



## Cambridge IGCSE

Paper 1 - Poetry & Prose (2020 & 2021)

Literature in English (0475) (0992)

**Total marks: 50**

**Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes**

Full name .....

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**SECTION A: POETRY**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Vol 1, Part 3**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 1** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Sonnet 43*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! -  
I love thee to the depth & breadth & height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun & candlelight -  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right, -  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;  
I love thee with the passion, put to use  
In my old griefs, ... and with my childhood's faith:  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost Saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! - and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)*

Explore the ways in which Barrett Browning conveys the intensity of her love in *Sonnet 43*.

- Or 2 How does Angelou use words and images to striking effect in *Caged Bird*?

***Caged Bird* by Maya Angelou can be found on p. 115 of *Songs of Ourselves, Volume 1***

**SONGS OF OURSELVES: from Part 2**

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 3** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*The Poplar-Field*

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade,  
The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,  
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view  
Of my favourite field and the bank where they grew,  
And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat  
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,  
And the scene where his melody charmed me before,  
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;  
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,  
Have a being less durable even than he.

*(William Cowper)*

How does Cowper convey a sense of loss in *The Poplar-Field*?

- Or 4 How does Smith use words and images to striking effect in *Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening*?

*Written Near a Port on a Dark Evening*

Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore,  
Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute,  
Save where is heard the repercussive roar  
Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot  
Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone  
Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell  
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone  
Singing the hour, and bidding "Strike the bell."  
All is black shadow, but the lucid line  
Marked by the light surf on the level sand,  
Of where afar the ship-lights faintly shine  
Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land  
Mislead the Pilgrim - Such the dubious ray  
That wavering Reason lends, in life's long darkling way.

*(Charlotte Smith)*

**Carol Ann Duffy: from *New Selected Poems 1984 – 2004***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 5** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

***War Photographer* by Carol Ann Duffy can be found on p. 24 of *New Selected Poems 1984 – 2004***

How does Duffy convey the impact of conflict on the photographer in *War Photographer*?

Or 6 How does Duffy present romantic love in the poem *Valentine*?

***Valentine* by Carol Ann Duffy can be found on p. 121 of *New Selected Poems 1984 – 2004***

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: *Jane Eyre*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

**Either 7** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The library looked tranquil enough as I entered it, and the Sibyl—if Sibyl she were—was seated snugly enough in an easy-chair at the chimney-corner. She had on a red cloak and a black bonnet: or rather, a broad-brimmed gipsy hat, tied down with a striped handkerchief under her chin. An extinguished candle stood on the table; she was bending over the fire, and seemed reading in a little black book, like a prayer-book, by the light of the blaze: she muttered the words to herself, as most old women do, while she read; she did not desist immediately on my entrance: it appeared she wished to finish a paragraph. 5 10

I stood on the rug and warmed my hands, which were rather cold with sitting at a distance from the drawing-room fire. I felt now as composed as ever I did in my life: there was nothing indeed in the gipsy's appearance to trouble one's calm. She shut her book and slowly looked up; her hat-brim partially shaded her face, yet I could see, as she raised it, that it was a strange one. It looked all brown and black: elf-locks bristled out from beneath a white band which passed under her chin, and came half over her cheeks, or rather jaws: her eye confronted me at once, with a bold and direct gaze. 15 20

"Well, and you want your fortune told?" she said, in a voice as decided as her glance, as harsh as her features. "I don't care about it, mother; you may please yourself: but I ought to warn you, I have no faith." 25

"It's like your impudence to say so: I expected it of you; I heard it in your step as you crossed the threshold."

"Did you? You've a quick ear."

"I have; and a quick eye and a quick brain."

"You need them all in your trade." 30

"I do; especially when I've customers like you to deal with.

Why don't you tremble?"

"I'm not cold."

"Why don't you turn pale?"

"I am not sick."

"Why don't you consult my art?" 35

"I'm not silly."

The old crone "nichered" a laugh under her bonnet and bandage; she then drew out a short black pipe, and lighting it began to smoke. Having indulged a while in this sedative, she raised her bent body, took the pipe from her lips, and while gazing steadily at the fire, said very deliberately—"You are cold; you are sick; and you are silly." 40

"Prove it," I rejoined.

