



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2022

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

ROBERT FROST: *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:

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

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And that has made all the difference.

How does Frost memorably convey his thoughts and feelings in this poem?

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

An Old Man's Winter Night

All out of doors looked darkly in at him

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It's thus he does it of a winter night.

Explore the ways in which Frost movingly portrays the old man in this poem.

from *Songs of Ourselves Volume 2*, from Part 1

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,
 What I would suffer for my love.
 With thee I would in exile go
 To regions of eternal snow,
 O'er floods by solid ice confined, 5
 Through forest bare with northern wind:
 While all around my eyes I cast,
 Where all is wild and all is waste.
 If there the tim'rous stag you chase,
 Or rouse to fight a fiercer race, 10
 Undaunted I thy arms would bear,
 And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
 When the low sun withdraws his light,
 And menaces an half-year's night,
 The conscious moon and stars above 15
 Shall guide me with my wand'ring love.
 Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
 Or in its rocky cells below,
 Thy rural feast I would provide,
 Nor envy palaces their pride. 20
 The softest moss should dress thy bed,
 With savage spoils about thee spread:
 While faithful love the watch should keep,
 To banish danger from thy sleep.

(by Elizabeth Tollet)

Explore how Tollet makes *Winter Song* such a moving poem.

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

Surplus Value

My Michigan brother-in-law was a tool and die guy,
 A machinist, fabricating parts in shops supplying Big Three
 Auto makers. A bantam with thick fingers, scarred hands
 He rode a Harley soft-tail, drank Iron City, and lived
 With his wife and kids in a house he mostly built himself. 5
 During the heyday of Detroit metal, overtime and union
 Contracts paid for steaks and a cabin on an upstate lake
 For summer vacations and deer season hunting trips
 In the fall. He took his pride from his craft and skill
 Building something bigger than the Fords or Chevys 10
 He pushed on down the line for America to drive.
 For twenty years of work, good times, and happy with it.
 But that road ran out. The union went south first
 (pension fraud; indictments; prison terms) and then
 The companies and their money men slashed and burned 15
 Their way through labor and its costs in search of market
 Share. The work was sweated from the men for less and less return.
 From economy of scale, to one of scarcity: subcontracting, piecework,
 Ultimately the dole replaced a steady pay check and a bonus
 Twice a year. The Harley went and then the cabin; food stamps 20
 Bought essentials, nothing more. Always quiet, he grew quieter
 From day to week to month to the years that stretched ahead,
 Bowing his neck each day as the scars grew deeper now, and inward.

During the boom that no one thought would ever end,
 Heedless the factories flushed their waste straight into 25
 The Saginaw River, so much so that it never iced, even
 In the depths of winter. Now it's frozen all year long.

(by David C Ward)

How does Ward vividly convey sympathy for his brother-in-law in *Surplus Value*?

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Daddy Bailey and the neighbors he was visiting responded to the screams and crowded around Dolores.

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Dad shook hands with the man he'd been talking to and thanked my emergency nurse and we left.

(from Chapter 31)

How does Angelou make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or 6 In what ways does Angelou create such memorable impressions of Grandmother Henderson (Momma)?

JENNIFER DONNELLY: *A Northern Light*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

“Damn it, Mattie! What does it say?”

I looked at my teacher, barely able to breathe, much less speak. *It says they want me*, I thought. *Barnard College wants me—Mattie Gokey from the Uncas Road in Eagle Bay. It says that the dean herself likes my stories and doesn't think they are morbid and dispiriting, and that professors, real professors with long black gowns and all sorts of fancy degrees, will teach me. It says I am smart, even if I can't make Pleasant mind and didn't salt the pork right. It says I can be something if I choose. Something more than a know-nothing farm girl with shit on her shoes.*

5

“It says I'm accepted,” I finally said. “And that I've got a scholarship. A full scholarship. As long as I pass my exams.”

