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Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2023**

1 hour 30 minutes

6110944405

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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[Turn over

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CONTENTS

Section A: Poetry

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 4	1, 2	pages 4–5
Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 4	3, 4	pages 6–8
Ted Hughes: from *New Selected Poems*	5, 6	pages 10–11

Section B: Prose

text	*question numbers*	*page[s]*
Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie: *Purple Hibiscus*	7, 8	pages 12–13
Charles Dickens: *Great Expectations*	9, 10	pages 14–15
Daphne du Maurier: *Rebecca*	11, 12	pages 16–17
Henry James: *Washington Square*	13, 14	pages 18–19
Jhumpa Lahiri: *The Namesake*	15, 16	pages 20–21
Joan Lindsay: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*	17, 18	page 22
Yann Martel: *Life of Pi*	19, 20	pages 24–25
from *Stories of Ourselves Volume 2*	21, 22	pages 26–27

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SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert … Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

(*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

How does Shelley create vivid impressions of the ruined statue?

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Or **2** In what ways does Atwood convey her strong emotions about the city planners?

The City Planners

Cruising these residential Sunday

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order in a bland madness of snows.

(*Margaret Atwood*)

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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:

Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples

I

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,—
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

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V

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

(*Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

How does Shelley vividly convey the impact of the setting on him?

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Or **4** How does Wylie memorably portray the speaker in *Now Let No Charitable Hope*?

Now Let No Charitable Hope

Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am by nature none of these.

I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
What little nourishment I get.

In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.

(*Elinor Morton Wylie*)

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

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From TED HUGHES: *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:

Wind

This house has been far out at sea all night,

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Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

In what ways does Hughes make this such a dramatic poem?

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Or **6** How does Hughes vividly convey the excitement of the football match in *Football at Slack*?

Football at Slack

Between plunging valleys, on a bareback of hill

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Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them.

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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:

‘This cell has many interesting characters,’ Jaja says.

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The new rains will come down soon.

To what extent do you think Adichie makes this a satisfying ending to the novel?

Or **8** In what ways does Adichie make Papa-Nnukwu such a memorable character?

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, "I forgive her," though ever so long after my broken heart is dust – pray do it!'

'O Miss Havisham,' said I, 'I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction far too much, to be bitter with you.'

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

'O!' she cried, despairingly. 'What have I done! What have I done!'

'If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances – Is she married?'

'Yes.'

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

'What have I done! What have I done!' She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. 'What have I done!'

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

'Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!' And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

'Miss Havisham,' I said, when her cry had died away, 'you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years.'

'Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip – my Dear!' There was an earnest

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womanly compassion for me in her new affection. 'My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more.'

'Well, well!' said I. 'I hope so.'

'But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place.' *55*

(*from* Chapter 49)

To what extent does Dickens create sympathy for Miss Havisham at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** How does Dickens make Joe Gargery such an admirable character?

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I knew they were talking about me. I began to feel more uncomfortable than ever. It was so furtive, the whole business. And I did not want to catch Mrs Danvers in the wrong. Then Jasper turned his head sharply towards the drawing-room. He trotted out, wagging his tail.

'Hullo, you little tyke,' I heard the man say. Jasper began to bark excitedly. I looked round desperately for somewhere to hide. Hopeless of course. And then I heard a footstep quite close to my ear, and the man came into the room. He did not see me at first because I was behind the door, but Jasper made a dive at me, still barking with delight.

The man wheeled round suddenly and saw me. I have never seen anyone look more astonished. I might have been the burglar and he the master of the house.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, looking me up and down.

He was a big, hefty fellow, good-looking in a rather flashy, sunburnt way. He had the hot, blue eyes usually associated with heavy drinking and loose living. His hair was reddish like his skin. In a few years he would run to fat, his neck bulging over the back of his collar. His mouth gave him away, it was too soft, too pink. I could smell the whisky in his breath from where I stood. He began to smile. The sort of smile he would give to every woman.

'I hope I haven't startled you,' he said.

I came out from behind the door looking no doubt as big a fool as I felt. 'No, of course not,' I said, 'I heard voices, I was not quite sure who it was. I did not expect any callers this afternoon.'

