



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

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Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2016

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal points.



This document consists of **17** printed pages, **3** blank pages, and **1** insert.

SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

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

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

First Reader

I can see them standing politely on the wide pages
that I was still learning to turn,
Jane in a blue jumper, Dick with his crayon-brown hair,
playing with a ball or exploring the cosmos
of the backyard, unaware they are the first characters, 5
the boy and girl who begin fiction.

Beyond the simple illustration of their neighborhood
the other protagonists were waiting in a huddle:
frightening Heathcliff, frightened Pip, Nick Adams
carrying a fishing rod, Emma Bovary riding into Rouen. 10

But I would read about the perfect boy and his sister
even before I would read about Adam and Eve, garden and gate,
and before I heard the name Gutenberg, the type
of their simple talk was moving into my focusing eyes.

It was always Saturday and he and she 15
were always pointing at something and shouting "Look!"
pointing at the dog, the bicycle, or at their father
as he pushed a hand mower over the lawn,
waving at aproned Mother framed in the kitchen doorway,
pointing toward the sky, pointing at each other. 20

They wanted us to look but we had looked already
and seen the shaded lawn, the wagon, the postman.
We had seen the dog, walked, watered, and fed the animal,
and now it was time to discover the infinite, clicking
permutations of the alphabet's small and capital letters. 25
Alphabetical ourselves in the rows of classroom desks,
we were forgetting how to look, learning how to read.

How does Collins strikingly convey thoughts about learning to read in this poem?

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

Bonsai

All it takes is one to throw a room
completely out of whack.

Over by the window
it looks hundreds of yards away,

a lone stark gesture of wood 5
on the distant cliff of a table.

Up close, it draws you in,
cuts everything down to its size.

Look at it from the doorway,
and the world dilates and bloats. 10

The button lying next to it
is now a pearl wheel,

the book of matches is a raft,
and the coffee cup a cistern

to catch the same rain 15
that moistens its small plot of dark, mossy earth.

For it even carries its own weather,
leaning away from a fierce wind

that somehow blows 20
through the calm tropics of this room.

The way it bends inland at the elbow
makes me want to inch my way

to the very top of its spiky greenery,
hold on for dear life

and watch the sea storm rage, 25
hoping for a tiny whale to appear.

I want to see her plunging forward
through the troughs,

tunneling under the foam and spindrift 30
on her annual, thousand-mile journey.

In what ways does Collins create a vivid impression of the bonsai?

from *Songs of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rain

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
 On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
 Remembering again that I shall die
 And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
 For washing me cleaner than I have been 5
 Since I was born into this solitude.
 Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
 But here I pray that none whom once I loved
 Is dying to-night or lying still awake
 Solitary, listening to the rain, 10
 Either in pain or thus in sympathy
 Helpless among the living and the dead,
 Like a cold water among broken reeds,
 Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
 Like me who have no love which this wild rain 15
 Has not dissolved except the love of death,
 If love it be for what is perfect and
 Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

(by *Edward Thomas*)

What striking impressions of the speaker's thoughts and feelings does Thomas create for you in *Rain*?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

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

The Telephone Call

They asked me 'Are you sitting down?
Right? This is Universal Lotteries',
they said. 'You've won the top prize,
the Ultra-super Global Special. 5
What would you do with a million pounds?
Or, actually, with more than a million –
not that it makes a lot of difference
once you're a millionaire.' And they laughed.

'Are you OK?' they asked – 'Still there?
Come on, now, tell us, how does it feel?' 10
I said 'I just ... I can't believe it!
They said 'That's what they all say.
What else? Go on, tell us about it.'
I said 'I feel the top of my head
has floated off, out through the window,
revolving like a flying saucer.' 15

'That's unusual' they said. 'Go on.'
I said 'I'm finding it hard to talk.
My throat's gone dry, my nose is tingling.
I think I'm going to sneeze – or cry.' 20
'That's right' they said, 'don't be ashamed
of giving way to your emotions.
It isn't every day you hear
you're going to get a million pounds.

Relax, now, have a little cry; 25
we'll give you a moment ...' 'Hang on!' I said.
'I haven't bought a lottery ticket
for years and years. And what did you say
the company's called?' They laughed again.
'Not to worry about a ticket. 30
We're Universal. We operate
A retrospective Chances Module.

