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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/13**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2025**

1 hour 30 minutes

9025486199

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 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

From *Long Distance*

Though my mother was already two years dead

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and the disconnected number I still call.

(*Tony Harrison*)

Explore how Harrison vividly conveys the strong emotions of both father and son in this poem.

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Or **2** How does Auden make you feel sympathy for the speaker in *Funeral Blues*?

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

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For nothing now can ever come to any good.

(*W H Auden*)

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SONGS OF OURSELVES, VOLUME 2: from Part 3

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

an afternoon nap

the ambitious mother across the road

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he begins with her expensive taste for education.

(*Arthur Yap*)

In what ways does Yap make you feel sympathy for the boy in this poem?

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Or **4** How does Kolatkar create vivid impressions of the bus journey in *The Bus*?

The Bus

The tarpaulin flaps are buttoned down
on the windows of the state transport bus
all the way up to Jejuri.

A cold wind keeps whipping
and slapping a corner of tarpaulin
at your elbow.

You look down the roaring road.
You search for the signs of daybreak in
what little light spills out of the bus.

Your own divided face in the pair of glasses
on an old man's nose
is all the countryside you get to see.

You seem to move continually forward
towards a destination
just beyond the caste mark beyond his eyebrows.

Outside, the sun has risen quietly.
It aims through an eyelet in the tarpaulin
and shoots at the old man's glasses.

A sawed off sunbeam comes to rest
gently against the driver's right temple.
The bus seems to change direction.

At the end of a bumpy ride
with your own face on the either side
when you get off the bus

you dont step inside the old man's head.

(*Arun Kolatkar*)

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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:

Anniversary

My mother in her feathers of flame

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Able for all that distance to think me him.

Explore the ways in which Hughes vividly reveals his thoughts and feelings in this poem.

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Or **6** In what ways does Hughes make *Telegraph Wires* such a striking poem?

Telegraph Wires

Take telegraph wires, a lonely moor,

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That empty human bones.

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SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Okonkwo ruled his household with a heavy hand.

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He did not know who the girl was, and he never saw her again.

(*from* Chapter 2)

In what ways does Achebe make this such a striking introduction to Okonkwo?

Or **8** How does Achebe dramatically convey the impact of outsiders on the tribe?

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ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Raka – what an utter misnomer, thought Nanda Kaul, standing under the apricot trees with her hands pressed together before her and watching the child come in through the gate where the pine trees stood bending and twisting extravagantly in the wind as though miming welcome in a modern satiric ballet.

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With a blatant lack of warmth, she sighed 'Well, better come in,' and led her across the wavy tiles of the veranda to her room.

(*from* Part 2, Chapter 1)

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

Or **10** Explore the ways in which Desai vividly depicts Ila Das's suffering.

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CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

We remained at the public-house until the tide turned, and then Magwitch was carried down to the galley and put on board. Herbert and Startop were to get to London by land, as soon as they could. We had a doleful parting, and when I took my place by Magwitch's side, I felt that that was my place henceforth while he lived.

For now, my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted wounded shackled creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously, towards me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe.

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, in any easy position; but, it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should die. That there were, still living, people enough who were able and willing to identify him, I could not doubt. That he would be leniently treated, I could not hope. He who had been presented in the worst light at his trial, who had since broken prison and been tried again, who had returned from transportation under a life sentence, and who had occasioned the death of the man who was the cause of his arrest.

As we returned towards the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, I told him how grieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

'Dear boy,' he answered, 'I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy, and he can be a gentleman without me.'

No. I had thought about that, while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own, I understood Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

'Look'ee here, dear boy,' said he. 'It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I am swore to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more.'

'I will never stir from your side,' said I, 'when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you, as you have been to me!'

I felt his hand tremble as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat – softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: That he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

(*from* Chapter 54)

In what ways does Dickens make this moment in the novel so moving?

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Or **12** Explore the ways in which Dickens memorably portrays the relationship between Pip and Joe Gargery.

