Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/11**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **October/November 2024**

1 hour 30 minutes

4042998010

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:

The Man with Night Sweats

I wake up cold, I who

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To hold an avalanche off.

(Thom Gunn)

How does Gunn memorably convey the speaker's suffering in this poem?

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Or **2** Explore how Stevenson movingly portrays the speaker's strong emotions about her baby in *The Spirit is Too Blunt an Instrument*.

The Spirit is Too Blunt an Instrument

The spirit is too blunt an instrument
to have made this baby.
Nothing so unskilful as human passions
could have managed the intricate
exacting particulars: the tiny
blind bones with their manipulating tendons,
the knee and the knucklebones, the resilient
fine meshings of ganglia and vertebrae,
the chain of the difficult spine.

Observe the distinct eyelashes and sharp crescent
fingernails, the shell-like complexity
of the ear, with its firm involutions
concentric in miniature to minute
ossicles. Imagine the
infinitesimal capillaries, the flawless connections
of the lungs, the invisible neural filaments
through which the completed body
already answers to the brain.

Then name any passion or sentiment
possessed of the simplest accuracy.
No, no desire or affection could have done
with practice what habit
has done perfectly, indifferently,
through the body's ignorant precision.
It is left to the vagaries of the mind to invent
love and despair and anxiety
and their pain.

(Anne Stevenson)

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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:

I Find No Peace

I find no peace, and all my war is done.
I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice.
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I season.
That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison
And holdeth me not—yet can I scape no wise—
Nor letteth me live nor die at my device,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain.
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health.
I love another, and thus I hate myself.
I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain;
Likewise displeaseth me both life and death,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

(Sir Thomas Wyatt)

How does Wyatt make this such a powerful poem?

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Or **4** Explore the ways in which Edmond makes *Waterfall* such a moving poem.

Waterfall

I do not ask for youth, nor for delay

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and only once to the dark pool below.

(Lauris Edmond)

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:

The Jaguar

The apes yawn and adore their fleas in the sun.

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Over the cage floor the horizons come.

Explore the ways in which Hughes makes this such a vivid poem.

Or **6** In what ways does Hughes make *The Harvest Moon* such a fascinating poem?

The Harvest Moon

The flame-red moon, the harvest moon,

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Sweat from the melting hills.

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:

Amaka stared at Aunty Ifeoma and then turned away.

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He kissed the tops of our heads, before saying, 'Go and pack your bags.'

How does Adichie make this such an emotional moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore the ways in which Adichie conveys Kambili and Jaja's feelings about their time in Nsukka.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **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:

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid – sore afraid – that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe, if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night, I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning. I did not.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men – never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast, that, although I did not sleep at the window an hour, I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the teacups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, 'Well! I suppose I must be off!' and then I kissed my sister who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them, was, when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then, to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily 'Hooroar!' and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have had an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High-street. I whistled and made nothing of going. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said, 'Good-by O my dear, dear friend!'

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlaying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried, than before – more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening

at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still reflected for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road towards us, and my heart would beat high. – As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me.

(*from* Chapter 19)

How does Dickens strikingly convey Pip's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **10** Explore how Dickens makes Satis House such a memorable and significant setting.

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:

It seemed to me, as I sat there in bed, staring at the wall, at the sunlight coming in at the window, at Maxim's empty bed, that there was nothing quite so shaming, so degrading as a marriage that had failed.

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'Yes, she was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen.'

(*from* Chapter 18)

How does du Maurier vividly convey the narrator's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which du Maurier strikingly portrays the relationship of the narrator and Maxim.

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

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:

She goes upstairs to shower and change.

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Its warmth is a comfort all the same.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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

Or **14** In what ways does Lahiri make Ashoke such an admirable character?

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:

Fronds of curled brown velvet snapped under Mike's touch, his boots trod down the neat abodes of ants and spiders: his hand brushing against a streamer of bark dislodged a writhing colony of caterpillars in thick fur coats, brutally exposed to midday light.

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Not tonight.'

(*from* Chapter 7)

Explore the ways in which Lindsay creates such an unsettling atmosphere at this moment in the novel.

Or **16** In what ways does Lindsay make Edith Horton a memorable and significant character?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 17.

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:

Dawn came and matters were worse for it.

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IS THAT CLEAR?'

(*from* Chapter 55)

Explore how Martel strikingly captures Pi's changing thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel.

Or **18** How does Martel vividly convey Pi's ability to survive?

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

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:

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a quantity of luminous greenish smoke came out of the pit in three distinct puffs, which drove up, one after the other, straight into the still air.

This smoke (or flame, perhaps, would be the better word for it) was so bright that the deep blue sky overhead and the hazy stretches of brown common towards Chertsey, set with black pine-trees, seemed to darken abruptly as these puffs arose, and to remain the darker after their dispersal. At the same time a faint hissing sound became audible.

Beyond the pit stood the little wedge of people with the white flag at its apex, arrested by these phenomena, a little knot of small vertical black shapes upon the black ground. As the green smoke rose, their faces flashed out pallid green, and faded again as it vanished. Then slowly the hissing passed into a humming, into a long, loud, droning noise. Slowly a humped shape rose out of the pit, and the ghost of a beam of light seemed to flicker out from it.

