



LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0427/01

Paper 1: Poetry and Prose

For Examination from 2015

SPECIMEN PAPER

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, glue or correction fluid.

DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question for Section A and **one** question for Section B.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **12** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

CONTENTS

Section A: POETRY

text	question numbers	page[s]
Billy Collins: from <i>Sailing Alone Around the Room</i>	1, 2	page 4
from <i>Songs of Ourselves</i>	3, 4	page 5

Section B: PROSE

text	question numbers	page[s]
Harper Lee: <i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	5, 6	page 6
Carson McCullers: <i>The Member of the Wedding</i>	7, 8	page 7
Amy Tan: <i>The Joy Luck Club</i>	9, 10	pages 8–9
Alice Walker: <i>The Color Purple</i>	11, 12	pages 10–11
from <i>Stories of Ourselves</i>	13, 14	pages 12–13

THE SPECIMEN QUESTIONS IN THIS BOOKLET ARE FOR GENERAL ILLUSTRATIVE PURPOSES.

Please see the syllabus for the relevant year of examination for details of set texts.

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

BILLY COLLINS: from *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems*

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

Monday Morning

The complacency of this student, late
 for the final, who chews her pen for an hour,
 who sits in her sunny chair,
 with a container of coffee and an orange,
 a cockatoo swinging freely in her green mind 5
 as if on some drug dissolved,
 mingling to give her a wholly ancient rush.
 She dreams a little and she fears the mark
 she might well get — a catastrophe — 10
 as a frown darkens the hauteur of her light brow.
 The orange peels and her bright senior ring
 make her think of some procession of classmates,
 walking across the wide campus, without a sound,
 stalled for the passing of her sneakered feet
 over the lawn, to silent pals and stein, 15
 dorm of nobody who would bother to pull an A or care.

Explore the ways in which Collins vividly portrays the student in this poem.

Or 2 What do you find striking and unusual about the ways in which Collins expresses his ideas in **either** *The Man in the Moon* **or** *Advice to Writers*?

from *Songs of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations Anthology of Poetry in English*

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

The Bay

On the road to the bay was a lake of rushes
Where we bathed at times and changed in the bamboos.
Now it is rather to stand and say:
How many roads we take that lead to Nowhere.
The alley overgrown, no meaning now but a loss: 5
Not that veritable garden where everything comes easy.

And by the bay itself were cliffs with carved names
And a hut on the shore beside the Maori ovens.
We raced boats from the banks of the pumice creek
Or swam in those autumnal shallows 10
Growing cold in amber water, riding the logs
Upstream, and waiting for the taniwha.

So now I remember the bay and the little spiders
On driftwood, so poisonous and quick.
The carved cliffs and the great outcrying surf 15
With currents round the rocks and the birds rising.
A thousand times an hour is torn across
And burned for the sake of going on living.
But I remember the bay that never was
And stand like stone and cannot turn away. 20

(by James K. Baxter)

Explore the ways in which the speaker vividly recalls memories.

Or 4 In what ways does the poet powerfully convey ideas about life and death in **one** of the following poems:
On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book (by Charles Tennyson Turner)
Ozymandias (by Percy Bysshe Shelley)

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

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

‘All right, Mr Finch, get ‘em outa here’, someone growled. ‘You got fifteen seconds to get ‘em outa here.’

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Then he straightened up and waved a big paw. ‘Let’s clear out,’ he called. ‘Let’s get going, boys.’

What makes this such a powerfully dramatic moment in the novel?

Or 6 To what extent do you think the relationship between Scout and Jem changes during the course of the novel? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

CARSON McCULLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*

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

She could hear the broken-sounding organ plainly, although they were not on the main street, but up farther and probably just around the corner of the next block. So F. Jasmine hurried towards them. As she neared the corner, she heard other sounds that puzzled her curiosity so that she listened and stopped. Above the music of the organ there was the sound of a man's voice quarrelling and the excited higher fussing of the monkey-man. She could hear the monkey chattering also. Then suddenly the organ stopped and the two different voices were loud and mad. F. Jasmine had reached the corner, and it was the corner by the Sears and Roebuck store; she passed the store slowly, then turned and faced a curious sight. 5

