
LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/01

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 the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

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

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

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THE SPECIMEN QUESTIONS IN THIS DOCUMENT ARE FOR GENERAL ILLUSTRATIVE PURPOSES

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

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *Poems*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 1 Read this extract from *Ulysses*, and then answer the question that follows it:

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an agèd wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name
For always roaming with a hungry heart;
Much have I seen and known, – cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all; 15
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades 20
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

How does Tennyson convey vivid impressions of Ulysses in these lines? [25]

- Or 2 Explore how Tennyson's writing so powerfully expresses a lack of hope in the poem from *Maud*:

Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain, 5
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat, 10
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad, 15
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go;
And then to hear a dead man chatter 20
Is enough to drive one mad.

SONGS OF OURSELVES: *from Part 3*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low: –
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass 5
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago. 10
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more: –
With the Blackfeet, lying low,
With the Pawnees, lying low,
Lying low. 15

(by Vachel Lindsay)

Explore how Lindsay's poem powerfully laments the loss of the original world of the prairies. [25]

- Or 4 How do the poets vividly convey their feelings about love in *So, We'll Go No More A-Roving* (by Lord Byron) **and** *Sonnet 43* (by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)?

So, We'll Go No More A-Roving

So we'll go no more a-roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving
 And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears the sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

5

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a-roving
 By the light of the moon.

10

(George Gordon, Lord Byron)

Sonnet 43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways! –
 I love thee to the depth & breadth & height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun & candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, . . . and with my childhood's faith:
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost Saints, – I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! – and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

5

10

(Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night.

'Nay, Cathy,' the old man would say, 'I cannot love thee; thou'rt worse than thy brother. Go, say thy prayers, child, and ask God's pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!'

5

That made her cry, at first; and then, being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr Earnshaw's troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fire-side.

10

A high wind blustered round the house, and roared in the chimney: it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together – I, a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then, after their work was done.) Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father's knee, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head in her lap.

15

I remember the master, before he fell into a doze, stroking her bonny hair – it pleased him rarely to see her gentle – and saying –

'Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?'

And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered,

20

'Why cannot you always be a good man, father?'

But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head sank on his breast. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him. We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said that he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He stepped forward, and called him by name, and touched his shoulder, but he would not move – so he took the candle and looked at him.

25

I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light; and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to 'frame upstairs, and make little din – they might pray alone that evening – he had summut to do.'

30

'I shall bid father good-night first,' said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck, before we could hinder her.

The poor thing discovered her loss directly – she screamed out –

35

'Oh, he's dead, Heathcliff! he's dead!'

And they both set up a heart-breaking cry.

I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in Heaven.

He told me to put on my cloak and run to Gimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of, then. However, I went, through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning.

40

Leaving Joseph to explain matters, I ran to the children's room; their door was ajar, I saw they had never laid down, though it was past midnight; but they were

45

calmer, and did not need me to console them. The little souls were comforted by each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on; no parson in the world ever pictured Heaven so beautifully as they did, in their innocent talk; and, while I sobbed, and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.

(from Chapter 5)

How does Brontë make this such a moving and significant moment in the novel? [25]

Or 6

Victim
Monster

Which of these views do you think more accurately describes Brontë's portrayal of Heathcliff? [25]

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left – the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train. 5

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over. 10

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand. 15

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes – a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder. 20

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night. 25

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter – to-morrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... And one fine morning – 30

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

(from Chapter 9)

Explore the ways in which Fitzgerald strikingly draws his novel to a close. [25]

Or 8 Daisy has been described as 'selfish and shallow'. How far would you agree that this is how Fitzgerald portrays her? [25]

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Question 3

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