Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **9695/41**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2025**

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 **20** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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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 Austen shapes a reader's response to Mr Bingley in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to Austen's language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel's meaning and effects.

Elizabeth made no answer. She was afraid of talking longer of his friend; and, having nothing else to say, was now determined to leave the trouble of finding a subject to him.

He took the hint, and soon began with, 'This seems a very comfortable house. Lady Catherine, I believe, did a great deal to it when Mr Collins first came to Hunsford.'

'I believe she did – and I am sure she could not have bestowed her kindness on a more grateful object.'

'Mr Collins appears very fortunate in his choice of a wife.'

'Yes, indeed; his friends may well rejoice in his having met with one of the very few sensible women who would have accepted him, or have made him happy if they had. My friend has an excellent understanding – though I am not certain that I consider her marrying Mr Collins as the wisest thing she ever did. She seems perfectly happy, however, and in a prudential light, it is certainly a very good match for her.'

'It must be very agreeable to her to be settled within so easy a distance of her own family and friends.'

'An easy distance do you call it? It is nearly fifty miles.'

'And what is fifty miles of good road? Little more than half a day's journey. Yes, I call it a *very* easy distance.'

'I should never have considered the distance as one of the *advantages* of the match,' cried Elizabeth. 'I should never have said Mrs Collins was settled *near* her family.'

'It is a proof of your own attachment to Hertfordshire. Anything beyond the very neighbourhood of Longbourn, I suppose, would appear far.'

As he spoke there was a sort of smile, which Elizabeth fancied she understood; he must be supposing her to be thinking of Jane and Netherfield, and she blushed as she answered,

'I do not mean to say that a woman may not be settled too near her family. The far and the near must be relative, and depend on many varying circumstances. Where there is fortune to make the expence of travelling unimportant, distance becomes no evil. But that is not the case *here*. Mr and Mrs Collins have a comfortable income, but not such a one as will allow of frequent journeys – and I am persuaded my friend would not call herself *near* her family under less than *half* the present distance.'

Mr Darcy drew his chair a little towards her, and said '*You* cannot have a right to such very strong local attachment. *You* cannot have been always at Longbourn.'

Elizabeth looked surprised. The gentleman experienced some change of feeling; he drew back his chair, took a newspaper from the table, and, glancing over it, said, in a colder voice,

'Are you pleased with Kent?'

A short dialogue on the subject of the country ensued, on either side calm and concise – and soon put an end to by the entrance of Charlotte and her sister, just returned from their walk. The tête a tête surprised them. Mr Darcy related the

mistake which had occasioned his intruding on Miss Bennet, and after sitting a few minutes longer without saying much to any body, went away. *45*

'What can be the meaning of this!' said Charlotte, as soon as he was gone. 'My dear Eliza he must be in love with you, or he would never have called on us in this familiar way.'

But when Elizabeth told of his silence, it did not seem very likely, even to Charlotte's wishes, to be the case; and after various conjectures, they could at last *50* only suppose his visit to proceed from the difficulty of finding any thing to do, which was the more probable from the time of year.

(*from* Chapter 32)

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

2 Either (a) 'For love is blynd alday, and may not see.'

With this quotation from the poem in mind, discuss Chaucer's presentation of love in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to your understanding of Chaucer's concerns in *The Merchant's Prologue and Tale*.

