



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)**

**0427/01**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2016**

**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 points.



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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:

*Fishing on the Susquehanna in July*

I have never been fishing on the Susquehanna  
or on any river for that matter  
to be perfectly honest.

Not in July or any month  
have I had the pleasure—if it is a pleasure—  
of fishing on the Susquehanna.

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I am more likely to be found  
in a quiet room like this one—  
a painting of a woman on the wall,

a bowl of tangerines on the table—  
trying to manufacture the sensation  
of fishing on the Susquehanna.

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There is little doubt  
that others have been fishing  
on the Susquehanna,

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rowing upstream in a wooden boat,  
sliding the oars under the water  
then raising them to drip in the light.

But the nearest I have ever come to  
fishing on the Susquehanna  
was one afternoon in a museum in Philadelphia

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when I balanced a little egg of time  
in front of a painting  
in which that river curled around a bend

under a blue cloud-ruffled sky,  
dense trees along the banks,  
and a fellow with a red bandanna

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sitting in a small, green  
flat-bottom boat  
holding the thin whip of a pole.

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## 3

That is something I am unlikely  
ever to do, I remember  
saying to myself and the person next to me.

Then I blinked and moved on  
to other American scenes  
of haystacks, water whitening over rocks,

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even one of a brown hare  
who seemed so wired with alertness  
I imagined him springing right out of the frame.

How does Collins vividly convey the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in this poem?

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

*Insomnia*

After counting all the sheep in the world  
I enumerate the wildebeests, snails,  
camels, skylarks, etc.,

then I add up all the zoos and aquariums,  
country by country.

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By early light I am asleep  
in a nightmare about drowning in the Flood,  
yelling across the rising water  
at preoccupied Noah as his wondrous  
ark sails by and begins to grow smaller.

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Now a silhouette on the horizon,  
the only boat on earth is disappearing.

As I rise and fall on the rocking waves,  
I concentrate on the giraffe couple,  
their necks craning over the roof,  
to keep my life from flashing before me.

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After all the animals wink out of sight  
I float on my back, eyes closed.  
I picture all the fish in creation  
leaping a fence in a field of water,  
one colorful species after another.

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Explore how Collins uses words and images to make the experience of insomnia so striking.

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:

*Any Soul to Any Body*

So we must part, my body, you and I  
     Who've spent so many pleasant years together.  
 'Tis sorry work to lose your company  
     Who clove to me so close, whate'er the weather,  
 From winter unto winter, wet or dry; 5  
     But you have reached the limit of your tether,  
 And I must journey on my way alone,  
 And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad 10  
     (Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),  
 And think me very wicked to be sad  
     At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence  
 To get quite free I should be very glad.  
     Perhaps I may be so, some few days hence,  
 But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend 15  
 A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,  
     And I look back upon its history;  
 I greatly fear I have not always treated 20  
     You with the honesty you showed to me.  
 And I must own that you have oft defeated  
     Unworthy schemes by your sincerity,  
 And by a blush or stammering tongue have tried  
 To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true you're not so handsome as you were, 25  
     But that's not your fault and is partly mine.  
 You might have lasted longer with more care,  
     And still looked something like your first design;  
 And even now, with all your wear and tear,  
     'Tis pitiful to think I must resign 30  
 You to the friendless grave, the patient prey  
 Of all the hungry legions of Decay.

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But you must stay, dear body, and I go.  
 And I was once so very proud of you:  
 You made my mother's eyes to overflow 35  
 When first she saw you, wonderful and new.  
 And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find  
 A slave more willing or a friend more true.  
 Ay – even they who say the worst about you  
 Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you. 40

(by *Cosmo Monkhouse*)

Explore how Monkhouse makes the words spoken by the Soul to the Body so striking in this poem.

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

*Ozymandias*

I met a traveller from an antique land  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert ... Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

(by *Percy Bysshe Shelley*)

How does Shelley powerfully convey to you thoughts about the passage of time in *Ozymandias*?

## 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 extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Beatty got up. 'I must be going. Lecture's over. I hope I've clarified things. The important thing for you to remember, Montag, is we're the Happiness Boys, the Dixie Duo, you and I and the others. We stand against the small tide of those who want to make everyone unhappy with conflicting theory and thought. We have our fingers in the dyke. Hold steady. Don't let the torrent of melancholy and drear philosophy drown our world. We depend on you. I don't think you realize how important *you* are, to our happy world as it stands now.'

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Beatty shook Montag's limp hand. Montag still sat, as if the house were collapsing about him and he could not move, in the bed. Mildred had vanished from the door.

