



Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2019

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 marks.



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

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT FROST: from *The Robert Frost Collection*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

My November Guest

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

And they are better for her praise.

Explore the ways in which Frost conveys his thoughts and feelings in this poem.

3

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

The Wood-Pile

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

How does Frost's writing memorably convey his experiences while walking?

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:

In Praise of Creation

That one bird, one star,
The one flash of the tiger's eye
Purely assert what they are,
Without ceremony testify.

Testify to order, to rule—
How the birds mate at one time only,
How the sky is, for a certain time, full
Of birds, the moon sometimes cut thinly.

5

And the tiger trapped in the cage of his skin,
Watchful over creation, rests
For the blood to pound, the drums to begin,
Till the tigress' shadow casts

10

A darkness over him, a passion, a scent,
The world goes turning, turning, the season
Sieves earth to its one sure element
And the blood beats beyond reason.

15

Then quiet, and birds folding their wings,
The new moon waiting for years to be stared at here,
The season sinks to satisfied things—
Man with his mind ajar.

20

(by Elizabeth Jennings)

How does Jennings use striking words and images in this poem?

5

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

Afternoon with Irish Cows

There were a few dozen who occupied the field

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

above the wall with one wild, shocking eye.

(by Billy Collins)

Explore how Collins makes the cows so interesting for you in this poem.

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JENNIFER DONNELLY: *A Northern Light*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

She raised her head, fixing me with her faded blue eyes. ‘You learning a lot up there? Cooking and ironing and such?’ she asked.

‘A bit.’

‘That’s good. Eileen Hennessey makes a nice piecrust. A good Baltimore cake, too. She’s a methody cook, as I recall. Writes everything down. You should see if she’ll give you some of her recipes.’ She straightened her back. I heard it crack. ‘Well, I reckon that’s that,’ she said, picking up her basin. ‘Royal, take the pods out to the pigs before you come in.’

‘Yup.’

The screen door slammed and we were alone.

‘You’re going back up tomorrow?’ he asked me.

‘Yes. First thing.’

‘You got a day off anytime soon?’

‘I don’t think so. Don’t dare ask for one. Not after being home for a whole week.’

‘Huh.’

There was a minute or two of silence. I stared at Mrs Loomis’s peony bushes. Some of the flowers were already losing their petals. I hadn’t the time or the inclination to look up a word while my family was so sick, and even if I’d had, I’d left my dictionary up at the Glenmore. *Fugacious* was one of the last words I’d found, though. It means falling or fading early, fleeting. The dying peonies reminded me of it.

‘Well, here then,’ Royal suddenly said.

He held out a small square of tissue paper. It was folded over several times. There was something inside of it. I opened it and saw a dull gold ring. It was set with three stones—a chipped opal flanked by two tiny garnets. It must’ve been pretty once.

I looked at him. ‘Royal, do you ... do you love me?’ I asked.

‘Aw, Matt. I bought you a ring, didn’t I?’

I looked at the ring again and thought how we’d lost two cows and would’ve lost more if it hadn’t been for Royal. The surviving animals had been very sick. They’d only just started to give good milk again. Royal had fed them and cared for them for a whole week. He’d looked after the calves, too. He’d driven three of his father’s milkers over to keep them from starving. They’d latched right on, every one except for Baldwin. He wouldn’t take milk from the Loomises’ cows, only from a pail. And he wouldn’t pick his head up. He no longer frisked with the other calves, he just stood by himself in the pasture, day after day. As soon as she was able, Lou went into the pasture after him. She offered him little lumps of maple sugar, but he wouldn’t take them. She scratched behind his ears and rubbed his neck, but he pulled away. She wasn’t what he wanted; he wanted Daisy. But he couldn’t have Daisy, so he finally took what was offered.

Like we all do.

45

'I've got ten dollars of my own saved up, Mattie. And my ma, she's got some put aside, too. She'll help us. And you'll have some savings, too, won't you, by the end of the summer? It'll be enough to make a start, all of it together.'

I stared at the ring hard.

50

'Will you, Mattie?'

I slipped the ring on my finger. It fit.