'What a shame,' he said heartily, 'it's too bad of me to butt in on you like this. I hope you'll forgive me. The fact is I just popped in to see old Danny, she's a very old friend of mine.'

'Oh, of course, it's quite all right,' I said.

'Dear old Danny,' he said, 'she's so anxious, bless her, not to disturb anyone. She didn't want to worry you.'

'Oh, it does not matter at all,' I said. I was watching Jasper who was jumping up and pawing at the man in delight.

'This little beggar hasn't forgotten me, has he?' he said. 'Grown into a jolly little beast. He was quite a youngster when I saw him last. He's too fat though. He needs more exercise.'

'I've just taken him for a long walk,' I said.

'Have you really? How sporting of you,' he said. He went on patting Jasper and smiling at me in a familiar way. Then he pulled out his cigarette case. 'Have one?' he said.

'I don't smoke,' I told him.

'Don't you really?' He took one himself and lighted it.

I never minded those things, but it seemed odd to me, in somebody else's room. It was surely rather bad manners? Not polite to me.

'How's old Max?' he said.

I was surprised at his tone. It sounded as though he knew him well. It was queer, to hear Maxim talked of as Max. No one called him that.

'He's very well, thank you,' I said. 'He's gone up to London.'

'And left the bride all alone? Why, that's too bad. Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off?'

He laughed, opening his mouth. I did not like his laugh. There was

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something offensive about it. I did not like him, either. Just then Mrs Danvers came into the room. She turned her eyes upon me and I felt quite cold. Oh, God, I thought, how she must hate me.

'Hullo, Danny, there you are,' said the man; 'all your precautions were in vain. The mistress of the house was hiding behind the door.' And he laughed again. Mrs Danvers did not say anything. She just went on looking at me. 'Well, aren't you going to introduce me?' he said; 'after all it's the usual thing to do, isn't it, to pay one's respect to a bride?'

(*from* Chapter 13)

How does du Maurier strikingly portray Jack Favell at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** The narrator describes herself as 'dull'. To what extent does du Maurier persuade you that this is true?

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:

'Is there nothing I can do to make you believe in me?'

'If there were I should be sorry to suggest it, for – don't you see? – I don't want to believe in you!' said the Doctor, smiling.

'I would go and dig in the fields.'

'That would be foolish.'

'I will take the first work that offers, to-morrow.'

'Do so by all means – but for your own sake, not for mine.'

'I see; you think I am an idler!' Morris exclaimed, a little too much in the tone of a man who has made a discovery. But he saw his error immediately and blushed.

'It doesn't matter what I think, when once I have told you I don't think of you as a son-in-law.'

But Morris persisted. 'You think I would squander her money.'

The Doctor smiled. 'It doesn't matter, as I say; but I plead guilty to that.'

'That's because I spent my own, I suppose,' said Morris. 'I frankly confess that. I have been wild. I have been foolish. I will tell you every crazy thing I ever did, if you like. There were some great follies among the number – I have never concealed that. But I have sown my wild oats. Isn't there some proverb about a reformed rake? I was not a rake, but I assure you I have reformed. It is better to have amused oneself for a while and have done with it. Your daughter would never care for a milksop; and I will take the liberty of saying that you would like one quite as little. Besides, between my money and hers there is a great difference. I spent my own; it was because it was my own that I spent it. And I made no debts; when it was gone I stopped. I don't owe a penny in the world.'

'Allow me to inquire what you are living on now – though I admit,' the Doctor added, 'that the question, on my part, is inconsistent.'

'I am living on the remnants of my property,' said Morris Townsend.

'Thank you!' the Doctor gravely replied.

Yes, certainly, Morris's self-control was laudable. 'Even admitting I attach an undue importance to Miss Sloper's fortune,' he went on, 'would not that be in itself an assurance that I should take good care of it?'

'That you should take too much care would be quite as bad as that you should take too little. Catherine might suffer as much by your economy as by your extravagance.'

'I think you are very unjust!' The young man made this declaration decently, civilly, without violence.

