



**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 2018**

**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 **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:

*Afternoon with Irish Cows*

There were a few dozen who occupied the field  
 across the road from where we lived,  
 stepping all day from tuft to tuft,  
 their big heads down in the soft grass,  
 though I would sometimes pass a window  
 and look out to see the field suddenly empty  
 as if they had taken wing, flown off to another country. 5

Then later, I would open the blue front door,  
 and again the field would be full of their munching,  
 or they would be lying down  
 on the black-and-white maps of their sides,  
 facing in all directions, waiting for rain. 10  
 How mysterious, how patient and dumbfounded  
 they appeared in the long quiet of the afternoons.

But every once in a while, one of them  
 would let out a sound so phenomenal  
 that I would put down the paper  
 or the knife I was cutting an apple with  
 and walk across the road to the stone wall  
 to see which one of them was being torched  
 or pierced through the side with a long spear. 15 20

Yes, it sounded like pain until I could see  
 the noisy one, anchored there on all fours,  
 her neck outstretched, her bellowing head  
 laboring upward as she gave voice  
 to the rising, full-bodied cry  
 that began in the darkness of her belly  
 and echoed up through her bowed ribs into her gaping mouth. 25

Then I knew that she was only announcing  
 the large, unadulterated cowness of herself,  
 pouring out the ancient apologia of her kind  
 to all the green fields and the gray clouds,  
 to the limestone hills and the inlet of the blue bay,  
 while she regarded my head and shoulders  
 above the wall with one wild, shocking eye. 30 35

Explore how Collins creates such vivid impressions of the cows in this poem.

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

*Where I Live*

The house sits at one end of a two-acre trapezoid.  
There is a wide lawn, a long brick path,  
rhododendrons, and large, heavy maples.

Behind the geometry of the nine rooms,  
the woods run up a hillside; 5  
and across the road in front

is a stream called the Plum Brook.  
It must have flowed through an orchard  
that no longer exists.

Tomorrow early, I will drive down 10  
and talk to the stonecutter,  
but today I am staying home,

standing at one window, then another,  
or putting on a jacket 15  
and wandering around outside

or sitting in a chair  
watching the trees full of light-green buds  
under the low hood of the sky.

This is the first good rain to fall 20  
since my father was buried last week,  
and even though he was very old,

I am amazed at how the small drops  
stream down the panes of glass,  
as usual,

gathering, 25  
as they always have,  
in pools on the ground.

How does Collins movingly depict his thoughts and feelings at this significant moment in his life?



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

*At the Parrot House, Taronga Park*

What images could yet suggest their range  
of tender colours, thick as old brocade,  
or shot silk or flowers on a dress  
where black and rose and lime seem to caress  
the red that starts to shimmer as they fade?

5

Like something half-remembered from a dream  
they come from places we have never seen.

They chatter and they squawk and sometimes scream.

Here the macaw clings at the rings to show  
the young galahs talking as they feed  
with feathers soft and pink as dawn on snow  
that it too has a dry and dusky tongue.  
Their murmuring embraces every need  
from languid vanity to wildest greed.

10

In the far corner sit two smoky crones  
their heads together in a kind of love.  
One cleans the other's feathers while it moans.  
The others seem to whisper behind fans  
while noble dandies gamble in a room  
asserting values everyone rejects.

15

A lidded eye observes, and it reflects.

The peacocks still pretend they own the yard.

For all the softness, how the beaks are hard.

20

*(by Vivian Smith)*

What vivid impressions of the birds does Smith's writing create for you 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:

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment before his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak. 5

But now, tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting? 10

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting. 15

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again. 20

'Of course,' he said, 'you're a new neighbour, aren't you?' 25

'And you must be' – she raised her eyes from his professional symbols – 'the fireman.' Her voice trailed off.

'How oddly you say that.'

'I'd – I'd have known it with my eyes shut,' she said, slowly.