Nearly everyone's bought a ticket
in some lottery or another,
once at least. We buy up the files, 35
feed the names into our computer,
and see who the lucky person is.'
'Well, that's incredible' I said.
'It's marvellous. I still can't quite ...
I'll believe it when I see the cheque.' 40

'Oh,' they said, 'there's no cheque.'
'But the money?' 'We don't deal in money.
Experiences are what we deal in.
You've had a great experience, right?
Exciting? Something you'll remember?
That's your prize. So congratulations
from all of us at Universal.
Have a nice day!' And the line went dead.

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(by Fleur Adcock)

How does Adcock make the telephone conversation in *The Telephone Call* so vivid for you?

SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

RAY BRADBURY: *Fahrenheit 451*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Montag looked at the cards in his own hands. 'I – I've been thinking. About the fire last week. About the man whose library we fixed. What happened to him?'

'They took him screaming off to the asylum.'

'He wasn't insane.'

Beatty arranged his cards quietly. 'Any man's insane who thinks he can fool the Government and us.'

'I've tried to imagine,' said Montag, 'just how it would feel. I mean to have firemen burn *our* houses and *our* books.'

'We haven't any books.'

'But if we did have some.'

'You *got* some?'

Beatty blinked slowly.

'No.' Montag gazed beyond them to the wall with the typed lists of a million forbidden books. Their names leapt in fire, burning down the years under his axe and his hose which sprayed not water but kerosene. 'No.' But in his mind, a cool wind started up and blew out of the ventilator grille at home, softly, softly, chilling his face. And, again, he saw himself in a green park talking to an old man, a very old man, and the wind from the park was cold, too.

Montag hesitated, 'Was – was it always like this? The firehouse, our work? I mean, well, once upon a time ...'

'Once upon a time!' Beatty said. 'What kind of talk is *that*?'

Fool, thought Montag to himself, you'll give it away. At the last fire, a book of fairy tales, he'd glanced at a single line. 'I mean,' he said, 'in the old days, before homes were completely fireproofed –' Suddenly it seemed a much younger voice was speaking for him. He opened his mouth and it was Clarisse McClellan saying, 'Didn't firemen *prevent* fires rather than stoke them up and get them going?'

'That's rich!' Stoneman and Black drew forth their rule-books, which also contained brief histories of the Firemen of America, and laid them out where Montag, though long familiar with them, might read:

'Established, 1790, to burn English-influenced books in the Colonies. First Fireman: Benjamin Franklin.'

RULE 1. Answer the alarm swiftly.

2. Start the fire swiftly.

3. Burn everything.

4. Report back to firehouse immediately.

5. Stand alert for other alarms.

Everyone watched Montag. He did not move.

The alarm sounded.

The bell in the ceiling kicked itself two hundred times. Suddenly there

were four empty chairs. The cards fell in a flurry of snow. The brass pole shivered. The men were gone.

Montag slid down the pole like a man in a dream.

45

The Mechanical Hound leapt up in its kennel, its eyes all green flame.

'Montag, you forgot your helmet!'

He seized it off the wall behind him, ran, leapt, and they were off, the night wind hammering about their siren scream and their mighty metal thunder!

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[from Part One, "The Hearth and the Salamander"]

How does Bradbury make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

- Or** **6** How does Bradbury vividly portray the relationship between Montag and his wife, Mildred (Millie)?

ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

“Logan, you ’sleep?”
 “If Ah wuz, you’d be done woke me up callin’ me.”
 “Ah wuz thinkin’ real hard about us; about you and me.”
 “It’s about time. Youse powerful independent around here sometime considerin’.” 5

“Considerin’ whut for instance?”
 “Considerin’ youse born in a carriage ’thout no top to it, and yo’ mama and you bein’ born and raised in de white folks back-yard.”
 “You didn’t say all dat when you wuz begging Nanny for me to marry you.” 10

“Ah thought you would ’preciate good treatment. Thought Ah’d take and make somethin’ outa yuh. You think youse white folks by de way you act.”
 “S’posin’ Ah wuz to run off and leave yuh sometime.” 15

There! Janie had put words in his held-in fears. She might run off sure enough. The thought put a terrible ache in Logan’s body, but he thought it best to put on scorn.

