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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

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

1 hour 30 minutes



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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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:

Little Boy Crying

Your mouth contorting in brief spite and
Hurt, your laughter metamorphosed into howls,
Your frame so recently relaxed now tight
With three-year-old frustration, your bright eyes
Swimming tears, splashing your bare feet,
You stand there angling for a moment's hint
Of guilt or sorrow for the quick slap struck.

The ogre towers above you, that grim giant,
Empty of feeling, a colossal cruel,
Soon victim of the tale's conclusion, dead
At last. You hate him, you imagine
Chopping clean the tree he's scrambling down
Or plotting deeper pits to trap him in.

You cannot understand, not yet,
The hurt your easy tears can scald him with,
Nor guess the wavering hidden behind that mask.
This fierce man longs to lift you, curb your sadness
With piggy-back or bull-fight, anything,
But dare not ruin the lessons you should learn.

You must not make a plaything of the rain.

(Mervyn Morris)

What does Morris's writing make you feel about the child and his father in this poem?

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Or **2** How does Heaney make you feel so sorry for the speaker in *Mid-Term Break*?

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning in the college sick bay

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A four foot box, a foot for every year.

(Seamus Heaney)

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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:

Cetacean

Out of Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco, Sunday, early,
our vessel, bow to stern, some sixty-three feet,
to observe Blue Whales – and we did, off the Farallones.

They were swimming slowly, and rose at a shallow angle
(they were grey as slate with white mottling, dorsals tiny and stubby,
with broad flat heads one quarter their overall body-lengths).

They blew as soon as their heads began to break the surface.
The blows were as straight and slim as upright columns
rising to thirty feet in vertical sprays.

Then their heads disappeared underwater, and the lengthy, rolling
expanse of their backs hove into our view – about twenty feet longer
than the vessel herself.

And then the diminutive dorsals
showed briefly, after the blows had dispersed and the heads had
gone under.

Then they arched their backs, then arched their tail stocks ready
for diving.

Then the flukes were visible just before the creatures vanished,
slipping into the deep again, at a shallow angle.

(Peter Reading)

How does Peter Reading vividly convey his wonder at the sight of the whales in this poem?

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Jennings uses words and images to make *In Praise of Creation* such a fascinating poem.

In Praise of Creation

That one bird, one star,
The one flash of the tiger's eye
Purely assert what they are,
Without ceremony testify.

Testify to order, to rule–
How the birds mate at one time only,
How the sky is, for a certain time, full
Of birds, the moon sometimes cut thinly.

And the tiger trapped in the cage of his skin,
Watchful over creation, rests
For the blood to pound, the drums to begin,
Till the tigress' shadow casts

A darkness over him, a passion, a scent,
The world goes turning, turning, the season
Sieves earth to its one sure element
And the blood beats beyond reason.

Then quiet, and birds folding their wings,
The new moon waiting for years to be stared at here,
The season sinks to satisfied things–
Man with his mind ajar.

(Elizabeth Jennings)

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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:

Valentine

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,
if you like.
Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

In what ways does Duffy make this poem such a powerful expression of love?

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Or **6** How does Duffy movingly convey the influence of the teacher on the speaker in *Death of a Teacher*?

Death of a Teacher

The big trees outside are into their poker game again,
shuffling and dealing, turning, folding, their leaves

drifting down to the lawn, floating away, ace high,
on a breeze. You died yesterday.

When I heard the hour – home time, last bell,
late afternoon – I closed my eyes. English, of course,

three decades back, and me thirteen. You sat on your desk,
swinging your legs, reading a poem by Yeats

to the bored girls, except my heart stumbled and blushed
as it fell in love with the words and I saw the tree

in the scratched old desk under my hands, heard the bird
in the oak outside scribble itself on the air. We were truly there,

present, Miss, or later the smoke from your black cigarette
braided itself with lines from Keats. Teaching

is endless love; the poems by heart, spells, the lists
lovely on the learning tongue, the lessons, just as you said,

for life. Under the gambling trees, the gold light thins and burns,
the edge of a page of a book, precious, waiting to be turned.

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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:

I had forgotten to draw my curtain, which I usually did, and also to let down my window-blind. The consequence was, that when the moon, which was full and bright (for the night was fine), came in her course to that space in the sky opposite my casement, and looked in at me through the unveiled panes, her glorious gaze roused me. Awaking in the dead of night, I opened my eyes on her disc – silver-white and crystal clear. It was beautiful, but too solemn: I half rose, and stretched my arm to draw the curtain.

Good God! What a cry!