10

Miss Wilcox let out a whoop and hugged me. Good and hard. She took me by my arms and kissed my cheek, and I saw that her eyes were shiny. I didn't know why it meant so much to her that I'd got myself into college, but I was glad that it did.

“I knew you'd do it, Mattie! I knew that Laura Gill would see your talent. Those stories you sent were excellent! Didn't I tell you they were?” She twirled around in a circle, took a deep draw of her cigarette, and blew it all out. “Can you imagine?” she asked, laughing. “You're going to be a college student. You and Weaver both! This fall! In New York City, no less!”

15

As soon as she said it, as soon as she talked about my dream like that and brought it out in the light and made it real, I saw only the impossibility of it all. I had a pa who would never let me go. I had no money and no prospect of getting any. And I had made a promise – one that would keep me here even if I had all the money in the world.

20

When he has to, Pa sells some of his calves for veal. The cows cry so when he takes them that I can't be in the barn. I have to run up to the cornfield, my hands over my ears. If you've ever heard a cow cry for her calf, you know how it feels to have something beautiful and new put into your hands, to wonder and smile at it, and then have it snatched away. That's how I felt then, and my feelings must have been on my face, because Miss Wilcox's smile suddenly faded.

25

“You're working this summer, aren't you?” she said. “At the Glenmore?”

30

I shook my head. “My pa said no.”

“Well, not to worry. My sister Annabelle will give you room and board in exchange for a bit of housekeeping. She has a town house in Murray Hill and she's all alone in it, so there would be plenty of room for you. Between the scholarship and Annabelle, that's tuition, housing, and meals taken care of. For book money and the trolley and clothing and such, you could always get a job. Something part-time. Typing, perhaps. Or ringing up sales in a department store. Plenty of girls manage it.”

35

Girls who know what they're doing, I thought. Brisk, confident girls in white blouses and twill skirts who could make heads or tails of a typewriter or a cash register. Not girls in old wash dresses and cracked shoes.

40

“I suppose I could,” I said weakly.

“What about your father? Can he help you at all?”

“No, ma'am.”

“Mattie ... you've told him, haven't you?”

45

“No, ma'am, I haven't.”

Miss Wilcox nodded, curt and determined. She stubbed out her cigarette on the underside of her desk and put the ashy end in her purse. Miss Wilcox knew how to not get caught doing things she shouldn't. It was an odd quality in a teacher.

“I’ll talk to him, Mattie. I’ll tell him if you want me to,” she said.
I laughed at that—a flat, joyless laugh—then said, “No, ma’am, I don’t. Not unless you know how to duck a peavey.”

50

(from som.nif.er.ous)

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

Or **8** What does Donnelly’s writing make you feel about Pa?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 7** in answering this question.

BARBARA KINGSOLVER: *The Bean Trees*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I have been afraid of putting air in a tire ever since I saw a tractor tire blow up and throw Newt Hardbine's father over the top of the Standard Oil sign.

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I was not the smartest or even particularly outstanding
but I was there and staying out of trouble and I intended to finish.

(from Chapter 1)

Explore how Kingsolver makes this such a striking opening to the novel.

Or **10** How does Kingsolver make Mattie such an admirable character?

JOHN STEINBECK: *The Wayward Bus*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Juan kept the bus in second gear and missed the waterscored ruts with his wheels.

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Juan looked at them and called, "That's San Juan up ahead."

(from Chapter 22)

How far does Steinbeck make this a satisfying ending to the novel?