It was a narrow street that went downhill towards Front Avenue, blinding bright in the wild glare. There on the sidewalk was the monkey, the monkey-man, and a soldier holding out a whole fistful of dollar bills – it looked at the first glance like a hundred dollars. The soldier looked angry, and the monkey-man was pale and excited also. Their voices were quarrelling and F. Jasmine gathered that the soldier was trying to buy the monkey. The monkey himself was crouched and shivering down on the sidewalk close to the brick wall of the Sears and Roebuck store. In spite of the hot day, he had on his little red coat with silver buttons and his little face, scared and desperate, had the look of someone who is just about to sneeze. Shivering and pitiful, he kept bowing at nobody and offering his cap into the air. He knew the furious voices were about him and he felt blamed. 15

F. Jasmine was standing nearby, trying to take in the commotion, listening and still. Then suddenly the soldier grabbed at the monkey's chain, but the monkey screamed, and before she knew what it was all about, the monkey had skittered up her leg and body and was huddled on her soldier with his little monkey hands around her head. It happened in a flash, and she was so shocked she could not move. The voices stopped and, except for the monkey's jibbered scream, the street was silent. The soldier stood slack-jawed, surprised, still holding out the handful of dollar bills. 20

The monkey-man was the first to recover; he spoke to the monkey in a gentle voice, and in another second the monkey sprang from off her shoulder and landed on the organ which the monkey-man was carrying on his back. The two of them went away. They quickly hurried around the corner and at the last second, just as they turned, they both looked back with the same expression – reproaching and sly. F. Jasmine leaned against the brick wall, and she still felt the monkey on her shoulder and smelt his dusty, sour smell; she shivered. The soldier muttered until the pair of them were out of sight, and F. Jasmine noticed then that he was red-haired and the same soldier who had been in the Blue Moon. He stuffed the bills in his side pocket. 35

'He certainly is a darling monkey,' F. Jasmine said. 'But it gave me a mighty funny feeling to have him run up me like that.' 40

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

Or 8 In what ways does McCullers make you sympathise with Frankie? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

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

I no longer played in the alley of the Waverly Place. I never visited the playground where the pigeons and old men gathered. I went to school, then directly home to learn new chess secrets, cleverly concealed advantages, more escape routes.

But I found it difficult to concentrate at home. My mother had a habit of standing over me while I plotted out my games. I think she thought of herself as my protective ally. Her lips would be sealed tight, and after each move I made, a soft “Hmmpmph” would escape from her nose. 5

“Ma, I can’t practice when you stand there like that,” I said one day. She retreated to the kitchen and made loud noises with the pots and pans. When the crashing stopped, I could see out of the corner of my eye that she was standing in the doorway. “Hmmpmph!” Only this one came out of her tight throat. 10

My parents made many concessions to allow me to practice. One time I complained that the bedroom I shared was so noisy that I couldn’t think. Thereafter, my brothers slept in a bed in the living room facing the street. I said I couldn’t finish my rice; my head didn’t work right when my stomach was too full. I left the table with half-finished bowls and nobody complained. But there was one duty I couldn’t avoid. I had to accompany my mother on Saturday market days when I had no tournament to play. My mother would proudly walk with me, visiting many shops, buying very little. “This my daughter Wave-ly Jong,” she said to whoever looked her way. 15

One day, after we left the shop I said under my breath, “I wish you wouldn’t do that, telling everybody I’m your daughter.” My mother stopped walking. Crowds of people with heavy bags pushed past us on the sidewalk, bumping into first one shoulder, then another. 20

“Aii-ya. So shame be with mother?” She grasped my hand even tighter as she glared at me. 25

I looked down. “It’s not that, it’s just so obvious. It’s just embarrassing.” 30

“Embarrass you be my daughter?” Her voice was cracking with anger.

“That’s not what I meant. That’s not what I said.”

“What you say?”

I knew it was a mistake to say anything more, but I heard my voice speaking. “Why do you have to use me to show off? If you want to show off, then why don’t you learn to play chess.” 35

My mother’s eyes turned into dangerous black slits. She had no words for me, just sharp silence.

I felt the wind rushing around my hot ears. I jerked my hand out of my mother’s tight grasp and spun around, knocking into an old woman. Her bag or groceries spilled to the ground. 40

“Aii-ya! Stupid girl! my mother and the woman cried. Oranges and tin cans careened down the sidewalk. As my mother stooped to help the old woman pick up the escaping food, I took off. 45

I raced down the street, dashing between people, not looking back as my mother screamed shrilly, “Meimei! Meimei!” I fled down an alley, past dark curtained shops and merchants washing the grime off their windows. I sped into the sunlight, into a large street crowded with tourists examining trinkets and souvenirs. I ducked into another dark alley, down another street, up another alley, I ran until it hurt and I realized I had nowhere to go, that I was not running from anything. The alleys contained no escape 50

routes.