'I will, Royal,' I said. 'You'd best come home with me now so we can tell my pa.'

[from 'fu.ga.cious']

How does Donnelly make this such a memorable and significant moment in the novel?

Or **6** To what extent does Donnelly's writing make Uncle Fifty a likeable character?

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:

I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the path. I must have felt pretty weird by that time, because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of his pink suit under the moon.

'What are you doing?' I inquired. 5

'Just standing here, old sport.'

Somehow, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew he was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn't have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of 'Wolfshiem's people', behind him in the dark shrubbery. 10

'Did you see any trouble on the road?' he asked after a minute.

'Yes.'

He hesitated.

'Was she killed?'

'Yes.' 15

'I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well.'

He spoke as if Daisy's reaction was the only thing that mattered.

'I got to West Egg by a side road,' he went on, 'and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us, but of course I can't be sure.' 20

I disliked him so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

'Who was the woman?' he inquired.

'Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?' 25

'Well, I tried to swing the wheel –' He broke off, and suddenly I guessed at the truth.

'Was Daisy driving?'

'Yes,' he said after a moment, 'but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive – and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew. Well, first Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock – it must have killed her instantly.' 30

'It ripped her open –'

'Don't tell me, old sport.' He winced. 'Anyhow – Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on.' 40

'She'll be all right tomorrow,' he said presently. 'I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself into her room, and if he tries any brutality she's going to turn the light out and on again.'

'He won't touch her,' I said. 'He's not thinking about her.' 45

'I don't trust him, old sport.'

'How long are you going to wait?'

'All night, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed.'

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that

Daisy had been driving. He might think he saw a connection in it – he might think anything. I looked at the house; there were two or three bright windows downstairs and the pink glow from Daisy’s room on the ground floor.

50

‘You wait here,’ I said. ‘I’ll see if there’s any sign of a commotion.’

[from Chapter 7]

In what ways does Fitzgerald’s writing make this moment in the novel so shocking?

Or **8** What does Fitzgerald’s writing make you feel about Tom Buchanan?

MAYA ANGELOU: *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Another day was over. In the soft dark the cotton truck spilled the pickers out and roared out of the yard with a sound like a giant's fart. The workers stepped around in circles for a few seconds as if they had found themselves unexpectedly in an unfamiliar place. Their minds sagged.

In the Store the men's faces were the most painful to watch, but I seemed to have no choice. When they tried to smile to carry off their tiredness as if it was nothing, the body did nothing to help the mind's attempt at disguise. Their shoulders drooped even as they laughed, and when they put their hands on their hips in a show of jauntiness, the palms slipped the thighs as if the pants were waxed.

'Evening, Sister Henderson. Well, back where we started, huh?'

'Yes, sir, Brother Stewart. Back where you started, bless the Lord.' Momma could not take the smallest achievement for granted. People whose history and future were threatened each day by extinction considered that it was only by divine intervention that they were able to live at all. I find it interesting that the meanest life, the poorest existence, is attributed to God's will, but as human beings become more affluent, as their living standard and style begin to ascend the material scale, God descends the scale of responsibility at a commensurate speed.

'That's just who get the credit. Yes, ma'am. The blessed Lord.' Their overalls and shirts seemed to be torn on purpose and the cotton lint and dust in their hair gave them the appearance of people who had turned gray in the past few hours.

The women's feet had swollen to fill the discarded men's shoes they wore, and they washed their arms at the well to dislodge dirt and splinters that had accrued to them as part of the day's pickings.

I thought them all hateful to have allowed themselves to be worked like oxen, and even more shameful to try to pretend that things were not as bad as they were. When they leaned too hard on the partly glass candy counter, I wanted to tell them shortly to stand up and 'assume the posture of a man,' but Momma would have beaten me if I'd opened my mouth. She ignored the creaks of the counter under their weight and moved around filling their orders and keeping up a conversation. 'Going to put your dinner on, Sister Williams?' Bailey and I helped Momma, while Uncle Willie sat on the porch and heard the day's account.