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'One last thing,' said Beatty. 'At least once in his career, every fireman gets an itch. What do the books *say*, he wonders. Oh, to *scratch* that itch, eh? Well, Montag, take my word for it, I've had to read a few in my time, to know what I was about, and the books say *nothing!* Nothing you can teach or believe. They're about non-existent people, figments of imagination, if they're fiction. And if they're non-fiction, it's worse, one professor calling another an idiot, one philosopher screaming down another's gullet. All of them running about, putting out the stars and extinguishing the sun. You come away lost.'

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'Well, then, what if a fireman accidentally, really not intending anything, takes a book home with him?'

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Montag twitched. The open door looked at him with its great vacant eye.

'A natural error. Curiosity alone,' said Beatty. 'We don't get over-anxious or mad. We let the fireman keep the book twenty-four hours. If he hasn't burned it by then, we simply come and burn it for him.'

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'Of course.' Montag's mouth was dry.

'Well, Montag. Will you take another, later shift, today? Will we see you tonight perhaps?'

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'I don't know,' said Montag.

'What?' Beatty looked faintly surprised.

Montag shut his eyes. 'I'll be in later. Maybe.'

'We'd certainly miss you if you didn't show,' said Beatty, putting his pipe in his pocket thoughtfully.

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I'll never come in again, thought Montag.

'Get well and keep well,' said Beatty.

He turned and went out through the open door.

Montag watched through the window as Beatty drove away in his gleaming yellow-flame-coloured beetle with the black, char-coloured tyres.

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Across the street and down the way the other houses stood with their flat fronts. What was it Clarisse had said one afternoon? 'No front porches. My uncle says there used to be front porches. And people sat there sometimes

at night, talking when they wanted to talk, rocking, and not talking when they didn't want to talk. Sometimes they just sat there and thought about things, turned things over. My uncle says the architects got rid of the front porches because they didn't look well. But my uncle says that was merely rationalizing it; the real reason, hidden underneath, might be they didn't want people sitting like that, doing nothing, rocking, talking; that was the wrong *kind* of social life. People talked too much. And they had time to think. So they ran off with the porches. And the gardens, too. Not many gardens any more to sit around in. And look at the furniture. No rocking-chairs any more. They're too comfortable. Get people up and running around. My uncle says ... and ... my uncle ... and ... my uncle ...' Her voice faded.

[from Part One, "The Hearth and the Salamander"]

How does Bradbury make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel?

**Or**      **6**      Explore how Bradbury makes Faber such a memorable character in the novel.

**ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*****Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 7** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Everybody was walking the fill. Hurrying, dragging, falling, crying, calling out names hopefully and hopelessly. Wind and rain beating on old folks and beating on babies. Tea Cake stumbled once or twice in his weariness and Janie held him up. So they reached the bridge at Six Mile Bend and thought to rest.

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But it was crowded. White people had preempted that point of elevation and there was no more room. They could climb up one of its high sides and down the other, that was all. Miles further on, still no rest.

They passed a dead man in a sitting position on a hummock, entirely surrounded by wild animals and snakes. Common danger made common friends. Nothing sought a conquest over the other.

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Another man clung to a cypress tree on a tiny island. A tin roof of a building hung from the branches by electric wires and the wind swung it back and forth like a mighty ax. The man dared not move a step to his right lest this crushing blade split him open. He dared not step left for a large rattlesnake was stretched full length with his head in the wind. There was a strip of water between the island and the fill, and the man clung to the tree and cried for help.

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“De snake won’t bite yuh,” Tea Cake yelled to him. “He skeered tuh go intuh uh coil. Skeered he’ll be blowed away. Step round dat side and swim off!”

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Soon after that Tea Cake felt he couldn’t walk anymore. Not right away. So he stretched long side of the road to rest. Janie spread herself between him and the wind and he closed his eyes and let the tiredness seep out of his limbs. On each side of the fill was a great expanse of water like lakes—water full of things living and dead. Things that didn’t belong in water. As far as the eye could reach, water and wind playing upon it in fury. A large piece of tar-paper roofing sailed through the air and scudded along the fill until it hung against a tree. Janie saw it with joy. That was the very thing to cover Tea Cake with. She could lean against it and hold it down. The wind wasn’t quite so bad as it was anyway. The very thing. Poor Tea Cake!

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She crept on hands and knees to the piece of roofing and caught hold of it by either side. Immediately the wind lifted both of them and she saw herself sailing off the fill to the right, out and out over the lashing water. She screamed terribly and released the roofing which sailed away as she plunged downward into the water.

