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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2026**

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.

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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:

from *An Essay on Man*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

(Alexander Pope)

Explore the ways in which Pope creates such striking impressions of man in this poem.

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Or **2** How does Clarke vividly convey the impact of humans on nature in *Lament*?

Lament

For the green turtle with her pulsing burden,
in search of the breeding-ground.
For her eggs laid in their nest of sickness.

For the cormorant in his funeral silk,
the veil of iridescence on the sand,
the shadow on the sea.

For the ocean's lap with its mortal stain.
For Ahmed at the closed border.
For the soldier in his uniform of fire.

For the gunsmith and the armourer,
the boy fusilier who joined for the company,
the farmer's sons, in it for the music.

For the hook-beaked turtles,
the dugong and the dolphin,
the whale struck dumb by the missile's thunder.

For the tern, the gull and the restless wader,
the long migrations and the slow dying,
the veiled sun and the stink of anger.

For the burnt earth and the sun put out,
the scalded ocean and the blazing well.
For vengeance, and the ashes of language.

(Gillian Clarke)

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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:

Children of Wealth

Children of wealth in your warm nursery,
Set in the cushioned window-seat to watch
The volleying snow, guarded invisibly
By the clear double pane through which no touch
Untimely penetrates, you cannot tell
What winter means; its cruel truths to you
Are only sound and sight; your citadel
Is safe from feeling, and from knowledge too.

Go down, go out to elemental wrong,
Waste your too round limbs, tan your skin too white;
The glass of comfort, ignorance, seems strong
Today, and yet perhaps this very night

You'll wake to horror's wrecking fire – your home
Is wired within for this, in every room.

(Elizabeth Daryush)

How does Daryush vividly convey feelings about the children in this poem?

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Or **4** In what ways does Chattarji create striking impressions of the woman's life in *Boxes*?

Boxes

Her balcony bears an orchid smuggled in a duffle bag
from Singapore. Its roots cling to air. For two hours
every morning the harsh October sun turns tender
at its leaves. Nine steps from door to balcony and
already she is a giant insect fretting in a jar.

On one side of her one-room home, a stove, where she
cooks dal in an iron pan. The smell of food is good.
Through the window bars the sing-song of voices high
then low in steady arcs. With his back to the wall,
a husband, and a giant stack of quilts, threatening to fall.

Sleeping room only, a note on the door should have read,
readying you for cramp. Fall in and kick off your shoes.
Right-angled to this corridor with a bed, trains make tracks
to unfamiliar sounding places. Unhidden by her curtains,
two giant black pigs lie dead, or asleep, on a dump.

Every day the city grows taller, trampling underfoot
students wives lovers babies. The boxes grow smaller.
The sea becomes a distant memory of lashing wave
and neon, siren to seven islands, once. The sky strides
inland on giant stilts, unstoppable, shutting out the light.

(Sampurna Chattarji)

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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:

Kung'anda

The English newsreader told me

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of rainclouds, kept at last.

How does Chingonyi memorably convey his mother's experience of home in this poem?

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Or **6** Explore how Chingonyi makes *Some Bright Elegance* such a powerful poem.

Some Bright Elegance

For the screwfaced in good shoes that paper

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move as if it is only them and the drums, talking.

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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:

‘There are no other gods,’ said Mr Brown.

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But in the end he had to leave his flock, sad and broken.

(*from* Chapter 21)

How does Achebe memorably depict Mr Brown at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Achebe vividly portrays the power of Agbala.

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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:

The invitation was accepted of course, and at a proper hour they joined the party in Lady Catherine's drawing room. Her ladyship received them civilly, but it was plain that their company was by no means so acceptable as when she could get nobody else; and she was, in fact, almost engrossed by her nephews, speaking to them, especially to Darcy, much more than to any other person in the room.

Colonel Fitzwilliam seemed really glad to see them; any thing was a welcome relief to him at Rosings; and Mrs Collins's pretty friend had moreover caught his fancy very much. He now seated himself by her, and talked so agreeably of Kent and Hertfordshire, of travelling and staying at home, of new books and music, that Elizabeth had never been half so well entertained in that room before; and they conversed with so much spirit and flow, as to draw the attention of Lady Catherine herself, as well as of Mr Darcy. *His* eyes had been soon and repeatedly turned towards them with a look of curiosity; and that her ladyship after a while shared the feeling, was more openly acknowledged, for she did not scruple to call out,

'What is that you are saying, Fitzwilliam? What is it you are talking of? What are you telling Miss Bennet? Let me hear what it is.'

'We are speaking of music, Madam,' said he, when no longer able to avoid a reply.

'Of music! Then pray speak aloud. It is of all subjects my delight. I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt, I should have been a great proficient. And so would Anne, if her health had allowed her to apply. I am confident that she would have performed delightfully. How does Georgiana get on, Darcy?'

Mr Darcy spoke with affectionate praise to his sister's proficiency.

'I am very glad to hear such a good account of her,' said Lady Catherine; 'and pray tell her from me, that she cannot expect to excel, if she does not practise a great deal.'

'I assure you, Madam,' he replied, 'that she does not need such advice. She practises very constantly.'

'So much the better. It cannot be done too much; and when I next write to her, I shall charge her not to neglect it on any account. I often tell young ladies, that no excellence in music is to be acquired, without constant practice. I have told Miss Bennet several times, that she will never play really well, unless she practises more; and though Mrs Collins has no instrument, she is very welcome, as I have often told her, to come to Rosings every day, and play on the piano forte in Mrs Jenkinson's room. She would be in nobody's way, you know, in that part of the house.'

