Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2023**

1 hour 30 minutes

0258047487

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

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
Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,
put hot water bottles her side of the bed
and still went to renew her transport pass.

You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone.
He'd put you off an hour to give him time
to clear away her things and look alone
as though his still raw love were such a crime.

He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief
though sure that very soon he'd hear her key
scrape in the rusted lock and end his grief.
He *knew* she'd just popped out to get the tea.

I believe life ends with death, and that is all.
You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,
in my new black leather phone book there's your name
and the disconnected number I still call.

(Tony Harrison)

Explore the ways in which Harrison powerfully depicts his father's reaction to his mother's death.

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Or **2** How does Lowell strikingly convey his feelings in *Night Sweat*?

Night Sweat

Work-table, litter, books and standing lamp,

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this world's dead weight and cycle on your back.

(Robert Lowell)

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:

A Leave-Taking

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.
Let us go hence together without fear;
Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,
And over all old things and all things dear.
She loves not you nor me as all we love her.
Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,
She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.
Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear.
And how these things are, though ye strove to show,
She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep.
We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,
Saying 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap.'
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;
And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep,
She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.
She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.
Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough.
Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;
And though she saw all heaven in flower above,
She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;
Though all those waves went over us, and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care.

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Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.
Sing all once more together; surely she,
She too, remembering days and words that were,
Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,
We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there.
Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,
She would not see.

(Algernon Charles Swinburne)

Explore how Swinburne memorably conveys the speaker's feelings in this poem.

Or **4** How does Walcott make *Nearing Forty* such a moving poem?

Nearing Forty

(*for John Figueroa*)

The irregular combination of fanciful invention may delight awhile by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest.

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even when it seems to weep.

(Derek Walcott)

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 5.

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:

A Memory

Your bony white bowed back, in a singlet,

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Lit another at it

Explore how Hughes vividly conveys this memory of sheep-shearing.

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Or **6** How does Hughes make telegraph wires so intriguing in *Telegraph Wires*?

Telegraph Wires

Take telegraph wires, a lonely moor,

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That empty human bones.

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:

Father Amadi's face was looking down at me when I opened my eyes.

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It was hard to turn my head, but I did it and looked away.

Explore the ways in which Adichie makes this moment in the novel so powerful.

Or **8** In what ways does Adichie vividly convey Aunty Ifeoma's importance to Kambili?

Do **not** use the extract printed for **Question 7** in answering this question.

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:

The time so melted away, that our early dinner-hour drew close at hand, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered arms stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was of its kind quite dreadful.

Then, Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said in a whisper:

'Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?'

'Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham.'

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. 'Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?'

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, 'Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces – and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper – love her, love her, love her!'

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck, swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

'Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!'

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love – despair – revenge – dire death – it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

'I'll tell you,' said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, 'what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter – as I did!'

When she came to that, and to a wild cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the wall and fallen dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding this pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye,

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he said plainly, by a momentary and silent pause in that attitude, 'Indeed? Singular!' and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like everybody else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

(*from* Chapter 29)

In what ways does Dickens make this such a disturbing moment in the novel?

Or **10** How does Dickens make Biddy such a likeable character?

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:

On a sudden impulse I moved away from the bed and went back to the little ante-room where I had seen the wardrobes.

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I put it out like this, and the dressing-gown and slippers, just as I put them out for her the night she never came back, the night she was drowned.'

(*from* Chapter 14)

How does du Maurier make this moment in the novel so frightening?

Or **12** In what ways does du Maurier make Beatrice a likeable character?

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:

The Doctor gave a laugh. 'I shall request him very kindly, then, to leave Catherine alone.'

'Ah!' said Mrs Penniman, shaking her forefinger at her brother, with her little finger turned out, 'Catherine has probably said something to him kinder than that!'

'Said that she loved him? Do you mean that?'

Mrs Penniman fixed her eyes on the floor. 'As I tell you, Austin, she doesn't confide in me.'

'You have an opinion, I suppose, all the same. It is that I ask you for; though I don't conceal from you that I shall not regard it as conclusive.'

Mrs Penniman's gaze continued to rest on the carpet; but at last she lifted it, and then her brother thought it very expressive. 'I think Catherine is very happy; that is all I can say.'

'Townsend is trying to marry her – is that what you mean?'

'He is greatly interested in her.'

'He finds her such an attractive girl?'

'Catherine has a lovely nature, Austin,' said Mrs Penniman, 'and Mr Townsend has had the intelligence to discover that.'

'With a little help from you, I suppose. My dear Lavinia,' cried the Doctor, 'you are an admirable aunt!'

'So Mr Townsend says,' observed Lavinia, smiling.

'Do you think he is sincere?' asked her brother.

'In saying that?'

'No; that's of course. But in his admiration for Catherine?'

'Deeply sincere. He has said to me the most appreciative, the most charming things about her. He would say them to you, if he were sure you would listen to him – gently.'

'I doubt whether I can undertake it. He appears to require a great deal of gentleness.'

'He is a sympathetic, sensitive nature,' said Mrs Penniman.

Her brother puffed his cigar again in silence. 'These delicate qualities have survived his vicissitudes, eh? All this while you haven't told me about his misfortunes.'

'It is a long story,' said Mrs Penniman, 'and I regard it as a sacred trust. But I suppose there is no objection to my saying that he has been wild – he frankly confesses that. But he has paid for it.'

'That's what has impoverished him, eh?'

'I don't mean simply in money. He is very much alone in the world.'

'Do you mean that he has behaved so badly that his friends have given him up?'

'He has had false friends, who have deceived and betrayed him.'

'He seems to have some good ones too. He has a devoted sister, and half a dozen nephews and nieces.'

