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Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2021**

1 hour 30 minutes

5720251325

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - 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.

INFORMATION

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

This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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CONTENTS

Section A: Poetry

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3	1, 2	pages 4–5
Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 2	3, 4	pages 6–7
Carol Ann Duffy: from *New Selected Poems*	5, 6	pages 8–9

Section B: Prose

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Charlotte Brontë: *Jane Eyre*	7, 8	pages 10–11
Anita Desai: *In Custody*	9, 10	pages 12–13
Zora Neale Hurston: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*	11, 12	pages 14–15
Henry James: *Washington Square*	13, 14	pages 16–17
John Knowles: *A Separate Peace*	15, 16	pages 18–19
George Orwell: *1984*	17, 18	pages 20–21
Alan Paton: *Cry, the Beloved Country*	19, 20	pages 22–23
from *Stories of Ourselves*	21, 22	pages 24–25

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **1** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Those Winter Sundays

Sundays too my father got up early
and put his clothes on in the blueblack cold,
then with cracked hands that ached
from labor in the weekday weather made
banked fires blaze. No one ever thanked him.

I'd wake and hear the cold splintering, breaking.
When the rooms were warm, he'd call,
and slowly I would rise and dress,
fearing the chronic angers of that house,

Speaking indifferently to him,
who had driven out the cold
and polished my good shoes as well.
What did I know, what did I know
of love's austere and lonely offices?

(Robert Hayden)

Explore how Hayden powerfully conveys memories of childhood in this poem.

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Or **2** How does Angelou use words and images to striking effect in *Caged Bird*?

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun's rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

(Maya Angelou)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **3** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening

Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore,
  Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercussive roar
  Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone
  Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone
  Singing the hour, and bidding “Strike the bell.”
All is black shadow, but the lucid line
  Marked by the light surf on the level sand,
Or where afar the ship-lights faintly shine
  Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Mislead the Pilgrim—Such the dubious ray
That wavering Reason lends, in life’s long darkling way.

(Charlotte Smith)

Explore the ways in which Smith creates a powerful atmosphere in this poem.

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Or **4** How does Cowper make *The Poplar-Field* such a moving poem?

The Poplar-Field

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade,
The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew,
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

(William Cowper)

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CAROL ANN DUFFY: from *New Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **5** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

A Child's Sleep

I stood at the edge of my child's sleep
hearing her breathe;
although I could not enter there,
I could not leave.

Her sleep was a small wood,
perfumed with flowers;
dark, peaceful, sacred,
acred in hours.

And she was the spirit that lives
in the heart of such woods;
without time, without history,
wordlessly good.

I spoke her name, a pebble dropped
in the still night,
and saw her stir, both open palms
cupping their soft light;

then went to the window. The greater dark
outside the room
gazed back, maternal, wise,
with its face of moon.

How does Duffy vividly convey the mother's feelings for her child in this poem?

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Or **6** What does Duffy's writing make you feel for the speaker in *Originally*?

Originally

We came from our own country in a red room
which fell through the fields, our mother singing
our father's name to the turn of the wheels.
My brothers cried, one of them bawling, *Home*,
Home, as the miles rushed back to the city,
the street, the house, the vacant rooms
where we didn't live any more. I stared
at the eyes of a blind toy, holding its paw.

All childhood is an emigration. Some are slow,
leaving you standing, resigned, up an avenue
where no one you know stays. Others are sudden.
Your accent wrong. Corners, which seem familiar,
leading to unimagined pebble-dashed estates, big boys
eating worms and shouting words you don't understand.
My parents' anxiety stirred like a loose tooth
in my head. *I want our own country*, I said.

But then you forget, or don't recall, or change,
and, seeing your brother swallow a slug, feel only
a skelf of shame. I remember my tongue
shedding its skin like a snake, my voice
in the classroom sounding just like the rest. Do I only think
I lost a river, culture, speech, sense of first space
and the right place? Now, *Where do you come from?*
strangers ask. *Originally?* And I hesitate.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 7 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

'Helen, why do you stay with a girl whom everybody believes to be a liar?'

'Everybody, Jane? Why, there are only eighty people who have heard you called so, and the world contains hundreds of millions.'

'But what have I to do with millions? The eighty I know despise me.'

'Jane, you are mistaken: probably not one in the school either despises or dislikes you; many, I am sure, pity you much.'

'How can they pity me after what Mr Brocklehurst said?'