Mr Darcy looked a little ashamed of his aunt's ill breeding, and made no answer.

When coffee was over, Colonel Fitzwilliam reminded Elizabeth of having promised to play to him; and she sat down directly to the instrument. He drew a chair near her. Lady Catherine listened to half a song, and then talked, as before, to her other nephew; till the latter

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walked away from her, and moving with his usual deliberation towards the piano forte, stationed himself so as to command a full view of the fair performer's countenance. *50*

(*from* Chapter 31)

How does Austen create such an amusing portrait of Lady Catherine at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore the ways in which Austen memorably depicts the marriage of Mr and Mrs 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:

Asha's children appeared to attract all the tragedy that she herself had skirted with such complacent success.

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Raka would soon be here.

(*from* Part 1, Chapter 10)

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In what ways does Desai vividly convey Nanda Kaul's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore how Desai memorably depicts attitudes towards women in the novel.

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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:

Mr Chawla had learned to shrug his shoulders at Kulfi.

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She cooked only for Sampath, leaving Ammaji to cater to the rest of the family, for his was the only judgement Kulfi trusted.

(*from* Chapter 8)

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In what ways does Desai vividly portray Kulfi at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore how Desai memorably depicts daily life in Shahkot.

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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:

Atticus was feeble: he was nearly fifty.

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There's life in him yet.'

(*from* Chapter 10)

In what ways does Lee strikingly convey Scout's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Lee vividly shows how Jem changes as he gets older.

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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:

Kingshaw woke.

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But when he got back, the crow had gone.

(*from* Chapter 3)

In what ways does Hill vividly create tension at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** How does Hill movingly portray Kingshaw's friendship with Fielding?

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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:

Moved by a sudden thought, I looked northward, and there I perceived a third of these cloudy black kopjes had arisen.

Everything had suddenly become very still. Far away to the south-east, marking the quiet, we heard the Martians hooting to one another, and then the air quivered again with the distant thud of their guns. But the earthly artillery made no reply.

Now at the time we could not understand these things, but later I was to learn the meaning of these ominous kopjes that gathered in the twilight. Each of the Martians, standing in the great crescent I have described, had discharged, by means of the gun-like tube he carried, a huge canister over whatever hill, copse, cluster of houses, or other possible cover for guns, chanced to be in front of him. Some fired only one of these, some two – as in the case of the one we had seen; the one at Ripley is said to have discharged no fewer than five at that time. These canisters smashed on striking the ground – they did not explode – and incontinently disengaged an enormous volume of heavy, inky vapour, coiling and pouring upward in a huge and ebony cumulus cloud, a gaseous hill that sank and spread itself slowly over the surrounding country. And the touch of that vapour, the inhaling of its pungent wisps, was death to all that breathes.

It was heavy, this vapour, heavier than the densest smoke, so that, after the first tumultuous uprush and outflow of its impact, it sank down through the air and poured over the ground in a manner rather liquid than gaseous, abandoning the hills, and streaming into the valleys and ditches and water-courses even as I have heard the carbonic acid gas that pours from volcanic clefts is wont to do. And where it came upon water some chemical action occurred, and the surface would be instantly covered with a powdery scum that sank slowly and made way for more. The scum was absolutely insoluble, and it is a strange thing, seeing the instant effect of the gas, that one could drink without hurt the water from which it had been strained. The vapour did not diffuse as a true gas would do. It hung together in banks, flowing sluggishly down the slope of the land and driving reluctantly before the wind, and very slowly it combined with the mist and moisture of the air, and sank to the earth in the form of dust. Save that an unknown element giving a group of four lines in the blue of the spectrum is concerned, we are still entirely ignorant of the nature of this substance.

Once the tumultuous upheaval of its dispersion was over, the black smoke clung so closely to the ground, even before its precipitation, that fifty feet up in the air, on the roofs and upper stories of high houses and on great trees, there was a chance of escaping its poison altogether, as was proved even that night at Street Cobham and Ditton.

The man who escaped at the former place tells a wonderful story of the strangeness of its coiling flow, and how he looked down from the church spire and saw the houses of the village rising like ghosts out of its inky nothingness. For a day and a half he remained there, weary, starving and sun-scorched, the earth under the blue sky and against the prospect of the distant hills a velvet-black expanse, with red roofs, green trees,

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and, later, black-veiled shrubs and gates, barns, outhouses, and walls, rising here and there into the sunlight.

But that was at Street Cobham, where the black vapour was allowed to remain until it sank of its own accord into the ground. As a rule the Martians, when it had served its purpose, cleared the air of it again by wading into it and directing a jet of steam upon it.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 15)

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

Or **20** In what ways does Wells memorably depict human attempts to resist the Martians?

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Stories of Ourselves: Volume 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Black Ball* (by Ralph Ellison), and then answer the question that follows it:

The only nice feature about the quarters was that they were high up and offered a view in all directions.

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A boy that size will make you do that.

In what ways does Ellison make this an unsettling moment in the story?

Or **22** How do the writers convey a strong sense of loneliness in **either** *The Man Who Walked on the Moon* (by J G Ballard) **or** *When It Happens* (by Margaret Atwood)?

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