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Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2024**

1 hour 30 minutes

9828567304

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 **32** 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 4**

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The City Planners

Cruising these residential Sunday

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order in a bland madness of snows.

(Margaret Atwood)

How does Atwood convey such striking impressions of the city created by the planners in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore the ways in which Hardy makes *He Never Expected Much* such a memorable poem.

He Never Expected Much

Well, World, you have kept faith with me,
Kept faith with me;
Upon the whole you have proved to be
Much as you said you were.
Since as a child I used to lie
Upon the leaze and watch the sky,
Never, I own, expected I
That life would all be fair.

'Twas then you said, and since have said,
Times since have said,
In that mysterious voice you shed
From clouds and hills around:
'Many have loved me desperately,
Many with smooth serenity,
While some have shown contempt of me
Till they dropped underground.

'I do not promise overmuch,
Child; overmuch;
Just neutral-tinted haps and such,'
You said to minds like mine.
Wise warning for your credit's sake!
Which I for one failed not to take,
And hence could stem such strain and ache
As each year might assign.

(Thomas Hardy)

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TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

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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:

Rooms

I remember rooms that have had their part
In the steady slowing down of the heart.
The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide—
Rooms where for good or for ill—things died.
But there is the room where we (two) lie dead,
Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem to sleep again
As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed
Out there in the sun—in the rain.

(Charlotte Mew)

How does Mew memorably depict rooms that she has experienced in this poem?

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Shelley uses words and images to vivid effect in *Stanzas Written in Dejection, Near Naples*.

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)

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TED HUGHES: 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:

Football at Slack

Between plunging valleys, on a bareback of hill

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Lifted the cloud's edge, to watch them.

In what ways does Hughes vividly convey the pleasure that the men get from the football match?

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Or **6** Explore the ways in which Hughes creates memorable impressions of his mother and her sister in *Anniversary*.

Anniversary

My mother in her feathers of flame

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Able for all that distance to think me him.

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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:

When we got to Ezi Icheke, cars lined the road almost bumper to bumper.

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Papa-Nnukwu snapped, turning to glare at Jaja.

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

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Adichie movingly portrays the relationship between Kambili and Mama.

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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:

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had lain my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder. 'Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised,' said Joe. And Biddy said, 'I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy.' They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

'Dear Biddy,' said I, 'you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have – But no, you couldn't love him better than you do.'

'No, I couldn't indeed,' said Biddy.

'And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe!'

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

'And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over, I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!'

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

'But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honoured you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did.'

'I ain't a going,' said Joe, from behind his sleeve, 'to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't.'

'And now, though I know you have already done it in your own kind hearts, pray tell me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!'

'O dear old Pip, old chap,' said Joe. 'God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!'

'Amen! And God knows I do!' echoed Biddy.

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‘Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-by!’

(*from* Chapter 58)

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

Or **10** In what ways does Dickens make Wemmick such an intriguing 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:

‘Maxim!’ I cried. ‘Maxim!’

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And the ashes blew towards us
with the salt wind from the sea.

(*from* Chapter 27)

How does du Maurier make this such a dramatic ending to the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which du Maurier vividly conveys the narrator's fear of Mrs Danvers.

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JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The night is windy, so much so that the car jostles slightly from time to time, and brown leaves as large as human feet fly across the road in the headlights' glare.

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‘You remind me of everything that followed.’

(*from* Chapter 5)

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

Or **14** Explore the ways in which Lahiri strikingly portrays Ashima.

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JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The door closed on the empty room.

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Miss Lumley, under the stress of a most unpleasant afternoon, had forgotten to unfasten the leather straps that held the child Sara rigid on the horizontal board.

(*from* Chapter 12)

In what ways does Lindsay make this such a disturbing and revealing moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such vivid impressions of Miranda.

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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:

I let myself down the side.

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God be with you.'

(*from* Chapter 94)

How does Martel powerfully depict this moment when Pi finally reaches land?

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Martel vividly conveys Richard Parker's suffering.

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H G WELLS: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The fighting was beginning. Almost immediately unseen batteries across the river to our right, unseen because of the trees, took up the chorus, firing heavily one after the other. A woman screamed. Everyone stood arrested by the sudden stir of battle, near us and yet invisible to us. Nothing was to be seen save flat meadows, cows feeding unconcernedly for the most part, and silvery pollard willows motionless in the warm sunlight.

'The sojers'll stop 'em,' said a woman beside me, doubtfully. A haziness rose over the tree-tops.

Then suddenly we saw a rush of smoke far away up the river, a puff of smoke that jerked up into the air and hung; and forthwith the ground heaved underfoot and a heavy explosion shook the air, smashing two or three windows in the houses near, and leaving us astonished.

'Here they are!' shouted a man in a blue jersey. 'Yonder! D'yer see them? Yonder!'

Quickly, one after the other, one, two, three, four of the armoured Martians appeared, far away over the little trees, across the flat meadows that stretch towards Chertsey, and striding hurriedly towards the river. Little cowled figures they seemed at first, going with a rolling motion and as fast as flying birds.

Then, advancing obliquely towards us, came a fifth. Their armoured bodies glittered in the sun as they swept swiftly forward upon the guns, growing rapidly larger as they drew nearer. One on the extreme left, the remotest that is, flourished a huge case high in the air, and the ghostly, terrible Heat-Ray I had already seen on Friday night smote towards Chertsey and struck the town.

At sight of these strange, swift, and terrible creatures the crowd near the water's edge seemed to me to be for a moment horror-struck. There was no screaming or shouting, but a silence. Then a hoarse murmur and a movement of feet – a splashing from the water. A man, too frightened to drop the portmanteau he carried on his shoulder, swung round and sent me staggering with a blow from the corner of his burden. A woman thrust at me with her hand and rushed past me. I turned, with the rush of the people, but I was not too terrified for thought. The terrible Heat-Ray was in my mind. To get under water! That was it!

'Get under water!' I shouted, unheeded.

I faced about again, and rushed towards the approaching Martian, rushed right down the gravelly beach and headlong into the water. Others did the same. A boatload of people putting back came leaping out as I rushed past. The stones under my feet were muddy and slippery, and the river was so low that I ran perhaps twenty feet scarcely waist-deep. Then, as the Martian towered overhead scarcely a couple of hundred yards away, I flung myself forward under the surface. The splashes of the people in the boats leaping into the river sounded like thunderclaps in my ears. People were landing hastily on both sides of the river.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 12)

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

Or **20** Explore the ways in which Wells strikingly depicts how the Martians invade Earth.

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from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

He got up and was about to leave the room when a thought seemed to strike him.

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Lovingly, he placed it on his desk, licked his pencil and began a new poem.

How does Appachana make this such an amusing ending to the story?

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

- Mr Shi in *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* (by Yiyun Li)
- Caroline in *The Tower* (by Marghanita Laski)

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