This gentil May, fulfilled of pitee,
Right of hire hand a lettre made she,
In which she graunteth hym hire verray grace.
Ther lakketh noght oonly but day and place
Wher that she myghte unto his lust suffise, *5*
For it shal be right as he wole devyse.
And whan she saugh hir tyme, upon a day
To visite this Damyan gooth May,
And sotilly this lettre doun she threste
Under his pilwe; rede it if hym leste. *10*
She taketh hym by the hand and harde hym twiste
So secrely that no wight of it wiste,
And bad hym been al hool, and forth she wente
To Januarie, whan that he for hire sente.
Up riseth Damyan the nexte morwe; *15*
Al passed was his siknesse and his sorwe.
He kembeth hym, he preyneth hym and pyketh,
He dooth al that his lady lust and lyketh,
And eek to Januarie he gooth as lowe
As evere dide a dogge for the bowe. *20*
He is so plesant unto every man
(For craft is al, whoso that do it kan)
That every wight is fayn to speke hym good,
And fully in his lady grace he stood.
Thus lete I Damyan aboute his nede, *25*
And in my tale forth I wol procede.
Somme clerkes holden that felicitee
Stant in delit, and therfore certeyn he,
This noble Januarie, with al his myght,
In honest wyse, as longeth to a knyght, *30*
Shoop hym to lyve ful deliciously.
His housynge, his array, as honestly
To his degree was maked as a kynges.
Amonges othere of his honeste thynges,
He made a gardyn, walled al with stoon; *35*
So fair a gardyn woot I nowher noon.
For, out of doute, I verraily suppose
That he that wroot the Romance of the Rose
Ne koude of it the beautee wel devyse;
Ne Priapus ne myghte nat suffise, *40*
Though he be god of gardyns, for to telle
The beautee of the gardyn and the welle
That stood under a laurer alwey grene.

Ful ofte tyme he Pluto and his queene,
Proserpina, and al hire fayerye, *45*
Disporten hem and maken melodye
Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men tolde.

JOHN DONNE: Selected Poems

3 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Donne explore human suffering in his poetry? You should refer to **three** poems 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 Anniversary

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw: *5*
All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. *10*

Two graves must hide thine and my corse,
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas, as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and ears, *15*
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove. *20*

And then we shall be throughly blessed,
But we no more, than all the rest.
Here upon earth, we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do *25*
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign. *30*

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

4 Either (a) In the novel, Celia Brooke says to Dorothea, 'Poor Dodo … It is very hard: it is your favourite *fad* to draw plans.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Eliot's presentation of Dorothea Brooke.

Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering some of the ways in which it is characteristic of Eliot's narrative methods and concerns.

Bulstrode carried his candle to the bedside of Raffles, who was apparently in a painful dream. He stood silent, hoping that the presence of the light would serve to waken the sleeper gradually and gently, for he feared some noise as the consequence of a too sudden awakening. He had watched for a couple of minutes or more the shudderings and pantings which seemed likely to end in waking, when Raffles, with a long half-stifled moan, started up and stared round him in terror, trembling and gasping. But he made no further noise, and Bulstrode, setting down the candle, awaited his recovery.

It was a quarter of an hour later before Bulstrode, with a cold peremptoriness of manner which he had not before shown, said, 'I came to call you thus early, Mr Raffles, because I have ordered the carriage to be ready at half-past seven, and intend myself to conduct you as far as Ilsely, where you can either take the railway or await a coach.'

Raffles was about to speak, but Bulstrode anticipated him imperiously, with the words, 'Be silent, sir, and hear what I have to say. I shall supply you with money now, and I will furnish you with a reasonable sum from time to time, on your application to me by letter; but if you choose to present yourself here again, if you return to Middlemarch, if you use your tongue in a manner injurious to me, you will have to live on such fruits as your malice can bring you, without help from me. Nobody will pay you well for blasting my name: I know the worst you can do against me, and I shall brave it if you dare to thrust yourself upon me again. Get up, sir, and do as I order you, without noise, or I will send for a policeman to take you off my premises, and you may carry your stories into every pothouse in the town, but you shall have no sixpence from me to pay your expenses there.'