Or 12 In what ways does Steinbeck create such memorable impressions of Camille?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13 Read this passage from *Ming's Biggest Prey* (by Patricia Highsmith), and then answer the question that follows it:

The man started down the steps after him. Without reflecting, Ming dashed back up the few steps he had come, keeping close to the wall which was in shadow. The man hadn't seen him, Ming knew. Ming leapt to the terrace parapet, sat down and licked a paw once to recover and collect himself. His heart beat fast as if he were in the middle of a fight. And hatred ran in his veins. Hatred burned his eyes as he crouched and listened to the man uncertainly climbing the steps below him. The man came into view. 5

Ming tensed himself for a jump, then jumped as hard as he could, landing with all four feet on the man's right arm near the shoulder. Ming clung to the cloth of the man's white jacket, but they were both falling. The man groaned. Ming hung on. Branches crackled. Ming could not tell up from down. Ming jumped off the man, became aware of direction and of the earth too late and landed on his side. Almost at the same time, he heard the thud of the man hitting the ground, then of his body rolling a little way, then there was silence. Ming had to breathe fast with his mouth open until his chest stopped hurting. From the direction of the man, he could smell drink, cigar, and the sharp odour that meant fear. But the man was not moving. 10 15

Ming could now see quite well. There was even a bit of moonlight. Ming headed for the steps again, had to go a long way through the bush, over stones and sand, to where the steps began. Then he glided up and arrived once more upon the terrace. Elaine was just coming onto the terrace. 20

'Teddie?' she called. Then she went back into the bedroom where she turned on a lamp. She went into the kitchen. Ming followed her. Concha had left the light on, but Concha was now in her own room, where the radio played.

Elaine opened the front door.

The man's car was still in the driveway, Ming saw. Now Ming's hip had begun to hurt, or now he had begun to notice it. It caused him to limp a little. Elaine noticed this, touched his back, and asked him what was the matter. Ming only purred. 25

'Teddie? – Where are you?' Elaine called.

She took a torch and shone it down into the garden, down among the great trunks of the avocado trees, among the orchids and the lavender and pink blossoms of the bougainvilleas. Ming, safe beside her on the terrace parapet, followed the beam of the torch with his eyes and purred with content. The man was not below here, but below and to the right. Elaine went to the terrace steps and carefully, because there was no rail here, only broad steps, pointed the beam of the light downward. Ming did not bother looking. He sat on the terrace where the steps began. 30 35

'Teddie!' she said. '*Teddie!*' Then she ran down the steps.

Ming still did not follow her. He heard her draw in her breath. Then she cried:

'*Concha!*'

Elaine ran back up the steps. 40

Concha had come out of her room. Elaine spoke to Concha. Then Concha became excited. Elaine went to the telephone, and spoke for a short while, then she and Concha went down the steps together. Ming settled himself with his paws tucked under him on the terrace, which was still faintly warm from the day's sun. A car arrived. Elaine came up the steps, and went and opened the front door. Ming kept out of the way on the terrace, in a shadowy corner, as three or four strange men came out on the terrace and tramped down the steps. There was a great deal of talk below, noises of feet, breaking of bushes, and then the smell of all of them 45

mounted the steps, the smell of tobacco, sweat, and the familiar smell of blood. The man's blood. Ming was pleased, as he was pleased when he killed a bird and created this smell of blood under his own teeth. This was big prey. Ming, unnoticed by any of the others, stood up to his full height as the group passed with the corpse, and inhaled the aroma of his victory with a lifted nose. 50

Then suddenly the house was empty. Everyone had gone, even Concha. Ming drank a little water from his bowl in the kitchen, then went to his mistress' bed, curled against the slope of the pillows, and fell fast asleep. He was awakened by the rr-rr-r of an unfamiliar car. Then the front door opened, and he recognised the step of Elaine and then Concha. Ming stayed where he was. Elaine and Concha talked softly for a few minutes. Then Elaine came into the bedroom. The lamp was still on. Ming watched her slowly open the box on her dressing-table, and into it she let fall the white necklace that made a little clatter. Then she closed the box. She began to unbutton her shirt, but before she had finished, she flung herself on the bed and stroked Ming's head, lifted his left paw and pressed it gently so that the claws came forth. 55 60

'Oh Ming – Ming,' she said. 65
Ming recognised the tones of love.

How does Highsmith vividly convey Ming's victory in this passage?

Or 14 To what extent does Carver make you sympathize with the narrator in *Elephant*?

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