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“Tea Cake!” He heard her and sprang up. Janie was trying to swim but fighting water too hard. He saw a cow swimming slowly towards the fill in an oblique line. A massive built dog was sitting on her shoulders and shivering and growling. The cow was approaching Janie. A few strokes would bring her there.

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“Make it tuh de cow and grab hold of her tail! Don’t use yo’ feet. Jus’ yo’ hands is enough. Dat’s right, come on!”

Janie achieved the tail of the cow and lifted her head up along the cow’s rump, as far as she could above water. The cow sunk a little with the added load and thrashed a moment in terror. Thought she was being pulled down by a gator. Then she continued on. The dog stood up and growled like a lion, stiff-standing hackles, stiff muscles, teeth uncovered as he lashed up his fury for the charge. Tea Cake split the water like an otter, opening his knife

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as he dived. The dog raced down the backbone of the cow to the attack and Janie screamed and slipped far back on the tail of the cow, just out of reach of the dog's angry jaws. He wanted to plunge in after her but dreaded the water, somehow. Tea Cake rose out of the water at the cow's rump and seized the dog by the neck. But he was a powerful dog and Tea Cake was over-tired. So he didn't kill the dog with one stroke as he had intended. But the dog couldn't free himself either. They fought and somehow he managed to bite Tea Cake high up on his cheek-bone once. Then Tea Cake finished him and sent him to the bottom to stay there. The cow relieved of a great weight was landing on the fill with Janie before Tea Cake stroked in and crawled weakly upon the fill again.

[from Chapter 18]

How does Hurston make this moment so dramatic?

- Or**      **8**      Explore the ways in which Hurston vividly conveys how trapped Janie feels in her marriage to Joe Starks.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

That was the summer Dill came to us.

Early one morning as we were beginning our day's play in the back yard, Jem and I heard something next door in Miss Rachel Haverford's collard patch. We went to the wire fence to see if there was a puppy – Miss Rachel's rat terrier was expecting – instead we found someone sitting looking at us. Sitting down, he wasn't much higher than the collards. We stared at him until he spoke:

'Hey.'

'Hey yourself,' said Jem pleasantly.

'I'm Charles Baker Harris,' he said. 'I can read.'

'So what?' I said.

'I just thought you'd like to know I can read. You got anything needs readin' I can do it ...'

'How old are you,' asked Jem, 'four-and-a-half?'

'Goin' on seven.'

'Shoot no wonder, then,' said Jem, jerking his thumb at me. 'Scout yonder's been readin' ever since she was born, and she ain't even started to school yet. You look right puny for goin' on seven.'

'I'm little but I'm old,' he said.

Jem brushed his hair back to get a better look. 'Why don't you come over, Charles Baker Harris?' he said. 'Lord, what a name.'

's not any funnier'n yours. Aunt Rachel says your name's Jeremy Atticus Finch.'

Jem scowled. 'I'm big enough to fit mine,' he said. 'Your name's longer'n you are. Bet it's a foot longer.'

'Folks call me Dill,' said Dill, struggling under the fence.

'Do better if you go over it instead of under it,' I said. 'Where'd you come from?'

Dill was from Meridian, Mississippi, was spending the summer with his aunt, Miss Rachel, and would be spending every summer in Maycomb from now on. His family was from Maycomb County originally, his mother worked for a photographer in Meridian, had entered his picture in a Beautiful Child contest and won five dollars. She gave the money to Dill, who went to the picture show twenty times on it.

'Don't have any picture shows here, except Jesus ones in the court-house sometimes,' said Jem. 'Ever see anything good?'

Dill had seen *Dracula*, a revelation that moved Jem to eye him with the beginning of respect. 'Tell it to us,' he said.

Dill was a curiosity. He wore blue linen shorts that buttoned to his shirt, his hair was snow white and stuck to his head like duck-fluff; he was a year my senior but I towered over him. As he told us the old tale his blue eyes would lighten and darken; his laugh was sudden and happy; he habitually pulled at a cowlick in the centre of his forehead.

When Dill reduced *Dracula* to dust, and Jem said the show sounded better than the book, I asked Dill where his father was: 'You ain't said anything about him.'

'I haven't got one.'

'Is he dead?'

'No ...'

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‘Then if he’s not dead you’ve got one, haven’t you?’

