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Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge IGCSE™

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **0475/13**

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:

*Amends*

Nights like this: on the cold apple-bough
a white star, then another
exploding out of the bark:
on the ground, moonlight picking at small stones

as it picks at greater stones, as it rises with the surf
laying its cheek for moments on the sand
as it licks the broken ledge, as it flows up the cliffs,
as it flicks across the tracks

as it unavailing pours into the gash
of the sand-and-gravel quarry
as it leans across the hangared fuselage
of the crop-dusting plane

as it soaks through cracks into the trailers
tremulous with sleep
as it dwells upon the eyelids of the sleepers
as if to make amends

(Adrienne Rich)

Explore the ways in which Rich vividly portrays night-time in this poem.

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**Or** **2** How does Dixon create memorable impressions of her mother in *Plenty*?

*Plenty*

When I was young and there were five of us,
all running riot to my mother's quiet despair,
our old enamel tub, age-stained and pocked
upon its griffin claws, was never full.

Such plenty was too dear in our expanse of drought
where dams leaked dry and windmills stalled.
Like Mommy's smile. Her lips stretched back
and anchored down, in anger at some fault –

of mine, I thought – not knowing then
it was a clasp to keep us all from chaos.
She saw it always, snapping locks and straps,
the spilling: sums and worries, shopping lists

for aspirin, porridge, petrol, bread.
Even the toilet paper counted,
and each month was weeks too long.
Her mouth a lid clamped hard on this.

We thought her mean. Skipped chores,
swiped biscuits – best of all
when she was out of earshot
stole another precious inch

up to our chests, such lovely sin,
lolling luxuriant in secret warmth
disgorged from fat brass taps,
our old compliant co-conspirators.

Now bubbles lap my chin. I am a sybarite.
The shower's a hot cascade
and water's plentiful, to excess, almost, here.
I leave the heating on.

And miss my scattered sisters,
all those bathroom squabbles and, at last,
my mother's smile, loosed from the bonds
of lean, dry times and our long childhood.

(Isobel Dixon)

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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:

*The Kraken*

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

In what ways does Tennyson create a sense of mystery in this poem?

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**Or** **4** How does Keats vividly convey the power of melancholy in *Ode on Melancholy*?

*Ode on Melancholy*

I

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
  Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
  By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
  Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
    Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
  For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
    And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

II

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
  Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
  And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
  Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
    Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
  Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
    And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

III

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
  And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
  Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
  Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
    Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
  His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
    And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

(John Keats)

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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:

*The 'Darling' Letters*

Some keep them in shoeboxes away from the light,
sore memories blinking out as the lid lifts,
their own recklessness written all over them. *My own…*
Private jokes, no longer comprehended, pull their punchlines,
fall flat in the sad gaps between endearments. *What*
*are you wearing?*

*Don't ever change.*
They start with *Darling*; end in recriminations,
absence, sense of loss. Even now, the fist's bud flowers
into trembling, the fingers trace each line and see
the future then. *Always…* Nobody burns them,
the *Darling* letters, stiff in their cardboard coffins.

*Babykins*… We all had strange names
which make us blush, as though we'd murdered
someone, under an alias, long ago. *I'll die*
*without you. Die.* Once in a while, alone,
we take them out to read again, the heart thudding
like a spade on buried bones.

How does Duffy strikingly convey the speaker's feelings about the letters in this poem?

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**Or** **6** Explore the ways in which Duffy uses words and images to powerful effect in *Prayer*.

*Prayer*

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer
utters itself. So, a woman will lift
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth
enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade One piano scales
console the lodger looking out across
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer –
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.

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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:

'All the preface, sir; the tale is yet to come. On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes; I thought – oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken; it was only candle-light. Sophie, I supposed, had come in. There was a light in the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding-dress and veil, stood open; I heard a rustling there. I asked, "Sophie, what are you doing?" No one answered; but a form emerged from the closet; it took the light, held it aloft, and surveyed the garments pendent from the portmanteau. "Sophie! Sophie!" I again cried: and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed, I bent forward: first surprise, then bewilderment, came over me; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr Rochester, this was not Sophie, it was not Leah, it was not Mrs Fairfax: it was not – no, I was sure of it, and am still – it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole.'

'It must have been one of them,' interrupted my master.

'No, sir, I solemnly assure you to the contrary. The shape standing before me had never crossed my eyes within the precincts of Thornfield Hall before; the height, the contour were new to me.'

'Describe it, Jane.'

'It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large, with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on: it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I cannot tell.'

'Did you see her face?'

'Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place: she held it up, gazed at it long, and then she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark oblong glass.'

'And how were they?'

'Fearful and ghastly to me – oh, sir, I never saw a face like it! It was a discoloured face – it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments!'

'Ghosts are usually pale, Jane.'

'This, sir, was purple: the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed: the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?'

'You may.'

'Of the foul German spectre – the vampire.'

'Ah! – what did it do?'

'Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and flinging both on the floor, trampled on them.'

'Afterwards?'

