



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/12

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2024

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 Question A: answer **one** question.
 Question 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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Ted Hughes from <i>New Selected Poems</i>	5, 6	pages 10–11

Section B: Prose

text	question numbers	page[s]
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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 dial.

(Tony Harrison)

In what way does Harrison make this a beautiful moving poem?

5

Or 2 Explore the way in which Wright makes *Request To A Year* both amusing and serious

Request To A Year

If the year is meditating a suitable gift,

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reab back and bring me the firmness of her hand.

(Judith Wright)

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 be 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. 5

Let us rise up and part; be will not know.
 Let us go seaward as the great winds go,
 Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here? 10
 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 you strove to know,
 She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; be will not weep. 15
 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 loved, though all we fell on sleep, 20
 She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; be will not love.
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,
 Nor see love's way how sore they are and steep.
 Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough. 25
 Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;
 And though be saw all heaven in flower above,
 She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; be will not care. 30
 Though all the stars made gold of all the air,
 And the sea moving away before it move
 One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;
 Though all those waves went over us and drove
 Deep down the suffling lips and drowning hair,
 She would not care. 35

7

Let us go hence, go hence; here will not see.
 Sing all one more together; rely here,
 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.

40

(Algernon Charles Swinburne)

How does the poet memorably convey the pain of leaving-taking in this poem?

- Or 4 Explore the way in which Joyce powerfully depicts the speaker's dream in *I Hear an Army...*

I Hear an Army...

I hear an army marching upon the land,
 And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees
 Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
 Dismal, the reins with fluttering whips the barbarians

They cry unto the night their battle-name: 5
 I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
 They bear the gloom of dreams a blinding flame,
 Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come marching in triumph their long, green hair: 10
 They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
 My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
 My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

(James Joyce)

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

In what way does Hughes powerfully portray the beekeeper in this poem?

- Or 6 How does Hughes make the thoughts and feelings of the speaker disturbing in *The Other*?

The Other

She had too much to do with a smile you took from me.

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At first, just a little.

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:

I picked up the book, grateful for Auntie Ifeoma, for the chance to leave the kitchen and Ama's scolding face.

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And I remembered the song he had sung.

13

How does Adibie make this sub a memorable and significant introduction to Father Amadi?

Or **8** In what way does Adibie encourage you to admire Jaja?

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:

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell the Convict (though I could not do it distinctly, that I had been born to succeed to some property.

'Might a mere warmint ask what property?' said he.

I faltered, 'I don't know.'

5

'Might a mere warmint ask whose property?' said he.

I faltered again, 'I don't know.'

'Could I make a guess? I wonder,' said the Convict, 'at your income? Is not your income of age! As to the first figure now. Five?'

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

10

'Concerning a guardian,' he went on. 'There ought to have been some guardian, or somebody, while you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?'

15

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments dangers dangers dangers of all kinds rushed in in a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

'Put it,' he resumed, 'as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers – put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come to you. "However you have found me out," you say just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick.'

20

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I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the back of the chair and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be floating – I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the back of the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I had uttered at, very near to mine.

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'Yes Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman of you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, as I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore afterwards as I earned I prospered and got rich, you should get rich. I lied rough, that you should lie in sooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds dear boy? Do I tell it, for you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, for you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kept life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman – and, Pip, you're him!'

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The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been excited if he had been some terrible beast.

(from Chapter 39)

How does Dickens make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

15

Or 10 How far does Dickens make it possible for you to have sympathy for Estella?

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:

We sat there together without saying anything. I went on holding his

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‘Yes’

(from Chapter 20)

In what way does du Maurier make this a tense moment in the novel?

Or 12 Explore the way in which du Maurier presents Rebecca's wickedness

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:

There is nothing decorating the room apart from the Massachusetts state and American flags and an oil portrait of a judge.

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Every one who comes to his going-away to the illegal party writes 'Good Luck Gogol' on the cards

(from Chapter 5)

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

Or 14 In what ways does Lahiri memorably portray the marriage between Anand and Ashima?

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:

Years later, when Madame Montpelier was telling her grandchildren the strange tale of panic in an Australian schoolroom – fifty years ago, mes enfants – but I dream of it still – the scene had taken on the dimensions of a nightmare.

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Mademoiselle's hand had
come down lightly on Edith's cheek

(from Chapter 12)

How does Lindy make this moment in the novel so bookending?