Forthwith flashes of actual flame, a bright glare leaping from one to another, sprang from the scattered group of men. It was as if some invisible jet impinged upon them and flashed into white flame. It was as if each man were suddenly and momentarily turned to fire.

Then, by the light of their own destruction, I saw them staggering and falling, and their supporters turning to run.

I stood staring, not as yet realizing that this was death leaping from man to man in that little distant crowd. All I felt was that it was something very strange. An almost noiseless and blinding flash of light, and a man fell headlong and lay still; and as the unseen shaft of heat passed over them, pine-trees burst into fire, and every dry furze-bush became with one dull thud a mass of flames. And far away towards Knaphill I saw the flashes of trees and hedges and wooden buildings suddenly set alight.

It was sweeping round swiftly and steadily, this flaming death, this invisible, inevitable sword of heat. I perceived it coming towards me by the flashing bushes it touched, and was too astounded and stupefied to stir. I heard the crackle of fire in the sand-pits and the sudden squeal of a horse that was as suddenly stilled. Then it was as if an invisible yet intensely heated finger were drawn through the heather between me and the Martians, and all along a curving line beyond the sand-pits the dark ground smoked and crackled. Something fell with a crash far away to the left where the road from Woking station opens out on the common. Forthwith the hissing and humming ceased, and the black, dome-like object sank slowly out of sight into the pit.

All this had happened with such swiftness that I had stood motionless, dumbfounded and dazzled by the flashes of light. Had that death swept through a full circle, it must inevitably have slain me in my surprise. But it passed and spared me, and left the night about me suddenly dark and unfamiliar.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 5)

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How does Wells vividly depict the power of the Martians at this moment in the novel?

Or **20** In what ways does Wells make the curate such a dislikeable character?

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read the following extract from *A Thousand Years of Good Prayers* (by Yiyun Li), and then answer the question that follows it:

That evening, Mr Shi says to his daughter, 'I met this Iranian lady in the park. Have you met her?'

'No.'

'You should meet her sometime. She's so very optimistic. You may find her illuminating for your situation.'

'What's my situation?' his daughter asks without looking up from her food.

'You tell me,' Mr Shi says. When his daughter makes no move to help the conversation, he says, 'You're experiencing a dark time.'

'How do you know she would shed light on my life?'

Mr Shi opens his mouth, but cannot find an answer. He is afraid that if he explains he and Madam talk in different languages, his daughter will think of him as a crazy old man. Things that make sense at one time suddenly seem absurd in a different light. He feels disappointed in his daughter, someone he shares a language with but with whom he can no longer share a dear moment. After a long pause, he says, 'You know, a woman shouldn't ask such direct questions. A good woman is deferential and knows how to make people talk.'

'I'm divorced, so certainly I'm not a good woman according to your standard.'

Mr Shi, thinking his daughter is unfairly sarcastic, ignores her. 'Your mother was an example of a good woman.'

'Did she succeed in making you talk?' his daughter asks, and her eyes, looking directly into his, are fiercer than he knows.

'Your mother wouldn't be so confrontational.'

'Baba, first you accused me of being too quiet. I start to talk, and you are saying I'm talking in a wrong way.'

'Talking is not only asking questions. Talking is you telling people how you feel about them, and inviting them to tell you how they feel about you.'

'Baba, since when did you become a therapist?'

'I'm here to help you, and I'm trying my best,' Mr Shi says. 'I need to know why you ended up in a divorce. I need to know what went wrong and help you to find the right person the next time. You're my daughter and I want you to be happy. I don't want you to fall twice.'

'Baba, I didn't ask you before, but how long do you plan to stay in America?' his daughter says.

'Until you recover.'

His daughter stands up, the legs of the chair scraping the floor.

'We're the only family for each other now,' Mr Shi says, almost pleading, but his daughter closes her bedroom door before he says more. Mr Shi looks at the dishes that are barely touched by his daughter, the fried tofu cubes stuffed with chopped mushrooms, shrimps, and ginger, the collage of bamboo shoots, red peppers, and snow peas. Even though his daughter admires his cooking every evening, he senses the half-heartedness in her praise; she does not know the cooking has become his praying, and she leaves the prayers unanswered.

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‘The wife would’ve *done a better job of cheering the daughter up*,’ Mr Shi says to Madam the next morning. He feels more at ease speaking to her in Chinese now. *‘They were closer to each other. Wasn’t that I was not close to them. I loved them dearly. It’s what happened when you were a rocket scientist. I worked hard during the day, and at night I couldn’t stop thinking about my work. Everything was confidential so I couldn’t talk to my family about what I was thinking about. But the wife, she was the most understanding woman in the world. She knew I was so occupied with my work, and she wouldn’t interrupt my thoughts, and wouldn’t let the daughter, either. I know now that it was not healthy for the daughter. I should’ve left my working self in the office. I was too young to understand that. Now the daughter, she doesn’t have anything to say to me.’*

Truly it was his mistake, never establishing a habit of talking to his daughter.

How does Li movingly convey the conflict between Mr Shi and his daughter at this moment in the story?

Or **22** Explore the ways in which O Henry strikingly creates tension in *The Furnished Room*.

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