



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/12

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

February/March 2025

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 8–10

Section B: Prose

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Anita Desai: <i>Fire on the Mountain</i>	9, 10	pages 14–15
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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:

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)

How does Wright powerfully portray the speaker's great-great-grandmother in this poem?

- Or 2 Explore how Cheng strikingly opens the speaker's thoughts and feelings in *The Planners*.

The Planners

They plan. They build. All spaces are gridded,
filled with permutations of possibilities
The buildings are in alignment with the roads
which meet at desired points
linked by bridges all hang 5
in the grace of mathematics
They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the skies surrender.

They erase the flaws 10
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.
All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.

The country wears perfect rows 15
of shining teeth.

Anaesthetics, amnesia, hypnosis
They have the means
They have it all so it will not hurt,
so history is new again. 20
The piling will not stop.
The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

But my heart would not bleed
poetry. Not a single drop 25
to stain the blueprint
of our past's tomorrow.

(Boey Kim Cheng)

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from 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:

The Instant of My Death

The bus was crammed and the fat man rubbed against my leg like
a damp cat
while you read *The Jataka Tales* three rows from the back

and we all tumbled on; wheels and hours grinding, tripping
as Spitirose spun around us like a propped open by its peak

5

I traced the rock line on the window with my finger,
counted oars and gongs felt my eyes glare over

until we reached Gramphoo. There, where the road divided,
I saw a thin boy in red flannel squat between two dhabas

a black-eyed bean, slipped-in between two cages he was so small
that I almost missed him, until he turned, gap-toothed, and shot me

10

with a toy gun. And a piece of me topped then, though the bus
moved on,
and the fat man beside me cracked open an apple with his thumb.

(Sarah Jackson)

How does Jackson vividly portray the speaker's feelings in this poem?

Or 4 In what way does Jennings create a sense of mystery in *The Enemies*?

The Enemies

Last night they came across the river and
Entered the city. Women were awake
With lights and food. They entertained the band,
Not asking what the men had come to take
Or what strange tongue they spoke
Or why they came so suddenly through the land. 5

Now in the morning all the town is filled
With stories of the swift and dark invasion;
The women say that not one stranger told
A reason for his coming. The intrusion
Was not for destruction:
Peace is apparent still on hearth and field. 10

Yet all the city is a haunted place.
Man meeting man speaks anxiously. Old friends
Close up theandid look upon their faces.
There is no warmth in hands meeting hands
Each ponders 'Better hide myself. If in a
Those strangers have set up their homes in minds
I used to walk in. Better draw the blinds
Even if the strangers haunt in my own house.' 20

(Elizabeth Jennings)

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:

Anniversary

My mother in her feathers of flame

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Able for all that dis ane to think me him.

How does Hughes create moving impressions of his mother in *Anniversary*?

10

Or 6 Explore the way in which Hughes makes *The Thought-Fox* such a powerful poem.

The Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest :

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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:

Ikemefuna came to Umuofia at the end of the dry season between harvest and planting.

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He rose and left the hut.

(from Chapter 4)

In what way does Abene make this moment in the novel memorable?

Or 8 How does Abene encourage you to feel sorry for Nwoye?

ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 9 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Nanda Kaul paused under the pine trees to talk in their silent silence and listen to the cicadas fiddling invisibly under the mesh of pine needles when he saw the postman slowly winding his way along the Upper Mall.

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15

Instead she turned and climbed up the hill, the topmost height of her garden, where the wind was keenest and the view widest.

(from Part 1, Chapter 1)

How does Dea create a memorable first impression of Nanda Kaul in this opening to the novel?

Or 10 Explore how Dea is riskingly opening up Rak's desire to be alone.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 11 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Now, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they could do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me – particularly Biddy), I felt offended: as if they were expressing some misru- 5

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for, our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes I am afraid I took to be but poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects 10 among which I had passed my life.

'Saturday night,' said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-b- 15

'Yes Pip,' observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. 'They'll go on go.'