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DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It was the following day I remember, when Frith, who had brought in the coffee after lunch to the library, waited a moment, hovering behind Maxim, and said,

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At least, not afraid, but …'

(*from* Chapter 12)

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In what ways does du Maurier make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

Or **14** How does du Maurier's portrayal of Maxim make you feel about him?

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HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Mrs Dubose was stationed on her porch when we went by.

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He bent my baton against his knee, snapped it in two and threw it down.

(*from* Chapter 11)

How does Lee powerfully depict the impact of Mrs Dubose's words on Jem and Scout at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore how Lee strikingly portrays Bob and Mayella Ewell during the trial.

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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:

Miranda was the first to see the monolith rising up ahead, a single outcrop of pock-marked stone, something like a monstrous egg perched above a precipitous drop to the plain.

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The wallaby sprang up in alarm and bounded away, as Edith turned back, plunged blindly into the scrub and ran, stumbling and screaming, towards the plain.

(*from* Chapter 3)

Explore the ways in which Lindsay makes this such a disturbing moment in the novel.

Or **18** How does Lindsay memorably portray Mademoiselle Dianne de Poitiers?

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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:

Then my brother's attention was distracted by a bearded, eagle-faced man lugging a small handbag, which split even as my brother's eyes rested on it and disgorged a mass of sovereigns that seemed to break up into separate coins as it struck the ground. They rolled hither and thither among the struggling feet of men and horses. The man stopped and looked stupidly at the heap, and the shaft of a cab struck his shoulder and sent him reeling. He gave a shriek and dodged back, and a cart-wheel shaved him narrowly.

'Way!' cried the men all about him. 'Make way!'

So soon as the cab had passed, he flung himself, with both hands open, upon the heap of coins, and began thrusting handfuls in his pocket. A horse rose close upon him, and in another moment half rising, he had been borne down under the horse's hoofs.

'Stop!' screamed my brother, and pushing a woman out of his way, tried to clutch the bit of the horse.

Before he could get to it, he heard a scream under the wheels, and saw through the dust the rim passing over the poor wretch's back. The driver of the cart slashed his whip at my brother, who ran round behind the cart. The multitudinous shouting confused his ears. The man was writhing in the dust among his scattered money, unable to rise, for the wheel had broken his back, and his lower limbs lay limp and dead. My brother stood up and yelled at the next driver, and a man on a black horse came to his assistance.

'Get him out of the road,' said he; and, clutching the man's collar with his free hand, my brother lugged him sideways. But he still clutched after his money, and regarded my brother fiercely, hammering at his arm with a handful of gold. 'Go on! Go on!' shouted angry voices behind. 'Way! Way!'

There was a smash as the pole of a carriage crashed into the cart that the man on horseback stopped. My brother looked up, and the man with the gold twisted his head round and bit the wrist that held his collar. There was a concussion, and the black horse came staggering sideways, and the cart-horse pushed beside it. A hoof missed my brother's foot by a hair's breadth. He released his grip on the fallen man and jumped back. He saw anger change to terror on the face of the poor wretch on the ground, and in a moment he was hidden and my brother was borne backward and carried past the entrance of the lane, and had to fight hard in the torrent to recover it.

He saw Miss Elphinstone covering her eyes, and a little child, with all a child's want of sympathetic imagination, staring with dilated eyes at a dusty something that lay black and still, ground and crushed under the rolling wheels. 'Let us go back!' he shouted, and began turning the pony round. 'We cannot cross this – hell,' he said; and they went back a hundred yards the way they had come, until the fighting crowd was hidden. As they passed the bend in the lane my brother saw the face of the dying man in the ditch under the privet, deadly white and drawn, and shining with perspiration. The two women sat silent, crouching in their seats and shivering.

Then beyond the bend my brother stopped again. Miss Elphinstone was white and pale, and her sister-in-law sat weeping, too wretched even

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to call upon ‘George’. My brother was horrified and perplexed. So soon as they had retreated he realized how urgent and unavoidable it was to attempt this crossing. He turned to Miss Elphinstone, suddenly resolute.