'What – the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains,' he laughed. 'You never wash it off completely.' 30

'No, you don't,' she said, in awe. 35

40

[from 'The Hearth and the Salamander']

7

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

**Or**      **6**      In what ways does Bradbury make the Mechanical Hounds so disturbing in the novel?

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:

<p>‘I’ve got something to tell <i>you</i>, old sport –’ began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.</p> <p>‘Please don’t!’ she interrupted helplessly. ‘Please let’s all go home. Why don’t we all go home?’</p> <p>‘That’s a good idea,’ I got up. ‘Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink.’</p> <p>‘I want to know what Mr Gatsby has to tell me.’</p> <p>‘Your wife doesn’t love you,’ said Gatsby. ‘She’s never loved you. She loves me.’</p> <p>‘You must be crazy!’ exclaimed Tom automatically.</p> <p>Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.</p> <p>‘She never loved you, do you hear?’ he cried. ‘She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!’</p> <p>At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain – as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.</p> <p>‘Sit down, Daisy,’ Tom’s voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. ‘What’s been going on? I want to hear all about it.’</p> <p>‘I told you what’s been going on,’ said Gatsby. ‘Going on for five years – and you didn’t know.’</p> <p>Tom turned to Daisy sharply.</p> <p>‘You’ve been seeing this fellow for five years?’</p> <p>‘Not seeing,’ said Gatsby. ‘No, we couldn’t meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn’t know. I used to laugh sometimes’ – but there was no laughter in his eyes – ‘to think that you didn’t know.’</p> <p>‘Oh – that’s all.’ Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.</p> <p>‘You’re crazy!’ he exploded. ‘I can’t speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn’t know Daisy then – and I’ll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that’s a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now.’</p> <p>‘No,’ said Gatsby, shaking his head.</p> <p>‘She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn’t know what she’s doing.’ He nodded sagely. ‘And what’s more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time.’</p> <p>‘You’re revolting,’ said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: ‘Do you know why we left Chicago? I’m surprised that they didn’t treat you to the story of that little spree.’</p> <p>Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.</p> <p>‘Daisy, that’s all over now,’ he said earnestly. ‘It doesn’t matter any more. Just tell him the truth – that you never loved him – and it’s all wiped out forever.’</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p>
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She looked at him blindly. 'Why – how could I love him – possibly?'  
'You never loved him.'

50

She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing – and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

'I never loved him,' she said, with perceptible reluctance.

55

[from Chapter 7]

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

Or 8 What does Fitzgerald's writing make you feel about George and Myrtle Wilson?

**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:

‘Tea Cake, you’s e sick. You’s e takin’ everything in de way Ah don’t mean it. Ah couldn’t never be tired uh waitin’ on you. Ah’m just skeered you’s e too sick fuh me tuh handle. Ah wants yuh tuh git well, honey. Dat’s all.’

He gave her a look full of blank ferocity and gurgled in his throat. She saw him sitting up in bed and moving about so that he could watch her every move. And she was beginning to feel fear of this strange thing in Tea Cake’s body. So when he went out to the outhouse she rushed to see if the pistol was loaded. It was a six shooter and three of the chambers were full. She started to unload it but she feared he might break it and find out she knew. That might urge his disordered mind to action. If that medicine would only come! She whirled the cylinder so that if he even did draw the gun on her it would snap three times before it would fire. She would at least have warning. She could either run or try to take it away before it was too late. Anyway Tea Cake wouldn’t hurt *her*. He was jealous and wanted to scare her. She’d just be in the kitchen as usual and never let on. They’d laugh over it when he got well. She found the box of cartridges, however, and emptied it. Just as well to take the rifle from back of the head of the bed. She broke it and put the shell in her apron pocket and put it in a corner in the kitchen almost behind the stove where it was hard to see. She could outrun his knife if it came to that. Of course she was too fussy, but it did no harm to play safe. She ought not to let poor sick Tea Cake do something that would run him crazy when he found out what he had done.

She saw him coming from the outhouse with a queer loping gait, swinging his head from side to side and his jaws clenched in a funny way. This was too awful! Where was Dr Simmons with that medicine? She was glad she was here to look after him. Folks would do such mean things to her Tea Cake if they saw him in such a fix. Treat Tea Cake like he was some mad dog when nobody in the world had more kindness about them. All he needed was for the doctor to come on with that medicine. He came back into the house without speaking, in fact, he did not seem to notice she was there and fell heavily into the bed and slept. Janie was standing by the stove washing up the dishes when he spoke to her in a queer cold voice.

‘Janie, how come you can’t sleep in de same bed wid me no mo’?’

‘De doctah told you tuh sleep by yo’self, Tea Cake. Don’t yuh remember him tellin’ you dat yistiddy?’

‘How come you ruther sleep on uh pallet than tuh sleep in de bed wid me?’ Janie saw then that he had the gun in his hand that was hanging to his side. ‘Answer me when Ah speak.’