The night – its silence – its rest, was rent in twain by a savage, a sharp, a shrilly sound that ran from end to end of Thornfield Hall.

My pulse stopped: my heart stood still; my stretched arm was paralysed. The cry died, and was not renewed. Indeed, whatever being uttered that fearful shriek could not soon repeat it: not the widest-winged condor on the Andes could, twice in succession, send out such a yell from the cloud shrouding his eyrie. The thing delivering such utterance must rest ere it could repeat the effort.

It came out of the third story; for it passed overhead. And overhead – yes, in the room just above my chamber-ceiling – I now heard a struggle: a deadly one it seemed from the noise; and a half-smothered voice shouted –

'Help! help! help!' three times rapidly.

'Will no one come?' it cried; and then, while the staggering and stamping went on wildly, I distinguished through plank and plaster: –

'Rochester! Rochester! for God's sake, come!'

A chamber-door opened: someone ran, or rushed, along the gallery. Another step stamped on the flooring above and something fell; and there was silence.

I had put on some clothes, though horror shook all my limbs; I issued from my apartment. The sleepers were all aroused: ejaculations, terrified murmurs sounded in every room; door after door unclosed; one looked out and another looked out; the gallery filled. Gentlemen and ladies alike had quitted their beds; and 'Oh! what is it?' – 'Who is hurt?' – 'What has happened?' – 'Fetch a light!' – 'Is it fire?' – 'Are there robbers?' – 'Where shall we run?' was demanded confusedly on all hands. But for the moonlight they would have been in complete darkness. They ran to and fro; they crowded together: some sobbed, some stumbled: the confusion was inextricable.

'Where the devil is Rochester?' cried Colonel Dent. 'I cannot find him in his bed.'

'Here! here!' was shouted in return. 'Be composed, all of you: I'm coming.'

And the door at the end of the gallery opened, and Mr Rochester advanced with a candle: he had just descended from the upper story. One of the ladies ran to him directly; she seized his arm: it was Miss Ingram.

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'What awful event has taken place?' said she. 'Speak! let us know the worst at once!'

'But don't pull me down or strangle me,' he replied: for the Misses Eshton were clinging about him now; and the two dowagers, in vast white wrappers, were bearing down on him like ships in full sail.

'All's right! – all's right!' he cried. 'It's a mere rehearsal of "Much Ado about Nothing." Ladies, keep off, or I shall wax dangerous.'

And dangerous he looked: his black eyes darted sparks.

(*from* Chapter 20)

How does Brontë make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Brontë vividly portrays Diana and Mary Rivers.

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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:

Deven and Nur exchanged wild looks.

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Now you have grown impatient, you can't even wait till we die – you come to tear at our living flesh – '

(*from* Chapter 7)

In what ways does Desai make this such a disturbing moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore the ways in which Desai makes the tape recording such a significant part of the novel.

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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:

For a long time she sat rocking with the girl held tightly to her sunken breast.

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Mind-pictures brought feelings, and feelings dragged out dramas from the hollows of her heart.

(*from* Chapter 2)

Explore the ways in which Hurston makes this moment in the novel so moving.

Or **12** How does Hurston memorably portray Janie after the storm?

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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:

'I thought my father might – might –' and she hesitated.

'Might see how unhappy you were?'

'Oh, no! But that he might look at it differently.'

'And now you have sent for me to tell me that at last he does so. Is that it?'

This hypothetical optimism gave the poor girl a pang. 'No, Morris,' she said solemnly, 'he looks at it still in the same way.'

'Then why have you sent for me?'

'Because I wanted to see you!' cried Catherine, piteously.

'That's an excellent reason, surely. But did you want to look at me only? Have you nothing to tell me?'

His beautiful persuasive eyes were fixed upon her face, and she wondered what answer would be noble enough to make to such a gaze as that. For a moment her own eyes took it in, and then – 'I *did* want to look at you!' she said, gently. But after this speech, most inconsistently, she hid her face.

Morris watched her for a moment, attentively. 'Will you marry me to-morrow?' he asked suddenly.

'To-morrow?'

'Next week, then. Any time within a month.'

'Isn't it better to wait?' said Catherine.

'To wait for what?'

She hardly knew for what; but this tremendous leap alarmed her. 'Till we have thought about it a little more.'

He shook his head, sadly and reproachfully. 'I thought you had been thinking about it these three weeks. Do you want to turn it over in your mind for five years? You have given me more than time enough. My poor girl,' he added in a moment, 'you are not sincere!'

