



Cambridge International AS & A Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/42

Paper 4 Pre- and Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2022

2 hours



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total. You must answer **one** poetry question and **one** prose question.
Section A: answer **one** question.
Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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

Section A: Pre-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Persuasion*

- 1 Either** (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Austen's presentation of different attitudes to money and wealth.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language, tone and narrative methods, discuss the following passage, showing what it adds to Austen's presentation of Admiral Croft in the rest of the novel.

As to the sad catastrophe itself, it could be canvassed only in one style by a couple of steady, sensible women, whose judgments had to work on ascertained events; and it was perfectly decided that it had been the consequence of much thoughtlessness and much imprudence; that its effects were most alarming, and that it was frightful to think, how long Miss Musgrove's recovery might yet be doubtful, and how liable she would still remain to suffer from the concussion hereafter! – The Admiral wound it all up summarily by exclaiming,

‘Ay, a very bad business indeed. – A new sort of way this, for a young fellow to be making love, by breaking his mistress’s head! – is not it, Miss Elliot? – This is breaking a head and giving a plaster truly!’

Admiral Croft's manners were not quite of the tone to suit Lady Russell, but they delighted Anne. His goodness of heart and simplicity of character were irresistible.

‘Now, this must be very bad for you,’ said he, suddenly rousing from a little reverie, ‘to be coming and finding us here. – I had not recollect ed it before, I declare, – but it must be very bad. – But now, do not stand upon ceremony. – Get up and go over all the rooms in the house if you like it.’

‘Another time, Sir, I thank you, not now.’

‘Well, whenever it suits you. – You can slip in from the shrubbery at any time. And there you will find we keep our umbrellas, hanging up by that door. A good place, is not it? But’ (checking himself) ‘you will not think it a good place, for yours were always kept in the butler’s room. Ay, so it always is, I believe. One man’s ways may be as good as another’s, but we all like our own best. And so you must judge for yourself, whether it would be better for you to go about the house or not.’

Anne, finding she might decline it, did so, very gratefully.

‘We have made very few changes either!’ continued the Admiral, after thinking a moment. ‘Very few. – We told you about the laundry-door, at Uppercross. That has been a very great improvement. The wonder was, how any family upon earth could bear with the inconvenience of its opening as it did, so long! – You will tell Sir Walter what we have done, and that Mr Shepherd thinks it the greatest improvement the house ever had. Indeed, I must do ourselves the justice to say, that the few alterations we have made have been all very much for the better. My wife should have the credit of them, however. I have done very little besides sending away some of the large looking-glasses from my dressing-room, which was your father’s. A very good man, and very much the gentleman I am sure – but I should think, Miss Elliot’ (looking with serious reflection) ‘I should think he must be rather a dressy man for his time of life. – Such a number of looking-glasses! oh Lord! there was no getting away from oneself. So I got Sophy to lend me a hand, and we soon shifted their quarters; and now I am quite snug, with my little shaving glass in one corner, and another great thing that I never go near.’

Anne, amused in spite of herself, was rather distressed for an answer, and the Admiral, fearing he might not have been civil enough, took up the subject again, to say,

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'The next time you write to your good father, Miss Elliot, pray give my compliments and Mrs Croft's, and say that we are settled here quite to our liking, and have no fault at all to find with the place. The breakfast-room chimney smokes a little, I grant you, but it is only when the wind is due north and blows hard, which may not happen three times a winter. And take it altogether, now that we have been into most of the houses hereabouts and can judge, there is not one that we like better than this. Pray say so, with my compliments. He will be glad to hear it.'

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(from Volume 2 Chapter 1)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 2 Either** (a) 'Thanne is it best, as for a worthy fame,
To dyen whan that he is best of name.'

With Theseus's comment in mind, discuss Chaucer's presentation of death and dying in *The Knight's Tale*.

- Or** (b) Paying close attention to poetic methods, analyse the following extract, showing what it adds to Chaucer's presentation of Arcite in *The Knight's Tale*.

