



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)**

**0427/01**

Paper 1

**May/June 2014**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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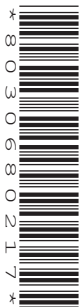
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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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**SECTION A: DRAMA****LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun***

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

*Mama:* [Seeing the make-down bed as Travis has left it] Lord have mercy, look at that poor bed.

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But whether I go into business selling it to 'em *is*, and I don't want that on my ledger this late in life.

*[from Act 1, Scene 1]*

How does Hansberry make this such an effective introduction to Mama?

- Or** †2 Explore **two** moments in the play where Hansberry makes you feel particularly angry.
- Or** 3 You are Walter. Bobo has left the apartment having told you that Willy has disappeared with the money. You are lying on your bed.

Write your thoughts.



	And bind us further to you.	50
<i>Macbeth:</i>	The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you. I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach; So, humbly take my leave.	
<i>Duncan:</i>	My worthy Cawdor!	55
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[ <i>Aside</i> ] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step, On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires. The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.	60
	[ <i>Exit.</i>	
<i>Duncan:</i>	True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant; And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome. It is a peerless kinsman.	65

[from Act 1, Scene 4]

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare dramatically reveals Duncan's character in this extract.

**Or** †5 After Duncan's murder, Lady Macbeth tells Macbeth 'A little water clears us of this deed.'

Explore how Shakespeare dramatically shows how wrong she is.

**Or** 6 You are Macbeth. You have just decided to have Lady Macduff and her children killed.

Write your thoughts.

**THORNTON WILDER: *Our Town***

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

*No curtain.*

*No scenery.*

*The audience, arriving, sees an empty stage in half-light.*

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Nobody very remarkable ever come out of it, s'far as we know.

*[from Act 1]*

How does Wilder make this an effective opening to the play?

**Or** †8 Explore the ways in which Wilder makes the relationship between George and Emily so dramatically significant in the play.

**Or** 9 You are Mr Webb after the wedding.

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:

*My Number*

Is Death miles away from this house,  
reaching for a widow in Cincinnati  
or breathing down the neck of a lost hiker  
in British Columbia?

Is he too busy making arrangements,  
tampering with air brakes,  
scattering cancer cells like seeds,  
loosening the wooden beams of roller coasters

5

to bother with my hidden cottage  
that visitors find so hard to find?

10

Or is he stepping from a black car  
parked at the dark end of the lane,  
shaking open the familiar cloak,  
its hood raised like the head of a crow,  
and removing the scythe from the trunk?

15

Did you have any trouble with the directions?  
I will ask, as I start talking my way out of this.

How does Collins vividly convey fear of death in this poem?

**Or** †11 Explore the ways in which Collins conveys his love of life in *Center*.

**Or** †12 How does Collins make the speaker's thoughts and feelings vivid for you in **either** *Schoolsville* **or** *Forgetfulness*?

from *SONGS OF OURSELVES*

**Either** \*13 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

from *Song of Myself*

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,  
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,  
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,  
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man, 5  
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,  
We have had ducking and deprecating about enough,  
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President? 10  
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and still pass on.  
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,  
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close bare-bosom'd night – press close magnetic nourishing night!  
Night of south winds – night of the large few stars 15  
Still nodding night – mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!  
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!  
Earth of departed sunset – earth of the mountains misty-topped!  
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue! 20

Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!  
Earth of the limpid grey of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!  
Far-swooping elbowed earth – rich apple-blossom'd earth!  
Smile, for your lover comes.  
Prodigal, you have given me love – therefore I to you give love! 25  
O unspeakable passionate love.

(by Walt Whitman)

How does Whitman use striking words and phrases here to convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings?

**Or** †14 Explore the ways in which Baxter creates vivid images of nature in *The Bay*.

**Or** †15 How does Turner make the speaker's attitude towards death memorable for you in *On Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a Book*?

**SECTION C: PROSE**

**HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird***

**Either \*16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Atticus picked up the *Mobile Press* and sat down in the rocking chair Jem had vacated.

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Atticus smiled grimly. 'That should appeal to your imagination. Just pretend you're inside the Radley house.'

[from Chapter 11]

In this extract, what does Lee's writing make you feel about the way Atticus is raising his children?