'Praise the Lord, no, ma'am. Got enough left over from last night to do us. We going home and get cleaned up to go to the revival meeting.'

Go to church in that cloud of weariness? Not go home and lay those tortured bones in a feather bed? The idea came to me that my people may be a race of masochists and that not only was it our fate to live the poorest, roughest life but that we liked it like that.

'I know what you mean, Sister Williams. Got to feed the soul just like you feed the body. I'm taking the children, too, the Lord willing. Good Book say, 'Raise a child in the way he should go and he will not depart from it.'

'That's what it say. Sure is what it say.'

[from Chapter 18]

How does Angelou create such striking impressions of the cotton pickers here?

Or 10 What does Angelou's writing make you feel about Uncle Willie?

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:

The knock on the door came at 2:00 p.m. I was sitting in the parlor writing in the new notebook Zach had left at my door, setting down everything that had happened to me since Mary Day. Words streamed out of me so fast I couldn't keep up with them, and that's all I was thinking about. I didn't pay attention to the knock. Later I would remember it didn't sound like an ordinary knock. More like a fist pounding. 5

I kept writing, waiting for August to answer it. I was sure it was the man from Goose Creek with the new queen bee.

The pounding came again. June had gone off with Neil. Rosaleen was in the honey house washing a new shipment of mason jars, a job that belonged to me, but she'd volunteered for it, seeing how badly I needed to write everything out. I didn't know where August was. Probably in the honey house, helping Rosaleen. 10

I look back and wonder: how did I not guess who was there?

The third time the knocking came, I got up and opened the door. 15

T. Ray stared at me, clean-shaven, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with chest hair curling through the neck opening. He was smiling. Not a smile of sweet adoring, I hasten to say, but the fat grin of a man who has been rabbit hunting all day long and has just now found his prey backed up in a hollow log with no way out. He said, 'Well, well, well. Look who's here.' 20

I had a sudden, terror-stricken thought he might that second drag me out to his truck and hightail it straight back to the peach farm, where I would never be heard from again. I stepped backward into the hallway, and with a forced politeness that surprised me and seemed to throw him off stride, I said, 'Won't you come in?' 25

What else was I going to do? I turned and forced myself to walk calmly into the parlor.

His boots clomped after me. 'All right, goddamnit,' he said, speaking to the back of my head. 'If you want to pretend I'm making a social visit, we'll pretend, but this ain't a social visit, you hear me? I spent half my summer looking for you, and I'm gonna take you out of here nice and quiet or kicking and screaming – don't matter which to me.' 30

I motioned to a rocking chair. 'Have a seat if you want to.'

I was trying to look ho-hum, when inside I was close to full-blown panic. *Where was August?* My breath had turned into short, shallow puffs, a dog pant. 35

He flopped into the rocker and pushed back and forth, that got-you-now grin glued on his face. 'So you've been here the whole time, staying with colored women. *Jesus Christ.*'

Without realizing it, I'd backed over to the statue of Our Lady. I stood, immobilized, while he looked her over. 'What the hell is that?' 40

'A statue of Mary,' I said. 'You know, Jesus' mother.' My voice sounded skittish in my throat. Inside, I was racking my brain for something to do.

'Well, it looks like something from the junkyard,' he said.

'How did you find me?' 45

Sliding up on the edge of the cane seat, he dug in his pants pocket until he brought up his knife, the one he used to clean his nails with. 'It was *you* who led me here,' he said, puffed up and pleased as punch to share the news.

‘I did no such thing.’

50

He tugged the blade out of the knife bed, pushed the point into the arm of the rocker, and carved out little chunks of wood, taking his sweet time to explain. ‘Oh, you led me here, all right. Yesterday the phone bill came, and guess what I found on there? One collect call from a lawyer’s office in Tiburon. Mr Clayton Forrest. Big mistake, Lily, calling me collect.’

55

‘You went to Mr Clayton’s and he told you where I was?’

‘No, but he has an old-lady secretary who was more than happy to fill me in. She said I would find you right here.’