The nexte houre of Mars folwyng this,
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierse Mars to doon his sacrificise,
With alle the rytes of his payen wyse.
With pitous herte and heigh devocioun,
Right thus to Mars he seyde his orisoun:
 'O stronge god, that in the regnes colde
 Of Trace honoured art and lord yholde,
 And hast in every regne and every lond
 Of armes al the brydel in thyn hond,
 And hem fortunest as thee lyst devyse,
 Accepte of me my pitous sacrificise.
 If so be that my youthe may deserve,
 And that my myght be worthy for to serve
 Thy godhede, that I may been oon of thyne,
 Thanne preye I thee to rewe upon my pyne.
For thilke peyne and thilke hoote fir
In which thow whilom brendest for desir,
Whan that thow usedest the beautee
Of faire, yonge, fresshe Venus free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille –
Although thee ones on a tyme mysfille,
Whan Vulcanus hadde caught thee in his las
And foond thee liggyng by his wyf, allas! –
For thilke sorwe that was in thyn herte,
Have routhe as wel upon my peynes smerte.
I am yong and unkonnyng, as thow woost,
And, as I trowe, with love offended moost
That evere was any lyves creature,
For she that dooth me al this wo endure
Ne reccheth nevere wher I synke or fleete.
And wel I woot, er she me mercy heete,
I moot with strengthe wynne hire in the place,
And wel I woot, withouten help or grace
Of thee ne may my strengthe noght availle.
Thanne help me, lord, to morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fyr that whilom brente thee,
As wel as thilke fyr now brenneth me,
And do that I to morwe have victorie.
Myn be the travaille, and thyn be the glorie!
Thy sovereyn temple wol I moost honouren
Of any place, and alwey moost labouren
In thy plesaunce and in thy craftes stronge,
And in thy temple I wol my baner honge

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And alle the armes of my compaignye,
 And everemo, unto that day I dye,
 Eterne fir I wol bifore thee fynde.
 And eek to this avow I wol me bynde:
 My beerd, myn heer, that hongeth long adoun,
 That nevere yet ne felte offensioun
 Of rasour nor of shere, I wol thee yive,
 And ben thy trewe servant whil I lyve.
 Now, lord, have routhe upon my sorwes soore;
 Yif me [victorie]; I aske thee namoore."

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The preyere stynt of Arcita the stronge,
 The rynges on the temple dore that honge,
 And eek the dores, clatereden ful faste,
 Of which Arcita somewhat hym agaste.
 The fyres brenden upon the auter brighte
 That it gan al the temple for to lighte;
 A sweete smel the ground anon up yaf,
 And Arcita anon his hand up haf,
 And moore encens into the fyr he caste,
 With othere rytes mo; and atte laste
 The statue of Mars bigan his hauberk rynge,
 And with that soun he herde a murmurynge
 Ful lowe and dym, and seyde thus, "Victorie!"
 For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
 And thus with joye and hope wel to fare
 Arcite anon unto his in is fare,
 As fayn as fowel is of the brighte sonne.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Oliver Twist*

3 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Dickens explore different kinds of love in the novel *Oliver Twist*?

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

'We can say the few words we've got to say in here, my dear,' said the Jew, throwing open a door on the first floor; 'and as there are holes in the shutters, and we never show lights to our neighbours, we'll set the candle on the stairs. There!'

With those words, the Jew, stooping down, placed the candle on an upper flight of stairs, exactly opposite to the room door. This done, he led the way into the apartment; which was destitute of all moveables save a broken arm-chair, and an old couch or sofa without covering, which stood behind the door. Upon this piece of furniture, the stranger sat himself with the air of a weary man; and the Jew, drawing up the arm-chair opposite, they sat face to face. It was not quite dark; the door was partially open; and the candle outside, threw a feeble reflection on the opposite wall.

They conversed for some time in whispers. Though nothing of the conversation was distinguishable beyond a few disjointed words here and there, a listener might easily have perceived that Fagin appeared to be defending himself against some remarks of the stranger; and that the latter was in a state of considerable irritation. They might have been talking, thus, for a quarter of an hour or more, when Monks – by which name the Jew had designated the strange man several times in the course of their colloquy – said, raising his voice a little,

'I tell you again, it was badly planned. Why not have kept him here among the rest, and made a sneaking, snivelling pickpocket of him at once?'

'Only hear him!' exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

'Why, do you mean to say you couldn't have done it, if you had chosen?' demanded Monks, sternly. 'Haven't you done it, with other boys, scores of times? If you had had patience for a twelvemonth, at most, couldn't you have got him convicted, and sent safely out of the kingdom; perhaps for life?'

'Whose turn would that have served, my dear?' inquired the Jew humbly.

'Mine,' replied Monks.

'But not mine,' said the Jew, submissively. 'He might have become of use to me. When there are two parties to a bargain, it is only reasonable that the interests of both should be consulted; is it, my good friend?'

'What then?' demanded Monks.

'I saw it was not easy to train him to the business,' replied the Jew; 'he was not like other boys in the same circumstances.'