Catherine coloured from brow to chin, and her eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, how can you say that?' she murmured.

'Why, you must take me or leave me,' said Morris, very reasonably. 'You can't please your father and me both; you must choose between us.'

'I have chosen you!' she said, passionately.

'Then marry me next week.'

She stood gazing at him. 'Isn't there any other way?'

'None that I know of for arriving at the same result. If there is, I should be happy to hear of it.'

Catherine could think of nothing of the kind, and Morris's luminosity seemed almost pitiless. The only thing she could think of was that her father might after all come round, and she articulated, with an awkward sense of her helplessness in doing so, a wish that this miracle might happen.

'Do you think it is in the least degree likely?' Morris asked.

'It would be, if he could only know you?'

'He can know me if he will. What is to prevent it?'

'His ideas, his reasons,' said Catherine. 'They are so – so terribly strong.' She trembled with the recollection of them yet.

'Strong?' cried Morris. 'I would rather you should think them weak.'

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'Oh, nothing about my father is weak!' said the girl.

Morris turned away, walking to the window, where he stood looking out. 'You are terribly afraid of him!' he remarked at last.

She felt no impulse to deny it, because she had no shame in it; for if it was no honour to herself, at least it was an honour to him. 'I suppose I must be,' she said, simply.

'Then you don't love me – not as I love you. If you fear your father more than you love me, then your love is not what I hoped it was.'

'Ah, my friend!' she said, going to him.

'Do *I* fear anything?' he demanded, turning round on her. 'For your sake what am I not ready to face?'

(*from* Chapter 20)

Explore the ways in which James movingly portrays Catherine's feelings at this moment in the novel.

Or **14** Morris thinks Mrs Penniman is 'an idiot'. How far does James persuade you to agree with him?

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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:

High spirits came hard in the haze of the Butt Room.

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‘You lose. I guess you’re Dr. Watson, after all.’

(*from* Chapter 7)

How does Knowles make this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **16** To what extent does Knowles’s writing convince you that **‘**Schooldays are the happiest days of your life’?

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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:

For the first time he perceived that if you want to keep a secret you must also hide it from yourself. You must know all the while that it is there, but until it is needed you must never let it emerge into your consciousness in any shape that could be given a name. From now onwards he must not only think right; he must feel right, dream right. And all the while he must keep his hatred locked up inside him like a ball of matter which was part of himself and yet unconnected with the rest of him, a kind of cyst.

One day they would decide to shoot him. You could not tell when it would happen, but a few seconds beforehand it should be possible to guess. It was always from behind, walking down a corridor. Ten seconds would be enough. In that time the world inside him could turn over. And then suddenly, without a word uttered, without a check in his step, without the changing of a line in his face – suddenly the camouflage would be down and bang! would go the batteries of his hatred. Hatred would fill him like an enormous roaring flame. And almost in the same instant bang! would go the bullet, too late, or too early. They would have blown his brain to pieces before they could reclaim it. The heretical thought would be unpunished, unrepented, out of their reach for ever. They would have blown a hole in their own perfection. To die hating them, that was freedom.

He shut his eyes. It was more difficult than accepting an intellectual discipline. It was a question of degrading himself, mutilating himself. He had got to plunge into the filthiest of filth. What was the most horrible, sickening thing of all? He thought of Big Brother. The enormous face (because of constantly seeing it on posters he always thought of it as being a metre wide), with its heavy black moustache and the eyes that followed you to and fro, seemed to float into his mind of its own accord. What were his true feelings towards Big Brother?

There was a heavy tramp of boots in the passage. The steel door swung open with a clang. O'Brien walked into the cell. Behind him were the waxen-faced officer and the black-uniformed guards.

'Get up,' said O'Brien. 'Come here.'

Winston stood opposite him. O'Brien took Winston's shoulders between his strong hands and looked at him closely.

'You have had thoughts of deceiving me,' he said. 'That was stupid. Stand up straighter. Look me in the face.'

He paused, and went on in a gentler tone:

'You are improving. Intellectually there is very little wrong with you. It is only emotionally that you have failed to make progress. Tell me, Winston – and remember, no lies: you know that I am always able to detect a lie – tell me, what are your true feelings towards Big Brother?'

'I hate him.'

'You hate him. Good. Then the time has come for you to take the last step. You must love Big Brother. It is not enough to obey him: you must love him.'

He released Winston with a little push towards the guards.

'Room 101,' he said.

(*from* Part 3)

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How does Orwell make this moment in the novel so powerful?