"I will, in few words. You are cold, because you are alone: no contact strikes the fire from you that is in you. You are sick; because the best of feelings, the highest and the sweetest given to man, keeps far away from you. You are silly, because, suffer as you may, you will not beckon it to approach, nor will you stir one step to meet it where it waits you." 50

*[from Chapter 19]*

How does Bronte make this a revealing moment in the novel?

- Or**      **8**      To what extent does Bronte question the morality of Mr Rochester's behaviour in the novel?

**ANITA DESAI: *In Custody***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

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

**The extract is from the Vintage Books edn. Chapter 1, pp. 1-2. Read from “His first feeling on turning around...” to “I must go to my class.”**

How does Desai make this a compelling opening to the novel?

**Or 10** Explore the ways that Desai makes Murad such a memorable character.

**CHARLES DICKENS: *Hard Times******Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.*****Either 11** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

'Father, you have trained me from my cradle?'  
 'Yes, Louisa.'  
 'I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny.'  
 He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating:  
 'Curse the hour? Curse the hour?' 5  
 'How could you give me life, and take from me all the  
 inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious  
 death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the  
 sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father, what  
 have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed 10  
 once, in this great wilderness here!'  
 She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.  
 'If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from  
 the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say  
 this; but, father, you remember the last time we conversed in 15  
 this room?'

He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now,  
 that it was with difficulty he answered, 'Yes, Louisa.'  
 'What has risen to my lips now, would have risen to my lips  
 then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach 20  
 you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have  
 never nurtured in yourself; but O! if you had only done so long  
 ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and  
 much happier creature I should have been this day!'  
 On hearing this, after all his care, he bowed his head upon his 25  
 hand and groaned aloud.

'Father, if you had known, when we were last together here,  
 what even I feared while I strove against it—as it has been my  
 task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting  
 that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there 30  
 lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses  
 capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the  
 calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his  
 arithmetic than his Creator is,—would you have given me to  
 the husband whom I am now sure that I hate?' 35  
 He said, 'No. No, my poor child.'

'Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and  
 blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have  
 robbed me—for no one's enrichment—only for the greater  
 desolation of this world—of the immaterial part of my life, 40  
 the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is

sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?’

45

‘O no, no. No, Louisa.’

*[from Book the Second, Chapter 12]*

How does Dickens make you strongly sympathise with Louisa at this moment in the novel ?

- Or**     **12** Explore the ways that Dickens makes Mrs Sparsit a memorable character.

**ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

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

**The extract is from the Virago Modern Classics edn. Chapter 8, pp. 114-116. Read from “‘Too late?’ he whispered.” to “Janie gave them peace on his breast, then she studied his dead face for a long time.”**

How does Hurston convey to you the significance of this moment for Janie?

**Or 14** Explore the ways in which Hurston vividly conveys the importance of language and speech in the novel.

**JOHN KNOWLES: *A Separate Peace***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

**Either 15** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

**The extract is from the end of Chapter 4. Read from “‘Wait a minute,’ I said more sharply.” to “... every trace of my fear of this forgotten.”**

How does Knowles convey to you the significance of this moment in the novel?

**Or 16** To what extent is *A Separate Peace* a novel about war?

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

**Either 17** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

**The extract is from the Penguin Modern Classics edn. Part III, Chapter 5, pp. 328 - 329. Read from "I have pressed the first lever,' said O'Brien." to "Not me! Julia! Not me!"**

How does Orwell make this such a disturbing moment in the novel?

**Or 18** What does the writer make you feel about the character of O'Brien?

**ALAN PATON: *Cry, the Beloved Country***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

**Either 19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

**The extract is from the end of Book III: Chapter 7. Read from “When he woke again there was a faint change in the East ...” to “And while he stood there the sun rose in the East.”**

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

**Or 20** Explore the ways in which Paton conveys the importance of faith in *Cry, the Beloved Country*.

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.***

**Either 21** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? *I now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh! whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon which now shone vividly through

that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

How does Poe make this such a powerful ending to the story?

- Or**      **22** Does Poe's writing make it possible for you to feel any sympathy for Roderick?

## Mark Scheme

Please refer to the specimen mark scheme provided by Cambridge International Education (CIE), which is available here:

<https://www.cambridgeinternational.org/Images/414779-2020-specimen-mark-scheme-1.pdf>