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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/12**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **February/March 2026**

1 hour 30 minutes

9924852452

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.

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Section A: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

from ***Songs of Ourselves: Volume 1***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Song: *Love Armed*

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed:
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee.
Thus thou and I the god have armed;
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

(Aphra Behn)

In what ways does Behn make you feel sympathy for the speaker in this poem?

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Or **2** How does Rumens memorably portray the children in *Carpet-weavers, Morocco*?

Carpet-weavers, Morocco

The children are at the loom of another world.
Their braids are oiled and black, their dresses bright.
Their assorted heights would make a melodious chime.

They watch their flickering knots like television.
As the garden of Islam grows, the bench will be raised.
Then they will lace the dark-rose veins of the tree-tops.

The carpet will travel in the merchant's truck.
It will be spread by the servants of the mosque.
Deep and soft, it will give when heaped with prayer.

The children are hard at work in the school of days.
From their fingers the colours of all-that-will-be fly
and freeze into the frame of all-that-was.

(Carol Rumens)

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from ***Songs of Ourselves: Volume 2, 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:

These are the Times We Live in

You hand over your passport. He
looks at your face and starts
reading you backwards from the last page.

You could be offended,
but in the end, you decide
it makes as much sense
as anything else,
given the times we live in.

You shrink to the size
of the book in his hand.
You can see his mind working:
Keep an eye on that name.
It contains a Z, and it just moved house.
The birthmark shifted recently
to another arm or leg.
Nothing is quite the same
as it should be.
But what do you expect?
It's a sign of the times we live in.

In front of you,
he flicks to the photograph,
and looks at you suspiciously.

That's when you really have to laugh.
While you were flying,
up in the air
they changed your chin
and redid your hair.
They scrubbed out your mouth
and rubbed out your eyes.
They made you over completely.

And all that's left is his look of surprise,
because you don't match your photograph.
Even that is coming apart.

The pieces are there
But they missed out your heart.

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Half your face splits away,
drifts on to the page of a newspaper
that's dated today.

It rustles as it lands.

(Imtiaz Dharker)

In what ways does Dharker make this such a frightening poem?

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Or **4** How does Yap create such disturbing impressions of the mother in *an afternoon nap*?

an afternoon nap

the ambitious mother across the road

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he begins with her expensive taste for education.

(Arthur Yap)

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from **KAYO CHINGONYI:** ***Kumukanda***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **5** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Broomhall

In light of what my aunt calls

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can be all the home I need.

In what ways does Chingonyi strikingly convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Broomhall*?

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Or 6 How does Chingonyi vividly describe Andrews Corner in the following poem?

Andrews Corner

I.

Where an old man comes, to practise

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they think of taking off their shoes; inviolable sleep.

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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:

‘Three moons ago,’ said Obierika, ‘on an Eke market day a little band of fugitives came into our town.

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We have heard stories about white men who made the powerful guns and the strong drinks and took slaves away across the seas, but no one thought the stories were true.'

(*from* Chapter 15)

Explore how Achebe makes this such a disturbing moment in the novel.

Or **8** In what ways does Achebe make Ikemefuna such a memorable character?

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Darcy took up a book; Miss Bingley did the same; and Mrs Hurst, principally occupied in playing with her bracelets and rings, joined now and then in her brother's conversation with Miss Bennet.

Miss Bingley's attention was quite as much engaged in watching Mr Darcy's progress through *his* book, as in reading her own; and she was perpetually either making some inquiry, or looking at his page. She could not win him, however, to any conversation; he merely answered her question, and read on. At length, quite exhausted by the attempt to be amused with her own book, which she had only chosen because it was the second volume of his, she gave a great yawn and said, 'How pleasant it is to spend an evening in this way! I declare after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one tires of any thing than of a book! – When I have a house of my own, I shall be miserable if I have not an excellent library.'

No one made any reply. She then yawned again, threw aside her book, and cast her eyes round the room in quest of some amusement; when hearing her brother mentioning a ball to Miss Bennet, she turned suddenly towards him and said,

'By the bye, Charles, are you really serious in meditating a dance at Netherfield? – I would advise you, before you determine on it, to consult the wishes of the present party; I am much mistaken if there are not some among us to whom a ball would be rather a punishment than a pleasure.'

'If you mean Darcy,' cried her brother, 'he may go to bed, if he chuses, before it begins – but as for the ball, it is quite a settled thing; and as soon as Nicholls has made white soup enough I shall send round my cards.'

