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Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2022**

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:

Not Waving But Drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he'd always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way,
They said.

Oh, no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

(Stevie Smith)

How does Smith use words and images to powerful effect in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Angelou makes *Caged Bird* such a moving poem.

Caged Bird

A free bird leaps

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sings of freedom.

(Maya Angelou)

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

After

I
A little time for laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after.

II
A little while for scheming
Love's unperfected schemes;
A little time for golden dreams,
Then no more any dreaming.

III
A little while 'twas given
To me to have thy love;
Now, like a ghost, alone I move
About a ruined heaven.

IV
A little time for speaking,
Things sweet to say and hear;
A time to seek, and find thee near,
Then no more any seeking.

V
A little time for saying
Words the heart breaks to say;
A short, sharp time wherein to pray,
Then no more need for praying;

VI
But long, long years to weep in,
And comprehend the whole
Great grief that desolates the soul,
And eternity to sleep in.

(Philip Bourke Marston)

How does Marston movingly convey his thoughts and feelings about time in this poem?

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Or **4** How does Monck powerfully convey the strength of her love in *Verses Written on Her Death-bed at Bath to Her Husband in London*?

Verses Written on Her Death-bed at Bath to Her Husband in London

Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,
Thou tenderest husband and thou dearest friend,
To thee this first, this last adieu I send.
At length the conqueror Death asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shows that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
The eternal scenes of Heaven he sets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true,
But love, fond love, would yet resist his power,
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour.
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou knowest a painful pilgrimage I've passed,
And shouldst thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have lived, thy faithful wife.

(Mary Monck 'Marinda')

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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:

In Your Mind

The other country, is it anticipated or half-remembered?
Its language is muffled by the rain which falls all afternoon
one autumn in England, and in your mind
you put aside your work and head for the airport
with a credit card and a warm coat you will leave
on the plane. The past fades like newsprint in the sun.

You know people there. Their faces are photographs
on the wrong side of your eyes. A beautiful boy
in the bar on the harbour serves you a drink – what? –
asks you if men could possibly land on the moon.
A moon like an orange drawn by a child. No.
Never. You watch it peel itself into the sea.

Sleep. The rasp of carpentry wakes you. On the wall,
a painting lost for thirty years renders the room yours.
Of course. You go to your job, right at the old hotel, left,
then left again. You love this job. Apt sounds
mark the passing of the hours. Seagulls. Bells. A flute
practising scales. You swap a coin for a fish on the way home.

Then suddenly you are lost but not lost, dawdling
on the blue bridge, watching six swans vanish
under your feet. The certainty of place turns on the lights
all over town, turns up the scent on the air. For a moment
you are there, in the other country, knowing its name.
And then a desk. A newspaper. A window. English rain.

In what ways does Duffy make this such a memorable poem?

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Or **6** How does Duffy strikingly portray the parents in *We Remember Your Childhood Well*?

We Remember Your Childhood Well

Nobody hurt you. Nobody turned off the light and argued
with somebody else all night. The bad man on the moors
was only a movie you saw. Nobody locked the door.

Your questions were answered fully. No. That didn't occur.
You couldn't sing anyway, cared less. The moment's a blur, a *Film Fun* *5*
laughing itself to death in the coal fire. Anyone's guess.

Nobody forced you. You wanted to go that day. Begged. You chose
the dress. Here are the pictures, look at you. Look at us all,
smiling and waving, younger. The whole thing is inside your head.

What you recall are impressions; we have the facts. We called the tune. *10*
The secret police of your childhood were older and wiser than you, bigger
than you. Call back the sound of their voices. Boom. Boom. Boom.

Nobody sent you away. That was an extra holiday, with people
you seemed to like. They were firm, there was nothing to fear.
There was none but yourself to blame if it ended in tears. *15*

What does it matter now? No, no, nobody left the skidmarks of sin
on your soul and laid you wide open for Hell. You were loved.
Always. We did what was best. We remember your childhood well.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Purple Hibiscus*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘God knows best,’ I said.

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They allowed him to change his shirt before they took him away.

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

Or **8** 'Characters in the novel have different attitudes to Christianity.'

