



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2015

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question for Section A and **one** question for Section B.

All questions in this paper carry equal points.



This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page, and **1** insert.

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

BILLY COLLINS: from *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Advice to Writers

Even if it keeps you up all night,
wash down the walls and scrub the floor
of your study before composing a syllable.

Clean the place as if the Pope were on his way.
Spotlessness is the niece of inspiration.

5

The more you clean, the more brilliant
your writing will be, so do not hesitate to take
to the open fields to scour the undersides
of rocks or swab in the dark forest
upper branches, nests full of eggs.

10

When you find your way back home
and stow the sponges and brushes under the sink,
you will behold in the light of dawn
the immaculate altar of your desk,
a clean surface in the middle of a clean world.

15

From a small vase, sparkling blue, lift
a yellow pencil, the sharpest of the bouquet,
and cover pages with tiny sentences
like long rows of devoted ants
that followed you in from the woods.

20

What do you find striking about the ways in which Collins uses words and images to express his ideas in this poem?

Or 2 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Candle Hat

In most self-portraits it is the face that dominates:
Cézanne is a pair of eyes swimming in brushstrokes,
Van Gogh stares out of a halo of swirling darkness,
Rembrandt looks relieved, as if he were taking a breather
from painting *The Blinding of Samson*. 5

But in this one Goya stands well back from the mirror
and is seen posed in the clutter of his studio
addressing a canvas tilted back on a tall easel.

He appears to be smiling out at us as if he knew
we would be amused by the extraordinary hat on his head 10
which is fitted around the brim with candle holders,
a device that allowed him to work into the night.

You can only wonder what it would be like
to be wearing such a chandelier on your head 15
as if you were a walking dining room or concert hall.

But once you see this hat there is no need to read
any biography of Goya or to memorize his dates.

To understand Goya you only have to imagine him
lighting the candles one by one, then placing 20
the hat on his head, ready for a night of work.

Imagine him surprising his wife with his new invention,
then laughing like a birthday cake when she saw the glow.
Imagine him flickering through the rooms of his house
with all the shadows flying across the walls.

Imagine a lost traveler knocking on his door 25
one dark night in the hill country of Spain.
“Come in,” he would say, “I was just painting myself,”
as he stood in the doorway holding up the wand of a brush,
illuminated in the blaze of his famous candle hat.

How does Collins vividly convey his reactions to looking at Goya’s self-portrait in *Candle Hat*?

from *SONGS OF OURSELVES*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Where Lies the Land?

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

5

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear and scorns to wish it past.

10

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

15

(by Arthur Hugh Clough)

What striking impressions do Clough's words create for you as you read this poem?

Or 4 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

The Man with Night Sweats

I wake up cold, I who

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To hold an avalanche off.

(by Thom Gunn)

How does Gunn strikingly convey the speaker's experience of waking up in the middle of the night?

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A little girl came to the cabin door and stood looking at Atticus.

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Jem also told me
that if I breathed a word to Atticus, if in any way I let Atticus know I knew,
Jem would personally never speak to me again.

[from Chapter 25]

What does Lee's writing make you feel as you read this passage?

Or 6 How does Lee make **two** of the following characters so memorable?

Heck Tate, Mrs. Dubose, Miss Caroline

CARSON McCOLLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It happened that green and crazy summer when Frankie was twelve years old.

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but Frankie knew well what she looked like; she drew up her left shoulder and turned her head aside.

[from Part 1]

How does McCullers make this such an effective opening to the novel in your view?

Or 8 Explore **two** moments in the novel that McCullers makes particularly sad for you.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 9 Read this extract from *The Prison* by Bernard Malamud, and then answer the question that follows it:

He blamed himself for being too soft, too chicken, but then he thought, no there was a better way to do it. He would do it indirectly, slip her a hint he knew, and he was pretty sure that would stop her. Sometime after, he would explain her why it was good she had stopped. So next time he cleaned out this candy platter she helped herself from, thinking she might get wise he was on to her, but she seemed not to, only hesitated with her hand before she took two candy bars from the next plate and dropped them into the black patent leather purse she always had with her. The time after that he cleaned out the whole top shelf, and still she was not suspicious, and reached down to the next and took something different. One Monday he put some loose change, nickels and dimes, on the candy plate, but she left them there, only taking the candy, which bothered him a little. Rosa asked him what he was mooning about so much and why was he eating chocolate lately. He didn't answer her, and she began to look suspiciously at the women who came in, not excluding the little girls; and he would have been glad to rap her in the teeth, but it didn't matter as long as she didn't know what he had on his mind. At the same time he figured he would have to do something sure soon, or it would get harder for the girl to stop her stealing. He had to be strong about it. Then he thought of a plan that satisfied him. He would leave two bars on the plate and put in the wrapper of one a note she could read when she was alone. He tried out on paper many messages to her, and the one that seemed best he cleanly printed on a strip of cardboard and slipped it under the wrapper of one chocolate bar. It said, 'Don't do this any more or you will suffer your whole life.' He puzzled whether to sign it A Friend or Your Friend and finally chose Your Friend.

