



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/42**

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2021**

**2 hours**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## 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.

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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: *Persuasion*

- 1 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Austen present family relationships in *Persuasion*?
- Or** (b) Analyse the language, tone and narrative methods of the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Anne Elliot.

The morning hours of the Cottage were always later than those of the other house; and on the morrow the difference was so great, that Mary and Anne were not more than beginning breakfast when Charles came in to say that they were just setting off, that he was come for his dogs, that his sisters were following with Captain Wentworth, his sisters meaning to visit Mary and the child, and Captain Wentworth proposing also to wait on her for a few minutes, if not inconvenient; and though Charles had answered for the child's being in no such state as could make it inconvenient, Captain Wentworth would not be satisfied without his running on to give notice. 5

Mary, very much gratified by this attention, was delighted to receive him; while a thousand feelings rushed on Anne, of which this was the most consoling, that it would soon be over. And it was soon over. In two minutes after Charles's preparation, the others appeared; they were in the drawing-room. Her eye half met Captain Wentworth's; a bow, a curtsy passed; she heard his voice – he talked to Mary, said all that was right; said something to the Miss Musgroves, enough to mark an easy footing: the room seemed full – full of persons and voices – but a few minutes ended it. Charles shewed himself at the window, all was ready, their visitor had bowed and was gone; the Miss Musgroves were gone too, suddenly resolving to walk to the end of the village with the sportsmen: the room was cleared, and Anne might finish her breakfast as she could. 10 15 20

'It is over! it is over!' she repeated to herself again, and again, in nervous gratitude. 'The worst is over!'

Mary talked, but she could not attend. She had seen him. They had met. They had been once more in the same room!

Soon, however, she began to reason with herself, and try to be feeling less. Eight years, almost eight years had passed, since all had been given up. How absurd to be resuming the agitation which such an interval had banished into distance and indistinctness! What might not eight years do? Events of every description, changes, alienations, removals, – all, all must be comprised in it; and oblivion of the past – how natural, how certain too! It included nearly a third part of her own life. 25 30

Alas! with all her reasonings, she found, that to retentive feelings eight years may be little more than nothing.

Now, how were his sentiments to be read? Was this like wishing to avoid her? And the next moment she was hating herself for the folly which asked the question.

On one other question, which perhaps her utmost wisdom might not have prevented, she was soon spared all suspense; for after the Miss Musgroves had returned and finished their visit at the Cottage, she had this spontaneous information from Mary: 35

'Captain Wentworth is not very gallant by you, Anne, though he was so attentive to me. Henrietta asked him what he thought of you, when they went away; and he said, "You were so altered he should not have known you again."' 40

Mary had no feelings to make her respect her sister's in a common way; but she was perfectly unsuspecting of inflicting any peculiar wound.

'Altered beyond his knowledge!' Anne fully submitted, in silent, deep mortification. Doubtless it was so; and she could take no revenge, for he was not altered, or not for the worse. She had already acknowledged it to herself, and she could not think differently, let him think of her as he would. No; the years which had destroyed her youth and bloom had only given him a more glowing, manly, open look, in no respect lessening his personal advantages. She had seen the same Frederick Wentworth. 45

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*(from Volume 1 Chapter 7)*

**GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale***

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Chaucer present different kinds of conflict in *The Knight's Tale*?
- Or** (b) Analyse Chaucer's poetic methods in the following extract, showing what it adds to Chaucer's presentation of Arcite in *The Knight's Tale*.