'Curse him, no!' muttered the man, 'or he would have been a thief, long ago.'

'I had no hold upon him to make him worse,' pursued the Jew, anxiously watching the countenance of his companion. 'His hand was not in. I had nothing to frighten him with; which we always must have in the beginning, or we labour in vain. What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charley? We had enough of that, at first, my dear; I trembled for us all.'

'That was not my doing,' observed Monks.

'No, no, my dear!' renewed the Jew. 'And I don't quarrel with it now; because, if it had never happened, you might never have clapped eyes upon the boy to notice him, and so led to the discovery that it was him you were looking for. Well! I got him back for you by means of the girl; and then she begins to favour him.'

'Throttle the girl!' said Monks, impatiently.

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'Why, we can't afford to do that just now, my dear,' replied the Jew, smiling; 'and, besides, that sort of thing is not in our way; or, one of these days, I might be glad to have it done. I know what these girls are, Monks, well. As soon as the boy begins to harden, she'll care no more for him, than for a block of wood. You want him made a thief.'

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(from Chapter 26)

EMILY DICKINSON: Selected Poems

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

I measure every Grief I meet

I measure every Grief I meet
 With narrow, probing, Eyes –
 I wonder if It weighs like Mine –
 Or has an Easier size.

I wonder if They bore it long –
 Or did it just begin –
 I could not tell the Date of Mine –
 It feels so old a pain –

I wonder if it hurts to live –
 And if They have to try –
 And whether – could They choose between –
 It would not be – to die –

I note that Some – gone patient long –
 At length, renew their smile –
 An imitation of a Light
 That has so little Oil –

I wonder if when Years have piled –
 Some Thousands – on the Harm –
 That hurt them early – such a lapse
 Could give them any Balm –

Or would they go on aching still
 Through Centuries of Nerve –
 Enlightened to a larger Pain –
 In Contrast with the Love –

The Grieved – are many – I am told –
 There is the various Cause –
 Death – is but one – and comes but once –
 And only nails the eyes –

There's Grief of Want – and Grief of Cold –
 A sort they call "Despair" –
 There's Banishment from native Eyes –
 In sight of Native Air –

And though I may not guess the kind –
 Correctly – yet to me
 A piercing Comfort it affords
 In passing Calvary –

To note the fashions – of the Cross –
And how they're mostly worn –
Still fascinated to presume
That Some – are like My Own –

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

5 Either (a) Discuss some of the ways Milton shapes a reader's response to Adam 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 your understanding of the role and characterisation of Eve in *Paradise Lost, Books IX and X*.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
 Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 5
 Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n, 10
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.
 If care of our descent perplex us most, 15
 Which must be born to certain woe, devoured
 By Death at last, and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
 Into this cursèd world a woeful race, 20
 That after wretched life must be at last
 Food for so foul a monster, in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, childless remain: 25
 So Death shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
 Be forced to satisfy his rav'rous maw.
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet, 30
 And with desire to languish without hope,
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire, which would be misery
 And torment less than none of what we dread,
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free 35
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves;
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That show no end but death, and have the power, 40
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.
 She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertained, as dyed her cheeks with pale.

(from Book 10)

BRAM STOKER: *Dracula*

6 Either (a) Discuss some of the effects created by Stoker's use of symbols and symbolism in the novel.

Or (b) Paying close attention to the details of the writing, analyse the following passage, considering what it adds to your understanding of Stoker's methods and concerns in the novel.

The slow, careful steps came along the hall; the Count was evidently prepared for some surprise – at least he feared it.

Suddenly with a single bound he leaped into the room, winning a way past us before any of us could raise a hand to stay him. There was something so panther-like in the movement – something so unhuman, that it seemed to sober us all from the shock of his coming. The first to act was Harker, who, with a quick movement, threw himself before the door leading into the room in the front of the house. As the Count saw us, a horrible sort of snarl passed over his face, showing the eye-teeth long and pointed; but the evil smile as quickly passed into a cold stare of lion-like disdain. His expression again changed, as with a single impulse, we all advanced upon him. It was a pity that we had not some better organized plan of attack, for even at the moment I wondered what we were to do. I did not myself know whether our lethal weapons would avail us anything. Harker evidently meant to try the matter, for he had ready his great Kukri knife, and made a fierce and sudden cut at him. The blow was a powerful one; only the diabolical quickness of the Count's leap back saved him. A second less and the trenchant blade had shorn through his heart. As it was, the point just cut the cloth of his coat, making a wide gap whence a bundle of bank-notes and a stream of gold fell out. The expression of the Count's face was so hellish, that for a moment I feared for Harker, though I saw him throw the terrible knife aloft again for another stroke. Instinctively I moved forward with a protective impulse, holding the crucifix and wafer in my hand. I felt a mighty power fly along my arm; and it was without surprise that I saw the monster cower back before a similar movement made spontaneously by each one of us. It would be impossible to describe the expression of hate and baffled malignity – of anger and hellish rage – which came over the Count's face. His waxen hue became greenish-yellow by the contrast of his burning eyes, and the red scar on the forehead showed on the pallid skin like a palpitating wound. The next instant, with a sinuous dive he swept under Harker's arm ere his blow could fall, and, grasping a handful of the money from the floor, dashed across the room, and threw himself at the window. Amid the crash and glitter of the falling glass, he tumbled into the flagged area below. Through the sound of the shivering glass I could hear the 'ting' of the gold, as some of the sovereigns fell on the flagging.