'It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out; perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside, the figure stopped: the fiery eyes glared upon me – she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was

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aware her lurid visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness: for the second time in my life – only the second time – I became insensible from terror.' *45*

(*from* Chapter 25)

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

**Or** **8** Explore the ways in which Brontë makes Miss Temple such an admirable character.

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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:

Then Murad unexpectedly barked at him, ‘So, what about sending me something for my special number on Urdu poetry, hunh?’

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I need it for the special issue, see?'

(*from* Chapter 1)

Explore how Desai conveys striking impressions of Deven and Murad at this moment in the novel.

**Or** **10** How does Desai memorably portray **two** of the following characters?

- Abid Siddiqui (Head of the Urdu Department at the college)
- Chiku (the tape-recording technician)
- Safiya Begum (Nur's first wife)

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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:

Ships at a distance have every man's wish on board.

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But nobody moved, nobody spoke, nobody even thought to swallow spit until after her gate slammed behind her.

(*from* Chapter 1)

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How does Hurston make this such a powerful opening to the novel?

**Or** **12** How far does Hurston's writing show that Janie is treated badly?

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 11** in answering this question.

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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:

The Doctor meditated a moment. 'My dear young man,' he said at last, 'you must be very susceptible. As Catherine's father, I have, I trust, a just and tender appreciation of her many good qualities; but I don't mind telling you that I have never thought of her as a charming girl, and never expected any one else to do so.'

Morris Townsend received this statement with a smile that was not wholly devoid of deference. 'I don't know what I might think of her if I were her father. I can't put myself in that place. I speak from my own point of view.'

'You speak very well,' said the Doctor; 'but that is not all that is necessary. I told Catherine yesterday that I disapproved of her engagement.'

'She let me know as much, and I was very sorry to hear it. I am greatly disappointed.' And Morris sat in silence awhile, looking at the floor.

'Did you really expect I would say I was delighted, and throw my daughter into your arms?'

'Oh, no; I had an idea you didn't like me.'

'What gave you the idea?'

'The fact that I am poor.'

'That has a harsh sound,' said the Doctor, 'but it is about the truth – speaking of you strictly as a son-in-law. Your absence of means, of a profession, of visible resources or prospects, places you in a category from which it would be imprudent for me to select a husband for my daughter, who is a weak young woman with a large fortune. In any other capacity I am perfectly prepared to like you. As a son-in-law, I abominate you!'

Morris Townsend listened respectfully. 'I don't think Miss Sloper is a weak woman,' he presently said.

'Of course you must defend her – it's the least you can do. But I have known my child twenty years, and you have known her six weeks. Even if she were not weak, however, you would still be a penniless man.'

'Ah, yes; that is *my* weakness! And therefore, you mean, I am mercenary – I only want your daughter's money.'

'I don't say that. I am not obliged to say it; and to say it, save under stress of compulsion, would be very bad taste. I say simply that you belong to the wrong category.'

'But your daughter doesn't marry a category,' Townsend urged, with his handsome smile. 'She marries an individual – an individual whom she is so good as to say she loves.'

'An individual who offers so little in return!'

'Is it possible to offer more than the most tender affection and a lifelong devotion?' the young man demanded.

'It depends how we take it. It is possible to offer a few other things besides, and not only is it possible, but it's usual. A lifelong devotion is measured after the fact; and meanwhile it is customary in these cases to give a few material securities. What are yours? A very handsome face and figure, and a very good manner. They are excellent as far as they go, but they don't go far enough.'

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'There is one thing you should add to them,' said Morris; 'the word of a gentleman!'

'The word of a gentleman that you will always love Catherine? You must be a very fine gentleman to be sure of that.'

'The word of a gentleman that I am not mercenary; that my affection for Miss Sloper is as pure and disinterested a sentiment as was ever lodged in a human breast! I care no more for her fortune than for the ashes in that grate.'

'I take note – I take note,' said the Doctor. 'But having done so, I turn to our category again. Even with that solemn vow on your lips, you take your place in it. There is nothing against you but an accident, if you will; but with my thirty years' medical practice, I have seen that accidents may have far-reaching consequences.'

(*from* Chapter 12)

How does James make this such a tense moment in the novel?

**Or** **14** To what extent does James make Catherine a likeable 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:

Brinker Hadley came across to see me late that afternoon.

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He had struck an accusing pose.

(*from* Chapter 7)

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

**Or** **16** Explore the ways in which Knowles powerfully depicts the effects of the war on Gene.

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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:

Down in the street the wind flapped the torn poster to and fro, and the word INGSOC fitfully appeared and vanished. Ingsoc. The sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past. He felt as though he were wandering in the forests of the sea bottom, lost in a monstrous world where he himself was the monster. He was alone. The past was dead, the future was unimaginable. What certainty had he that a single human creature now living was on his side? And what way of knowing that the dominion of the Party would not endure *for ever*? Like an answer, the three slogans on the white face of the Ministry of Truth came back at him:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.

He took a twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket. There, too, in tiny clear lettering, the same slogans were inscribed, and on the other face of the coin the head of Big Brother. Even from the coin the eyes pursued you. On coins, on stamps, on the covers of books, on banners, on posters and on the wrapping of a cigarette packet – everywhere. Always the eyes watching you and the voice enveloping you. Asleep or awake, working or eating, indoors or out of doors, in the bath or in bed – no escape. Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimetres inside your skull.