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And with that word he caughte a greet mirour,  
 And saugh that chaunged was al his colour,  
 And saugh his visage al in another kynde.  
 And right anon it ran hym in his mynde,  
 That, sith his face was so disfigured  
 Of maladye the which he hadde endured,  
 He myghte wel, if that he bar hym lowe,  
 Lyve in Atthenes everemoore unknowe.  
 And seen his lady wel ny day by day.  
 And right anon he chaunged his array,  
 And cladde hym as a povre laborer,  
 And al allone, save oonly a squier  
 That knew his privetee and al his cas,  
 Which was disguised povrely as he was,  
 To Atthenes is he goon the nexte way.  
 And to the court he wente upon a day,  
 And at the gate he profreth his servyse  
 To drugge and drawe, what so men wol devyse.  
 And shortly of this matere for to seyn,  
 He fil in office with a chamberleyn  
 The which that dwellynge was with Emelye;  
 For he was wys and koude soone espye  
 Of every servaunt which that serveth here.  
 Wel koude he hewen wode, and water bere,  
 For he was yong and myghty for the nones,  
 And therto he was long and big of bones  
 To doon that any wight kan hym devyse.  
 A yeer or two he was in this servyse,  
 Page of the chambre of Emelye the brighte;  
 And Philostrate he seyde that he highte.  
 But half so wel biloved a man as he  
 Ne was ther nevere in court of his degree;  
 He was so gentil of condicioun  
 That thurghout al the court was his renoun.  
 They seyden that it were a charitee  
 That Theseus wolde enhauncen his degree,  
 And putten hym in worshipful servyse,  
 Ther as he myghte his vertu excercise.  
 And thus withinne a while his name is spronge,  
 Bothe of his dedes and his goode tonge,  
 That Theseus hath taken hym so neer,  
 That of his chambre he made hym a squier,  
 And gaf hym gold to mayntene his degree.  
 And eek men broghte hym out of his contree,  
 From yeer to yeer, ful pryvely his rente;  
 But honestly and slyly he it spente,  
 That no man wondred how that he it hadde.

And thre yeer in this wise his lif he ladde,  
And bar hym so, in pees and eek in werre,  
Ther was no man that Theseus hath derre.

**CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist***

- 3 Either** (a) What, in your view, do Fagin's relationships with his gang of boys add to the novel's meaning and effects?
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Dickens's presentation of Nancy in the novel as a whole.

'Now,' Mr Brownlow said, returning: so it seemed by the sound: to the spot where he had stood before, 'you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman, and I wish you to be the better for it. What can I do to serve you?'

'Nothing,' replied Nancy.

'You will not persist in saying that,' rejoined the gentleman, with a voice and emphasis of kindness that might have touched a much harder and more obdurate heart. 'Think now. Tell me.'

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'Nothing, sir,' rejoined the girl, weeping. 'You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed.'

'You put yourself beyond its pale,' said the gentleman. 'The past has been a dreary waste with you, of youthful energies mis-spent, and such priceless treasures lavished, as the Creator bestows but once and never grants again, but, for the future, you may hope. I do not say that it is in our power to offer you peace of heart and mind, for that must come as you seek it; but a quiet asylum, either in England, or, if you fear to remain here, in some foreign country, it is not only within the compass of our ability but our most anxious wish to secure you. Before the dawn of morning, before this river wakes to the first glimpse of daylight, you shall be placed as entirely beyond the reach of your former associates, and leave as utter an absence of all trace behind you, as if you were to disappear from the earth this moment. Come! I would not have you go back to exchange one word with any old companion, or take one look at any old haunt, or breathe the very air which is pestilence and death to you. Quit them all, while there is time and opportunity!'

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'She will be persuaded now,' cried the young lady. 'She hesitates, I am sure.'

'I fear not, my dear,' said the gentleman.

'No, sir, I do not,' replied the girl, after a short struggle. 'I am chained to my old life. I loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it. I must have gone too far to turn back, – and yet I don't know, for if you had spoken to me so, some time ago, I should have laughed it off. But,' she said, looking hastily round, 'this fear comes over me again. I must go home.'

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'Home!' repeated the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

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'Home, lady,' rejoined the girl. 'To such a home as I have raised for myself with the work of my whole life. Let us part. I shall be watched or seen. Go! Go! If I have done you any service, all I ask is, that you leave me, and let me go my way alone.'

'It is useless,' said the gentleman, with a sigh. 'We compromise her safety, perhaps, by staying here. We may have detained her longer than she expected already.'