'Soon, go on go,' said Biddy.

'I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here.'

'Mr and Mrs Hubble might like to see you in your new genteel figure too, Pip,' said Joe, industriously uttering his bread, with his beer on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untasted supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare sizes. 'So might Wopsie. And the d- 25

'That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make a bad business of it – a bad affair and common business – that I wouldn't bear mention of.'

'Ah, that indeed, Pip!' said Joe. 'If you wouldn't abear yours if –'

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, 'Have you thought about when you'll show yours if to Mr Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yours if to us won't you?' 30

'Biddy,' I returned with some resentment, 'you are exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you.'

('She always were quick,' observed Joe.) 35

'If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening – most likely on the evening before I go away.'

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, for ever. It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into musing the same confused division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Havisham's and Biddy and Estella. 40

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come, and bring him a pipe and light it for 50

him. He never smiled so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted something for me read or other.

He presently stood at the door, immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more: so, I drew away from the window, and sat down in my one chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliest I had ever known.

55

Looking towards the open window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe – not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but permeating the air we breathed together. I put my light out, and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

60

(from Chapter 18)

In what way does Dickens memorably depict Pip's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Or 12 How does Dickens make two of the following characters so dislikable?

- Drummle
- Orlik
- Pumblechook

DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 13 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

The gates had shut to with a creak behind us; the dusty high-road was out of sight, and I became aware that this was not the drive I had imagined would be Manderley's: this was not a broad and picturesque thing of grass, flanked with neat turf at either side, kept smooth with rake and brush.

This drive twisted and turned as a serpent, a rare wider in places than a path, and above our heads was a great overhanging of trees whose branches nodded and intermingled with one another, making an archway for us like the roof of a building. Even in the midday sun would not penetrate the interlacing of those green leaves; they were too thickly entwined, one with another, and only little flickering patches of warm light would come in intermittent waves to dapple the drive with gold. It was very silent, very still. On the high-road there had been a gay west wind blowing in my face, making the grass on the hedges dance in unison, but here there was no wind. Even the engine of the car had taken a new note, throbbing low, quieter than before. As the drive descended to the valley the trees came in upon us great beeches with lovely smooth white stems lifting their myriad branches to one another, and other trees trees I could not name, forming a canopy, so close that I could touch them with my hands. On we went, over a little bridge that spanned a narrow stream, and still this drive that was no drive twisted and turned like an enchanted ribbon through the dark and silent woods, penetrating even deeper to the very heart and rely of the forest. If, and still there was no bearing, no place to hold a house.

The length of it began to nag at my nerves; it must be this turn, I thought, or round that further bend; but as I leant forward in my seat I was for ever disappointed, there was no house, no field, no broad and friendly garden, nothing but the silent and deep woods. The lodge gates were a memory, and the high-road something belonging to another time, another world.

Suddenly I saw a bearing in the dark drive ahead, and a path of light, and in a moment the dark trees had thinned, the nameless bushes had disappeared, and on either side of us was a wall of colour, blood-red, reaching far above our heads. We were amongst the rhododendrons. There was something bewildering, even shocking, about the splendour of their display. The woods had not prepared me for them. They startled me with their crimson faces massed one upon the other in incredible profusion, showing no leaf, no twig, nothing but the laughorous red, luscious and fantastic unlike any rhododendron plant I had seen before.

I glanced at Maxim. He was smiling. 'Like them?' he asked.

I told him 'Yes' a little breathlessly, uncertain whether I was speaking the truth or not, for to me a rhododendron was a homely, domestic thing, strictly ornamental, mauve or pink in colour, standing one beside the other in a neat round bed. And these were monsters rearing to the sky, massed like a battalion, too beautiful I thought, too powerful; they were not plants at all.

We were not far from the house now, I saw the drive broaden to the sweep I had expected, and with the blood-red wall still flanking us on either side, we turned the last corner, and saw a meadow to Manderley.