[from Chapter 14]

How does Kidd make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Kidd vividly portrays May in the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13** Read this passage from *The Destroyers* (by Graham Greene), and then answer the question that follows it:

The gang had gathered round: it was as though an impromptu court were about to form and to try some case of deviation. T. said, 'It's a beautiful house,' and still watching the ground, meeting no one's eyes, he licked his lips first one way, then the other.

'What do you mean, a beautiful house?' Blackie asked with scorn. 5

'It's got a staircase two hundred years old like a corkscrew. Nothing holds it up.'

'What do you mean, nothing holds it up. Does it float?'

'It's to do with opposite forces, Old Misery said.'

'What else?' 10

'There's panelling.'

'Like in the Blue Boar?'

'Two hundred years old.'

'Is Old Misery two hundred years old?'

Mike laughed suddenly and then was quiet again. The meeting was in a serious mood. For the first time since T. had strolled into the car-park on the first day of the holidays his position was in danger. It only needed a single use of his real name and the gang would be at his heels. 15

'What did you do it for?' Blackie asked. He was just, he had no jealousy, he was anxious to retain T. in the gang if he could. It was the word 'beautiful' that worried him – that belonged to a class world that you could still see parodied at the Wormsley Common Empire by a man wearing a top hat and a monocle, with a haw-haw accent. He was tempted to say, 'My dear Trevor, old chap,' and unleash his hell hounds. 'If you'd broken in,' he said sadly – that indeed would have been an exploit worthy of the gang. 20

'This was better,' T. said, 'I found out things.' He continued to stare at his feet, not meeting anybody's eye, as though he were absorbed in some dream he was unwilling – or ashamed – to share. 25

'What things?' 30

'Old Misery's going to be away all tomorrow and Bank Holiday.'

Blackie said with relief, 'You mean we could break in?'

'And pinch things?' somebody asked.

Blackie said, 'Nobody's going to pinch things. Breaking in – that's good enough, isn't it? We don't want any court stuff.' 35

'I don't want to pinch anything,' T. said. 'I've got a better idea.'

'What is it?'

T. raised eyes, as grey and disturbed as the drab August day. 'We'll pull it down,' he said. 'We'll destroy it.' 40

Blackie gave a single hoot of laughter and then, like Mike, fell quiet, daunted by the serious implacable gaze. 'What'd the police be doing all the time?' he said.

'They'd never know. We'd do it from inside. I've found a way in.' He said with a sort of intensity, 'We'd be like worms, don't you see, in an apple. When we came out again there'd be nothing there, no staircase, no panels, nothing but just walls, and then we'd make the walls fall down – somehow.' 45

'We'd go to jug,' Blackie said.

<p>‘Who’s to prove? And anyway we wouldn’t have pinched anything.’ He added without the smallest flicker of glee, ‘There wouldn’t be anything to pinch after we’d finished.’</p>	50
<p>‘I’ve never heard of going to prison for breaking things,’ Summers said.</p>	
<p>‘There wouldn’t be time,’ Blackie said. ‘I’ve seen housebreakers at work.’</p>	55
<p>‘There are twelve of us,’ T. said. ‘We’d organise.’ ‘None of us know how’— ‘I know,’ T. said. He looked across at Blackie. ‘Have you got a better plan?’</p>	
<p>‘Today,’ Mike said tactlessly, ‘we’re pinching free rides’— ‘Free rides,’ T. said. ‘You can stand down, Blackie, if you’d rather ...’ ‘The gang’s got to vote.’ ‘Put it up then.’</p>	60
<p>Blackie said uneasily, ‘It’s proposed that tomorrow, and Monday we destroy Old Misery’s house.’</p>	65
<p>‘Here, here,’ said a fat boy called Joe. ‘Who’s in favour?’ T. said, ‘It’s carried.’ ‘How do we start?’ Summers asked. ‘He’ll tell you,’ Blackie said. It was the end of his leadership.</p>	70

In what ways does Greene’s writing make this such a shocking moment in the story?

- Or** **14** How does Gilman’s writing vividly convey the narrator’s worsening state of mind in *The Yellow Wall Paper*?

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which itself is a department of the University of Cambridge.