Explore how Adichie vividly portrays this.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Oh! I could not forget his look and his paleness when he whispered: 'Jane, I have got a blow – I have got a blow, Jane.' I could not forget how the arm had trembled which he rested on my shoulder: and it was no light matter which could thus bow the resolute spirit and thrill the vigorous frame of Fairfax Rochester.

'When will he come? When will he come?' I cried inwardly, as the night lingered and lingered – as my bleeding patient drooped, moaned, sickened: and neither day nor aid arrived. I had, again and again, held the water to Mason's white lips; again and again offered him the stimulating salts: my efforts seemed ineffectual: either bodily or mental suffering, or loss of blood, or all three combined, were fast prostrating his strength. He moaned so, and looked so weak, wild, and lost, I feared he was dying; and I might not even speak to him.

The candle, wasted at last, went out; as it expired, I perceived streaks of gray light edging the window curtains: dawn was then approaching. Presently I heard Pilot bark far below, out of his distant kennel in the courtyard: hope revived. Nor was it unwarranted: in five minutes more the grating key, the yielding lock, warned me my watch was relieved. It could not have lasted more than two hours: many a week has seemed shorter.

Mr Rochester entered, and with him the surgeon he had been to fetch.

'Now, Carter, be on the alert,' he said to this last: 'I give you but half an hour for dressing the wound, fastening the bandages, getting the patient downstairs and all.'

'But is he fit to move, sir?'

'No doubt of it; it is nothing serious; he is nervous, his spirits must be kept up. Come, set to work.'

Mr Rochester drew back the thick curtain, drew up the holland blind, let in all the daylight he could; and I was surprised and cheered to see how far dawn was advanced: what rosy streaks were beginning to brighten the east. Then he approached Mason, whom the surgeon was already handling.

'Now, my good fellow, how are you?' he asked.

'She's done for me, I fear,' was the faint reply.

'Not a whit! – courage! This day fortnight you'll hardly be a pin the worse of it: you've lost a little blood; that's all. – Carter, assure him there's no danger.'

'I can do that conscientiously,' said Carter, who had now undone the bandages; 'only I wish I could have got here sooner: he would not have bled so much – but how is this? The flesh on the shoulder is torn as well as cut. This wound was not done with a knife: there have been teeth here!'

'She bit me,' he murmured. 'She worried me like a tigress, when Rochester got the knife from her.'

'You should not have yielded: you should have grappled with her at once,' said Mr Rochester.

'But under such circumstances, what could one do?' returned Mason. 'Oh, it was frightful!' he added, shuddering. 'And I did not expect it: she looked so quiet at first.'

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'I warned you,' was his friend's answer; 'I said – be on your guard when you go near her. Besides, you might have waited till to-morrow, and had me with you: it was mere folly to attempt the interview to-night, and alone.' *50*

(*from* Chapter 20)

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

Or **10** How far does Brontë make the ending of the novel satisfying for you?

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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:

Janie stirred her strong feet in the pan of water.

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She called in her soul to come and see.

(*from* Chapter 20)

How does Hurston make this such a satisfying ending to the novel?

Or **12** Explore how Hurston strikingly conveys the differences in Janie's three marriages.

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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:

'You had better wait till she comes,' said Catherine.

'I don't like the way you say that,' Mrs Penniman rejoined, in a moment. 'Catherine, are you changed?'

'No; I am the same.'

'You have not swerved a line?'

'I am exactly the same,' Catherine repeated, wishing her aunt were a little less sympathetic.

'Well, I am glad!' and Mrs Penniman surveyed her cashmere in the glass. Then, 'How is your father?' she asked in a moment, with her eyes on her niece. 'Your letters were so meagre – I could never tell!'

'Father is very well.'

'Ah, you know what I mean,' said Mrs Penniman, with a dignity to which the cashmere gave a richer effect. 'Is he still implacable!'

'Oh, yes!'

'Quite unchanged?'

'He is, if possible, more firm.'

Mrs Penniman took off her great shawl, and slowly folded it up. 'That is very bad. You had no success with your little project?'

'What little project?'

'Morris told me all about it. The idea of turning the tables on him, in Europe; of watching him, when he was agreeably impressed by some celebrated sight – he pretends to be so artistic, you know – and then just pleading with him and bringing him round.'