Bulstrode had rarely in his life spoken with such nervous energy: he had been deliberating on this speech and its probable effects through a large part of the night; and though he did not trust to its ultimately saving him from any return of Raffles, he had concluded that it was the best throw he could make. It succeeded in enforcing submission from the jaded man this morning: his empoisoned system at this moment quailed before Bulstrode's cold, resolute bearing, and he was taken off quietly in the carriage before the family breakfast-time. The servants imagined him to be a poor relation and were not surprised that a strict man like their master, who held his head high in the world, should be ashamed of such a cousin and want to get rid of him. The banker's drive of ten miles with his hated companion was a dreary beginning of the Christmas day, but at the end of the drive, Raffles had recovered his spirits, and parted in a contentment for which there was the good reason that the banker had given him a hundred pounds. Various motives urged Bulstrode to this open-handedness, but he did not himself inquire closely into all of them. As he had stood watching Raffles in his uneasy sleep, it had certainly entered his mind that the man had been much shattered since the first gift of two hundred pounds.

(*from* Chapter 68)

THOMAS HARDY: *Far from the Madding Crowd*

5 Either (a) 'He neither changes nor develops throughout the novel. He is simply Gabriel Oak.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Hardy's characterisation of Gabriel Oak in *Far from the Madding Crowd*.

Or (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, analyse the following passage, showing its significance to the novel as a whole.

'Now,' said Troy, 'you see my dilemma. Perhaps I am a bad man – the victim of my impulses – led away to do what I ought to leave undone. I can't, however, marry them both. And I have two reasons for choosing Fanny. First I like her best upon the whole, and second you make it worth my while –'

At the same instant Boldwood sprang upon him, and held him by the neck. Troy felt Boldwood's grasp slowly tightening. The move was absolutely unexpected.

'A moment,' he gasped. 'You are injuring her you love.'

'Well, what do you mean?' said the farmer.

'Give me breath,' said Troy.

Boldwood loosened his hand saying, 'By Heaven, I've a mind to kill you!'

'And ruin her.'

'Save her.'

'Oh – how can she be saved now unless I marry her?'

Boldwood groaned. He reluctantly released the soldier and flung him back against the hedge. 'Devil – you torture me!' said he.

Troy rebounded like a ball, and was about to make a dash at the farmer. But he checked himself, saying lightly,

'It is not worth while to measure my strength with you. It is a barbarous way of settling a quarrel, – indeed, I shall shortly leave the army because of the same conviction. Now after that revelation of how the land lies, 'twould be a mistake to kill me, would it not?'

''Twould be a mistake to kill you,' repeated Boldwood mechanically, with a bowed head.

'Better kill yourself.'

'Far better.'

'I'm glad you see it.'

'Troy – make her your wife, and don't act upon what I arranged just now. The alternative is dreadful, but take Bathsheba – I give her up. She must love you indeed to sell soul and body to you so utterly as she has done. Wretched woman – deluded woman you are Bathsheba!'

'But about Fanny?'

'Bathsheba is a woman well to do,' continued Boldwood in nervous anxiety, 'and Troy, she will make a good wife, and indeed, she is worth your hastening on your marriage with her!'

'But she has a will – not to say a temper, and I shall be a mere slave to her. I could do anything with poor Fanny Robbin.'

'Troy,' said Boldwood imploringly, 'I'll do anything for you, only don't desert her – pray don't desert her, Troy.'

'Which, poor Fanny?'

'No – Bathsheba Everdene. Love her best! Love her tenderly! How shall I get you to see how advantageous it will be to you to secure her at once.'

'I don't wish to secure her in any new way.'

Boldwood's arm moved spasmodically towards Troy's person again. He repressed the instinct, and his form drooped as with pain. Troy went on.

'I shall soon purchase my discharge, and then –'

'But I wish you to hasten on this marriage. It will be better for you both – you love each other – and you must let me help you to do it.'

'How.'

'Why by giving you something more to enable you to marry at once; and I'll settle the five hundred on Bathsheba – no, she wouldn't have it of me: I'll pay it down to you on the wedding day.' *50*

'Very well. I agree: I'll marry her and not Fanny.'