'It is your privilege to think so, and I surrender my reputation to you! I certainly don't flatter myself I gratify you.'

'Don't you care a little to gratify your daughter? Do you enjoy the idea of making her miserable?'

'I am perfectly resigned to her thinking me a tyrant for a twelvemonth.'

'For a twelvemonth!' exclaimed Morris, with a laugh.

'For a lifetime, then! She may as well be miserable in that way as in the other.'

Here at last Morris lost his temper. 'Ah, you are not polite, sir!' he cried.

'You push me to it – you argue too much.'

'I have a great deal at stake.'

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'Well, whatever it is,' said the Doctor, 'you have lost it!'

'Are you sure of that?' asked Morris; 'are you sure your daughter will give me up?'

'I mean, of course, you have lost it as far as I am concerned. As for Catherine's giving you up – no, I am not sure of it. But as I shall strongly recommend it, as I have a great fund of respect and affection in my daughter's mind to draw upon, and as she has the sentiment of duty developed in a very high degree, I think it extremely possible.'

Morris Townsend began to smooth his hat again. 'I, too, have a fund of affection to draw upon!' he observed at last.

The Doctor at this point showed his own first symptoms of irritation. 'Do you mean to defy me?'

'Call it what you please, sir! I mean not to give your daughter up.'

(*from* Chapter 12)

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

Or **14** Explore the ways in which James vividly portrays Aunt Penniman.

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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:

It had been on the train, exactly a year ago, that he'd learned of Moushumi's affair.

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A year later, the shock has worn off, but a sense of failure and shame persists, deep and abiding.

(*from* Chapter 12)

In what ways does Lahiri make this such a dramatic and sad moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore **two** moments in the novel when Lahiri makes you feel sympathy for Ashima.

JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Here Mike was forced to rest, if only for a moment, his leaden legs. His head on the contrary was less like a head than an air balloon, tethered somewhere above his aching shoulders. The well drilled body accustomed to its hearty British intake of eggs and bacon, coffee and porridge was loudly complaining, although its owner was not conscious of hunger – only beset with a windy longing for gallons of ice cold water. A sloping rock offered a meagre shade. He laid his head on a stone and fell instantly into the thin ragged sleep of exhaustion, waking with a sudden stab of pain over one eye. A trickle of blood was oozing on to the pillow. The pillow was as hard and sharp as a stone under his burning head. The rest of his body was deathly cold. Shivering, he reached out for the coverlet.

At first he thought it was the sound of birds in the oak tree outside his window. He opened his eyes and saw the eucalypts, their long pointed silver leaves hanging motionless on the heavy air. It seemed to be coming from all round him – a low wordless murmur, almost like the murmur of distant voices, with now and then a sort of trilling that might have been little spurts of laughter. But who would be laughing down here under the sea …? He was forcing his way through viscous dark-green water, looking for the musical box whose sweet tinkling voice was sometimes behind, sometimes just ahead. If only he could move faster, trailing useless legs through the green, he might catch up with it. Suddenly it ceased. The water grew thicker and darker; he saw bubbles rising from his mouth, began to choke, thought, 'This is what it feels like to drown,' and woke coughing up the blood that was trickling down his cheek from the cut on his forehead.

He was wide awake and stumbling to his feet when he heard her laughing, a little way ahead. 'Miranda! Where are you? … Miranda!' There was no answering voice. He began running as well as he could towards the belt of scrub. The prickly grey green dogwood tore at his fine English skin. 'Miranda!' Now huge rocks and boulders blocked his path on the rising ground, each a nightmare obstacle to be somehow walked around, clambered over, crawled under, according to size and contour. They grew larger and more fantastic. He cried out: 'Oh, my lost, lovely darling, where are you?' and raising his eyes for an instant from the treacherous ground saw the monolith, black against the sun. A scatter of pebbles went rolling down into the chasm below as he slipped on a jagged spur and fell. A spear of pain jabbed at his ankle, he got up again and started hauling himself up on to the next boulder. There was only one conscious thought in his head: *Go on.* A Fitzhubert ancestor hacking his way through bloody barricades at Agincourt had felt much the same way; and had, in fact, incorporated those very words, in Latin, in the family crest: *Go on.* Mike, some five centuries later, went on climbing.

