



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)**

**0427/01**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**May/June 2017**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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 marks.



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This document consists of **17** printed pages, **3** blank pages, 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:

*Passengers*

At the gate, I sit in a row of blue seats  
with the possible company of my death,  
this sprawling miscellany of people—  
carry-on bags and paperbacks—

that could be gathered in a flash  
into a band of pilgrims on the last open road.  
Not that I think  
if our plane crumpled into a mountain

5

we would all ascend together,  
holding hands like a ring of sky divers,  
into a sudden gasp of brightness,  
or that there would be some common spot

10

for us to reunite to jubilize the moment,  
some spaceless, pillarless Greece  
where we could, at the count of three,  
toss our ashes into the sunny air.

15

It's just that the way that man has his briefcase  
so carefully arranged,  
the way that girl is cooling her tea,  
and the flow of the comb that woman

20

passes through her daughter's hair ...  
and when you consider the altitude,  
the secret parts of the engines,  
and all the hard water and the deep canyons below ...

well, I just think it would be good if one of us  
maybe stood up and said a few words,  
or, so as not to involve the police,  
at least quietly wrote something down.

25

How does Collins vividly convey his thoughts and feelings while waiting to board the plane?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.**

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

*The Death of the Hat*

Once every man wore a hat.

In the ashen newsreels,  
the avenues of cities  
are broad rivers flowing with hats.

The ballparks swelled  
with thousands of straw hats,  
brims and bands,  
rows of men smoking  
and cheering in shirtsleeves.

5

Hats were the law.  
They went without saying.  
You noticed a man without a hat in a crowd.

10

You bought them from Adams or Dobbs  
who branded your initials in gold  
on the inside band.

15

Trolleys crisscrossed the city.  
Steamships sailed in and out of the harbor.  
Men with hats gathered on the docks.

There was a person to block your hat  
and a hatcheck girl to mind it  
while you had a drink  
or ate a steak with peas and a baked potato.  
In your office stood a hat rack.

20

The day war was declared  
everyone in the street was wearing a hat.  
And they were wearing hats  
when a ship loaded with men sank in the icy sea.

25

My father wore one to work every day  
and returned home  
carrying the evening paper,  
the winter chill radiating from his overcoat.

30

But today we go bareheaded  
into the winter streets,  
stand hatless on frozen platforms.

Today the mailboxes on the roadside  
and the spruce trees behind the house  
wear cold white hats of snow.

35

Mice scurry from the stone walls at night  
in their thin fur hats  
to eat the birdseed that has spilled.

40

5

And now my father, after a life of work,  
wears a hat of earth,  
and on top of that,  
a lighter one of cloud and sky—a hat of wind.

Explore how Collins strikingly recalls his memories of men wearing hats in this poem.

*Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: 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:

*Blessing*

The skin cracks like a pod.  
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,  
the small splash, echo  
in a tin mug,  
the voice of a kindly god.

5

Sometimes, the sudden rush  
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,  
silver crashes to the ground  
and the flow has found  
a roar of tongues. From the huts,  
a congregation: every man woman  
child for streets around  
butts in, with pots,  
brass, copper, aluminium,  
plastic buckets,  
frantic hands,

10

15

and naked children  
screaming in the liquid sun,  
their highlights polished to perfection,  
flashing light,  
as the blessing sings  
over their small bones.

20

(by *Imtiaz Dharker*)

How does Dharker create such striking impressions for you in this poem?

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

*The Spring*

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
 Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost  
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream  
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:  
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth, 5  
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth  
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree  
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.  
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,  
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring: 10  
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array  
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.  
 Now all things smile: only my love doth lower,  
 Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power  
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold 15  
 Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.  
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly  
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie  
 In open fields; and love no more is made  
 By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade. 20  
 Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep  
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep  
 Time with the season: only she doth carry  
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

(by Thomas Carew)

How does Carew vividly portray spring in this poem?