'I should like balls infinitely better,' she replied, 'if they were carried on in a different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such a meeting. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day.'

'Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say, but it would not be near so much like a ball.'

Miss Bingley made no answer, and soon afterwards got up and walked about the room. Her figure was elegant, and she walked well; – but Darcy, at whom it was all aimed, was still inflexibly studious. In the desperation of her feelings she resolved on one effort more; and, turning to Elizabeth, said,

'Miss Eliza Bennet, let me persuade you to follow my example, and take a turn about the room. – I assure you it is very refreshing after sitting so long in one attitude.'

Elizabeth was surprised, but agreed to it immediately. Miss Bingley succeeded no less in the real object of her civility; Mr Darcy looked up. He was as much awake to the novelty of attention in that quarter as Elizabeth herself could be, and unconsciously closed his book. He was directly invited to join their party, but he declined it, observing, that he could imagine but two motives for their chusing to walk up and down the room together, with either of which motives his joining them would interfere. 'What could he mean? she was dying to know what could be his meaning' – and asked Elizabeth whether she could at all understand him?

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'Not at all,' was her answer, 'but depend upon it, he means to be severe on us, and our surest way of disappointing him, will be to ask nothing about it.'

Miss Bingley, however, was incapable of disappointing Mr Darcy in any thing, and persevered therefore in requiring an explanation of his two motives.

'I have not the smallest objection to explaining them,' said he, as soon as she allowed him to speak. 'You either chuse this method of passing the evening because you are in each other's confidence and have secret affairs to discuss, or because you are conscious that your figures appear to the greatest advantage in walking; – if the first, I should be completely in your way; – and if the second, I can admire you much better as I sit by the fire.'

(*from* Chapter 11)

In what ways does Austen create such striking impressions of Miss Bingley at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** How does Austen memorably depict the relationship between Elizabeth and Jane Bennet?

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ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

‘Look,’ said Raka suddenly, small seeds of spit hissing out from behind her teeth.

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Raka went about thoughtfully drawing lines in it with her finger.

(*from* Part 2, Chapter 12)

How does Desai vividly convey Raka's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** To what extent does Desai encourage you to feel sympathy for Nanda Kaul?

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

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KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'You must take care to boil your drinking water for twenty minutes.'

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As her husband and mother-in-law retreated in horror, not daring to upset her or the baby still inside her, she drew a parade of cooks beheading goats.

(*from* Chapter 1)

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

Or **14** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Desai makes particularly surprising for you.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 13** in answering this question.

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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:

In ones and twos, men got out of the cars.

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‘I ain’t going,’ was his steady answer to Atticus’s threats, requests, and finally, ‘Please Jem, take them home.’

(*from* Chapter 15)

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

Or **16** In what ways does Lee powerfully depict prejudice in the novel?

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SUSAN HILL: *I'm the King of the Castle*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

His progress was very slow, through the cornfield, the thick stalks bunched together and got in his way, and he had to shove them back with his arms. But he reached the gate and climbed it, and dropped on to the grass of the field on the other side. Sweat was running down his forehead and into his eyes. He looked up. The crow kept on coming. He ran.

But it wasn't easy to run down this field, either, because of the tractor ruts. He began to leap wildly from side to side of them, his legs stretched as wide as they could go, and for a short time, it seemed that he did go faster. The crow dived again, and, as it rose, Kingshaw felt the tip of its black wing, beating against his face. He gave a sudden, dry sob. Then, his left foot caught in one of the ruts and he keeled over, going down straight forwards.

He lay with his face in the coarse grass, panting and sobbing by turns, with the sound of his own blood pumping through his ears. He felt the sun on the back of his neck, and his ankle was wrenched. But he would be able to get up. He raised his head, and wiped two fingers across his face. A streak of blood came off, from where a thistle had scratched him. He got unsteadily to his feet, taking in deep, desperate breaths of the close air. He could not see the crow.

But when he began to walk forwards again, it rose up from the grass a little way off, and began to circle and swoop. Kingshaw broke into a run, sobbing and wiping the damp mess of tears and sweat off his face with one hand. There was a blister on his ankle, rubbed raw by the sandal strap. The crow was still quite high, soaring easily, to keep pace with him. Now, he had scrambled over the third gate, and he was in the field next to the one that belonged to Warings. He could see the back of the house. He began to run much faster.

This time, he fell and lay completely winded. Through the runnels of sweat and the sticky tufts of his own hair, he could see a figure, looking down at him from one of the top windows of the house.

Then, there was a single screech, and the terrible beating of wings, and the crow swooped down and landed in the middle of his back.