My breath came out like angry smoke. It was cold. I sat down on an upturned plastic pail next to a stack of empty boxes, cupping my chin with my hands, thinking hard. I imagined my mother, first walking briskly down one street or another looking for me, then giving up and returning home to await my arrival. After two hours, I stood up on creaking legs and slowly walked home. 55

The alley was quiet and I could see the yellow lights shining from our flat like two tiger's eyes in the night. I climbed the sixteen steps to the door, advancing quietly up each so as not to make any warning sounds. I turned the knob; the door was locked. I heard a chair moving, quick steps, the locks turning – click! click! click! – and then the door opened. 60

“About time you got home,” said Vincent. “Boy, are you in trouble.” 65

He slid back to the dinner table. On a platter were the remains of a large fish, its fleshy head still connected to bones swimming upstream in vain escape. Standing there waiting for my punishment, I heard my mother speak in a dry voice.

“We are not concerning this girl. This girl not have concerning for us.” 70

How does Tan powerfully convey the conflict between Waverly and her mother Lindo in this passage?

- Or** **10** What aspect of Chinese-American women do you find most memorably portrayed in the stories of An-Mei Hsu and her daughter Rose Hsu Jordan ('Scar', 'Half and Half', 'Without Wood', 'Magpies')? Show how Tan's writing makes them memorable.

ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple*

Either 11 Read this extract, and then answer the question which follows it:

Mr —— daddy show up this evening. He a little short shrunk up man with a bald head and gold spectacles. He clear his throat a lot, like everything he say need announcement. Talk with his head leant to the side.

He come right to the point.

5

Just couldn't rest till you got her in your house, could you? he say, coming up the step.

Mr —— don't say nothing. Look out cross the railing at the trees, over the top of the well. Eyes rest on the top of Harpo and Sofia house.

Won't you have a seat? I ast, pushing him up a chair. How bout a cool drink of water?

10

Through the window I hear Shug humming and humming, practicing her little song. I sneak back to her room and shet the window.

Old Mr —— say to Mr ——, Just what is it bout this Shug Avery anyway, he say. She black as tar, she nappy headed. She got legs like baseball bats.

15

Mr —— don't say nothing. I drop a little spit in Old Mr —— water.

Why, say Old Mr ——, she ain't even clean. I hear she got the nasty woman disease.

I twirl the spit round with my finger. I think bout ground glass, wonder how you grind it. But I don't feel mad at all. Just interest.

20

Mr —— turn his head slow, watch his daddy drink. Then say, real sad, You ain't got it in you to understand, he say. I love Shug Avery. Always have, always will. I should have married her when I had the chance.

25

Yeah, say Old Mr ——. And throwed your life away. (Mr —— grunt right there.) And a right smart of my money with it. Old Mr —— clear his throat. Nobody even sure exactly who her daddy is.

I never care who her daddy is, say Mr ——.

And her mammy take in white people dirty clothes to this day. Plus all her children got different daddys. It all just too trifling and confuse.

30

Well, say Mr —— and turn full face on his daddy, All Shug Avery children got the same daddy. I vouch for that.

Old Mr —— clear his throat. Well, this my house. This my land. Your boy Harpo in one of my houses, on my land. Weeds come up on my land, I chop 'em up. Trash blow over it I burn it. He rise to go. Hand me his glass. Next time he come I put a little Shug Avery pee in his glass. See how he like that.

35

Celie, he say, you have my sympathy. Not many women let they husband whore lay up in they house.

40

But he not saying this to me, he saying it to Mr ——.

Mr —— look up at me, our eyes meet. This the closest us ever felt.

He say Hand Pa his hat, Celie.

And I do. Mr —— don't move from his chair by the railing. I stand in the door. Us watch Old Mr —— begin harrumping and harrumping down the road home.

