an hour, piling up this conversational rubbish, while upstairs, out of sight, the truth, the meaning of their two lives hung on the frail thread of one man's intermittent pulse? She could not imagine why she felt so powerless and baffled. What had a woman who was young and handsome and beloved to fear from a dowdy and insignificant old maid? Why, the antagonism that these very graces and superiorities would create in the other's breast, especially if she knew they were all spent in charming the being on whom her life depended. Weak in herself, but powerful from her circumstances, she stood at bay on the ruins of all that Nora had ever loved.

(from *Atrophy*)

Tara June Winch: *The Yield*

- 12 Either (a) 'Yield itself is a funny word – yield in English is the reaping, the things that man can take from the land [...] In my language it's the things you give to, the movement, the space between things.'

With this quotation from Poppy's dictionary in mind, what for you is the significance of the title of the novel?

- Or (b) Comment closely on the presentation of different kinds of authority in the following passage, evaluating its significance to the novel.

plover bird – *didadida* I learnt this word at the Boys' Home. *Didadida!* We'd scream it and run, swing the switches in the air to scare them back. Most people

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just slid right in here, slithered up like a snake – worse than a snake – ready to make a million, a billion, or more for a couple of greedy mates.

(from Chapter 19)

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Question 9(b)

Question 10(b)

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