Or **18** Explore how Orwell makes Julia such an intriguing character.

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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:

They pass through the great gate in the grim high wall.

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They do not speak with him, they do not jest with him, they do not sit and let him be, but they ask, ask, ask, why, why, why? – his father, the white man, the prison officers, the police, the magistrates – why, why, why?

(*from* Book 1 Chapter 14)

How does Paton make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **20** How does Paton create strong impressions of Arthur Jarvis (son of James Jarvis)?

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from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton), and then answer the question that follows it:

The studio was a long tapestried room with a curtained archway at one end. The curtains were looped back, showing a smaller apartment, with books and flowers and a few fine bits of bronze and porcelain. The tea-table standing in this inner room proclaimed that it was open to inspection, and I wandered in. A *bleu poudré* vase first attracted me; then I turned to examine a slender bronze Ganymede, and in so doing found myself face to face with Mrs Grancy's portrait. I stared up at her blankly and she smiled back at me in all the recovered radiance of youth. Claydon, the artist, had effaced every trace of his later touches and the original picture had reappeared. It throned alone on the panelled wall, asserting a brilliant supremacy over its carefully-chosen surroundings. I felt in an instant that the whole room was tributary to it: that Claydon had heaped his treasures at the feet of the woman he loved. Yes – it was the woman he had loved and not the picture; and my instinctive resentment was explained.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder.

'Ah, how could you?' I cried, turning on him.

'How could I?' he retorted. 'How could I *not*? Doesn't she belong to me now?'

I moved away impatiently.

'Wait a moment,' he said with a detaining gesture. 'The others have gone and I want to say a word to you. – Oh, I know what you've thought of me – I can guess! You think I killed Grancy, I suppose?'

I was startled by his sudden vehemence, 'I think you tried to do a cruel thing,' I said.

'Ah – what a little way you others see into life!' he murmured. 'Sit down a moment – here, where we can look at her – and I'll tell you.'

He threw himself on the ottoman beside me and sat gazing up at the picture, with his hands clasped about his knee.

'Pygmalion,' he began slowly, 'turned his statue into a real woman; *I* turned my real woman into a picture. Small compensation, you think – but you don't know how much of a woman belongs to you after you've painted her! – Well, I made the best of it, at any rate – I gave her the best I had in me; and she gave me in return what such a woman gives by merely being. And after all she rewarded me enough by making me paint as I shall never paint again! There was one side of her, though, that was mine alone, and that was her beauty; for no one else understood it. To Grancy even it was the mere expression of herself – what language is to thought. Even when he saw the picture he didn't guess my secret – he was so sure she was all his! As though a man should think he owned the moon because it was reflected in the pool at his door –

'Well – when he came home and sent for me to change the picture it was like asking me to commit murder. He wanted me to make an old woman of her – of her who had been so divinely, unchangeably young! As if any man who really loved a woman would ask her to sacrifice her youth and beauty for his sake! At first I told him I couldn't do it – but afterward, when he left me alone with the picture, something queer happened. I suppose it was because I was always so confoundedly fond of Grancy that

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it went against me to refuse what he asked. Anyhow, as I sat looking up at her, she seemed to say, 'I'm not yours but his, and I want you to make me what he wishes.' And so I did it. I could have cut my hand off when the work was done – I daresay he told you I never would go back and look at it. He thought I was too busy – he never understood…

'Well – and then last year he sent for me again – you remember. It was after his illness, and he told me he'd grown twenty years older and that he wanted her to grow older too – he didn't want her to be left behind. The doctors all thought he was going to get well at that time, and he thought so too; and so did I when I first looked at him. But when I turned to the picture – ah, now I don't ask you to believe me; but I swear it was *her* face that told me he was dying, and that she wanted him to know it! She had a message for him and she made me deliver it.'

He rose abruptly and walked toward the portrait; then he sat down beside me again.

'Cruel? Yes, it seemed so to me at first; and this time, if I resisted, it was for *his* sake and not for mine. But all the while I felt her eyes drawing me, and gradually she made me understand. If she'd been there in the flesh (she seemed to say) wouldn't she have seen before any of us that he was dying? Wouldn't he have read the news first in her face? And wouldn't it be horrible if now he should discover it instead in strange eyes? – Well – that was what she wanted of me and I did it – I kept them together to the last!' He looked up at the picture again. 'But now she belongs to me,' he repeated…

What does Wharton's writing make you feel towards Claydon, the artist, at this moment in the story?

Or **22** How does Poe create vivid impressions of the narrator in *The Fall of the House of Usher*?

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