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Dill blushed and Jem told me to hush, a sure sign that Dill had been studied and found acceptable. Thereafter the summer passed in routine contentment. Routine contentment was: improving our treehouse that rested between giant twin chinaberry trees in the back yard, fussing, running through our list of dramas based on the works of Oliver Optic, Victor Appleton, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. In this matter we were lucky to have Dill. He played the character parts formerly thrust upon me – the ape in *Tarzan*, Mr Crabtree in *The Rover Boys*, Mr Damon in *Tom Swift*. Thus we came to know Dill as a pocket Merlin, whose head teemed with eccentric plans, strange longings, and quaint fancies.

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But by the end of August our repertoire was vapid from countless reproductions, and it was then that Dill gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.

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The Radley Place fascinated Dill. In spite of our warnings and explanations it drew him as the moon draws water, but drew him no nearer than the light-pole on the corner, a safe distance from the Radley gate. There he would stand, his arm around the fat pole, staring and wondering.

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[from Chapter 1]

In what ways does Lee make this such an entertaining introduction to Dill?

Or 10 What does Lee’s writing make you feel about the way Atticus raises his children?

**CARSON McCOLLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*****Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 11** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘What do you want to do?’ asked Frankie. ‘Would you like for me to read to you out of Hans Brinker or would you rather do something else?’

‘I rather do something else,’ he said.

‘What?’

‘Less play out.’

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‘I don’t want to,’ Frankie said.

‘There’s a big crowd going to play out tonight.’

‘You got ears,’ Frankie said. ‘You heard me.’

John Henry stood with his big knees locked, then finally he said: ‘I think I better go home.’

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‘Why, you haven’t spent the night! You can’t eat supper and just go on off like that.’

‘I know it,’ he said quietly. Along with the radio they could hear the voices of the children playing in the night. ‘But less go out, Frankie. They sound like they having a mighty good time.’

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‘No they’re not,’ she said. ‘Just a lot of ugly silly children. Running and hollering and running and hollering. Nothing to it. We’ll go upstairs and unpack your weekend bag.’

Frankie’s room was an elevated sleeping porch which had been built on to the house, with a stairway leading up from the kitchen. The room was furnished with an iron bed, a bureau, and a desk. Also Frankie had a motor which could be turned on and off; the motor could sharpen knives, and, if they were long enough, it could be used for filing down your finger-nails. Against the wall was the suitcase packed and ready for the trip to Winter Hill. On the desk there was a very old typewriter, and Frankie sat down before it, trying to think of any letters she could write: but there was nobody for her to write to, as every possible letter had already been answered, and answered even several times. So she covered the typewriter with a raincoat and pushed it aside.

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‘Honestly,’ John Henry said, ‘don’t you think I better go home?’

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‘No,’ she answered, without looking around at him. ‘You sit there in the corner and play with the motor.’

Before Frankie there were now two objects – a lavender seashell and a glass globe with snow inside that could be shaken into a snowstorm. When she held the seashell to her ear, she could hear the warm wash of the Gulf of Mexico, and think of a green palm island far away. And she could hold the snow globe to her narrowed eyes and watch the whirling white flakes fall until they blinded her. She dreamed of Alaska. She walked up a cold white hill and looked on a snowy wasteland far below. She watched the sun make colours in the ice, and heard dream voices, saw dream things. And everywhere there was the cold white gentle snow.

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‘Look,’ John Henry said, and he was staring out of the window. ‘I think those big girls are having a party in their clubhouse.’

‘Hush!’ Frankie screamed suddenly. ‘Don’t mention those crooks to me.’

There was in the neighbourhood a clubhouse, and Frankie was not a member. The members of the club were girls who were thirteen and fourteen and even fifteen years old. They had parties with boys on Saturday night. Frankie knew all of the club members, and until this summer she had been like a younger member of their crowd, but now they had this club and

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she was not a member. They had said she was too young and mean. On Saturday night she could hear the terrible music and see from far away their light. Sometimes she went around to the alley behind the clubhouse and stood near a honeysuckle fence. She stood in the alley and watched and listened. They were very long, those parties. 50

‘Maybe they will change their mind and invite you,’ John Henry said. 55  
‘The son-of-a-bitches.’