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

**RAY BRADBURY: *Fahrenheit 451***

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

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

He was eating a light supper at nine in the evening when the front door

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who –’

Well, it was all about this woman

*[from ‘The Sieve and the Sand’]*

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

**Or 6** What does Bradbury’s writing make you feel about Captain Beatty?

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven – a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savours of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy – even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach – but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that. 5

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it – I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game. 10 15

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran towards the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sundials and brick walks and burning gardens – finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of french windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch. 20 25

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty, with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body – he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage – a cruel body. 30 35

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked – and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts. 40

'Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final,' he seemed to say, 'just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are.' We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own. 45

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

'I've got a nice place here,' he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of

deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

50

‘It belonged to Demaine, the oil man.’ He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. ‘We’ll go inside.’

[from Chapter 1]

How does Fitzgerald’s writing make this such a revealing introduction to Tom Buchanan?

- Or**      **8**      Explore the ways in which Fitzgerald strikingly portrays the relationship between Jay Gatsby and Daisy Buchanan.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

A big laugh started off in the store but people got to thinking and stopped. It was funny if you looked at it right quick, but it got pitiful if you thought about it awhile. It was like somebody snatched off part of a woman's clothes while she wasn't looking and the streets were crowded. Then too, Janie took the middle of the floor to talk right into Jody's face, and that was something that hadn't been done before. 5

"Stop mixin' up mah doings wid mah looks, Jody. When you git through tellin' me how tuh cut uh plug uh tobacco, then you kin tell me whether mah behind is on straight or not."

"Wha—whut's dat you say, Janie? You must be out yo' head." 10

"Naw, Ah ain't outa mah head neither."

"You must be. Talkin' any such language as dat."

"You de one started talkin' under people's clothes. Not me."

"Whut's de matter wid you, nohow? You ain't no young girl to be gettin' all insulted 'bout yo' looks. You ain't no young courtin' gal. You'se uh ole woman, nearly forty." 15

"Yeah, Ah'm nearly forty and you'se already fifty. How come you can't talk about dat sometimes instead of always pointin' at me?"

"T'ain't no use in gettin' all mad, Janie, 'cause Ah mention you ain't no young gal no mo'. Nobody in heah ain't lookin' for no wife outa yuh. Old as you is." 20

"Naw, Ah ain't no young gal no mo' but den Ah ain't no old woman neither. Ah reckon Ah looks mah age too. But Ah'm uh woman every inch of me, and Ah know it. Dat's uh whole lot more'n *you* kin say. You big-bellies round here and put out a lot of brag, but 'tain't nothin' to it but yo' big voice. Humph! Talkin' 'bout *me* lookin' old! When you pull down yo' britches, you look lak de change uh life." 25

"Great God from Zion!" Sam Watson gasped. "Y'all really playin' de dozens tuhnight."

"Wha—whut's dat you said?" Joe challenged, hoping his ears had fooled him. 30

"You heard her, you ain't blind," Walter taunted.

"Ah rather be shot with tacks than tuh hear dat 'bout mahself," Lige Moss commiserated.

Then Joe Starks realized all the meanings and his vanity bled like a flood. Janie had robbed him of his illusion of irresistible maleness that all men cherish, which was terrible. The thing that Saul's daughter had done to David. But Janie had done worse, she had cast down his empty armor before men and they had laughed, would keep on laughing. When he paraded his possessions hereafter, they would not consider the two together. They'd look with envy at the things and pity the man that owned them. When he sat in judgment it would be the same. Good-for-nothing's like Dave and Lum and Jim wouldn't change place with him. For what can excuse a man in the eyes of other men for lack of strength? Raggedy-behind squirts of sixteen and seventeen would be giving him their merciless pity out of their eyes while their mouths said something humble. There was nothing to do in life anymore. Ambition was useless. And the cruel deceit of Janie! Making all that show of humbleness and scorning him all the time! Laughing at him, 45

and now putting the town up to do the same. Joe Starks didn't know the words for all this, but he knew the feeling. So he struck Janie with all his might and drove her from the store.

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*[from Chapter 7]*

In what ways does Hurston make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

- Or**      **10** How does Hurston make the relationship between Janie and Tea Cake such a moving part of the novel?

SUE MONK KIDD: *The Secret Life of Bees*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

When I came into the kitchen, May was sitting on the floor with her legs straight out and a box of graham crackers in her lap. That would be about right – me and May the only two who couldn't lie peaceful on the bed for five minutes.

