



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/13

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

October/November 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 8–11

Section B: Prose

text	question numbers	page[s]
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Charles Dickens: <i>Great Expectations</i>	9, 10	pages 14–15
Daphne du Maurier: <i>Rebecca</i>	11, 12	pages 16–17
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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:

On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
 Has crushed thee here between these pages pent;
 But thou has left thine own fair monument,
 Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert:
 Oh! that the memories which survive us here,
 Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
 Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
 Now thou art gone. Our doom is ever near:
 The peril is beside us day by day
 The book will close upon us it may be,
 And as we lift our heads to soar away
 Upon the summer-airs But, unlike thee,
 The closing book may stop our vital breath,
 Yet leave no lure on our page of death.

5

10

(Charles Tennyson Turner)

Explore how Turner uses words and images to striking effect in this poem.

Or 2 In what way does Cheng make *The Planners* a powerful poem?

The Planners

They plan. They build. All places 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
in the grasp of mathematics
They build and will not stop.
Even the sea draws back
and the knees surrender.

5

They erase the flaws
the blemishes of the past, knock off
useless blocks with dental dexterity.
All gaps are plugged
with gleaming gold.
The country wears perfect rows
of shining teeth.
Ancestress, amnesia, hypothesis
They have the means
They have it all so it will not hurt,
so history is new again.
The piling will not stop.
The drilling goes right through
the fossils of last century.

10

15

20

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

25

(Boey Kim Cheng)

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:

Love in a Life

I

Room after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her—
Next time, here! Not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the oub's perfume!
As she brushed it, the ornate-wreath blossomed anew:
You looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

5

II

Yet the day wears
And door shuts door;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter.
Spend my whole day in the quest, who a rest
But 't is twilight, you see, with a bird sits to explore,
Submits to a barb, a bird also to importune!

10

15

(Robert Browning)

In what way does Browning make this a bit of an intriguing poem?

Or 4 Explore the way in which Walcott makes *Nearing Forty* a beautiful 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)

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 Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest :

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How does Hughes make this a beautiful poem?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

10

Or 6 Explore the way in which Hughes creates a powerful atmosphere here in *The Horses*.

The Horses

I climbed through woods in the hour-before-dawn dark

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Hearing the horizons endure.

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:

‘Good evening, Papa, *nno*.’

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He did not allow me the next day, or the day after, to talk about my report and, to decide how I would be punished.

How does Adib vividly convey Kambili's fear at this moment in the novel?

Or **8** In what way does Adib make Amaka a memorable and significant character in the novel?

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:

'Biddy,' said I, after binding her to secrecy, 'I want to be a gentleman.'
'Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!' she returned. 'I don't think it would answer.'

'Biddy,' said I, with some severity, 'I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman.'

5

'You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?'

'Biddy,' I exclaimed, impatiently, 'I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either, since I was bound. Don't be absurd.'

'Was I absurd?' said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows. 'I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable.'

10

'Well then, understand one for all that I never shall or can be comfortable – or anything but miserable – there, Biddy – unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now.'

'That's a pity,' said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

15

Now, I too had often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

20

'If I could have settled down,' I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had one upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and knotted them into the brewery wall: 'if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for you; I couldn't I, Biddy?'

25

30

Biddy sighed as she looked at the lips smiling on, and returned for answer, 'Yes I am not over-particular.' It was really sound flattery, but I knew she meant well.

'Instead of that,' said I, plucking up more grass and bending a blade or two, 'see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and – what would it signify to me, being odd and common, if nobody had told me so!'

35

Biddy turned her face suddenly towards mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the smiling lips.

'It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say,' she remarked, directing her eyes to the lips again. 'Who said it?'

40

I was disappointed, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going. It was not to beuffled off now, however, and I answered, 'The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's and she's more beautiful than anybody else was and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account.' Having made this lunatic confession, I began to throw my torn-up grass into the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

45

15

'Do you want to be a gentleman, to please her or to gain her over?'
 Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

50

'I don't know,' I moodily answered.

'Be assured, if it is to please her,' Biddy pursued, 'I should think – but you know best – that might be better and more independently done by answering nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think – but you know best – she was not worth gaining over.'

55

Exactly what I myself had thought, many times

(from Chapter 17)

How does Dickens memorably portray Pip and Biddy at this moment in the novel?

Or 10 How far does Dickens make it possible for you to feel sympathy for Miss Havisham?

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:

I backed away from her towards the window, my old fear and horror rising up in me again.

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And then we heard
the sound of footsteps running on the terrace beneath us

(from Chapter 18)

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

Or 12 How does du Maurier vividly convey the narrator's feelings about Rebecca?

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:

The fus feels unwarranted as they step into a stark sunlit dining room.

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She feels a
lump form in her throat, tears filming her eyes

(from Chapter 10)

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

Or 14 Explore the way in which Lahiri shows how Gogol tries to distance himself from his past.

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:

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday the nineteenth of March, Appleton College was cold, silent and smelling of roasted mutton and cabbage.

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There was mention of a top-rank
detention being brought out from Scotland Yard at Mr Leopold's expense
and other looming horrors impossible to thrust aside.

(from Chapter 12)

How does Linday make this a memorable moment in the novel?

