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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)**

**0427/01**

Paper 1

**October/November 2014**

**2 hours 15 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 **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked \*) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

All questions in this paper carry equal points



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This document consists of **20** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** insert.



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## SECTION A: DRAMA

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

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

*[Time: Saturday, moving day, one week later.*

*Before the curtain rises, RUTH's voice, a strident, dramatic church alto, cuts through the silence.*

*It is, in the darkness, a triumphant surge, a penetrating statement of expectation: "Oh, Lord, I don't feel no ways tired! Children, oh, glory hallelujah!"* 5

*As the curtain rises we see that RUTH is alone in the living room, finishing up the family's packing. It is moving day. She is nailing crates and tying cartons. BENEATHA enters, carrying a guitar case, and watches her exuberant sister-in-law.]*

*Ruth:* Hey! 10

*Beneatha:* *[Putting away the case]* Hi.

*Ruth:* *[Pointing at a package]* Honey—look in that package there and see what I found on sale this morning at the South Center. *[RUTH gets up and moves to the package and draws out some curtains]* Lookahere—hand-turned hems!

*Beneatha:* How do you know the window size out there? 15

*Ruth:* *[Who hadn't thought of that]* Oh—Well, they bound to fit something in the whole house. Anyhow, they was too good a bargain to pass up. *[RUTH slaps her head, suddenly remembering something]* Oh, Bennie—I meant to put a special note on that carton over there. That's your mama's good china and she wants 'em to be very careful with it. 20

*Beneatha:* I'll do it.

*[BENEATHA finds a piece of paper and starts to draw large letters on it]*

*Ruth:* You know what I'm going to do soon as I get in that new house?

*Beneatha:* What?

*Ruth:* Honey—I'm going to run me a tub of water up to here ... *[With her fingers practically up to her nostrils]* And I'm going to get in it—and I am going to sit ... and sit ... and sit in that hot water and the first person who knocks to tell me to hurry up and come out— 25

*Beneatha:* Gets shot at sunrise.

*Ruth:* *[Laughing happily]* You said it, sister! *[Noticing how large BENEATHA is absent-mindedly making the note]* Honey, they ain't going to read that from no airplane. 30

*Beneatha:* *[Laughing herself]* I guess I always think things have more emphasis if they are big, somehow.

*Ruth:* *[Looking up at her and smiling]* You and your brother seem to have that as a philosophy of life. Lord, that man—done changed so 'round here. You know—you know what we did last night? Me and Walter Lee? 35

*Beneatha:* What?

*Ruth:* *[Smiling to herself]* We went to the movies. *[Looking at BENEATHA to see if she understands]* We went to the movies. You know the last time me and Walter went to the movies together? 40

*Beneatha:* No.

*Ruth:* Me neither. That's how long it been. *[Smiling again]* But we went last night. The

picture wasn't much good, but that didn't seem to matter. We went—and we held hands.

*Beneatha:* Oh, Lord! 45

*Ruth:* We held hands—and you know what?

*Beneatha:* What?

*Ruth:* When we come out of the show it was late and dark and all the stores and things was closed up ... and it was kind of chilly and there wasn't many people on the streets ... and we was still holding hands, me and Walter. 50

*Beneatha:* You're killing me.

*[WALTER enters with a large package. His happiness is deep in him; he cannot keep still with his newfound exuberance. He is singing and wiggling and snapping his fingers. He puts his package in a corner and puts a phonograph record, which he has brought in with him, on the record player. As the music, soulful and sensuous, comes up he dances over to RUTH and tries to get her to dance with him. She gives in at last to his raunchiness and in a fit of giggling allows herself to be drawn into his mood. They dip and she melts into his arms in a classic, body-melding "slow drag"]* 55

*Beneatha:* *[Regarding them a long time as they dance, then drawing in her breath for a deeply exaggerated comment which she does not particularly mean]* Talk about—olddddd-d-fashionedddd—Negroes! 60

*Walter:* *[Stopping momentarily]* What kind of Negroes? *[He says this in fun. He is not angry with her today, nor with anyone. He starts to dance with his wife again]*