**Or** †17 How does Lee make Miss Maudie such a likeable character? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or** 18 You are Dill. You are about to board the train at Meridian and run away to Maycomb.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

Frances waited a long time. John Henry was sleeping across the foot of the bed, still dressed and with his shoes on, and his mouth was open and one ear of his glasses frame had come loose. After waiting as long as she could stand it, she took the suitcase and tiptoed very quietly down the stairs. It was dark down there, dark in her father's room, dark through the house. She stood on the threshold of her father's room and he was snoring softly. The hardest time was the few minutes she stood there, listening. 5

The rest was easy. Her father was a widow-man, set in his ways, and at night he folded his pants over a straight chair and left his wallet, watch, and glasses on the right-hand side of the bureau. She moved very quietly in the darkness and laid hand on the wallet almost immediately. She was careful opening the bureau drawer, stopping to listen each time there was a scraping sound. The pistol felt heavy and cool in her hot hand. It was easy except for the loudness of beating heart and for an accident that happened just as she crept from the room. She stumbled over a wastepaper basket and the snoring stopped. Her father stirred, muttered. She held her breath—then finally, after a minute, the snoring went on again. 10 15

She put the letter on the table and tiptoed to the back porch. But there was one thing she had not counted on—John Henry began to call.

"Frankie!" The high child voice seemed to carry through all the rooms of the night house. "Where are you?" 20

"Hush," she whispered. "Go back to sleep."

She had left the light on in her room, and he stood in the stairway door and looked down into the dark kitchen. "What are you doing down there in the dark?" 25

"Hush!" she said again in a loud whisper. "I'll be there by the time you get to sleep."

She waited a few minutes after John Henry had gone, then groped to the back door, unlocked it, and stepped outside. But, though she was very quiet, he must have heard her. "Wait, Frankie!" he wailed. "I'm coming." 30

The child wailing had waked her father, and she knew it before she reached the corner of the house. The night was dark and heavy, and as she ran, she heard her father calling her. Behind the corner of the house she looked and saw the kitchen light go on; the bulb swing back and forth, making a swinging gold reflection on the arbor and the dark yard. He will read the letter now, she thought, and chase and try to capture me. But after she had run a few blocks, the suitcase bumping against her legs and sometimes nearly tripping her, she remembered that her father would have to put on pants and a shirt—for he would not chase her through the streets dressed only in pajama bottoms. She stopped for a second to look behind. No one was there. At the first street light she put down the suitcase and, taking the wallet from the front pocket of her dress, opened it with shaking hands. Inside there was three dollars and fifteen cents. She would have to hop a box car, or something. 35 40

All at once, alone there in the night-empty street, she realized she did not know how. It is easy to talk about hopping a freight train, but how did bums and people really do it? She was three blocks from the station and she walked toward it slowly. The station was closed and she went round it and stared at the platform, long and empty under the pale lights, with the Chiclet machines against the station wall and scraps of chewing-gum paper and candy wrappings on the platform. The train tracks gleamed silver 45 50

and exact and some freight cars were off on a siding in the distance, but they were not hooked to any engine. The train would not come until two o'clock, and would she be able to hop a car, as she had read about, and get away? There was a red lantern a little way down the tracks, and against this colored light she saw a railroad man come walking slowly. She could not hang around like that until two o'clock—but as she left the station, one shoulder dragged down by the weight of the bag, she did not know where she should go.

55

[from Part 3]

How does McCullers make this such a tense and dramatic moment in the novel?

**Or** †20 Explore the ways in which McCullers makes Honey **and** the soldier such striking characters in the novel.

**Or** 21 You are Berenice. You are sitting having a drink with T.T. just after Frankie (Frances) has thrown the knife at you.

Write your thoughts.

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

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

I was hoping she would say something first about Rich. I had seen her expression when she opened the door, her forced smile as she scrutinized him from head to toe, checking her appraisal of him against that already given to her by Auntie Suyuan. I tried to anticipate what criticisms she would have.

5

Rich was not only *not* Chinese, he was a few years younger than I was. And unfortunately, he looked much younger with his curly red hair, smooth pale skin, and the splash of orange freckles across his nose. He was a bit on the short side, compactly built. In his dark business suits, he looked nice but easily forgettable, like somebody's nephew at a funeral. Which was why I didn't notice him the first year we worked together at the firm. But my mother noticed everything.

10

"So what do you think of Rich?" I finally asked, holding my breath.

She tossed the eggplant in the hot oil and it made a loud, angry hissing sound. "So many spots on his face," she said.

15

I could feel the pinpricks on my back. "They're freckles. Freckles are good luck, you know," I said a bit too heatedly in trying to raise my voice above the din of the kitchen.

"Oh?" she said innocently.

"Yes, the more spots the better. Everybody knows that."

20

She considered this a moment and then smiled and spoke in Chinese: "Maybe this is true. When you were young, you got the chicken pox. So many spots, you had to stay home for ten days. So lucky, you thought."

I couldn't save Rich in the kitchen. And I couldn't save him later at the dinner table.

