



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/07

Paper 7 Comment and Appreciation

October/November 2009

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.



- 1 Write a critical commentary on the following passage from the novel *The Woman in White* by Wilkie Collins (published in 1860). The narrator, Walter Hartright, has been offered a position in the household of Mr Fairlie, teaching art to his two daughters, and the passage opens the night before he leaves London in order to take up this position.

The heat had been painfully oppressive all day; and it was now a close and sultry night.

My mother and sister had spoken so many last words, and had begged me to wait another five minutes so many times, that it was nearly midnight when the servant locked the garden-gate behind me. I walked forward a few paces on the shortest way back to London; then stopped, and hesitated. 5

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air, by the most roundabout way I could take; to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley-road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of the Regent's Park. 10 15

I wound my way down slowly over the Heath, enjoying the divine stillness of the scene, and admiring the soft alternations of light and shade as they followed each other over the broken ground on every side of me. So long as I was proceeding through the first and prettiest part of my night-walk, my mind remained passively open to the impressions produced by the view; and I thought but little on any subject – indeed, so far as my own sensations were concerned, I can hardly say that I thought at all. 20

But when I had left the Heath, and had turned into the by-road, where there was less to see, the ideas naturally engendered by the approaching change in my habits and occupations, gradually drew more and more of my attention exclusively to themselves. By the time I had arrived at the end of the road, I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-colour painting I was so soon to superintend. 25 30

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met – the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West End; and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road – idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like – when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me. 35

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road – there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven – stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her. 40

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first. 45

'Is that the road to London?' she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put the singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight, was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at, about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully-attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet 50

and self-controlled, a little melancholy and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress – bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white – was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height – her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her, in the dim light and under the perplexingly-strange circumstances of our meeting.

55

60

- 2 Write a critical commentary on this extract from the play *Twelve Angry Men* by Reginald Rose (1954). The twelve men (none of whom is given a name by the playwright) are members of a jury in court, where a young man is being tried on a murder charge, for which the penalty must be death.

FOREMAN:	Is everybody here?	
6TH JUROR	[<i>with a gesture towards the washroom</i>]: The old man's inside.	
FOREMAN:	Would you knock on the door? [<i>The 6TH JUROR rises and moves to the washroom door</i>]	
7TH JUROR	[<i>to the 5TH JUROR</i>]: Hey, you a Yankee fan?	5
5TH JUROR:	No, Milwaukee.	
7TH JUROR:	Milwaukee! Oh, the suffering! That's like being hit on the head with a crowbar once a day. Listen, who they got – [<i>The 6TH JUROR knocks on the washroom door</i>] – I'm asking you, who they got besides great grounds-keepers? [<i>The 9TH JUROR enters from the washroom</i>]	10
FOREMAN	[<i>to the 9TH JUROR</i>]: We'd like to get started.	
9TH JUROR:	I'm sorry. [<i>He crosses and puts his hat on the shelf above the coat-hooks</i>]	
7TH JUROR:	Milwaukee!	15
9TH JUROR:	I didn't mean to keep you waiting. [<i>He crosses and sits on his chair below the table</i>] [<i>The 6TH JUROR resumes his seat. This is the moment for the FOREMAN's big speech</i>]	
FOREMAN	[<i>nervously</i>]: All right. Now you gentlemen can handle this any way you want to. I mean, I'm not going to make any rules. If we want to discuss it first and then vote, that's one way. Or we can vote right now to see how we stand. [<i>He pauses and looks around</i>] Well, that's all I have to say.	20
4TH JUROR:	I think it's customary to take a preliminary vote.	25
7TH JUROR:	Yeah, let's vote. Who knows, maybe we can all go home.	
FOREMAN:	It's up to you. Just let's remember we've got a first degree murder charge here. If we vote 'guilty', we send the accused to the electric chair. That's mandatory.	
4TH JUROR:	I think we all know that.	30
3RD JUROR:	Come on, let's vote.	
10TH JUROR:	Yeah, let's see who's where.	
FOREMAN:	Anybody doesn't want to vote? [<i>He looks around</i>] [<i>The others are silent</i>] All right. This has to be a twelve-to-nothing vote either way. That's the law. Okay, are we ready? All those voting 'guilty' raise your hands. [<i>Seven or eight hands go up immediately. Several others go up more slowly. Everyone looks around the table as the FOREMAN rises and begins to count hands. The 9TH JUROR's hand goes up now, and all hands are raised except the 8TH JUROR's</i>] ... Nine – ten – eleven. That's eleven for 'guilty'. Okay. 'Not guilty.' [<i>The 8TH JUROR slowly raises his hand</i>] One. Right. Okay, eleven to one – 'Guilty'. Now we know where we are. [<i>He resumes his seat</i>] [<i>The 8TH JUROR lowers his hand. The 10TH JUROR swings his chair around</i>]	35
10TH JUROR:	Boy-oh-boy! There's always one. [<i>The 8TH JUROR does not look at the 10TH JUROR</i>]	40
7TH JUROR	[<i>after a pause</i>]: So what do we do now?	50