Mrs Penniman was silent a minute. 'The nephews and nieces are children, and the sister is not a very attractive person.'

'I hope he doesn't abuse her to you,' said the Doctor; 'for I am told he lives upon her.'

'Lives upon her?'

'Lives with her, and does nothing for himself; it is about the same thing.'

'He is looking for a position – most earnestly,' said Mrs Penniman. 'He hopes every day to find one.'

'Precisely. He is looking for it here – over there in the front parlour. The position of husband of a weak-minded woman with a large fortune would suit him to perfection!'

Mrs Penniman was truly amiable, but she now gave signs of temper. She rose with much animation, and stood for a moment looking at her brother. 'My dear Austin,' she remarked, 'if you regard Catherine as a weak-minded woman, you are particularly mistaken!' And with this she moved majestically away.

(*from* Chapter 8)

Explore the ways in which James makes this such a memorable and revealing moment in the novel.

Or **14** 'Catherine is stronger than she seems.'

In what ways does James persuade you that this is true?

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:

Now she is alone, cut off by curtains from the three other women in the room.

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In the kitchen of her parents' flat on Amherst Street, at this very moment, a servant is pouring after-dinner tea into steaming glasses, arranging Marie biscuits on a tray.

(*from* Chapter 1)

How does Lahiri vividly convey Ashima's loneliness at this moment in the novel?

Or **16** Explore how Lahiri powerfully portrays the relationship between Nikhil/Gogol and Maxine.

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:

Irma Leopold's visit as far as Mrs Appleyard was concerned could hardly have been worse timed.

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She was no longer afraid of the woman behind the closed door, whose hand, seized with an uncontrollable tremor, reached for the bottle of cognac under the desk.

(*from* Chapter 12)

How does Lindsay vividly depict the meeting between Irma and Mrs Appleyard at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Lindsay makes particularly shocking.

Do **not** use the extract printed for **Question 17** in answering this question.

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:

He shows me family memorabilia.

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He closes the book.

(*from* Chapter 33)

In what ways does Martel make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **20** How does Martel create striking impressions of Pi's life in India before boarding the ship?

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *'And Women Must Weep'* (by Henry Handel Richardson), and then answer the question that follows it:

She had several false hopes. Men, looking so splendid in their white shirt fronts, would walk across the floor and seem to be coming … and then it was always not her. Their eyes wouldn't stay on her. There she sat, with her false little smile, and her eyes fixed on them; but theirs always got away … flitted past … moved on. Once she felt quite sure. Ever such a handsome young man looked at her as if he was making straight for her. She stretched her lips, showing all her teeth (they were very good) and for an instant his eyes seemed to linger … really take her in, in her pretty blue dress and the cornflowers. And then at the last minute they ran away – and it wasn't her at all, but a girl sitting three seats further on; one who wasn't even pretty, or her dress either. But her own dress was beginning to get quite tashy, from the way she squeezed her hot hands down in her lap.

Quite the worst part of all was having to go on sitting in the front row, pretending you were enjoying yourself. It was so hard to know what to do with your eyes. There was nothing but the floor for them to look at – if you watched the other couples dancing they would think you were envying them. At first she made a show of studying her programme; but you couldn't go on staring at a programme for ever: and presently her shame at its emptiness grew till she could bear it no longer, and, seizing a moment when people were dancing, she slipped it down the front of her dress. Now she could say she'd lost it, if anyone asked to see it. But they didn't; they went on dancing with other girls. Oh, these men, who walked round and chose just who they fancied and left who they didn't … how she hated them! It wasn't fair … it wasn't fair. And when there was a 'leap-year dance' where the ladies invited the gentlemen, and Auntie Cha tried to push her up and make her go and said: 'Now then, Dolly, here's your chance!' she shook her head hard and dug herself deeper into her seat. She wasn't going to ask them when they never asked her. So she said her head ached and she'd rather not. And to this she clung, sitting the while wishing with her whole heart that her dress was black and her hair grey, like Auntie Cha's. Nobody expected Auntie Cha to dance, or thought it shameful if she didn't; she could do and be just as she liked. Yes, to-night she wished she was old … an old, old woman. Or that she was safe at home in bed … this dreadful evening, to which she had once counted the days, behind her. Even, as the night wore on, that she was dead.

At supper she sat with Auntie and the other lady, and the son and girl came too. There were lovely cakes and things, but she could not eat them. Her throat was so dry that a sandwich stuck in it and nearly choked her. Perhaps the son felt a little sorry for her (or else his mother had whispered again), for afterwards he said something to the girl, and then asked her to dance. They stood up together; but it wasn't a success. Her legs seemed to have forgotten how to jump, heavy as lead they were … as heavy as she felt inside … and she couldn't think of a thing to say. So now he would put her down as stupid as well.

Her only other partner was a boy younger than she was – almost a schoolboy – who she heard them say was 'making a positive nuisance of himself.' This was to a very pretty girl called the 'belle of the ball'. And he didn't seem to mind how badly he danced (with her), for he couldn't

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take his eyes off this other girl; but went on staring at her all the time, and very fiercely, because she was talking and laughing with somebody else. Besides, he hopped like a grasshopper, and didn't wear gloves, and his hands were hot and sticky. She hadn't come there to dance with little boys.

They left before anybody else; there was nothing to stay for. And the drive home in the wagonette, which had to be fetched, they were so early, was dreadful; Auntie Cha just sat and pressed her lips and didn't say a word. She herself kept her face turned the other way, because her mouth was jumping in and out as if it might have to cry.

How does Richardson make this such a sad moment in the story?

Or **22** Explore how the writer makes the ending of **one** of the stories in this selection particularly satisfying for you.

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