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'Yes, yes,' urged the girl. 'You have.'

'What,' cried the young lady, 'can be the end of this poor creature's life!'

'What!' repeated the girl. 'Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water. How many times do you read of such as I who spring into the tide, and leave no living thing to care for or bewail them. It may be years hence, or it may be only months, but I shall come to that at last.'

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'Do not speak thus, pray,' returned the young lady, sobbing.

'It will never reach your ears, dear lady, and God forbid such horrors should!' replied the girl. 'Good night, good night!'

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The gentleman turned away.

'This purse,' cried the young lady. 'Take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble.'

'No!' replied the girl. 'I have not done this for money. Let me have that to think of. And yet – give me something that you have worn: I should like to have something – no, no, not a ring – your gloves or handkerchief – anything that I can keep, as having belonged to you, sweet lady. There. Bless you! God bless you. Good night, good night!'

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*(from Chapter 46)*

## EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Dickinson's use of settings in her poems. You should refer to **three** poems in your answer.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic effects, discuss Dickinson's presentation of time passing in the following poem and elsewhere in the selection.

*As imperceptibly as Grief*

As imperceptibly as Grief	
The Summer lapsed away –	
Too imperceptible at last	
To seem like Perfidy –	
A Quietness distilled	5
As Twilight long begun,	
Or Nature spending with herself	
Sequestered Afternoon –	
The Dusk drew earlier in –	
The Morning foreign shone –	10
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,	
As Guest, that would be gone –	
And thus, without a Wing	
Or service of a Keel	
Our Summer made her light escape	15
Into the Beautiful.	

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.**

**THOMAS HARDY: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles***

**5 Either (a)** 'Hardy presents Angel Clare as only truly interested in himself.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment on the role and characterisation of Angel Clare?

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

On an evening in the latter part of May a middle-aged man was walking homeward from Shaston to the village of Marlott, in the adjoining Vale of Blakemore or Blackmoor. The pair of legs that carried him were rickety, and there was a bias in his gait which inclined him somewhat to the left of a straight line. He occasionally gave a smart nod, as if in confirmation of some opinion, though he was not thinking of anything in particular. An empty egg-basket was slung upon his arm, the nap of his hat was ruffled, a patch being quite worn away at its brim where his thumb came in taking it off. Presently he was met by an elderly parson astride on a gray mare, who, as he rode, hummed a wandering tune. 5

'Good night t'ye,' said the man with the basket. 10

'Good night, Sir John,' said the parson.

The pedestrian, after another pace or two, halted, and turned round.

'Now, sir, begging your pardon; we met last market-day on this road about this time, and I said "Good night," and you made reply "*Good night, Sir John,*" as now.'

'I did,' said the parson. 15

'And once before that – near a month ago.'

'I may have.'

'Then what might your meaning be in calling me "Sir John" these different times, when I be plain Jack Durbeyfield, the haggler?'

The parson rode a step or two nearer. 20

'It was only my whim,' he said; and, after a moment's hesitation: 'It was on account of a discovery I made some little time ago, whilst I was hunting up pedigrees for the new county history. I am Parson Tringham, the antiquary, of Stagfoot Lane. Don't you really know, Durbeyfield, that you are the direct lineal representative of the ancient and knightly family of the D'Urbervilles, who derive their descent from Sir Pagan D'Urberville, that renowned knight who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, as appears by Battle Abbey roll?' 25

'Never heard it before.'

'Well, it's true. Throw up your chin a moment, so that I may catch the profile of your face better. Yes, that's the D'Urberville nose and chin – a little debased. Your ancestor was one of the twelve knights who assisted the Lord of Estremavilla in Normandy in his conquest of Glamorganshire. Branches of your family held manors over all this part of England; their names appear in the Pipe Rolls in the time of King Stephen. In the reign of King John one of them was rich enough to give a manor to the Knights Hospitallers; and in Edward the Second's time your forefather Brian was summoned to Westminster to attend the great Council there. You declined a little in Oliver Cromwell's time, but to no serious extent, and in Charles the Second's reign you were made Knights of the Royal Oak for your loyalty. There have been generations of Sir Johns among you, and if knighthood were hereditary, like a baronetcy, as it practically was in old times, when men were knighted from father to son, you would be Sir John now.' 30

'You don't say so!' murmured Durbeyfield.