Or 16 How far does Linday make the ending of the novel a satisfying one for you?

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:

We perished away.

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It was the pens that ran out.

(from Chapter 89)

In what way does Martel make this a particularly powerful moving moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore how Martel vividly depicts the way in which Pi faces difficult challenges

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:

He heard their screams and, hurrying round the corner, saw a couple of men struggling to drag them out of the little pony barn in which they had been driving, while a third with difficulty held the frightened pony's head. One of the ladies – a short woman dressed in white, was simply screaming; the other, a dark slender figure, stared at the man who gripped her arm with a whip she held in her disengaged hand.

5

My brother immediately grasped the situation, shouted, and hurried towards the struggle. One of the men desisted and turned towards him, and my brother, realising from his antagonist's face that a fight was unavoidable, and being an expert boxer, went into him forthwith and sent him down against the wheel of the barn.

10

It was no time for pugilistic banter, and my brother laid him quiet with a kick and gripped the collar of the man who pulled at the slender lady's arm. He heard the clatter of hoofs, the whip swinging across his face, a third antagonist struck him between the eyes and the man he held wrenched him free and made off down the lane in the direction from which he had come.

15

Partly stunned, he found himself facing the man who had held the horse's head, and became aware of the barn rearing from him down the lane, waving from side to side, and with the women in it looking back. The man before him, a burly rough, tried to charge, and he stopped him with a blow in the face. Then, realising that he was deserted, he dodged round and made off down the lane after the barn, with the sturdy man close behind him, and the fugitive, who had turned now, following remotely.

20

Suddenly he stumbled and fell; his immediate pursuer went headlong, and he rose to his feet to find himself with a couple of antagonists again. He would have had little chance against them had not the slender lady very pluckily pulled up and returned to his help. It seems she had had a revolver all this time, but it had been under the seat when she and her companion were attacked. She fired at six yards distance, narrowly missing my brother. The less courageous of the robbers made off, and his companion followed him, raising his cowardly cry. They both stopped in sight down the lane where the third man lay in his place.

25

'Take this,' said the slender lady, and she gave my brother her revolver.

35

'Go back to the barn,' said my brother, wiping the blood from his split lip.

She turned without a word – they were both panting – and they went back to where the lady in white struggled to hold back the frightened pony.

The robbers had evidently had enough of it. When my brother looked again they were retreating.

40

'I'll be here,' said my brother, 'if I may; and he got upon the empty front seat. The lady looked over her shoulder.

'Give me the reins,' she said, and laid the whip along the pony's side. In another moment a bend in the road hid the three men from my brother's eyes

45

So, quite unexpectedly, my brother found him. If, panting, with a
 a t mouth, a bruise d jaw, and blood stained k u e s driving along an
 unk own lane with thes two women.

(from Book 1, Chapter 16)

How does Wells make this a b a dramatic moment in the nove l?

Or **20** In what way does Wells powerfully portray the narrator's growing dep air towards the
 end of the nove l?

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read this passage from *The Furnished Room* (by O Henry), and then answer the question that follows it:

Restless, shifting, fugacious as time itself, is a certain mass bulk of the population of the redbrick district of the lower West Side. Homeless they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished room to furnished room, transients for ever – transients in abode, transients in heart and mind. They are singing 'Home Sweet Home' in ragtime; they carry their *lares et penates* in a bandbox; their ivy is entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

5

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, could have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, no doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these grant ghosts.

10

One evening after dark a young man prowled among the cumbering red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his hat-band and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

15

To the door of this the twelfth house, whose bell he had rung, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, sneaking worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacuum with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

20

'Come in,' said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. 'I have the third floor back vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?'

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have furnished. It seemed to have become degenerate; to have degenerated in that rank, snail-like air to lush libel or pre-reading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was visible under the footlike organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant nibbles in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so, they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

25

'This is the room,' said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. 'It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer – no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney kept it three months. They done a wonderful job. Miss B'retta Sprowls – you may have heard of her – Oh, that was just the stage names – right there over the dressing is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It's a room exactly like this. It never stays idle long.'

30

'Do you have many theatrically people rooming here?' asked the young man.

35

'They come and go. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district. Actors and people need stay long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they come and they go.'

45

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he
 a id, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The
 room had been made ready, he a id, even to towels and water. As the
 housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question
 that he a rried at the end of his tongue. 50

'A young girl – Miss Vasher – Miss Eloise Vasher – do you
 remember a b a one among your lodgers? She would be sitting on the
 stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish
 gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow.' 55

'No, I don't remember the name. These stage people have names they
 change as often as their rooms. They come and they go. No, I don't
 call that one to mind.' 60

No. Always no. Five months of endless interrogation and the
 inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers,
 agents, brokers and brokers by night among the audiences of theatres
 from all-stars down to music halls, so low that he dreaded to find what
 he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He
 was sure that somewhere from home this great water-girt city
 held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quail, lifting its
 particles only, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried
 to-morrow in ooze and slime. 65

In what way does O Henry make this a b an intriguing opening to the story?

Or 22 How does Afolabi strikingly convey Mr Mahmood's feelings about his wife in *Mrs Mahmood*?

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