*Beneatha:* Old-fashioned. 65

*Walter:* *[As he dances with RUTH]* You know, when these New Negroes have their convention—*[Pointing at his sister]*—that is going to be the chairman of the Committee on Unending Agitation. *[He goes on dancing, then stops]* Race, race, race! ... Girl, I do believe you are the first person in the history of the entire human race to successfully brainwash yourself. *[BENEATHA breaks up and he goes on dancing. He stops again, enjoying his tease]* Damn, even the N double A C P takes a holiday sometimes! *[BENEATHA and RUTH laugh. He dances with RUTH some more and starts to laugh and stops and pantomimes someone over an operating table]* I can just see that chick someday looking down at some poor cat on an operating table and before she starts to slice him, she says ... *[Pulling his sleeves back maliciously]* "By the way, what are your views on civil rights down there? ..."

*[He laughs at her again and starts to dance happily. The bell sounds]*

*(from Act 1 Scene 3)*

Explore how Hansberry makes this moment in the play so significant.

**Or** †2 What does Hansberry make you feel about Mama? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 3 You are Beneatha. You have just had a row with Mama about Walter. Lindner has appeared at the door for his second visit.

Write your thoughts.



<i>Macbeth:</i>	Sweet remembrancer! Now good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both!	50
<i>Lennox:</i>	May't please your Highness sit?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness Than pity for mischance.	55
<i>Ross:</i>	His absence, sir, Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness To grace us with your royal company.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	The table's full.	
<i>Lennox:</i>	Here is a place reserv'd, sir.	60
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Where?	
<i>Lennox:</i>	Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Which of you have done this?	
<i>Lords:</i>	What, my good lord?	65
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Thou canst not say I did it; never shake Thy gory locks at me.	
<i>Ross:</i>	Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.	
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him and extend his passion. Feed, and regard him not. – Are you a man?	70
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Ay, and a bold one that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.	75
<i>Lady Macbeth:</i>	O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear; This is the air-drawn dagger which you said Led you to Duncan.	80

(from Act 3 Scene 4)

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play.

**Or** †5 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes you admire Banquo.

**Or** 6 You are Duncan. It is after the battle. You are just setting out on your journey to Macbeth's castle at Inverness.

Write your thoughts.

**THORNTON WILDER: *Our Town***

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

*[MRS. GIBBS fills her apron with food for the chickens and comes down to the footlights.]*

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*Mrs. Gibbs:* Oh, I'm sorry I mentioned it. Only it seems to me that once in your life before you die you ought to see a country where they don't talk in English and don't even want to.

*(from Act 1)*

How does Wilder reveal the personalities of Mrs Gibbs and Mrs Webb to you in this passage?

- Or** †8 Explore the ways in which Wilder vividly portrays the relationship between Emily and her parents.
- Or** 9 You are Mrs Gibbs. You have just had the conversation with Emily in the graveyard. She has decided to go back and experience her twelfth birthday again.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

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

**Either** \*10 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Introduction to Poetry*

I ask them to take a poem  
and hold it up to the light  
like a color slide

or press an ear against its hive.

I say drop a mouse into a poem  
and watch him probe his way out,

5

or walk inside the poem's room  
and feel the walls for a light switch.

I want them to water-ski  
across the surface of a poem  
waving at the author's name on the shore.

10

But all they want to do  
is tie the poem to a chair with rope  
and torture a confession out of it.

They begin beating it with a hose  
to find out what it really means.

15

How does Collins make his experience of teaching vivid for you in this poem?

**Or** †11 How does Collins strikingly convey the importance of books in *Books*?

**Or** †12 Explore the ways in which Collins creates vivid pictures of the ways that children's ideas change as they grow up in *On Turning Ten* and *The Man in the Moon*.

from *SONGS OF OURSELVES*

**Either** \* 13 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)

What vivid impressions of King Ozymandias does Shelley create for you here?

**Or** †14 How do you think Porter makes his poem *A Consumer's Report* amusing and serious at the same time?

**Or** †15 Select **one** of the following poems, and explore how the poet makes it so moving for you:

*Funeral Blues* (by W.H. Auden)

*Night Sweat* (by Robert Lowell)

**SECTION C: PROSE****HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*****Either \*16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Aunt Alexandra sat down in Calpurnia's chair and put her hands to her face.