'Mr Brocklehurst is not a god: nor is he even a great and admired man: he is little liked here; he never took steps to make himself liked. Had he treated you as an especial favourite, you would have found enemies, declared or covert, all around you; as it is, the greater number would offer you sympathy if they dared. Teachers and pupils may look coldly on you for a day or two, but friendly feelings are concealed in their hearts; and if you persevere in doing well, these feelings will ere long appear so much the more evidently for their temporary suppression. Besides, Jane—' She paused.

'Well, Helen?' said I, putting my hand into hers. She chafed my fingers gently to warm them, and went on –

'If all the world hated you, and believed you wicked, while your own conscience approved you, and absolved you from guilt, you would not be without friends.'

'No; I know I should think well of myself; but that is not enough: if others don't love me, I would rather die than live – I cannot bear to be solitary and hated, Helen. Look here; to gain some real affection from you, or Miss Temple, or any other whom I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest—'

'Hush, Jane! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement: the sovereign Hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of men, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognise our innocence (if innocent we be: as I know you are of this charge which Mr Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mrs Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness – to glory?'

I was silent: Helen had calmed me; but in the tranquillity she imparted

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there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as she spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, she breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for her.

Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round her waist; she drew me to her, and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus, when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and her light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognised as Miss Temple.

'I came on purpose to find you, Jane Eyre,' said she; 'I want you in my room; and as Helen Burns is with you, she may come too.'

(*from* Chapter 8)

How does Brontë make this moment in the novel so moving?

Or **8** How does Brontë vividly convey Jane's changing feelings towards Mr Rochester?

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ANITA DESAI: *In Custody*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **9** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Before he could make out who had opened the door and now stood behind it, he heard an immense voice, cracked and hoarse and thorny, boom from somewhere high above their heads: 'Who is it that disturbs the sleep of the aged at this hour of the afternoon that is given to rest?

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Although there were no angels singing 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' in accompaniment, the pigeons cooed loudly with agitation and the old man could be heard muttering incredulously, 'Fool, says he's a fool – hah!' and Deven took that as sufficient invitation to enter.

(*from* Chapter 3)

How does Desai make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Desai strikingly portrays the relationship between Murad and Deven.

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **11** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Then the strange white man that was going to talk for her got up there.

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So the sun went down.

(*from* Chapter 19)

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Explore how Hurston makes this moment in the novel so dramatic and moving.

Or **12** 'Joe Starks (Jody) wants to be in control.'

How far does Hurston's writing suggest that he succeeds?

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HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **13** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

After dinner Morris Townsend went and stood before Catherine, who was standing before the fire in her red satin gown.

'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all!' said the young man.

'Who doesn't like you?' asked Catherine.

'Your father; extraordinary man!'

'I don't see how you know,' said Catherine, blushing.

'I feel; I am very quick to feel.'

'Perhaps you are mistaken.'

'Ah, well; you ask him and you will see.'

'I would rather not ask him, if there is any danger of his saying what you think.'

Morris looked at her with an air of mock melancholy.

'It wouldn't give you any pleasure to contradict him?'

'I never contradict him,' said Catherine.

'Will you hear me abused without opening your lips in my defence?'

'My father won't abuse you. He doesn't know you enough.'

Morris Townsend gave a loud laugh, and Catherine began to blush again.

'I shall never mention you,' she said, to take refuge from her confusion.

'That is very well; but it is not quite what I should have liked you to say. I should have liked you to say: "If my father doesn't think well of you, what does it matter?"'

'Ah, but it would matter; I couldn't say that!' the girl exclaimed.

He looked at her for a moment, smiling a little; and the Doctor, if he had been watching him just then, would have seen a gleam of fine impatience in the sociable softness of his eye. But there was no impatience in his rejoinder – none, at least, save what was expressed in a little appealing sigh. 'Ah, well, then, I must not give up the hope of bringing him round!'

He expressed it more frankly to Mrs Penniman, later in the evening. But before that he sang two or three songs at Catherine's timid request; not that he flattered himself that this would help to bring her father round. He had a sweet, light tenor voice, and when he had finished, every one made some exclamation – every one, that is, save Catherine, who remained intensely silent. Mrs Penniman declared that his manner of singing was 'most artistic', and Dr. Sloper said it was 'very taking – very taking indeed', speaking loudly and distinctly, but with a certain dryness.

'He doesn't like me – he doesn't like me at all,' said Morris Townsend, addressing the aunt in the same manner as he had done the niece. 'He thinks I'm all wrong.'

Unlike her niece, Mrs Penniman asked for no explanation. She only smiled very sweetly, as if she understood everything; and, unlike Catherine too, she made no attempt to contradict him. 'Pray, what does it matter?' she murmured softly.