25

He had brought a bottle of French wine, something he did not know my parents could not appreciate. My parents did not even own wineglasses. And then he also made the mistake of drinking not one but two frosted glasses full, while everybody else had a half-inch "just for taste."

30

When I offered Rich a fork, he insisted on using the slippery ivory chopsticks. He held them splayed like the knock-kneed legs of an ostrich while picking up a large chunk of sauce-coated eggplant. Halfway between his plate and his open mouth, the chunk fell on his crisp white shirt and then slid into his crotch. It took several minutes to get Shoshana to stop shrieking with laughter.

35

And then he had helped himself to big portions of the shrimp and snow peas, not realizing he should have taken only a polite spoonful, until everybody had had a morsel.

He had declined the sautéed new greens, the tender and expensive leaves of bean plants plucked before the sprouts turn into beans. And Shoshana refused to eat them also, pointing to Rich: "He didn't eat them! He didn't eat them!"

40

He thought he was being polite by refusing seconds, when he should have followed my father's example, who made a big show of taking small portions of seconds, thirds, and even fourths, always saying he could not resist another bite of something or other, and then groaning that he was so full he thought he would burst.

45

But the worst was when Rich criticized my mother's cooking, and he didn't even know what he had done. As is the Chinese cook's custom, my mother always made disparaging remarks about her own cooking. That

50



night she chose to direct it toward her famous steamed pork and preserved vegetable dish, which she always served with special pride.

“Ai! This dish not salty enough, no flavor,” she complained, after tasting a small bite. “It is too bad to eat.”

55

This was our family’s cue to eat some and proclaim it the best she had ever made. But before we could do so, Rich said, “You know, all it needs is a little soy sauce.” And he proceeded to pour a riverful of the salty black stuff on the platter, right before my mother’s horrified eyes.

And even though I was hoping throughout the dinner that my mother would somehow see Rich’s kindness, his sense of humor and boyish charm, I knew he had failed miserably in her eyes.

60

Rich obviously had had a different opinion on how the evening had gone. When we got home that night, after we put Shoshana to bed, he said modestly, “Well. I think we hit it off *A-o-kay*.” He had the look of a dalmatian, panting, loyal, waiting to be petted.

65

[from ‘*American Translation*’ – Waverly Jong – *Four Directions*]

How does Tan vividly convey the awkwardness of Rich’s meeting with Waverly’s mother here?

**Or** †23 Explore the ways in which Tan strikingly portrays the relationship between Ying-ying and Lena St Clair in the course of the novel.

**Or** 24 You are An-mei. You have just heard that Rose and Ted are going to be divorced.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

Dear Nettie,

The first thing I notice bout Mr ——— is how clean he is. His skin shine. His hair brush back.

When he walk by the casket to review Sofia mother's body he stop, whisper something to her. Pat her shoulder. On his way back to his seat he look over at me. I raise my fan and look off the other way. 5

Us went back to Harpo's after the funeral.

I know you won't believe this, Miss Celie, say Sofia, but Mr ——— act like he trying to git religion.

Big a devil as he is, I say, trying is bout all he can do. 10

He don't go to church or nothing, but he not so quick to judge. He work real hard too.

What? I say. Mr ——— work!

He sure do. He out there in the field from sunup to sundown. And clean that house just like a woman. 15

Even cook, say Harpo. And what more, wash the dishes when he finish.

Naw, I say. Yall must still be dope.

But he don't talk much or be round people, Sofia say.

Sound like craziness closing in to me, I say. 20

Just then, Mr ——— walk up.

How you Celie, he say.

Fine, I say. I look in his eyes and I see he feeling scared of me. Well, good, I think. Let him feel what I felt.

Shug didn't come with you this time? he say. 25

Naw, I say. She have to work. Sorry bout Sofia mama though.

Anybody be sorry, he say. The woman that brought Sofia in the world brought something.

I don't say nothing.

They put her away nice, he say. 30

They sure did, I say.

And so many grandchildren, he say. Well. Twelve children, all busy multiplying. Just the family enough to fill the church.

Yeah, I say. That's the truth.

How long you here for? he say. 35

Maybe a week, I say.

You know Harpo and Sofia baby girl real sick? he say.

Naw, I didn't, I say. I point to Henrietta in the crowd. There she is over there, I say. She look just fine.

Yeah, she look fine, he say, but she got some kind of blood disease. Blood sort of clot up in her veins every once in a while, make her sick as a dog. I don't think she gon make it, he say. 40

Great goodness of life, I say.