‘We must go that way,’ he said, and led the pony round again.

For the second time that day this girl proved her quality. To force their way into the torrent of people, my brother plunged into the traffic and held back a cab-horse, while she drove the pony across its head. A wagon locked wheels for a moment and ripped a long splinter from the chaise. In another moment they were caught and swept forward by the stream. My brother, with the cabman’s whip-marks red across his face and hands, scrambled into the chaise and took the reins from her.

‘Point the revolver at the man behind,’ he said, giving it to her, ‘if he presses us too hard. No! – point it at his horse.’

Then he began to look out for a chance of edging to the right across the road. But once in the stream he seemed to lose volition, to become a part of the dusty rout. They swept through Chipping Barnet with the torrent; they were nearly a mile beyond the centre of the town before they had fought across to the opposite side of the way. It was din and confusion indescribable; but in and beyond the town the road forks repeatedly, and this to some extent relieved the stress.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 16)

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

Or **20** In what ways does Wells strikingly convey how the humans are powerless against the Martians?

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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 *Haywards Heath* (by Aminatta Forna), and then answer the question that follows it:

'Hello, Rosie.' When she didn't respond, he moved into the line of her vision.

Now she looked directly at him, 'Hello,' she said, and smiled.

'Hello, Rosie,' he repeated. He stood, his hands by his side. He smiled, too, and shook his head. 'How are you?'

'I'm very well,' she nodded.

'Your former colleagues helped me find you.' He moved to sit next to her.

'Did they?' She didn't turn to him and so he examined her offered profile for a few moments. How much beauty there was still. Spontaneously he took her hand. His greatest fear had been that an excess of courtesy would surround their meeting. The last time they saw each other she had not wanted him to leave. He told her it was a condition of his scholarship. They'd argued for weeks, months. 'What about us?' she'd pleaded. But he went back to his country anyway, full of ideas of himself, of the future. Which one of them had been naïve?

They sat in silence and the silence felt comfortable already.

'Are you married?'

'I was,' replied Attila. 'She died.'

'Ah, I'm sorry.' She tutted and shook her head. 'That must have been difficult for you.'

He said nothing. The events had unfolded on news programmes around the world; he'd wondered then why she never made contact.

Outside, an elderly resident on a bench threw crumbs for a lone blackbird. Next to her a young woman turned away to speak into a mobile phone, her free hand thrust deep into the pocket of her coat. Where to begin?

In the end he said simply, 'I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't stay, *that* I didn't stay.' He waited for her response in silence. She must know exactly what he meant. It's what he came here to say, though he had not, until this moment, admitted it to himself.

She patted him on the arm with her free hand and the action brought him comfort. 'It's all right.' They sat once more in silence. When she spoke, she said, 'I'm afraid you'll have to tell me your name again, dear.'

He closed his eyes and breathed deeply. 'Attila.'

She smiled. 'I have a friend with the same name. What a coincidence! He's coming to see me anytime soon. I'm waiting for him. Maybe you two will meet.'

'Excuse me.' He rose and went in search of the men's room. Inside he leaned his back against the cubicle door until he gained some control of his breathing. The temperature in the place had brought him out in a sweat. He washed his hands and loosened the collar of his shirt. After he left the lavatory he didn't return immediately to the day room, but roamed the ground floor of the building. Through a porthole in a door he saw the young African helper spooning food into the mouth of an elderly woman. Something about the scene stopped Attila: the hand at her back, which prevented her from slumping, the infinite care in the way the young man wiped her slackened mouth with a napkin. At one point the careworker

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looked up, straight at Attila. Their eyes met. The young man said nothing but bent once more to his task. Attila turned away. *50*

Explore how Forna makes this such an emotional moment in the story.

Or **22** How does Jane Gardam strikingly portray Philip's thoughts and feelings about his mother in *Showing the Flag*?

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