(*from* Chapter 7)

Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such a disturbing atmosphere at this moment in the novel.

Or **18** In what ways does Lindsay make Dianne de Poitiers such an admirable character?

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 19.

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YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It was on a Sunday morning.

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I nodded so hard I'm surprised my neck didn't snap and my head fall to the floor.

(*from* Chapter 8)

How does Martel make this moment in the novel both entertaining and serious?

Or **20** In what ways does Martel vividly depict Pi's struggles against hunger and thirst?

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 was late for work. When he signed his name in the attendance register, the clerk in the personnel department shook his head disapprovingly.

'Very bad, very bad, Sharmaji,' he said, clicking his tongue. 'This is the fourteenth time you are late this month.'

Sharma's brow darkened. 'You keep quiet, Mahesh,' he replied. 'Who are you to tell me I'm late? You are a clerk, I am a clerk. You don't have the authority to tell me anything. Understood?'

Mahesh retreated behind his desk. He said, 'What I am telling you, I am telling you for your own good. Why you must take it in the wrong spirit I do not understand.'

'You don't tell me what is good for me,' Sharma said. He raised his voice. 'I am twenty-five years older than you.'

He had an audience by now. The other latecomers and those working in the personnel department were watching with intense interest.

Sharma continued, 'I have been in this company for twenty-five years. At that time you were in your mother's womb.' He surveyed his delighted audience. 'He thinks that after reading our personal files he has power over us.' He snapped his fingers in front of Mahesh's face. 'I can show you how much power you have! What can a pipsqueak like you teach me! It is for *me* to teach *you*!'

'Sharmaji,' said Mahesh, folding his hands, 'I take back my words. Now please leave me alone. And I beg of you, do not shout in the personnel department. It sounds very bad.'

Sharma chuckled. He raised his voice. 'Shouting? I am not shouting. I am talking to you. Is it forbidden to talk in the personnel department? Is this an office or a school?' He smiled again at his audience. Everyone was spellbound. He said, 'So Mahesh, you now think you can tell me how to behave. Very good. What else can you teach me?'

'Yes, Mahesh, tell him,' urged Gupta, the clerk from the accounts department. He was also late, but only for the ninth time in the month.

Mahesh looked harassed. 'You keep out of this, Gupta. This is not your business.'

'Mahesh,' said Gupta. 'You are in the wrong profession. You should have been a teacher, a professor. Join Delhi University. We will all give you recommendations!'

Everyone roared with laughter. Mohan, the peon, was the loudest. 'Today we are having fun,' he said between guffaws. 'Oh, this is wonderful!'

'What is wonderful, Mohan?'

It was the personnel officer, Miss Das. A sudden silence fell in the room. Everyone looked away. She glanced at her watch and then at the silent group. 'What is happening?' she asked. 'Why is there this *mela* here?'

'Madam, we came to sign the attendance register,' Sharma said.

Gupta slid out of the room.

She looked pointedly at her watch. 'The register, should have been signed forty-five minutes ago.'

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Sharma looked her straight in the eyes. 'Madam,' he said, 'what to do, my daughter has a temperature. I had to take her to the clinic so I got a little late.'

'Did you inform your manager that you would be late?'

'I don't have a phone at home, madam.'

'Why didn't you inform him yesterday?'

'Madam, I did not know yesterday. My daughter fell ill this morning.'

She looked at the register. 'Has your daughter been ill fourteen days of the month?'

Mahesh smirked.

'Oh, madam,' said Sharma, 'that was my other daughter. You know this virus, madam. All my daughters have been falling ill, one after the other. I have three.'

'Fourteen days,' she repeated, shaking her head.

'Yes madam, three daughters with this virus. Well, madam, I should be getting along.' He sauntered out of the room.

How does Appachana make this such a striking introduction to Sharma?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which Hawthorne vividly depicts the foolishness of the characters in *Dr Heidegger's Experiment*.

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