We ran over and saw him spring unhurt from the ground. He, rushing up the steps, crossed the flagged yard, and pushed open the stable door. There he turned and spoke to us: –

'You think to baffle me, you – with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's. You shall be sorry yet, each one of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest; but I have more. My revenge is just begun! I spread it over centuries, and time is on my side. Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine – my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed. Bah!' With a contemptuous sneer, he passed quickly through the door, and we heard the rusty bolt creak as he fastened it behind him. A door beyond opened and shut.

(from Chapter 23, Dr Seward's Diary)

Section B: Post-1900 Poetry and Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

MARGARET ATWOOD: *The Handmaid's Tale*

- 7 Either (a) 'One detaches oneself. One describes.'

How far, and in what ways, do you agree with Offred's description of herself as a narrator?

- Or (b) Analyse the effects of the writing in the following passage, considering in what ways it adds to Atwood's presentation of Gilead, here and elsewhere in the novel.

If I may be permitted an editorial aside, allow me to say that in my opinion we must be cautious about passing moral judgement upon the Gileadeans.

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Men highly placed in the regime were thus able to pick and choose among women who had demonstrated their reproductive fitness by having produced one or more healthy children, a desirable characteristic in an age of plummeting Caucasian birth rates, a phenomenon observable not only in Gilead but in most northern Caucasian societies of the time.

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

SUJATA BHATT: Selected Poems from *Point No Point*

- 8 Either** (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Bhatt present history and historical figures in her poems? In your answer you should refer in detail to **three** poems from your selection.
- Or** (b) Analyse the following passage from the longer poem *Go to Ahmedabad*, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Bhatt's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

from *Go to Ahmedabad*

I have friends everywhere.
 This time we met after ten years.
 Someone died.
 Someone got married.
 Someone just had a baby.
 And I hold the baby
 because he's crying,
 because there's a strange rash
 all over his chest.
 And my friend says
 do you have a child? Why not?
 When will you get married?
 And the bus arrives
 crowded with people hanging
 out the doors and windows.
 And her baby cries
 in my arms, cries
 so an old man wakes up and yells
 at me: How could I let
 my child get so sick?
 Luckily, just then
 someone tells a good joke.

I have friends everywhere.
 This time we met after ten years.
 And suffering is
 when I walk around Ahmedabad
 for this is the place
 I always loved
 this is the place
 I always hated
 for this is the place
 I can never be at home in
 this is the place
 I will always be at home in.
 Suffering is
 when I am in Ahmedabad
 after ten years
 and I learn for the first time
 I will never choose
 to live here. Suffering is
 living in America
 and not being able

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to write a damn thing
about it. Suffering is
not for me to tell you about.

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Go walk the streets of Baroda,
go to Ahmedabad
and step around the cow-dung
but don't forget
to look at the sky.
It's special in January,
you'll never see kites like these again.
Go meet the people if you can
and if you want to know
about hunger, about suffering,
go live it for yourself.
When there's an epidemic,
when the doctor says
your brother may die soon,
your father may die soon –
don't ask me how it feels.
It does not feel good.
That's why we make
tea with tulsi leaves,
that's why there's always someone
who knows a good story.

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JACKIE KAY: Selected Poems from *Darling*

9 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Kay present outsiders in her poems? In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from your selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of *From Stranraer, South*, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Kay's presentation of family relationships, here and elsewhere in the selection.

From Stranraer, South

Looking back, I can say, with my hand on my heart
that my mother got sick the day I said I was in love
with a girl who lived round the corner –
and never got better.