This was Friday, and he could not hold his impatience for Monday. But on Monday she did not appear. He waited for a long time, until Rosa came down, then he had to go up and the girl still hadn't come. He was greatly disappointed because she had never failed to come before. He lay on the bed, his shoes on, staring at the ceiling. He felt hurt, the sucker she had played him for and was now finished with because she probably had another on her hook. The more he thought about it the worse he felt. He worked up a splitting headache that kept him from sleeping, then he suddenly slept and woke without it. But he had awaked depressed, saddened. He thought about Dom getting out of jail and going away God knows where. He wondered whether he would ever meet up with him somewhere, if he took the fifty-five bucks and left. Then he remembered Dom was a pretty old guy now, and he might not know him if they did meet. He thought about life. You never really got what you wanted. No matter how hard you tried you made mistakes and couldn't get past them. You could never see the sky outside or the ocean because you were in a prison, except nobody called it a prison, and if you did they didn't know what you were talking about, or they said they didn't. A pall settled on him. He lay motionless, without thought or sympathy for himself or anybody.

But when he finally went downstairs, ironically amused that Rosa had allowed him so long a time off without bitching, there were people in the store and he could hear her screeching. Shoving his way through the crowd

<p>he saw in one sickening look that she had caught the girl with the candy bars and was shaking her so hard the kid's head bounced back and forth like a balloon on a stick. With a curse he tore her away from the girl, whose sickly face showed the depth of her fright.</p> <p>‘Whatsamatter,’ he shouted at Rosa, ‘you want her blood?’</p> <p>‘She’s a thief,’ cried Rosa.</p> <p>‘Shut your face.’</p> <p>To stop her yowling he slapped her across her mouth, but it was a harder crack than he had intended. Rosa fell back with a gasp. She did not cry but looked around dazedly at everybody, and tried to smile, and everybody there could see her teeth were flecked with blood.</p> <p>‘Go home,’ Tommy ordered the girl, but then there was a movement near the door and her mother came into the store.</p> <p>‘What happened?’ she said.</p> <p>‘She stole my candy,’ Rosa cried.</p> <p>‘I let her take it,’ said Tommy.</p> <p>Rosa stared at him as if she had been hit again, then with mouth distorted began to sob.</p> <p>‘One was for you, Mother,’ said the girl.</p> <p>Her mother socked her hard across the face. ‘You little thief, this time you’ll get your hands burned good.’</p> <p>She pawed at the girl, grabbed her arm and yanked it. The girl, like a grotesque dancer, half ran, half fell forward, but at the door she managed to turn her white face and thrust out at him her red tongue.</p>	<p>50</p> <p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p> <p>70</p>
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In what ways does Malamud make this such a powerful ending to the story?

- Or** **10** Explore the ways in which the writer vividly conveys what it is like to be old in **either** *Journey* (by Patricia Grace) **or** *The Bath* (by Janet Frame).

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

It was really quite simple. I made the Huangs think it was their idea to get rid of me, that they would be the ones to say the marriage contract was not valid.

I thought about my plan for many days. I observed everyone around me, the thoughts they showed in their faces, and then I was ready. I chose an auspicious day, the third day of the third month. That's the day of the Festival of Pure Brightness. On this day, your thoughts must be clear as you prepare to think about your ancestors. That's the day when everyone goes to the family graves. They bring hoes to clear the weeds and brooms to sweep the stones and they offer dumplings and oranges as spiritual food. Oh, it's not a somber day, more like a picnic, but it has special meaning to someone looking for grandsons.

On the morning of that day, I woke up Tyan-yu and the entire house with my wailing. It took Huang Taitai a long time to come into my room. "What's wrong with her now," she cried from her room. "Go make her be quiet." But finally, after my wailing didn't stop, she rushed into my room, scolding me at the top of her voice.

I was clutching my mouth with one hand and my eyes with another. My body was writhing as if I were seized by a terrible pain. I was quite convincing, because Huang Taitai drew back and grew small like a scared animal.

"What's wrong, little daughter? Tell me quickly," she cried.

"Oh, it's too terrible to think, too terrible to say," I said between gasps and more wailing.

After enough wailing, I said what was so unthinkable. "I had a dream," I reported. "Our ancestors came to me and said they wanted to see our wedding. So Tyan-yu and I held the same ceremony for our ancestors. We saw the matchmaker light the candle and give it to the servant to watch. Our ancestors were so pleased, so pleased ..."

Huang Taitai looked impatient as I began to cry softly again. "But then the servant left the room with our candle and a big wind came and blew the candle out. And our ancestors became very angry. They shouted that the marriage was doomed! They said that Tyan-yu's end of the candle had blown out! Our ancestors said Tyan-yu would die if he stayed in this marriage!"

Tyan-yu's face turned white. But Huang Taitai only frowned. "What a stupid girl to have such bad dreams!" And then she scolded everybody to go back to bed.

"Mother," I called to her in a hoarse whisper, "Please don't leave me! I am afraid! Our ancestors said if the matter is not settled, they would begin the cycle of destruction."

"What is this nonsense!" cried Huang Taitai, turning back toward me. Tyan-yu followed her, wearing his mother's same frowning face. And I knew they were almost caught, two ducks leaning into the pot.

[from *"Feathers from a thousand li away"* – Lido Jong – *The Red Candle*]

How does Tan's writing make you feel about Lindo at this moment in the novel?

- Or** **12** An-mei and Suyuan experienced “unspeakable tragedies” in China. How does Tan make you feel so sorry for **either** An-mei **or** Suyuan?

ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Dear God,

Harpo want to know what to do to make Sofia mind.

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Harpo, Sofia, the two
babies be going off for the weekend, to visit Sofia sister.

How does Walker make you feel about Sofia and Harpo as you read this passage?

- Or** **14** Explore the ways in which Walker makes the relationship between Celie and Shug so memorable.

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