‘Tea Cake, Tea Cake, honey! Go lay down! Ah’ll be too glad tuh be in dere wid yuh de minute de doctor says so. Go lay back down. He’ll be heah wid some new medicine right away.’

‘Janie, Ah done went through everything tuh be good tuh you and it hurt me tuh mah heart tuh be ill treated lak Ah is.’

The gun came up unsteadily but quickly and leveled at Janie’s breast. She noted that even in his delirium he took good aim. Maybe he would point to scare her, that was all.

The pistol snapped once. Instinctively Janie's hand flew behind her on the rifle and brought it around. Most likely this would scare him off. If only the doctor would come! If anybody at all would come! She broke the rifle deftly and shoved in the shell as the second click told her that Tea Cake's suffering brain was urging him on to kill. 50

'Tea Cake, put down dat gun and go back tuh bed!' Janie yelled at him as the gun wavered weakly in his hand. 55

He steadied himself against the jamb of the door and Janie thought to run into him and grab his arm, but she saw the quick motion of taking aim and heard the click. Saw the ferocious look in his eyes and went mad with fear as she had done in the water that time. She threw up the barrel of the rifle in frenzied hope and fear. Hope that he'd see it and run, desperate fear for her life. But if Tea Cake could have counted costs he would not have been there with the pistol in his hands. No knowledge of fear nor rifles nor anything else was there. He paid no more attention to the pointing gun than if it were Janie's dog finger. She saw him stiffen himself all over as he leveled and took aim. The fiend in him must kill and Janie was the only thing living he saw. 60

The pistol and the rifle rang out almost together. 65

[from Chapter 19]

Explore the ways in which Hurston makes this such a powerful moment in the novel.

**Or** 10 How does Hurston strikingly convey Janie's growing independence in the novel?

Do **not** use the passage in Question 9 in answering this question.

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:

I hated when he was right. There had never been any voice in the wind. No mother out there singing. No bottomless love.

The terrible thing, the really terrible thing, was the anger in me. It had started on the back porch when the story of my mother had collapsed, like the ground under my feet giving way. I didn't want to be angry. I told myself, *You're not angry. You don't have any right to be angry. What you did to your mother is a lot worse than what she did to you.* But you can't talk yourself out of anger. Either you are angry or you're not. 5

The room was hot and still. In another minute I would not be able to breathe for the anger filling me up. My lungs went out only so far before they struck against it and closed back in. 10

I got to my feet and paced in the darkness. Behind me on the worktable a half dozen jars of Black Madonna Honey waited for Zach to deliver them somewhere in town – to Clayton's maybe, to the Frogmore Stew General Store, the Amen Dollar, or Divine Do's, the colored beauty parlor. 15

*How dare she? How dare she leave me? I was her child.*

I looked toward the window, wanting to smash the panes out of it. I wanted to throw something all the way to heaven and knock God clean off his throne. I picked up one of the honey jars and hurled it as hard as I could. It missed black Mary's head by inches and smashed against the back wall. I picked up another one and threw it, too. It crashed on the floor beside a stack of supers. I threw every last jar on the table, until honey was spattered everywhere, flung like cake batter from electric beaters. I stood in a gooey room full of broken glass, and I didn't care. My mother had left me. Who cared about honey on the walls? 20 25

I grabbed a tin bucket next and, letting out a grunt, threw it with so much force it left a dent in the wall. My throwing arm was nearly worn out, but I picked up a tray of candle molds and flung that, too.

Then I stood still, watching the honey slide along the wall toward the floor. A trickle of bright blood wound down my left arm. I had no idea how it'd gotten there. My heart beat wildly. I felt like I'd unzipped my skin and momentarily stepped out of it, leaving a crazy person in charge. 30

The room turned like a carousel, with my stomach gliding up and down. I felt a need to touch the wall with both hands to make it still again. I walked back toward the table where the honey jars had been and braced my hands against it. I couldn't think what to do. I felt a powerful sadness, not because of what I'd done, as bad as that was, but because everything seemed emptied out – the feelings I'd had for her, the things I'd believed, all those stories about her I'd lived off of like they were food and water and air. Because I was the girl she'd left behind. That's what it came down to. 35 40

Looking around at the wreck I'd made, I wondered if someone in the pink house might have heard the honey jars hit the wall. I went to the window and stared across the gloom in the yard. The panes in August's bedroom window were dark. I felt my heart in my chest. It hurt so badly. Like it had been stepped on. 45

'How come you left me?' I whispered, watching my breath make a circle of fog on the glass.