'I never tried it. It was Morris's idea; but if he had been with us, in Europe, he would have seen that father was never impressed in that way. He *is* artistic – tremendously artistic; but the more celebrated places we visited, and the more he admired them, the less use it would have been to plead with him. They seemed only to make him more determined – more terrible,' said poor Catherine. 'I shall never bring him round, and I expect nothing now.'

'Well, I must say,' Mrs Penniman answered, 'I never supposed you were going to give it up.'

'I have given it up. I don't care now.'

'You have grown very brave,' said Mrs Penniman, with a short laugh. 'I didn't advise you to sacrifice your property.'

'Yes, I am braver than I was. You asked me if I had changed; I have changed in that way. Oh,' the girl went on, 'I have changed very much. And it isn't my property. If *he* doesn't care for it, why should I?'

Mrs Penniman hesitated. 'Perhaps he does care for it.'

'He cares for it for my sake, because he doesn't want to injure me. But he will know – he knows already – how little he need be afraid about that. Besides,' said Catherine, 'I have got plenty of money of my own. We shall be very well off; and now hasn't he got his business? I am delighted about that business.' She went on talking, showing a good deal of excitement as she proceeded. Her aunt had never seen her with just this manner, and Mrs Penniman, observing her, set it down to foreign travel, which had made her more positive, more mature. She thought also that Catherine had improved in appearance; she looked rather handsome. Mrs Penniman

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wondered whether Morris Townsend would be struck with that. While she was engaged in this speculation, Catherine broke out, with a certain sharpness, 'Why are you so contradictory, Aunt Penniman? You seem to think one thing at one time, and another at another. A year ago, before I went away, you wished me not to mind about displeasing father; and now you seem to recommend me to take another line. You change about so.'

This attack was unexpected, for Mrs Penniman was not used, in any discussion, to seeing the war carried into her own country – possibly because the enemy generally had doubts of finding subsistence there. To her own consciousness, the flowery fields of her reason had rarely been ravaged by a hostile force. It was perhaps on this account that in defending them she was majestic rather than agile.

(*from* Chapter 25)

How does James make you admire Catherine at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore the ways in which James portrays Mrs Almond.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Instead of pushing his way through to the other end of the hallway, he decides to climb another set of stairs.

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That Gogol had had nothing to do with it.

(*from* Chapter 4)

How does Lahiri memorably convey Gogol's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** 'Ashima longs for the past.'

How far does Lahiri's portrayal of Ashima show this to be true?

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YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Richard Parker, a ship!’

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I'll get you to land, I promise, I promise!'

(*from* Chapter 86)

In what ways does Martel make this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore how Martel vividly conveys Pi's thoughts and feelings in the first few days after the ship sinks.

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GEORGE ORWELL: *1984*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

What seemed like a long time passed. The pain in Winston's belly had revived. His mind sagged round and round on the same track, like a ball falling again and again into the same series of slots. He had only six thoughts. The pain in his belly; a piece of bread; the blood and the screaming; O'Brien; Julia; the razor blade. There was another spasm in his entrails; the heavy boots were approaching. As the door opened, the wave of air that it created brought in a powerful smell of cold sweat. Parsons walked into the cell. He was wearing khaki shorts and a sports-shirt.

This time Winston was startled into self-forgetfulness.

'You here!' he said.

Parsons gave Winston a glance in which there was neither interest nor surprise, but only misery. He began walking jerkily up and down, evidently unable to keep still. Each time he straightened his pudgy knees it was apparent that they were trembling. His eyes had a wide-open, staring look, as though he could not prevent himself from gazing at something in the middle distance.

'What are you in for?' said Winston.

'Thoughtcrime!' said Parsons, almost blubbering. The tone of his voice implied at once a complete admission of his guilt and a sort of incredulous horror that such a word could be applied to himself. He paused opposite Winston and began eagerly appealing to him: 'You don't think they'll shoot me, do you, old chap? They don't shoot you if you haven't actually done anything – only thoughts, which you can't help? I know they give you a fair hearing. Oh, I trust them for that! They'll know my record, won't they? *You* know what kind of a chap I was. Not a bad chap in my way. Not brainy, of course, but keen. I tried to do my best for the Party, didn't I? I'll get off with five years don't you think? Or even ten years? A chap like me could make himself pretty useful in a labour-camp. They wouldn't shoot me for going off the rails just once?'

'Are you guilty?' said Winston.