So Aileen McLeod left the day after my mother collapsed.
She caught the afternoon train from Stranraer, south.
My mother wouldn't open her mouth –
and never got better.

Friends brought me news of Aileen, here, there,
and she herself sent me two letters.
The first said come now; the second don't bother; yet my mother
never did get better.

I don't know if it's me or if it's her, but I'm sure
a certain expression of satisfaction crosses her cheeks
when I give her a bed bath, as if she's taught me a lesson –
it will never get better.

I see myself in our hall mirror smiling my mother's smile,
complicit, apologetic, I know what you're up to.
No matter what I do I can't wipe that look from my face.
It will never get better.

I carry in holy water. I lift her head. Tilt her chin.
I dab round her smile with soft flannelette.
I bring the commode and stroke her hand. Fresh sheets.
It will never get better,

better than this, for what is a life for but to be a good daughter
and love your mother's weakness and moisten her lips
and listen to the sound of her dreams in waves
and see the stars outside flicker and waver, uncertain.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Poisonwood Bible*

- 10 Either** (a) 'Orleanna is a weak and naïve woman.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Kingsolver's presentation of Orleanna.

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

'I want to be righteous, Anatole.

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I never will.

(*from Leah: Book 3, The Judges*)

STEPHEN SPENDER: Selected Poems

11 Either (a) Discuss Spender's presentation of pain and suffering in his poems. In your answer you should refer to **three** poems from your selection.

Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, considering in what ways it is characteristic of Spender's poetic methods and concerns, here and elsewhere in the selection.

XXVI The Express

After the first powerful plain manifesto

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Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

VIRGINIA WOOLF: *Mrs Dalloway*

12 Either (a) In what ways, and with what effects, does Woolf present married relationships in the novel?

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

'You are taking Elizabeth to the Stores?' Mrs Dalloway said.

Miss Kilman said she was. They stood there. Miss Kilman was not going to make herself agreeable. She had always earned her living. Her knowledge of modern history was thorough in the extreme. She did out of her meagre income set aside so much for causes she believed in; whereas this woman did nothing, believed nothing; brought up her daughter – but here was Elizabeth, rather out of breath, the beautiful girl. 5

So they were going to the Stores. Odd it was, as Miss Kilman stood there (and stand she did, with the power and taciturnity of some prehistoric monster armoured for primeval warfare), how, second by second, the idea of her diminished, how hatred (which was for ideas, not people) crumbled, how she lost her malignity, her size, became second by second merely Miss Kilman, in a mackintosh, whom Heaven knows Clarissa would have liked to help. 10

At this dwindling of the monster, Clarissa laughed. Saying good-bye, she laughed. 15

Off they went together, Miss Kilman and Elizabeth, downstairs.

With a sudden impulse, with a violent anguish, for this woman was taking her daughter from her, Clarissa leant over the banisters and cried out, 'Remember the party! Remember our party to-night!' 20

But Elizabeth had already opened the front door; there was a van passing; she did not answer.

Love and religion! thought Clarissa, going back into the drawing-room, tingling all over. How detestable, how detestable they are! For now that the body of Miss Kilman was not before her, it overwhelmed her – the idea. The cruellest things in the world, she thought, seeing them clumsy, hot, domineering, hypocritical, eavesdropping, jealous, infinitely cruel and unscrupulous dressed in a mackintosh coat, on the landing; love and religion. Had she ever tried to convert any one herself? Did she not wish everybody merely to be themselves? And she watched out of the window the old lady opposite climbing upstairs. Let her climb upstairs if she wanted to; let her stop; then let her, as Clarissa had often seen her, gain her bedroom, part her curtains, and disappear again into the background. Somehow one respected that – that old woman looking out of the window, quite unconscious that she was being watched. There was something solemn in it – but love and religion would destroy that, whatever it was, the privacy of the soul. The odious Kilman would destroy it. Yet it was a sight that made her want to cry. 25 30 35

Love destroyed too. Everything that was fine, everything that was true went. Take Peter Walsh now. There was a man, charming, clever, with ideas about everything. If you wanted to know about Pope, say, or Addison, or just to talk nonsense, what people were like, what things meant, Peter knew better than any one. It was Peter who had helped her; Peter who had lent her books. But look at the women he loved – vulgar, trivial, commonplace. Think of Peter in love – he came to see her after all these years, and what did he talk about? Himself. Horrible passion! she thought. Degrading passion! she thought, thinking of Kilman and her Elizabeth walking to the Army and Navy Stores. 40

Big Ben struck the half-hour. 45

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