



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/12

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

February/March 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 <i>from New Selected Poems</i>	5, 6	pages 8–9

Section B: Prose

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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:

Rain

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
 On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
 Remembering again that I shall die
 And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
 For washing me cleaner than I have been 5
 Since I was born into this solitude.
 Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
 But here I pray that none whom one I loved
 Is dying to-night or lying still awake
 Solitary, listening to the rain, 10
 Either in pain or thus in grief
 Helpless among the living and the dead,
 Like a old water among broken reeds
 My iads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
 Like me who have no love while this wild rain 15
 Has not discovered the love of death,
 If love it be for what is perfect and
 Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

(Edward Thomas)

How does Thomas strikingly convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings about death in this poem?

- Or 2 In what way does Stevenson create a powerful image of the 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 unkindful as human passions
could have managed the intricate
exacting particulars the tiny
blind bones with their manipulating tendons
the knee and the humerus the resilient
fine meshings of ganglia and vertebrae,
the brain of the difficult spine.

5

Observe the disintegrated labes and harp cresent
fingernails the bell-like complexity
of the ear, with its firm involutions
one ntric in miniature to minute
osicles Imagine the
infinite malapillaries the flawless connections
of the lungs the invisible neural filaments
through which the completed body
already answers to the brain.

10

Then name any passion or sentiment
possessed of the simplest analogy.
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.

15

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25

(Anne Stevenson)

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:

Waterfall

I do not ask for youth, nor for delay
in the rising of time's irrepressible river
that takes the jewelled arc of the waterfall
in which I glimpse, minute by glinting minute,
all that I have and all I am always losing
as sunlight lights each drop fast, fast falling. 5

I do not dream that you, young again,
might come to me darkly in love's green darkness
where the dust of the brake upon the air
mosquitoed, gives out an astonishing sweetness
and water holds our reflections
motionless as if for ever. 10

It is enough now to come into a room
and find the kindness we have for each other
— allowing it love — in eyes that are bewitched
but truthful still, face balanced by years
of careful judgement; to sit in the afternoons
in mild observation, without nostalgia. 15

But when you leave me, with your jauntiness
is renewed by resolution more than strength
— suddenly then I love you with a quick
intensity, remembering that water,
however luminous and grand, falls fast
and only one to the dark pool below. 20

(Lauris Edmond)

In what ways does Edmond memorably portray love in this poem?

- Or 4 How does Fairburn vividly communicate the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *Rhyme of the Dead Self*?

Rhyme of the Dead Self

Tonight I have taken all that I was
and strangled him that pale lily white lad
I have choked him with these my hands these claws
a thing him as he lay a-dreaming in his bed.

Then bawling I dragged out his foolish brains
that were full of pretty love-foes heighho the holly
and emptied them holus bolus to the drains
those dreams of love oh what ruinous folly.

5

He is dead pale youth and he shall not rise
on the third day or any other day
bought like a sack in there he lies
and he shall not trouble me again for aye.

10

(A R D Fairburn)

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:

Roe-Deer

In the dawn-dirty light, in the biggest snow of the year

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Back to the ordinary.

In what way does Hughes strikingly portray the roe-deer in this poem?

Or 6 Explore the way in which Hughes powerfully portrays the jaguar in *The Jaguar*.

The Jaguar

The apes ~~g~~own and adore their fleas in the ~~s~~n.

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Ov~~e~~r the a~~a~~ge floor the hori~~z~~ons o~~o~~me.

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:

Sister Margaret saw him as we walked to my class

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He hugged me, a brief side hug.

How does Adibe make this a disturbing moment in the novel?

Or **8** In what way does Adibe make Obiora a memorable and significant character?

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 had heard of Miss Havisham up town – everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up town – as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

‘Well to be sure!’ said Joe, astounded. ‘I wonder how she came to know Pip!’ 5

‘Noodle!’ cried my sister. ‘Who said she knew him?’

‘– Whichever individual,’ she again politely hinted, ‘mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there.’

‘And couldn’t she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn’t it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers and that he may sometimes – we won’t say quarterly or half-yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you – but sometimes – go there to pay his rent? And couldn’t she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn’t Uncle Pumblechook being always considerate and thoughtful for us – though you may not think it, dear,’ in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most illustrious of nephews ‘then mention this boy, standing Prancing here’ – while I solemnly declare I was not doing – ‘that I have for ever been a willing slave to?’ 10 15 20

‘Good again!’ cried Uncle Pumblechook. ‘Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now dear, you know the answer.’