Frankie sniffled and wiped her nose in the crook of her arm. She sat down on the edge of the bed, her shoulders slumped and her elbows resting on her knees. ‘I think they have been spreading it all over town that I smell bad,’ she said. ‘When I had those boils and that black bitter smelling ointment, old Helen Fletcher asked what was that funny smell I had. Oh, I could shoot every one of them with a pistol.’ 60

She heard John Henry walking up to the bed, and then she felt his hand patting her neck with tiny little pats. ‘I don’t think you smell so bad,’ he said. ‘You smell sweet.’ 65

[from Part One]

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

- Or 12 Explore the ways in which McCullers vividly portrays the relationship between Frankie and Berenice.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Either 13** Read this extract from *The Stoa* (by John McGahern), and then answer the question that follows it:

They had been at Strandhill a week now, the boy golfing or studying, the father spending much of his time with Miss McCabe. Sometimes the son would see them arm in arm on the promenade from the tees close to the shore. The sight disturbed him, as if their defence was too brittle against the only end of life, and made it too disturbingly obvious, and he would try to shut it out with the golf ball. 5

'Will you be seeing Miss McCabe?' the boy asked as he put the coffee and sandwiches on the table.

'I might drop into the hotel. She's going to the salt baths.'

There was a hot salt bath close to where the old cannon pointed out on the ocean, asbestos covered, the yellow funnel of a ship for chimney from which plumes of steam puffed. She went every afternoon for the hot baths and a massage. She had rheumatism. 10

'And you? What do you intend? Are you studying?'

'No, I'll get in a round, and come back early to cook that rabbit. But ask Miss McCabe. It's just a folly on my part to want to cook it, and I don't mind at all if you'd both prefer to eat as usual at the Kincora.' 15

They left the cottage together after lunch, the father with a walking stick, the son with the golf clubs, and parted at the lane that led to the clubhouse.

As he went round the course he climbed in that instinct that draws people to places that have witnessed murder or violence to where he had heard the crying that morning, but the blood had dried from the sand, and the place was uncannily still, the coarse tussocks rustling in the sea wind, the strand covered with the full tide, and a white sailing boat tacking up the inlet from Ballisadare to the mouth of the ocean. 20

He skinned and dressed the rabbit that evening, clinically teasing out the dried blood where the vein had been cut, and Miss McCabe came at eight. The father was plainly uneasy until she exclaimed that the rabbit was delicious. 25

'I never knew rabbit could be so good,' he added. 'I suppose it's just prejudice again. It was always known as the poor man's chicken.' 30

'We must praise the cook too. As well as a future doctor we have also a good cook on our hands,' Miss McCabe was so much in her element that she was careless. 'It's much nicer to eat here than at the Kincora. Luke seems to have very good trout as well. Some of them look as fat as butter. You must allow me to cook them for dinner some evening soon. It's crazy not to have fish when at the ocean.' 35

'Miss McCabe likes you enormously,' the father sang after he had returned from leaving her back to the hotel. 'She has savings, and she says you'll be welcome to them if you ever need money for post-graduate work or anything like that.' 40

'That won't be necessary. My uncle said I can have as much as I need on loan for those purposes,' the son said cuttingly, and the reference to the uncle annoyed the father as much as Miss McCabe's offer had the son. Irrationally, he felt soiled by meal and rabbit and whole evening, as if he had taken part in some buffoonery against the day, against any sense of dignity, and he was determining how to avoid the trout dinner and anything more got to do with them. 45

As it turned out there was no need for avoidance. A uniformed bellhop came from the hotel the next evening to tell that Miss McCabe had suffered a heart attack in the salt baths that afternoon. The doctor had seen her and she was resting in her hotel room. She wished to see the father.	50
'Will you come?' the father asked.	
'It's you she wants to see.'	
When he got back from the hotel he was incredibly agitated. He could not sit still.	55
'She's all right,' he said. 'She just had a mild heart attack in the hot baths, but she still thinks we'll get engaged at the end of the month.'	
'But I thought that was the general idea.'	
'It was. If everything went well. Who wants to marry a woman who can pop off at any minute?'	60
It sometimes happened, even in the act, the son had heard, but he said nothing.	
'Isn't it enough to have buried one woman?' the father shouted.	
'Did you tell her?'	65
'I tried. I wasn't able. All she thinks of is our future. Her head is full of plans.'	
'What are you going to do?'	
'Clear out,' he said, to the son's dismay.	
'You can't do that.'	70
'It's the only way to do it. I'll write to her.'	
'What ... if she doesn't take it?'	
'There's nothing I can do about that.'	
As if all the irons were being suddenly all truly struck and were flowing from all directions to the heart of the green, he saw with terrifying clarity that it was the stoat the father had glimpsed in Miss McCabe's hotel room, and he was running.	75

In what ways does McGahern's writing make this extract so memorable?

- Or**      **14** How do the writers convey powerful emotions in *The Prison* (by Bernard Malamud) and *Journey* (by Patricia Grace)?

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