'In short,' concluded the parson, decisively smacking his leg with his switch, 'there's hardly such another family in England.'

'Daze my eyes, and isn't there?' said Durbeyfield. 'And here have I been 45

knocking about, year after year, from pillar to post, as if I was no more than the commonest feller in the parish ... And how long hev this news about me been knowed, Pa'son Tringham?'

The clergyman explained that, as far as he was aware, it had quite died out of knowledge, and could hardly be said to be known at all. His own investigations had begun on a day in the preceding spring when, having been engaged in tracing the vicissitudes of the D'Urberville family, he had observed Durbeyfield's name on his waggon, and had thereupon been led to make inquiries, till he had no doubt on the subject.

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'At first I resolved not to disturb you with such a useless piece of information,' said he. 'However, our impulses are too strong for our judgment sometimes. I thought you might perhaps know something of it all the while.'

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*(from Chapter 1)*

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways Milton develops a reader's response to the relationship between Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to Milton's poetic methods, discuss the following extract, showing what it adds to his presentation of Satan in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*.

But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound: 5  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe; 10  
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal Powers, in one day to have marred  
 What he Almighty styled, six nights and days  
 Continued making, and who knows how long 15  
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: he to be avenged, 20  
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now failed  
 More angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or to spite us more,  
 Determined to advance into our room 25  
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed  
 He effected; man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat, 30  
 Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service angel wings,  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
 Their earthy charge: of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapped in mist 35  
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended 40  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
 Into a beast, and mixed with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of Deity aspired;  
 But what will not ambition and revenge 45  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soared, obnoxious first or last

To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils;  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aimed, 50  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid. 55

*(from Book 9)*

**Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale***

- 7 **Either** (a) Offred thinks, 'Mother ... You wanted a women's culture. Well now there is one. It isn't what you meant. But it exists'.
- Discuss Atwood's presentation of 'a women's culture' in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

Waterford and Judd both have characteristics that recommend them to us.

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It was a brilliant stroke, and confirms us in our opinion that Waterford was, in his prime, a man of considerable ingenuity.

*(from Pieixoto, Historical Notes on *The Handmaid's Tale*)*

**JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling***

- 8 **Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present mothers in her poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

*Pork Pies*

We're not together any more.

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Big boys in blue searched our room,  
but Bobby Baxter, beautiful Bobby Baxter, wasn't  
found till five days later.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.**

**BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible***

- 9 **Either** (a) Adah says she is 'a crooked little person trying to tell the truth'.

How far do you agree with this description of Kingsolver's presentation of Adah's role and characterisation in the novel?

- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kingsolver's narrative methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the novel.

At dinner the ruckus of our household was still going on, with Leah still saying over and over how she shot a whole antelope herself and it was not fair that our family didn't get it.

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Then he turned to us and declared it was high time for us to go to bed and put the light out on laughable Congolese superstitions.

*(from Rachel, Book 4: Bel and the Serpent)*

**STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems**

**10 Either (a)** 'Spender's poetry persuades us to recognise our common humanity.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with this comment? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.

**Or (b)** Analyse the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

*A Father in Time of War*

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On a winter night I took her to the hospital.

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The dizzy spinning tilting upside-  
down flags of the world new born.

**DEREK WALCOTT: Selected Poems**

- 11 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Walcott use images of the natural world in his poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from the selection.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering how far it is characteristic of Walcott's view of the islands.

*The Virgins*

Down the dead streets of sun-stoned Frederiksted,

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heading for where the banks of silver thresh.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

- 12 **Either** (a) Compare and contrast some of the ways Woolf shows Clarissa and Septimus to be searching for meaning in their lives.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering its significance to the novel as a whole.