13

I stayed pressed against the window for a while, then went and cleared off a few pieces of glass from the floor in front of Our Lady. I lay down on my side, drawing my knees toward my chin. Above me, black Mary was flecked with honey and seemed not at all surprised. I lay in the emptiness, in the tiredness, with everything – even the hating – drained out. There was nothing left to do. No place to go. Just right here, right now, where the truth was.

50

55

*[from Chapter 13]*

Explore the ways in which Kidd powerfully conveys Lily's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel.

**Or**      **12** How does Kidd's portrayal of August make her such a significant character in the novel?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13 Read this passage from *The Son's Veto* (by Thomas Hardy), and then answer the question that follows it:

It was on an evening when they were alone in their plain suburban residence, where life was not blue but brown, that she ultimately broke silence, qualifying her announcement of a probable second marriage by assuring him that it would not take place for a long time to come, when he would be living quite independently of her. 5

The boy thought the idea a very reasonable one, and asked if she had chosen anybody. She hesitated; and he seemed to have a misgiving. He hoped his stepfather would be a gentleman, he said.

'Not what you call a gentleman,' she answered timidly. 'He'll be much as I was before I knew your father'; and by degrees she acquainted him with the whole. The youth's face remained fixed for a moment; then he flushed, leant on the table, and burst into passionate tears. 10

His mother went up to him, kissed all of his face that she could get at, and patted his back as if he were still the baby he once had been, crying herself the while. When he had somewhat recovered from his paroxysm he went hastily to his own room and fastened the door. 15

Parleyings were attempted through the keyhole, outside which she waited and listened. It was long before he would reply, and when he did it was to say sternly at her from within: 'I am ashamed of you! It will ruin me! A miserable boor! a churl! a clown! It will degrade me in the eyes of all the gentlemen of England!' 20

'Say no more – perhaps I am wrong! I will struggle against it!' she cried miserably.

Before Randolph left her that summer a letter arrived from Sam to inform her that he had been unexpectedly fortunate in obtaining the shop. He was in possession; it was the largest in the town, combining fruit with vegetables, and he thought it would form a home worthy even of her some day. Might he not run up to town to see her? 25

She met him by stealth, and said he must still wait for her final answer. The autumn dragged on, and when Randolph was home at Christmas for the holidays she broached the matter again. But the young gentleman was inexorable. 30

It was dropped for months; renewed again; abandoned under his repugnance; again attempted; and thus the gentle creature reasoned and pleaded till four or five long years had passed. Then the faithful Sam revived his suit with some peremptoriness. Sophy's son, now an undergraduate, was down from Oxford one Easter, when she again opened the subject. As soon as he was ordained, she argued, he would have a home of his own, wherein she, with her bad grammar and her ignorance, would be an encumbrance to him. Better obliterate her as much as possible. 35 40

He showed a more manly anger now, but would not agree. She on her side was more persistent, and he had doubts whether she could be trusted in his absence. But by indignation and contempt for her taste he completely maintained his ascendancy; and finally taking her before a little cross and altar that he had erected in his bedroom for his private devotions, there bade her kneel, and swear that she would not wed Samuel Hobson without his consent. 'I owe this to my father!' he said. 45

The poor woman swore, thinking he would soften as soon as he was ordained and in full swing of clerical work. But he did not. His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm; though his mother might have led an idyllic life with her faithful fruiterer and greengrocer, and nobody have been anything the worse in the world. 50

Her lameness became more confirmed as time went on, and she seldom or never left the house in the long southern thoroughfare, where she seemed to be pining her heart away. 'Why mayn't I say to Sam that I'll marry him? Why mayn't I?' she would murmur plaintively to herself when nobody was near. 55

Some four years after this date a middle-aged man was standing at the door of the largest fruiterer's shop in Aldbrickham. He was the proprietor, but to-day, instead of his usual business attire, he wore a neat suit of black; and his window was partly shuttered. From the railway-station a funeral procession was seen approaching: it passed his door and went out of the town towards the village of Gaymead. The man, whose eyes were wet, held his hat in his hand as the vehicles moved by; while from the mourning-coach a young smooth-shaven priest in a high waistcoat looked black as a cloud at the shopkeeper standing there. 60 65

How does Hardy make this such a sympathetic portrayal of Sophy?

Or 14 Explore the ways in which Greene makes the children so disturbing in *The Destroyers*.

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