'Of course I'm guilty!' cried Parsons with a servile glance at the telescreen. 'You don't think the Party would arrest an innocent man, do you?' His froglike face grew calmer, and even took on a slightly sanctimonious expression. 'Thoughtcrime is a dreadful thing, old man,' he said sententiously. 'It's insidious. It can get hold of you without your even knowing it. Do you know how it got hold of me? In my sleep! Yes, that's a fact. There I was, working away, trying to do my bit – never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all. And then I started talking in my sleep. Do you know what they heard me saying?'

He sank his voice, like someone who is obliged for medical reasons to utter an obscenity.

'"Down with Big Brother!" Yes, I said that! Said it over and over again, it seems. Between you and me, old man, I'm glad they got me before it went any further. Do you know what I'm going to say to them when I go up before the tribunal? "Thank you," I'm going to say, "thank you for saving me before it was too late."'

'Who denounced you?' said Winston.

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'It was my little daughter,' said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. 'She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? I don't bear her any grudge for it. In fact I'm proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway.'

(*from* Part 3 Chapter 1)

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

Or **20** Explore how Orwell creates memorable impressions of women in the novel.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *Sharmaji* (by Anjana Appachana), and then answer the question that follows it:

'Sharma, could you please come to my office?' It was Mr Borwankar, Sharma's boss.

Gupta slid away to his department.

Sharma sighed. 'Yes, Borwankar Sahib. I will come.'

He followed his manager to his office.

'Sit down.'

Sharma sighed and sat.

'I had called you to my office more than an hour ago.'

'It was lunchtime, sir.'

'Indeed.'

'Yes, sir.'

'What happened after lunch?'

'I am here sir, after lunch.'

'It is forty-five minutes past lunchtime.'

'I went to the dhaba to eat, sir. There was a long queue there, so I was delayed, sir. All this was because my daughters have been getting the virus, sir, and my wife has no time to pack lunch for me, sir. I am sure you understand, sir. After all, how can I work on an empty stomach? I feel so weak these days sir, so tired. I think I am also getting the virus.'

'Where have you been all morning?'

'Here, sir.'

'Here – where?'

'In the department, sir.'

'You were not at your desk all morning.'

'Sir, what are you saying? I must have gone down to the personnel department or the accounts department for some work.'

'What work?'

Sharma was silent. He shook his head. He looked sadly at Mr Borwankar. He said, 'Borwankar sahib, why are you taking this tone with me? You ask me questions as though you have no faith in me. This is not a detective agency. Why must you interrogate me in this manner? All right, I was not in my department, but that was because I had work in other departments. Still, if it is your wish, I will not go to other departments even if I have work there. I will sit at my desk and work only at my desk. Yes, yes, I will do that. The company does not want me to consult other departments. All right, I will not consult other departments. You will see, work will suffer, but why should I care when you do not? I have been in this company for twenty-five years, but no one cares. For twenty-five years the company has bled me, sucked me dry. What do you know? You have been here only two years. You know nothing. Twenty-five years ago I joined as a clerk. Today I am still a clerk. Why should I work?'

His outburst had touched something raw in him. Overwhelmed and defiant, he glared at Mr Borwankar.

'Sharma, you still haven't answered my question.'

Sharma shrugged his shoulders. 'Borwankar sahib, what is the point of answering? Even if I answer, you will not believe me.' He reflected

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and said sadly, 'No, there is no point telling you anything. What can you understand?'

Mr Borwankar said dryly, 'I understand that you haven't been at your desk all morning. You were seen loitering in the corridor and drinking tea in the canteen. Presumably that is what you did all morning. And that is what you have been doing virtually every day. In addition, you never come to work on time. Today you were half-an-hour late. This is your fourteenth late arrival this month. Last month you were late twenty days and the previous month, fifteen days. What do you have to say for yourself?'

'What can I say? This is the only work the personnel department has. Every day they sit and count how many late arrivals there are. For that they get paid. Even I can count.'

'Sharma, you are evading all my questions. I have already warned you three times. Each time you gave me to understand that things would change. Nothing has changed. Your work output is zero. Your attitude leaves much to be desired.'

Explore the ways in which Appachana vividly portrays Sharma at this moment in the story.

Or **22** In what ways does Laski encourage you to admire Caroline in *The Tower*?

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