45

How does Walker make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

Or **12** Explore the ways in which Walker makes Shug such a compelling character.

from *Stories of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations Anthology of Short Stories in English*

Either 13 Read this extract from *The Prison* (by Bernard Malamud), and then answer the question which follows it:

Though he tried not to think of it, at twenty-nine Tommy Castelli's life was a screaming bore. It wasn't just Rosa or the store they tended for profits counted in pennies, or the unendurably slow hours and endless drivel that went with selling candy, cigarettes, and soda water; it was this sick-in-the-stomach feeling of being trapped in old mistakes, even some he had made before Rosa changed Tony into Tommy. He had been as Tony a kid of many dreams and schemes, especially getting out of this tenement-crowded, kid-squawking neighbourhood, with its lousy poverty, but everything had fouled up against him before he could. When he was sixteen he quit the vocational school where they were making him into a shoemaker, and began to hang out with the gray-hatted, thick-soled-shoe boys, who had the spare time and the mazuma and showed it in fat wonderful rolls down in the cellar of clubs to all who would look, and everybody did, popeyed. They were the ones who had bought the silver *caffè espresso* urn and later the television, and they arranged the pizza parties and had the girls down; but it was getting in with them and their cars, leading to the holdup of a liquor store, that had started all the present trouble. Lucky for him the coal-and-ice man who was their landlord knew the leader in the district, and they arranged something so nobody bothered him after that. Then before he knew what was going on – he had been frightened sick by the whole mess – there was his father cooking up a deal with Rosa Agnello's old man that Tony would marry her and the father-in-law would, out of his savings, open a candy store for him to make an honest living. He wouldn't spit on a candy store, and Rosa was too plain and lank a chick for his personal taste, so he beat it off to Texas and bummed around in too much space, and when he came back everybody said it was for Rosa and the candy store, and it was all arranged again and he, without saying no, was in it. 5

That was how he had landed on Prince Street in the Village, working from eight in the morning to almost midnight every day, except for an hour off each afternoon when he went upstairs to sleep, and on Tuesdays, when the store was closed and he slept some more and went at night alone to the movies. He was too tired for schemes now, but once he tried to make a little cash on the side by secretly taking in punch-boards some syndicate was distributing in the neighbourhood, on which he collected a nice cut and in this way saved fifty-five bucks that Rosa didn't know about; but then the syndicate was written up by a newspaper, and the punchboards all disappeared. Another time, when Rosa was at her mother's house, he took a chance and let them put in a slot machine that could guarantee a nice piece of change if he kept it long enough. He knew of course he couldn't hide it from her, so when she came and screamed when she saw it, he was ready and patient, for once not yelling back when she yelled, and he explained it was not the same as gambling because anybody who played it got a roll of mints every time he put in a nickel. Also the machine would supply them a few extra dollars cash they could use to buy television so he could see the fights without going to a bar; but Rosa wouldn't let up screaming, and later her father came in shouting that he was a criminal and chopped the machine apart with a plumber's hammer. The next day the cops raided for slot machines and gave out summonses wherever they found them, and though Tommy's place was 10

15

20

25

30

35

40

45

50

practically the only candy store in the in the neighbourhood that didn't have one he felt bad about the machine for a long time.

Mornings had been his best time of the day because Rosa stayed upstairs cleaning, and since few people came into the store till noon, he could sit around alone, a toothpick in his teeth, looking over the *News and Mirror* on the fountain counter, or maybe gab with one of the old cellar-club guys who had happened to come by for a pack of butts, about a horse that was running that day or how the numbers were playing lately; or just sit there, drinking coffee and thinking how far he could get on the fifty-five he had stashed away in the cellar. Generally the mornings were this way, but after the slot machine, usually the whole day stank and he along with it. Time rotted in him, and all he could think of the whole morning, was going to sleep in the afternoon, and he would wake up with the sour remembrance of the long night in the store ahead of him, while everybody else was doing as he damn pleased. He cursed the candy store and Rosa, and cursed from its beginning, his unhappy life.

In what ways does Malamud make this such a striking introduction to the character of Tommy Castelli?

- Or 14 How does the writer memorably portray the experience of being a child in **either** *Games at Twilight* (by Anita Desai) **or** *Sredni Vashtar* (by Saki)?

BLANK PAGE

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1 © Billy Collins; *Piano Lessons*, from, *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems*; Random House; 2001; reprinted by permission of The University of Pittsburgh Press.
- Question 3 © James K Baxter; *The Bay*, from, *Songs of Ourselves*; Foundation Books/Cambridge University Press; 2005.
- Question 7 © Carson McCullers; *The Member of the Wedding*; Penguin Classics; 2001; Copyright 1946 by Carson McCullers.
- Question 9 © Amy Tan; *The Joy Luck Club*; Cambridge University Press; 1998; © 1989 Amy Tan.
- Question 11 © Alice Walker; *The Color Purple*; Phoenix/Orion Books; 1983.
- Question 13 © Bernard Malamud; *The Prison*, from, *Stories of Ourselves*; Cambridge University Press; 2008.

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.

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