(*from* Chapter 33)

WALT WHITMAN: Selected Poems from *Leaves of Grass*

6 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Whitman present inner conflict? You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following extract from *I Sing the Body Electric*, showing in what ways it is characteristic of Whitman's concerns in the selection.

from *I Sing the Body Electric*

3
I knew a man, a common farmer, the father of five sons,
And in them the fathers of sons, and in them the fathers of sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person,
The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes, the richness and breadth of his manners, *5*
These I used to go and visit him to see, he was wise also,
He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old, his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome,
They and his daughters loved him, all who saw him loved him, *10*
They did not love him by allowance, they loved him with personal love,
He drank water only, the blood show'd like scarlet through the clear-brown skin of his face,
He was a frequent gunner and fisher, he sail'd his boat himself, he had a fine one presented to him by a ship-joiner, he had fowling-pieces presented to him by men that loved him, *15*
When he went with his five sons and many grand-sons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang,
You would wish long and long to be with him, you would wish to sit by him in the boat that you and he might touch each other. *20*

4
I have perceiv'd that to be with those I like is enough,
To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is enough,
To pass among them or touch any one, or rest my arm ever so lightly round his or her neck for a moment, what is this then? *25*
I do not ask any more delight, I swim in it as in a sea.

There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul well,
All things please the soul, but these please the soul well.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 7.

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

LOUISE GLÜCK: Selected Poems from *The Wild Iris*

7 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Glück present struggles with religious faith? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering Glück's use of imagery here and elsewhere in the collection.

Presque Isle

In every life, there's a moment or two.

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Heavy jar filled with white peonies.

JAMES JOYCE: *Dubliners*

8 **Either** **(a)** Compare Joyce's presentation of relationships in *The Dead* with at least **one** other story from *Dubliners*.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways the passage is characteristic of Joyce's narrative methods and concerns.

Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

– He is in Melbourne now.

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

– Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?

– Look lively, Miss Hill, please.

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married – she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her, like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl; but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages – seven shillings – and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad of a Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work – a hard life – but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

(*from* Eveline)

TONI MORRISON: *Beloved*

9 **Either** **(a)** Discuss the role and significance of Denver in the novel *Beloved*.

Or **(b)** Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Morrison's narrative methods and concerns.

The prisoners from Alfred, Georgia, sat down in semicircle near the encampment.

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By the time he got to 124 nothing in this world could pry it open.

(*from* Part 1)

GABRIEL OKARA: Selected Poems from *Collected Poems*

10 **Either** **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Okara use different voices in his poems? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the selection.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to poetic methods, discuss the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Okara's concerns in the selection.

Waiting for a Coming

As silent as the silent snow

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For the coming of his Savior

Milton, USA, 5 February 1993

JEAN RHYS: *Wide Sargasso Sea*

11 Either **(a)** Discuss some of the ways in which Rhys presents the married life of Antoinette and her husband.

Or **(b)** Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering some of the ways Rhys presents Antoinette's early life here and elsewhere in the novel.

I was going to see my mother. I had insisted that Christophine must be with me, no one else, and as I was not yet quite well they had given way. I remember the dull feeling as we drove along for I did not expect to see her. She was part of Coulibri, that had gone, so she had gone, I was certain of it. But when we reached the tidy pretty little house where she lived now (they said) I jumped out of the carriage and ran as fast as I could across the lawn. One door was open on to the veranda. I went in without knocking and stared at the people in the room. A coloured man, a coloured woman, and a white woman sitting with her head bent so low that I couldn't see her face. But I recognized her hair, one plait much shorter than the other. And her dress. I put my arms round her and kissed her. She held me so tightly that I couldn't breathe and I thought, 'It's not her.' Then, 'It must be her.' She looked at the door, then at me, then at the door again. I could not say, 'He is dead,' so I shook my head. 'But I am here, I am here,' I said, and she said, 'No,' quietly. Then 'No no no' very loudly and flung me from her. I fell against the partition and hurt myself. The man and the woman were holding her arms and Christophine was there. The woman said, 'Why you bring the child to make trouble, trouble, trouble? Trouble enough without that.'