Kingshaw thought that, in the end, it must have been his screaming that frightened it off, for he dared not move. He lay and closed his eyes and felt the claws of the bird, digging into his skin, through the thin shirt, and began to scream in a queer, gasping sort of way. After a moment or two, the bird rose. He had expected it to begin pecking at him with his beak, remembering terrible stories about vultures that went for living people's eyes. He could not believe in his own escape.

He scrambled up, and ran on, and this time, the crow only hovered above, though not very high up, and still following him, but silently, and no longer attempting to swoop down. Kingshaw felt his legs go weak beneath him, as he climbed the last fence, and stood in the place from which he had started out on his walk, by the edge of the copse. He looked back fearfully. The crow circled a few times, and then dived into the thick foliage of the beech trees.

Kingshaw wiped his face with the back of his hand again. He wanted to go to his mother. He was trembling all over. But he never did go to her, he made himself cope alone, he would not go because of a stupid bird.

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Then his eye caught a quick movement. He looked up. Hooper stood in the window of his bedroom. He watched and watched. *50*

(*from* Chapter 3)

How does Hill make this moment in the novel so frightening?

Or **18** To what extent does Hill encourage you to sympathise with Mr Hooper?

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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:

Keeping his footing on the heaving deck by clutching the bulwarks, my brother looked past this charging leviathan at the Martians again, and he saw the three of them now close together, and standing so far out to sea that their tripod supports were almost entirely submerged. Thus sunken, and seen in remote perspective, they appeared far less formidable than the huge iron bulk in whose wake the steamer was pitching so helplessly. It would seem they were regarding this new antagonist with astonishment. To their intelligence, it may be, the giant was even such another as themselves. The *Thunder Child* fired no gun, but simply drove full speed towards them. It was probably her not firing that enabled her to get so near the enemy as she did. They did not know what to make of her. One shell, and they would have sent her to the bottom forthwith with the Heat-Ray.

She was steaming at such a pace that in a minute she seemed halfway between the steamboat and the Martians – a diminishing black bulk against the receding horizontal expanse of the Essex coast.

Suddenly the foremost Martian lowered his tube and discharged a canister of the black gas at the ironclad. It hit her larboard side and glanced off in an inky jet that rolled away to seaward, an unfolding torrent of Black Smoke, from which the ironclad drove clear. To the watchers from the steamer, low in the water and with the sun in their eyes, it seemed as though she were already among the Martians.

They saw the gaunt figures separating and rising out of the water as they retreated shoreward, and one of them raised the camera-like generator of the Heat-Ray. He held it pointing obliquely downward, and a bank of steam sprang from the water at its touch. It must have driven through the iron of the ship's side like a white-hot iron rod through paper.

A flicker of flame went up through the rising steam, and then the Martian reeled and staggered. In another moment he was cut down, and a great body of water and steam shot high in the air. The guns of the *Thunder Child* sounded through the reek, going off one after the other, and one shot splashed the water high close by the steamer, ricocheted towards the other flying ships to the north, and smashed a smack to matchwood.

But no one heeded that very much. At the sight of the Martian's collapse the captain on the bridge yelled inarticulately, and all the crowding passengers on the steamer's stern shouted together. And then they yelled again. For, surging out beyond the white tumult drove something long and black, the flames streaming from its middle parts, its ventilators and funnels spouting fire.

She was alive still; the steering gear, it seems, was intact and her engines working. She headed straight for a second Martian, and was within a hundred yards of him when the Heat-Ray came to bear. Then with a violent thud, a blinding flash, her decks, her funnels, leaped upward. The Martian staggered with the violence of her explosion, and in another moment the flaming wreckage, still driving forward with the impetus of its pace, had struck him and crumpled him up like a thing of cardboard. My brother shouted involuntarily. A boiling tumult of steam hid everything again.

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'Two!' yelled the captain.

Everyone was shouting. The whole steamer from end to end rang with frantic cheering that was taken up first by one and then by all in the crowding multitude of ships and boats that was driving out to sea.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 17)

How does Wells make this such an exciting moment in the novel?

Or **20** Explore how Wells vividly portrays the narrator's growing dislike of the curate.

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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 *Showing the Flag* (by Jane Gardam), and then answer the question that follows it:

How stupid.

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It was all just darning
and being perfect.

How does Gardam vividly convey Philip's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the story?

Or **22** In what ways does J G Ballard make Scranton such a memorable character in *The Man Who Walked on the Moon*?

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