But Proportion has a sister, less smiling, more formidable, a Goddess even now engaged – in the heat and sands of India, the mud and swamp of Africa, the purlieus of London, wherever in short the climate or the devil tempts men to fall from the true belief which is her own – even now engaged in dashing down shrines, smashing idols, and setting up in their place her own stern countenance. Conversion is her name and she feasts on the wills of the weakly, loving to impress, to impose, adoring her own features stamped on the face of the populace. At Hyde Park Corner on a tub she stands preaching; shrouds herself in white and walks penitentially disguised as brotherly love through factories and parliaments; offers help, but desires power; smites out of her way roughly the dissentient, or dissatisfied; bestows her blessing on those who, looking upward, catch submissively from her eyes the light of their own. This lady too (Rezia Warren Smith divined it) had her dwelling in Sir William's heart, though concealed, as she mostly is, under some plausible disguise; some venerable name; love, duty, self-sacrifice. How he would work – how toil to raise funds, propagate reforms, initiate institutions! But Conversion, fastidious Goddess, loves blood better than brick, and feasts most subtly on the human will. For example, Lady Bradshaw. Fifteen years ago she had gone under. It was nothing you could put your finger on; there had been no scene, no snap; only the slow sinking, water-logged, of her will into his. Sweet was her smile, swift her submission; dinner in Harley Street, numbering eight or nine courses, feeding ten or fifteen guests of the professional classes, was smooth and urbane. Only as the evening wore on a very slight dulness, or uneasiness perhaps, a nervous twitch, fumble, stumble and confusion indicated, what it was really painful to believe – that the poor lady lied. Once, long ago, she had caught salmon freely: now, quick to minister to the craving which lit her husband's eye so oilily for dominion, for power, she cramped, squeezed, pared, pruned, drew back, peeped through; so that without knowing precisely what made the evening disagreeable, and caused this pressure on the top of the head (which might well be imputed to the professional conversation, or the fatigue of a great doctor whose life, Lady Bradshaw said, 'is not his own but his patients'), disagreeable it was: so that guests, when the clock struck ten, breathed in the air of Harley Street even with rapture; which relief, however, was denied to his patients.

There in the grey room, with the pictures on the wall, and the valuable furniture, under the ground glass skylight, they learnt the extent of their transgressions; huddled up in arm-chairs, they watched him go through, for their benefit, a curious exercise with the arms, which he shot out, brought sharply back to his hip, to prove (if the patient was obstinate) that Sir William was master of his own actions, which the patient was not. There some weakly broke down; sobbed, submitted; others, inspired by Heaven knows what intemperate madness, called Sir William to his face a damnable humbug; questioned, even more impiously, life itself. Why live? they demanded. Sir William replied that life was good. Certainly Lady Bradshaw in ostrich feathers hung over the mantelpiece, and as for his income it was quite twelve thousand a year. But to us, they protested, life has given no such bounty. He acquiesced. They lacked a sense of proportion. And perhaps, after all, there is no God? He shrugged his shoulders. In short, this living or not living is an affair of our own? But there they were mistaken. Sir William had a friend in Surrey where they taught, what Sir William frankly admitted was a difficult art – a sense of proportion.

There were, moreover, family affection; honour; courage; and a brilliant career. All of these had in Sir William a resolute champion. If they failed, he had to support him police and the good of society, which, he remarked very quietly, would take care, down in Surrey, that these unsocial impulses, bred more than anything by the lack of good blood, were held in control. And then stole out from her hiding-place and mounted her throne that Goddess whose lust is to override opposition, to stamp indelibly in the sanctuaries of others the image of herself. Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William's will. He swooped; he devoured. He shut people up. It was this combination of decision and humanity that endeared Sir William so greatly to the relations of his victims.

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But Rezia Warren Smith cried, walking down Harley Street, that she did not like that man.

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