All the way back to Aunt Cora's house we didn't speak.

The first day I had to go to the convent, I clung to Aunt Cora as you would cling to life if you loved it. At last she got impatient, so I forced myself away from her and through the passage, down the steps into the street and, as I knew they would be, they were waiting for me under the sandbox tree. There were two of them, a boy and a girl. The boy was about fourteen and tall and big for his age, he had a white skin, a dull ugly white covered with freckles, his mouth was a negro's mouth and he had small eyes, like bits of green glass. He had the eyes of a dead fish. Worst, most horrible of all, his hair was crinkled, a negro's hair, but bright red, and his eyebrows and eyelashes were red. The girl was very black and wore no head handkerchief. Her hair had been plaited and I could smell the sickening oil she had daubed on it, from where I stood on the steps of Aunt Cora's dark, clean, friendly house, staring at them. They looked so harmless and quiet, no one would have noticed the glint in the boy's eyes.

Then the girl grinned and began to crack the knuckles of her fingers. At each crack I jumped and my hands began to sweat. I was holding some school books in my right hand and I shifted them to under my arm, but it was too late, there was a mark on the palm of my hand and a stain on the cover of the book. The girl began to laugh, very quietly, and it was then that hate came to me and courage with the hate so that I was able to walk past without looking at them.

I knew they were following, I knew too that as long as I was in sight of Aunt Cora's house they would do nothing but stroll along some distance after me. But I knew when they would draw close. It would be when I was going up the hill. There were walls and gardens on each side of the hill and no one would be there at this hour of the morning.

Half-way up they closed in on me and started talking. The girl said, 'Look the crazy girl, you crazy like your mother. Your aunt frightened to have you in the house. She send you for the nuns to lock up. Your mother walk about with no shoes and stockings on her feet, she *sans culottes*. She try to kill her husband and she try to kill you too that day you go to see her. She have eyes like zombi and you have eyes

like zombi too. Why you won't look at me.' The boy only said, 'One day I catch you alone, you wait, one day I catch you alone.' When I got to the top of the hill they were jostling me, I could smell the girl's hair. *50*

A long empty street stretched away to the convent, the convent wall and a wooden gate. I would have to ring before I could get in. The girl said, 'You don't want to look at me, eh, I make you look at me.' She pushed me and the books I was carrying fell to the ground.

(*from* Part 1)

NATASHA TRETHEWEY: *Native Guard*

12 Either **(a)** In what ways and with what effects does Trethewey explore the impact of the past on the present? In your answer, you should refer to **three** poems from the collection, which could include individual poems from longer sequences.

Or **(b)** Paying close attention to language, tone and poetic methods, analyse the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Trethewey's concerns in the collection.

Blond

Certainly it was possible – somewhere
in my parents' genes the recessive traits
that might have given me a different look:
not attached earlobes or my father's green eyes,
but another hair color – gentleman-preferred, *5*
have-more-fun blond. And with my skin color,
like a good tan – an even mix of my parents' –
I could have passed for white.

When on Christmas day I woke to find
a blond wig, a pink sequined tutu, *10*
and a blond ballerina doll, nearly tall as me,
I didn't know to ask, nor that it mattered,
if there'd been a brown version. This was years before
my grandmother nestled the dark baby
into our crèche, years before I'd understand it *15*
as primer for a Mississippi childhood.

Instead, I pranced around our living room
in a whirl of possibility, my parents looking on
at their suddenly strange child. In the photograph
my mother took, my father – almost *20*
out of the frame – looks on as Joseph must have
at the miraculous birth: I'm in the foreground –
my blond wig a shining halo, a newborn likeness
to the child that chance, the long odds,
might have brought. *25*

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