(from Chapter 7)

How does du Maurier make Manderley seem sinister at this moment in the novel?

Or **14** Explore how du Maurier vividly portrays the relationship between Mrs Danvers and Rebecca.

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:

After supper, Atticus sat down with the paper and asked, 'So what, ready to read?'

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I don't know of any landowner around here who begrudges those children any game their father can hit.'

(from Chapter 3)

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

Or 16 How does Lee powerfully portray Atticus during the trial?

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, who had taken a few steps towards the centre of the room, now paused uncertainly and smiled back

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as the tumult grew.

The voice of evil acknowledged

(from Chapter 12)

23

How does Linda y make this a b a disturbing moment in the novel?

Or 18 Explore the way in which Linda y make s Mike a b an admirable b arat er.

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:

I put out my hand and felt the meat-bopper hanging to the wall. In a flash I was after him. I was filled with fear. Before he was halfway across the kitchen I had overtaken him. With one last touch of humanity I turned the blade back and struck him with the butt. He went headlong forward and lay stretched on the ground. I stumbled over him and stood panting. He lay still.

5

Suddenly I heard a noise without, the run and scab of slipping plates, and the triangular aperture in the wall was darkened. I looked up and saw the lower surface of a handling-machine coming slowly across the hole. One of its gripping limbs dropped amid the debris another limb appeared, feeling its way over the fallen beams. I stood petrified, staring. Then I saw through a sort of glass plate near the edge of the body the face, as we may call it, and the large dark eyes of a Martian, peering, and then a long metallic snake of tentacle came feeling slowly through the hole.

10

I turned by an effort, stumbled over the grate, and stopped at the scullery door. The tentacle was now some way, two yards or more, in the room, and twisting and turning, with queer sudden movements this way and that. For a while I stood fascinated by that slow, fitful advance. Then, with a faint, hoarse cry, I forced myself across the scullery. I trembled violently I could arise and upright. I opened the door of the coal-cellar, and stood there in the darkness staring at the faintly lit doorway into the kitchen, and listening. Had the Martian seen me? What was it doing now?

15

Something was moving to and fro there, very quietly every now and then it tapped against the wall, or started on its movements with a faint metallic ringing, like the movement of keys on a split-ring. Then a heavy body – I knew too well what – was dragged across the floor of the kitchen towards the opening. Irresistibly attracted, I crept to the door and peeped into the kitchen. In the triangle of bright outer sunlight I saw the Martian, in its Briareus of a handling-machine, scrutinizing the grate's head. I thought at once that it would infer my presence from the mark of the blow I had given him.

25

I crept back to the coal-cellar, shut the door, and began to over myself. If up as much as I could, and as noiselessly as possible in the darkness among the firewood and coal therein. Every now and then I paused, rigid, to hear if the Martian had thrust its tentacle through the opening again.

35

Then the faint metallic jingle returned. I traced it slowly feeling over the kitchen. Presently I heard it nearer – in the scullery, as I judged. I thought that its length might be insufficient to reach me. I prayed devoutly. It passed, scraping faintly across the cellar door. An age of almost intolerable suspense intervened; then I heard it fumbling at the latch. It had found the door! The Martians underfoot doors.

40

It worried at the latch for a minute, perhaps and then the door opened.

In the darkness I could just see the thing – like an elephant's trunk more than anything else – waving towards me and touching and examining the wall, coals, wood and ceiling. It was like a black worm waving its blind head to and fro.

45

(from Book 2, Chapter 4)

25

How does Wells make this a horrifying moment in the novel?

Or 20 To what extent does Wells suggest hope for the future by the end of the novel?

from *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:

As I came around the building past the tall new evergreens I could hear the boy crying in just that note no other child has and when I came completely around I found him standing looking up into a window with tears on his face.

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Maybe there was a colour other than white on the old ball.

In what way does Ellison make this a disturbing moment in the story?

Or 22 How does Aminatta Forna make *Haywards Heath* a bad story?

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