'I saw a roach,' she said, reaching into a bag of marshmallows that I hadn't noticed was there. She pulled one out and pinched off little pieces of it. Crazy May. 5

I opened the refrigerator and stood there staring at the contents like I was waiting for the grape-juice bottle to jump in my hand and say, *Here, drink me*. I could not seem to register what May was doing. Sometimes things of magnitude settle over you with excruciating slowness. Say you break your ankle and don't feel it hurting till you've walked another block. 10

I had nearly finished a glass of juice before I let myself look at the little highway of broken graham crackers and marshmallow bits that May was constructing across the floor, how it started at the sink and angled toward the door, thick with golden crumbs and smudges of sticky white. 15

'The roaches will follow this out the door,' May said. 'It works every time.'

I don't know how long I stared at the line on the floor, at May's face turned toward mine, eager for me to say something, but I couldn't think what to say. The room filled with the steady whir of the refrigerator motor. I felt a strange, thick feeling inside. A memory. I stood there waiting, letting it come ... *Your mother was a lunatic when it came to bugs*, T. Ray had said. *She used to make trails of graham cracker crumbs and marshmallows to lure roaches outside*. 20

I looked again at May. *My mother couldn't have learned the roach trick from May*, I thought: *Could she?*

Ever since I'd set foot in the pink house, some part of me had kept believing that my mother had been here. No, not believing it so much as daydreaming it and running it through a maze of wishful thinking. But now that the actual possibility seemed to be right in front of me, it seemed so far-fetched, crazy. *It couldn't be*, I thought again. 25

I walked over and sat down at the table. Shadows from late afternoon pushed into the room. They were peach tinted, fading in and out, and the kitchen was completely silent. Even the refrigerator hum had died away. May had turned back to her work. She seemed oblivious to me sitting there. 30

My mother could have learned it from a book, maybe from her mother. How did I know that households everywhere didn't use this particular roach-ridding method? I stood up and walked over to May. I felt a trembly feeling at the back of my knees. I put my hand on her shoulder. *Okay*, I thought, *here goes*. I said, 'May, did you ever know a Deborah? Deborah Fontanel? A white woman from Virginia? It would have been a long time ago.' 35

There wasn't a trace of cunning in May, and you could depend on her not to overthink her answers. She didn't look up, didn't pause, just said, 'Oh, yes, Deborah Fontanel. She stayed out there in the honey house. She was the sweetest thing.' 40

And there it was. There it all was. 45

For a moment I felt light-headed. I had to reach for the countertop to steady myself. Down on the floor the trail of crumbs and marshmallows looked half alive. 50

I had a million more questions, but May had started humming 'Oh! Susanna.' She set down the box of crackers and got up slowly, starting to sniffle. Something about Deborah Fontanel had set her off.

'I think I'll go out to the wall for a little while,' she said. And that's how she left me, standing in the kitchen, hot and breathless, the world tilted under me. 55

*[from Chapter 9]*

How does Kidd powerfully convey the significance of this moment in the novel?

- Or**      **12** Explore how Kidd's writing vividly portrays Lily's life in Sylvan before she leaves the farm.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13 Read this passage from *The Yellow Wall Paper* (by Charlotte Perkins Gilman), and then answer the question that follows it:

It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity – but that would be asking too much of fate!

5

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

10

John is a physician, and *perhaps* – (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind) – *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

15

You see, he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression – a slight hysterical tendency – what is one to do?

20

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites – whichever it is – and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise, and am absolutely forbidden to 'work' until I am well again.

25

Personally I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal – having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

30

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus – but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges, and walls, and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

35

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden – large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbours and seats under them.

40

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs; anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid; but I don't care – there is something strange about the house – I can feel it.

45



I even said so to John one moonlight evening, but he said what I felt was a *draught*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition. 50

But John says if I feel so I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself – before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the window, and such pretty, old-fashioned chintz hangings! But John would not hear of it. 55

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no near room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and so I feel basely ungrateful not to value it more. 60

Explore the ways in which Gilman makes this such a fascinating introduction to the narrator.

Or 14 How does Hughes make the horse in *The Rain Horse* so disturbing?





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