The sun had shifted round, and the myriad windows of the Ministry of Truth, with the light no longer shining on them, looked grim as the loopholes of a fortress. His heart quailed before the enormous pyramidal shape. It was too strong, it could not be stormed. A thousand rocket bombs would not batter it down. He wondered again for whom he was writing the diary. For the future, for the past – for an age that might be imaginary. And in front of him there lay not death but annihilation. The diary would be reduced to ashes and himself to vapour. Only the Thought Police would read what he had written, before they wiped it out of existence and out of memory. How could you make appeal to the future when not a trace of you, not even an anonymous word scribbled on a piece of paper, could physically survive?

The telescreen struck fourteen. He must leave in ten minutes. He had to be back at work by fourteen-thirty.

Curiously, the chiming of the hour seemed to have put new heart into him. He was a lonely ghost uttering a truth that nobody would ever hear. But so long as he uttered it, in some obscure way the continuity was not broken. It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage. He went back to the table, dipped his pen, and wrote:

To the future or to the past, to a time when thought is free, when men are different from one another and do not live alone – to a time when truth exists and what is done cannot be undone:

From the age of uniformity, from the age of solitude, from the age of Big Brother, from the age of doublethink – greetings!

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He was already dead, he reflected. It seemed to him that it was only now, when he had begun to be able to formulate his thoughts, that he had taken the decisive step. The consequences of every act are included in the act itself. He wrote:

Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death.

Now that he had recognised himself as a dead man it became important to stay alive as long as possible.

(*from* Part 1)

How does Orwell strikingly convey Winston's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

**Or** **18** Explore how Orwell memorably portrays Winston's experience of working in the Ministry of Truth.

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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:

Jarvis dismissed the boy, and waited till he was gone.

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– Yes, yes, said Jarvis, there was a brightness in him.

(*from* Book 2 Chapter 8)

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

**Or** **20** Explore the ways in which Paton makes John Kumalo and his son such despicable characters.

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## from *Stories of Ourselves*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either** **21** Read this passage from *Journey* (by Patricia Grace), and then answer the question that follows it:

He was an old man going on a journey. But not really so old, only they made him old buttoning up his coat for him and giving him money. Seventy-one that's all. Not a journey, not what you would really call a journey – he had to go in and see those people about his land. Again. But he liked the word Journey even though you didn't quite say it. It wasn't a word for saying only for saving up in your head, and that way you could enjoy it. Even an old man like him, but not what you would call properly old.

The coat was good and warm. It was second-hand from the jumble and it was good and warm. Could have ghosts in it but who cares, warm that's the main thing. If some old pakeha died in it that's too bad because he wasn't scared of the pakeha kehuas anyway. The pakeha kehuas they couldn't do anything, it was only like having a sheet over your head and going woo-oo at someone in the lavatory…

He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people.

Taxi.

It's coming Uncle.

Taxi Uncle. They think he's deaf. And old. Putting more money in his pocket and wishing his coat needed buttoning, telling him it's windy and cold. Never mind, he was off. Off on his journey, he could get round town good on his own, good as gold.

Out early today old man.

Business young fulla.

Early bird catches the early worm.

It'll be a sorry worm young fulla, a sorry worm.

Like that is it?

Like that.

You could sit back and enjoy the old taxi smells of split upholstery and cigarette, and of something else that could have been the young fulla's hair oil or his b.o. It was good. Good. Same old taxi same old stinks. Same old shop over there, but he wouldn't be calling in today, no. And tomorrow they'd want to know why. No, today he was going on a journey, which was a good word. Today he was going further afield, and there was a word no one knew he had. A good wind today but he had a warm coat and didn't need anyone fussing.

Same old butcher and same old fruit shop, doing all right these days not like before. Same old Post Office where you went to get your pension money, but he always sent Minnie down to get his because he couldn't stand these old-age people. These old-age people got on his nerves. Yes, same old place, same old shops and roads, and everything cracking up a bit. Same old taxi. Same old young fulla.

How's the wife?

Still growling old man.

What about the kids?

Costing me money.

Send them out to work that's the story.

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I think you're right you might have something there old man. Well here we are, early. Still another half hour to wait for the train.

Best to be early. Business.

Guess you're right.

What's the sting?

Ninety-five it is.

Pull out a fistful and give the young fulla full eyes. Get himself out on to the footpath and shove the door, give it a good hard slam. Pick me up later young fulla, ten past five. Might as well make a day of it, look round town and buy a few things.

Don't forget ten past five.

Right you are old man five ten.

People had been peeing in the subway the dirty dogs. In the old days all you needed to do to get on to the station was to step over the train tracks, there weren't any piss holes like this to go through, it wasn't safe. Coming up the steps on to the platform he could feel the quick huffs of his breathing and that annoyed him, he wanted to swipe at the huffs with his hand. Steam engines went out years ago.

How does Grace make this opening to the story so striking?

**Or** **22** Explore how Winton makes the mother such an admirable character in *On Her Knees*.

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