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**CARSON McCOLLERS: *The Member of the Wedding***

**Either \*19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

She had started with the old story of Ludie. And it began an afternoon in late October almost twenty years ago. The story started at the place where first they met each other, in front of Camp Campbell's Filling Station outside of the city limits of the town. It was the time of the year when the leaves were turning and the countryside was smoky and autumn gray and gold. And the story went on from that first meeting to the wedding at the Welcome Ascension Church in Sugarville. And then on through the years with the two of them together. The house with the brick front steps and the glass windows on the corner of Barrow Street. The Christmas of the fox fur, and the June of the fish fry thrown for twenty-eight invited relatives and guests. The years with Berenice cooking dinner and sewing Ludie's suits and shirts on the machine and the two of them always having a good time. And the nine months they lived up North, in the city of Cincinnati, where there was snow. Then Sugarville again, and days merging one into another, and the weeks, the months, the years together. And the pair of them always had a good time, yet it was not so much the happenings she mentioned as the way she told about these happenings that made F. Jasmine understand.

Berenice spoke in an unwinding kind of voice, and she had said that she was happier than a queen. As she told the story, it seemed to F. Jasmine that Berenice resembled a strange queen, if a queen can be colored and sitting at a kitchen table. She unwound the story of her and Ludie like a colored queen unwinding a bolt of cloth of gold—and at the end, when the story was over, her expression was always the same: the dark eye staring straight ahead, her flat nose widened and trembling, her mouth finished and sad and quiet. As a rule, when the story was over, they would sit for a moment and then suddenly get busy doing something in a hurry: start a hand of cards, or make milkshakes, or just stir around the kitchen with no particular purpose. But this afternoon they did not move or speak for a long time after Berenice had finished, until finally F. Jasmine asked:

"What exactly did Ludie die of?"

"It was something similar to pneumonia," said Berenice. "November the year 1931."

"The very year and the very month I was born," F. Jasmine said.

"The coldest November I ever seen. Every morning there was frost and puddles were crusted with ice. The sunshine was pale yellow like it is in wintertime. Sounds carried far away, and I remember a hound dog that used to howl toward sundown. I kept a fire in the hearth going day and night, and in the evening when I walk around the room there was this shaking shadow following alongside of me on the wall. And everything I seen come to me as a kind of sign."

"I think it is a kind of sign I was born the same year and the same month he died," F. Jasmine said. "Only the dates are different."

"And then it was a Thursday toward six o'clock in the afternoon. About this time of day. Only November. I remember I went to the passage and opened the front door. We were living that year at 233 Prince Street. Dark was coming on, the old hound was howling far away. And I go back in the room and lay down on Ludie's bed. I lay myself down over Ludie with my arms spread out and my face on his face. And I pray that the Lord would contage my strength to him. And I ask the Lord let it be anybody, but not let it be Ludie. And I lay there and pray for a long time. Until night."

"How?" John Henry asked. It was a question that did not mean anything,

but he repeated it in a higher, wailing voice: "How, Berenice?"

"That night he died," she said. She spoke in a sharp tone, as though they had disputed with her. "I tell you he died. Ludie! Ludie Freeman! Ludie Maxwell Freeman died!"

55

*(from Part 2, Section 2)*

How does McCullers make you feel sympathy for Berenice at this moment in the novel?

**Or** †20 Why do you think that Frankie (Frances) never spoke about the wedding after returning from Winter Hill? Support your answer with details from McCullers's writing.

**Or** 21 You are Frankie's (Frances's) father. You have just been woken in the night by John Henry and have discovered that Frankie (Frances) has gone.

Write your thoughts.

**AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club***

**Either \*22** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

A few weeks later, Old Chong and my mother conspired to have me play in a talent show which would be held in the church hall. By then, my parents had saved up enough to buy me a secondhand piano, a black Wurlitzer spinet with a scarred bench. It was the showpiece of our living room.

For the talent show, I was to play a piece called "Pleading Child" from Schumann's *Scenes from Childhood*. It was a simple, moody piece that sounded more difficult than it was. I was supposed to memorize the whole thing, playing the repeat parts twice to make the piece sound longer. But I dawdled over it, playing a few bars and then cheating, looking up to see what notes followed. I never really listened to what I was playing. I daydreamed about being somewhere else, about being someone else.