- 8TH JUROR: Well, I guess we talk.
- 10TH JUROR: Boy-oh-boy!
[The 4TH JUROR lights a cigarette. There is a pause]
- 3RD JUROR [*leaning over towards the 8TH JUROR*]: Well, look, do you really think he's innocent? 55
- 8TH JUROR: I don't know.
- 3RD JUROR [*after a pause; smiling*]: I mean, let's be reasonable. You sat in court and heard the same things we did. The man's a dangerous killer. You could see it.
- 8TH JUROR: The man! He's nineteen years old. 60
- 3RD JUROR: Well, that's old enough. [*He rises*] He knifed his own father. Four inches into the chest.
- 6TH JUROR [*to the 8TH JUROR*]: It's pretty obvious. I mean, I was convinced from the first day.
- 3RD JUROR: Well, who wasn't? [*To the 8TH JUROR*] I really think this is one of those open and shut things. They proved it a dozen different ways. Would you like me to list them for you? 65
- 8TH JUROR: No.
[*The 3RD JUROR sits*]
- 10TH JUROR: Then what do you want? 70
- 8TH JUROR: Nothing. I just want to talk.
- 7TH JUROR: Well, what's there to talk about? Eleven men here agree. Nobody had to think twice about it, except you.
- 10TH JUROR [*leaning towards the 8TH JUROR*]: I want to ask you something. Do you believe his story? 75
- 8TH JUROR [*rising and moving down L*]: I don't know whether I believe it or not. Maybe I don't.
- 7TH JUROR: So what d'you vote 'not guilty' for?
- 8TH JUROR [*swinging round*]: There were eleven votes for 'guilty'. It's not so easy for me to raise my hand and send a boy off to die without talking about it first. 80
- 7TH JUROR: Who says it's easy for me?
- 8TH JUROR: No-one.
- 7TH JUROR [*rising*]: What, just because I voted fast? I think the guy's guilty. You couldn't change my mind if you talked for a hundred years. 85
- 8TH JUROR: I'm not trying to change your mind. It's just that we're talking about somebody's life here. I mean, we can't decide in five minutes. Supposing we're wrong?
- 7TH JUROR: Supposing we're wrong! Supposing this whole building fell on my head. You can suppose anything. 90
- 8TH JUROR: That's right.
[*The 4TH JUROR chuckles*]
- 7TH JUROR [*after a pause*]: What's the difference how long it takes? We honestly think he's guilty. So supposing we finish in five minutes? So what?
- 8TH JUROR: Let's take an hour. The ball game doesn't start till eight o'clock. 95
[*The 7TH JUROR looks angrily at the 8TH JUROR for a moment and then suddenly breaks into a smile as if to say, 'What am I heating myself up over you for?' He makes the curveball motion with his hand*]
- 7TH JUROR [*smiling*]: Okay, slugger, be my guest. [*He resumes his seat, still smiling*] 100
[*There is a silence*]
- FOREMAN [*hesitantly*]: Well, who's got something to say? [*He looks at the 2nd Juror*] 105
[*The 2ND JUROR shrugs*]

2ND JUROR: Not me.
[The FOREMAN looks around the table. Some of them shrug, some of them merely sit. He looks at the 9TH JUROR]

9TH JUROR: I'm willing to put in an hour.

10th JUROR: Great.
[There is a pause]

110

3 Write a critical comparison of the following two poems, both about wind and storm.

Night Time in Mid-Fall

It is a storm-strid night, winds footing swift
 Through the blind profound;
 I know the happenings from their sound;
 Leaves totter down still green, and spin and drift;
 The tree-trunks rock to their roots, which wrench and lift 5
 The loam where they run onward underground.

The streams are muddy and swollen; eels migrate
 To a new abode;
 Even cross, 'tis said, the turnpike-road;
 (Men's feet have felt their crawl, home-coming late): 10
 The westward fronts of towers are saturate,
 Church-timbers crack, and witches ride abroad.

Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928)

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,
 The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
 Winds stampeding the fields under the window
 Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky 5
 The hills had new places, and wind wielded
 Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
 Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
 The coal-house door. I dared once to look up – 10
 Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
 The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
 At any second to bang and vanish with a flap: 15
 The wind flung a magpie away and a black-
 Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
 That any second would shatter it. Now deep
 In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
 Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought, 20

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
 And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
 Seeing the window tremble to come in,
 Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

Ted Hughes (1930 – 1998)

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