‘No, dear,’ said my sister, still in a reproachful manner, while she apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, ‘you do not say it – though you may not think it – know the answer. You may consider that you do, but you do not, dear. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook being sensible that for anything we can tell, this boy’s fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham’s, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own carriage – a cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham’s to-morrow morning. And Lor-a-mus – me!’ cried my sister, as taking off her bonnet in sudden desperation, ‘here I stand talking to mere Mooncalfs with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare waiting outside at the door, and the boy grimed with coal and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!’ 25 30 35

With that, she pounced upon me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was squeezed into wooden bowls in sink and my head was put under taps of water-butts and I was soaped, and kneaded, and towelled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rapped, until I really was quite beside myself. (I may here remark that I propose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority, with the ridgy effect of a wedding-ring, passing ungraciously over the human ornamentation.) 40

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest material, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fearfulest suit. I was then delivered over to Mr Pumblechook who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech that I knew he had been dying to make all along: ‘Boy, be forever grateful to all friends but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!’ 45

‘Good-by, dear!’

‘God bless you, Pip, old boy!’ 50

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with the sparks I could at first see no tears from the battle - at. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's and what on earth I was expected to play at.

55

(from Chapter 7)

In what way does Dickens make this a both an entertaining and significant moment in the novel?

- Or 10 Explore how Dickens powerfully portrays Pip's relationship with Magwitch after he returns to England.

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:

He whipped round and looked at me as I sat there huddled on the floor.

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anxiety, does it, living with the devil.'

It doesn't make for

(from Chapter 20)

15

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

Or 12 Explore how du Maurier makes Beatrice a memorable character.

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:

That evening Abol goes home to the apartment, but for the letter.

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She knows the story of the accident, a story she first heard with polite newlywed sympathy, but the thought of which now, now especially, makes her blood go cold.

(from Chapter 2)

Explore the way in which Lahiri makes this a memorable moment in the novel.

Or 14 How does Lahiri create a vivid impression of Gogol as he grows up?

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:

Doctor McKenzie was right: 'Don't think about the Rock dear child.

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For a person who found difficulty in expressing himself on paper, the writer had obviously said his meaning remarkably well.

(from Chapter 11)

How does Linday make this a particularly powerful dramatic moment in the novel?

Or 16 To what extent does Linday make it possible for you to feel sorry for Mrs Appleby?

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:

In my age, to protect myself from Riboud Parker while I trained him, I made a field with a turtle shell.

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My fifth field lasted me the rest of his training.

(from Chapter 72)

21

How does Martel strikingly portray Pi at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore **two** moments in the novel in which Martel makes particularly moving.

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:

A moderate incline runs towards the foot of Marbury Hill, and down this weattered. One the lightning had begun, it went on in as rapid a succession of flashes as I have ever seen. The thunderbapt treading one on the heels of another and with a strange cackling accompaniment, sounded more like the working of a gigantic electric machine than the usual detonating reverberations. The flickering light was blinding and confusing, and a thin hail of stones fell at my feet as I drove down the slope.

5

At first I regarded little but the road before me, and then abruptly my attention was arrested by something that was moving rapidly down the opposite slope of Marbury Hill. At first I took it for the wet roof of a house, but one flash following another showed it to be in swift rolling movement. It was an elusive vision – a moment of bewildering darkness and then, in a flash like daylight, the red masses of the Orphanage near the crest of the hill, the green tops of the pine-trees and this problematical object came out clear and sharp and bright.

10

And this Thing I saw! How can I describe it? A monstrous tripod, higher than many houses striding over the young pine-trees and shaking them aside in its career; a walking engine of glittering metal, striding now across the heather; articulated ropes of steel dangling from it, and the battering tumult of its passage mingling with the riot of the thunder. A flash, and it came out vividly, heeling over one way with two feet in the air, to vanish and reappear almost instantly as it seemed, with the next flash, a hundred yards nearer. Can you imagine a milkng-bowl tilted and bowled violently along the ground? That was the impression those instant flashes gave. But instead of a milkng-bowl imagine it a great body of machinery on a tripod stand.

15

Then suddenly the trees in the pine-wood ahead of me were parted, as brittle reeds are parted by a man thrusting through them; they were snapped off and driven headlong, and a second huge tripod appeared, rushing, as it seemed, headlong towards me. And I was galloping hard to meet it! At the sight of the second monster my nerves went altogether. Not stopping to look again, I wrenched the horse's head hard round to the right, and in another moment the dogcart had heeled over upon the horse; the shafts shattered noisily, and I was flung sideways and fell heavily into a shallow pool of water.

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I crawled out almost immediately, and crouched, my feet still in the water, under a clump of furze. The horse lay motionless (his neck was broken, poor brute!) and by the lightning flashes I saw the black bulk of the overturned dogcart and the silhouette of the wheel still spinning slowly. In another moment the colossal mechanism went striding by me, and passed uphill towards Pyrford.