The part I liked to practice best was the fancy curtsy: right foot out, touch the rose on the carpet with a pointed foot, sweep to the side, left leg bends, look up and smile.

My parents invited all the couples from the Joy Luck Club to witness my debut. Auntie Lindo and Uncle Tin were there. Waverly and her two older brothers had also come. The first two rows were filled with children both younger and older than I was. The littlest ones got to go first. They recited simple nursery rhymes, squawked out tunes on miniature violins, twirled Hula Hoops, pranced in pink ballet tutus, and when they bowed or curtsied, the audience would sigh in unison, "Awww," and then clap enthusiastically.

When my turn came, I was very confident. I remember my childish excitement. It was as if I knew, without a doubt, that the prodigy side of me really did exist. I had no fear whatsoever, no nervousness. I remember thinking to myself, This is it! This is it! I looked out over the audience, at my mother's blank face, my father's yawn, Auntie Lindo's stiff-lipped smile, Waverly's sulky expression. I had on a white dress layered with sheets of lace, and a pink bow in my Peter Pan haircut. As I sat down I envisioned people jumping to their feet and Ed Sullivan rushing up to introduce me to everyone on TV.

And I started to play. It was so beautiful. I was so caught up in how lovely I looked that at first I didn't worry how I would sound. So it was a surprise to me when I hit the first wrong note and I realized something didn't sound quite right. And then I hit another and another followed that. A chill started at the top of my head and began to trickle down. Yet I couldn't stop playing, as though my hands were bewitched. I kept thinking my fingers would adjust themselves back, like a train switching to the right track. I played this strange jumble through two repeats, the sour notes staying with me all the way to the end.

When I stood up, I discovered my legs were shaking. Maybe I had just been nervous and the audience, like Old Chong, had seen me go through the right motions and had not heard anything wrong at all. I swept my right foot out, went down on my knee, looked up and smiled. The room was quiet, except for Old Chong, who was beaming and shouting, "Bravo! Bravo! Well done!" But then I saw my mother's face, her stricken face. The audience clapped weakly, and as I walked back to my chair, with my whole face quivering as I tried not to cry, I heard a little boy whisper loudly to his mother, "That was awful," and the mother whispered back, "Well, she certainly tried."

(from 'The Twenty-Six Malignant Gates' – Jing-mei Woo – *Two Kinds*)

What does Tan's writing make you feel for Jing-mei as you read this passage?

**Or** †23 How does Tan make Lindo Jong's life in China such a fascinating part of the novel? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or** 24 You are Harold. Lena has just told you that she thinks that you both need to change things in your marriage.

Write your thoughts.

**ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple***

**Either** \*25 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Us better leave then, I say, before whoever it is lives here gits back.

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Well, he say. So now you know.

How does Walker make this moment so dramatic?

- Or** †26 Choose **one** moment in the novel which makes you feel sad, and explain how Walker makes it so sad. (**NB** Do **not** use the passage in Question 25 in answering this question.)
- Or** 27 You are Celie. You have just left Mr ——— [Albert]. You are on your way to live with Shug. Write your thoughts.

*from STORIES OF OURSELVES*

**Either \*28** Read this extract from *Sredni Vashtar*, and then answer the question that follows it:

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradin's bitter litany went up: 'Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar.'

Mrs De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not cease, and one day she made a further journey of inspection. 5

'What are you keeping in that locked hutch?' she asked. 'I believe it's guinea-pigs. I'll have them all cleared away.'

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that pursed smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol: 10

Sredni Vashtar went forth,  
His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.  
His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.  
Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful. 15

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn; he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the paean of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar. 20

'Tea is ready,' said the sour-faced maid; 'where is the mistress?'

'She went down to the shed some time ago,' said Conradin. 25

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin 30

35

40

45

fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.

'Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!' exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

What impressions of Conradin does Saki create for you here?

**Or** †29 How does Marshall make Da-duh such a memorable character in *To Da-duh, in Memoriam*? Support your ideas with details from the story.

**Or** 30 You are Mma-Mompatati (in *The Village Saint*). You have just forbidden your daughter-in-law from taking water from your yard.

Write your thoughts.





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