'Ah, you say the right thing!' said Morris, greatly to the gratification of Mrs Penniman, who prided herself on always saying the right thing.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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What vivid impressions of Morris Townsend does James create at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** To what extent does James make Dr Sloper a frightening character?

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JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **15** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

None of us was allowed near the infirmary during the next days, but I heard all the rumours that came out of it.

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‘Sports are finished for him, after an accident like that. Of course.’

(*from* Chapter 5)

How does Knowles powerfully portray Gene at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** ‘The war is always present at Devon School.’

Explore the ways in which Knowles memorably conveys this to you.

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **17** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Presently they fell asleep for a little while. When Winston woke up the hands of the clock had crept round to nearly nine. He did not stir, because Julia was sleeping with her head in the crook of his arm. Most of her make-up had transferred itself to his own face or the bolster, but a light stain of rouge still brought out the beauty of her cheekbone. A yellow ray from the sinking sun fell across the foot of the bed and lighted up the fireplace, where the water in the pan was boiling fast. Down in the yard the woman had stopped singing, but the faint shouts of children floated in from the street. He wondered vaguely whether in the abolished past it had been a normal experience to lie in bed like this, in the cool of a summer evening, a man and a woman with no clothes on, making love when they chose, talking of what they chose, not feeling any compulsion to get up, simply lying there and listening to peaceful sounds outside. Surely there could never have been a time when that seemed ordinary? Julia woke up, rubbed her eyes and raised herself on her elbow to look at the oilstove.

'Half that water's boiled away,' she said. 'I'll get up and make some coffee in another moment. We've got an hour. What time do they cut the lights off at your flats?'

'Twenty-three thirty.'

'It's twenty-three at the hostel. But you have to get in earlier than that, because – Hi! Get out, you filthy brute!'

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor and sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had seen her fling the dictionary at Goldstein, that morning during the Two Minutes Hate.

'What was it?' he said in surprise.

'A rat. I saw him stick his beastly nose out of the wainscoting. There's a hole down there. I gave him a good fright, anyway.'

'Rats!' murmured Winston. 'In this room!'

'They're all over the place,' said Julia indifferently as she lay down again. 'We've even got them in the kitchen at the hostel. Some parts of London are swarming with them. Did you know they attack children? Yes, they do. In some of these streets a woman daren't leave a baby alone for two minutes. It's the great huge brown ones that do it. And the nasty thing is that the brutes always – '

'*Don't go on!*' said Winston, with his eyes tightly shut.

'Dearest! You've gone quite pale. What's the matter? Do they make you feel sick?'

'Of all horrors in the world – a rat!'

She pressed herself against him and wound her limbs round him, as though to reassure him with the warmth of her body. He did not re-open his eyes immediately. For several moments he had had the feeling of being back in a nightmare which had recurred from time to time throughout his life. It was always very much the same. He was standing in front of a wall of darkness, and on the other side of it there was something unendurable, something too dreadful to be faced. In the dream his deepest feeling was always one of self-deception, because he did in fact know what was behind the wall of darkness. With a deadly effort, like wrenching a piece out of his

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own brain, he could even have dragged the thing into the open. He always woke up without discovering what it was: but somehow it was connected with what Julia had been saying when he cut her short.

'I'm sorry,' he said; 'it's nothing. I don't like rats, that's all.'

'Don't worry, dear, we're not going to have the filthy brutes in here. I'll stuff the hole with a bit of sacking before we go. And next time we come here I'll bring some plaster and bung it up properly.'

(*from* Part 2)

How does Orwell make this moment in the novel so memorable and significant?

Or **18** Explore how Orwell strikingly portrays the absolute power of the Party.

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ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **19** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Yes, it was true what Msimangu had said.

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The tribe was broken, and would be mended no more.

(*from* Book 1 Chapter 13)

How does Paton powerfully convey Stephen's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore **two** moments in the novel where Paton's writing makes you feel particularly angry about the treatment of black people.

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *On Her Knees* (by Tim Winton), and then answer the question that follows it:

It was a lonely apartment.

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And then could it be possible that her failure to report a theft to the cops was an act of kindness towards my mother, an act of mercy toward me?

What striking impressions of the apartment and its owner does Winton create for you here?

Or **22** How does the writer make you feel sympathy for **one** of the following characters?

- the prisoner in *The Lemon Orchard* (by Alex La Guma)
- the old man in *Journey* (by Patricia Grace)
- Miss McCabe in *The Stoat* (by John McGahern)

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