40

Seen nearer, the Thing was incredibly strange, for it was no mere insensitive machine driving on its way. Machine it was with a ringing metallic pace, and long, flexible, glittering tentacles (one of which gripped a young pine-tree) swinging and rattling about its strange body. It picked its road as it went striding along, and the brazen hood that surmounted it moved to and fro with the inevitable suggestion of a head looking about. Behind the main body was a huge mass of white metal like a gigantic fisherman's basket, and puffs of green smoke squirted out from the joints of the limbs as the monster swept by me. And in an instant it was gone.

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So much I saw then, all vaguely for the flickering of the lightning, in blinding high lights and dense black shadows

As it passed it set up an excellent deafening howl that drowned the thunder – ‘Aloo! aloo!’ – and in another minute it was with its companion, half a mile away, booming over something in the field. I have no doubt this Thing in the field was the third of the ten cylinders they had fired at us from Mars

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For some minutes I lay there in the rain and darkness watching, by the intermittent light, these monstrous beings of metal moving about in the distance over the hedge-tops. A thin hail was now beginning, and as it came and went their figures grew misty and then flared into brightness again. Now and then came a gap in the lightning, and the night allowed them up.

60

(from Book 1, Chapter 10)

How does Wells make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or 20 Explore the way in which Wells strikingly portrays the artilleryman.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read the following extract from *And Women Must Weep* (by Henry Handel Ribbards), and then answer the question that follows it:

She was ready at last, the last bow tied, the last strengthening pin in place, and they said to her – Auntie Cha and Miss Biddons – to sit down and rest while Auntie Cha ‘limbed into her own togs’: ‘Or you’ll be tired before the evening begins.’ But she could not bring herself to sit, for fear of crushing her dress – it was so light, so airy. How glad she felt now that she had been mistaken, and not like as Auntie Cha had tried to persuade her. The goosemer-like sufficiency seemed to float around her as she moved, and the cut of the dress made her look so tall and so different from every girl that she hardly recognised herself in the glass – the girl reflected there – in palest blue, with a wreath of cornflowers in her hair – might have been a stranger. Neither had she thought she was so pretty ... nor had Auntie and Miss Biddons either; though all they said was ‘Well, Dolly, you’ll do,’ and: ‘Yes, I think she will be a credit to you.’ Something hot and stinging came up her throat at this – a kind of gratitude for her pinkish white skin, her big blue eyes and fair curly hair, and pity for those girls who hadn’t got them. Or an Auntie Cha either, to dress them and see that everything was ‘just so’.

Instead of sitting, she stood very stiff and straight at the window, pretending to wait for the arrival, her long white gloves hanging loosely from one arm so as not to soil them. But her heart was beating pit-a-pat. For this was her first real grown-up ball. It was to be held in a public hall, and Auntie Cha, where she was staying, had bought tickets and was taking her.

True, Miss Biddons rather spoiled things at the end by saying: ‘Now mind you don’t forget your steps in the waltz. One, two, together; four, five, six.’ And in the wagonette, with her dress filling one seat, Auntie Cha’s the other, Auntie said: ‘Now, Dolly, remember not to look too *serious*. Or you’ll frighten the gentlemen off.’

She was only doing it now because of her dress: the arms were so cramped, the seats so narrow.

Almost in getting out a little accident happened. She caught the bottom of one of her flounces – the skirt was made of nothing else – on the iron step, and ripped off the selvedge. Auntie Cha said: ‘My dear, how clumsy!’ She could hardly cried with vexation.

The woman who took their coats hunted every where, but could only find black cotton; so the torn selvedge – there was nearly half a yard of it – had just to be cut off. This left a raw edge, and when they went into the hall and walked across the enormous floor, with people sitting all round, staring, it seemed to Dolly as if every one had their eyes fixed on it. Auntie Cha sat down in the front row of boxes beside a lady friend; but she slid into a box behind.

The first dance was already over, and they were hardly seated before partners began to be taken for the second. Shyly she mustered the assembly. In the cloakroom, she had expected the woman to exclaim: ‘What a sweet pretty frock!’ when she handled it. (When all she did say was ‘This skirt of suff’s bound to fray.’) And now Dolly saw that the hall was full of lovely dresses – some much, much prettier than hers which suddenly began to seem rather too plain, even a little dowdy perhaps after all it would have been better to have been like

25

She wondered if Aunt Cha thought so too. For Auntie suddenly turned and looked at her, quite hard, and then said simply: 'Come, come, child, you mustn't take your life away like that, or the gentlemen will think you don't want to dance.' So she had to come out and sit in the front; and show that she had a programme, by holding it open on her lap.

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How does Richardson vividly convey Dolly's thoughts and feelings in this opening to the story?

Or 22 In what ways does Lakshmi make *The Tower* a disturbing story?

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