Or 16 Explore the way in which Lindy makes Albert's a memorable character.

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:

I said, 'Richard Parker, is something wrong?'

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I heard the words 'Is someone there?'

(from Chapter 90)

How does Martel make this moment in the novel both moving and dramatic?

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Martel portrays Pi as a believable character.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 17** when 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:

So you understand the roaring wave of fear that swept through the greatest city in the world just as Monday was dawning – the stream of flight rising swiftly to a torrent, labelling in a foaming tumult round the railway stations banked up into a horrible struggle about the slipping in the Thames and hurrying by every available channel northward and eastward. By ten o'clock the police organisation, and by midday even the railway organisations were losing order, losing shape and efficiency, guttering, softening, running at last in that swift liquefaction of the social body.

5

All the railway lines north of the Thames and the South-Eastern people at Cannon Street had been warned by midnight on Sunday, and trains were being filled. People were fighting desperately for standing-room in the carriages even at two o'clock. By three, people were being trampled and crushed even in Bishopsgate Street, a couple of hundred yards or more from Liverpool Street station; revolvers were fired, people stabbed, and the police men who had been sent to direct the traffic broke out and infuriated, were breaking the heads of the people they were called out to protect.

10

And as the day advanced and the engine-drivers and conductors refused to return to London, the pressure of the flight drove the people in an ever-thickening multitude away from the stations and along the northward-running roads. By midday a Martian had been seen at Barnes and a cloud of slowly sinking black vapour drove along the Thames and across the flats of Lambeth, cutting off all escape over the bridges in its sluggish advance. Another bank drove over Ealing, and surrounded a little island of survivors on Castle Hill, alive, but unable to escape.

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After a fruitless struggle to get aboard a North-Western train at Chalk Farm – the engines of the trains that had loaded in the goods yard there ploughed through fleeing people, and a dozen stalwart men fought to keep the crowd from crushing the driver against his furnace – my brother emerged upon the Chalk Farm road, dodged across through a hurrying swarm of fugitives and had the luck to be foremost in the attack of a horse. The front tyre of the machine he got was punctured in dragging it through the window, but he got up and off, notwithstanding, with no further injury than a cut wrist. The steep foot of Harems Hill was impassable owing to several overturned horses and my brother struck into Belgrave Road.

25

So he got out of the fury of the panic and, leaving the Edgware Road, reached Edgware about seven, fasting and wearied, but well ahead of the crowd. Along the road people were standing in the roadway, anxious, wondering. He was passed by a number of fugitive horsemen, and two motorcars. A mile from Edgware the rim of the wheel broke, and the machine became unrideable. He left it by the roadside and trudged through the village. There were shops half opened in the main street of the place, and people crowded on the pavement and in the doorways and windows staring astonished at this extraordinary procession of fugitives that was beginning. He succeeded in getting some food at an inn.

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For a time he remained in Edgware not knowing what next to do. The flying people increased in number. Many of them, like my brother, seemed inclined to loiter in the place. There was no fresh news of the invaders from Mars

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(from Book 1, Chapter 16)

How does Wells powerfully convey panic at this moment in the novel?

Or 20 Explore the way in which Wells makes the Martians so terrifying.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read the following extract from *Dr Heidegger's Experiment* (by Nathaniel Hawthorne), and then answer the question that follows it:

That extraordinary man, old Dr Heidegger, one invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Witherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr Medbourne, in the vigour of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains such as the gout, and diversified other torments of soul and body. Mr Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Witherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Witherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

'My dear old friends,' said Dr Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, 'I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study.'

If all stories were true, Dr Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, furnished with oxbowes and bespangled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oak and bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black letter quartos and the upper with little parchment-red duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates with which, according to some authorities, Dr Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the opposite corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oak cabinet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of a half a century ago, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with his young lady but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had allowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a

ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with many leather straps. There were no letters on the back and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic and one day, when a black-ambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the key-iron had rattled in its lock, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, 'Forbear!'

Such was Dr Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunbeams came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendour was reflected from it on the aged faces of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne-glasses were also on the table.

'My dear old friends,' repeated Dr Heidegger, 'may I rely on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?'

Explore the way in which Hawthorne makes this an intriguing opening to the story.

Or 22 How does Gilman strikingly portray the widow's three children in *The Widow's Might*?

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