Yeah, he say. It hard for Sofia. She still have to try to prop up that white gal she raise. Now her mama dead. Her health not that good either. Plus, Henrietta a hard row to hoe whether she sick or well. 45

Oh, she a little mess, I say. Then I think back to one of Nettie's letters bout the sicknesses children have where she at in Africa. Seem like to me she mention something bout blood clots. I try to remember what she say African peoples do, but I can't. Talking to Mr ——— such a surprise I can't think of nothing. Not even nothing else to say. 50

Mr —— stand waiting for me to say something, looking off up to his house. Finally he say, Good evening, and walk away.

Sofia say after I left, Mr —— live like a pig. Shut up in the house so much it stunk. Wouldn't let nobody in until finally Harpo force his way in. Clean the house, got food. Give his daddy a bath. Mr —— too weak to fight back. Plus, too far gone to care. 55

He couldn't sleep, she say. At night he thought he heard bats outside the door. Other things rattling in the chimney. But the worse part was having to listen to his own heart. It did pretty well as long as there was daylight, but soon as night come, it went crazy. Beating so loud it shook the room. Sound like drums. 60

Explore the ways in which Walker vividly portrays Mr —— (Albert) here.

**Or** †26 What impressions do you have of Nettie as you read the novel? Support your answer with details from Walker's writing.

**Or** 27 You are Sofia, at the end of the novel.

Write your thoughts.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES*

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

It then occurred to him that he could have slipped out long ago, dashed across the yard to the veranda and touched the 'den'. It was necessary to do that to win. He had forgotten. He had only remembered the part of hiding and trying to elude the seeker. He had done that so successfully, his success had occupied him so wholly that he had quite forgotten that success had to be clinched by that final dash to victory and the ringing cry of 'Den!' 5

With a whimper he burst through the crack, fell on his knees, got up and stumbled on stiff, benumbed legs across the shadowy yard, crying heartily by the time he reached the veranda so that when he flung himself at the white pillar and bawled, 'Den! Den! Den!' his voice broke with rage and pity at the disgrace of it all and he felt himself flooded with tears and misery. 10

Out on the lawn, the children stopped chanting. They all turned to stare at him in amazement. Their faces were pale and triangular in the dusk. The trees and bushes around them stood inky and sepulchral, spilling long shadows across them. They stared, wondering at his reappearance, his passion, his wild animal howling. Their mother rose from her basket chair and came towards him, worried, annoyed, saying, 'Stop it, stop it, Ravi. Don't be a baby. Have you hurt yourself?' Seeing him attended to, the children went back to clasping their hands and chanting 'The grass is green, the rose is red ...' 15

But Ravi would not let them. He tore himself out of his mother's grasp and pounded across the lawn into their midst, charging at them with his head lowered so that they scattered in surprise. 'I won, I won, I won,' he bawled, shaking his head so that the big tears flew. 'Raghu didn't find me. I won, I won—' 20

It took them a minute to grasp what he was saying, even who he was. They had quite forgotten him. Raghu had found all the others long ago. There had been a fight about who was to be It next. It had been so fierce that their mother had emerged from her bath and made them change to another game. Then they had played another and another. Broken mulberries from the tree and eaten them. Helped the driver wash the car when their father returned from work. Helped the gardener water the beds till he roared at them and swore he would complain to their parents. The parents had come out, taken up their positions on the cane chairs. They had begun to play again, sing and chant. All this time no one had remembered Ravi. Having disappeared from the scene, he had disappeared from their minds. Clean. 30

'Don't be a fool,' Raghu said roughly, pushing him aside, and even Mira said, 'Stop howling, Ravi. If you want to play, you can stand at the end of the line,' and she put him there very firmly. 40

The game proceeded. Two pairs of arms reached up and met in an arc. The children trooped under it again and again in a lugubrious circle, ducking their heads and intoning

'The grass is green,  
The rose is red;  
Remember me  
When I am dead, dead, dead, dead ...' 45

And the arc of thin arms trembled in the twilight, and the heads were bowed so sadly, and their feet tramped to that melancholy refrain so

mournfully, so helplessly, that Ravi could not bear it. He would not follow them, he would not be included in this funereal game. He had wanted victory and triumph – not a funeral. But he had been forgotten, left out and he would not join them now. The ignominy of being forgotten – how could he face it? He felt his heart go heavy and ache inside him unbearably. He lay down full length on the damp grass, crushing his face into it, no longer crying, silenced by a terrible sense of his insignificance. 50

[from *Games at Twilight* by Anita Desai]

How does Desai capture Ravi's despair in this dramatic ending to the story? 55

**Or** †29 What does McGahern's writing make you feel about the son as you read *The Stroat*?

Support your ideas with details from the story.

**Or** 30 You are Tommy Castelli, at the end of the story *The Prison*.

Write your thoughts.





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