“Ah’m gettin’ sleepy, Janie. Let’s don’t talk no mo’. ’Tain’t too many mens would trust yuh, knowin’ yo’ folks lak dey do.”
 “Ah might take and find somebody dat did trust me and leave yuh.” 20

“Shucks! ’Tain’t no mo’ fools lak me. A whole lot of mens will grin in yo’ face, but dey ain’t gwine tuh work and feed yuh. You won’t git far and you won’t be long, when dat big gut reach over and grab dat little one, you’ll be too glad to come back here.”
 “You don’t take nothin’ to count but sow-belly and corn-bread.” 25

“Ah’m sleepy. Ah don’t aim to worry mah gut into a fiddle-string wid no s’posin’.” He flopped over resentful in his agony and pretended sleep. He hoped that he had hurt her as she had hurt him.

Janie got up with him the next morning and had the breakfast halfway done when he bellowed from the barn. 30

“Janie!” Logan called harshly. “Come help me move dis manure pile befo’ de sun gits hot. You don’t take a bit of interest in dis place. ’Tain’t no use in foolin’ round in dat kitchen all day long.”
 Janie walked to the door with the pan in her hand still stirring the cornmeal dough and looked towards the barn. The sun from ambush was threatening the world with red daggers, but the shadows were gray and solid-looking around the barn. Logan with his shovel looked like a black bear doing some clumsy dance on his hind legs. 35

“You don’t need mah help out dere, Logan. Youse in yo’ place and Ah’m in mine.” 40

“You ain’t got no particular place. It’s wherever Ah need yuh. Git uh move on yuh, and dat quick.”
 “Mah mamma didn’t tell me Ah wuz born in no hurry. So whut business Ah got rushin’ now? Anyhow dat ain’t whut youse mad about. Youse mad ’cause Ah don’t fall down and wash-up dese sixty acres uh ground yuh got. You ain’t done me no favor by marryin’ me. And if dat’s what you call yo’self doin’, Ah don’t thank yuh for it. Youse mad ’cause Ah’m tellin’ yuh whut you already knowed.” 45

Logan dropped his shovel and made two or three clumsy steps towards the house, then stopped abruptly. 50

“Don’t you change too many words wid me dis mawnin’, Janie, do Ah’ll take and change ends wid yuh! Heah, Ah just as good as take you out de white folks’ kitchen and set you down on yo’ royal diasticutis and you take and low-rate me! Ah’ll take holt uh dat ax and come in dere and kill yuh! You better dry up in dere! Ah’m too honest and hard-workin’ for anybody in yo’ family, dat’s de reason you don’t want me!” The last sentence was half a sob and half a cry. “Ah guess some low-lived nigger is grinnin’ in yo’ face and lyin’ tuh yuh. God damn yo’ hide!” 55

Janie turned from the door without answering, and stood still in the middle of the floor without knowing it. She turned wrongside out just standing there and feeling. When the throbbing calmed a little she gave Logan’s speech a hard thought and placed it beside other things she had seen and heard. When she had finished with that she dumped the dough on the skillet and smoothed it over with her hand. She wasn’t even angry. Logan was accusing her of her mamma, her grandmama and her feelings, and she couldn’t do a thing about any of it. The sow-belly in the pan needed turning. She flipped it over and shoved it back. A little cold water in the coffee pot to settle it. Turned the hoe-cake with a plate and then made a little laugh. What was she losing so much time for? A feeling of sudden newness and change came over her. Janie hurried out of the front gate and turned south. Even if Joe was not there waiting for her, the change was bound to do her good. 60
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[from Chapter 4]

Explore how Hurston makes this such a memorable moment in the novel.

Or **8** What striking impressions of Nanny does Hurston’s writing create for you?

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

When Boo Radley shuffled to his feet, light from the living-room windows glistened on his forehead.

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We never put back into the tree what we took out of it: we had given him nothing, and it made me sad.

[from Chapter 31]

How does Lee make this moment in the novel so moving?

Or 10 How does Lee create such vivid impressions of Maycomb as a place to live?

CARSON McCOLLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

All of a sudden the horn stopped playing. For a moment Frankie could not take it in, she felt so lost.

She whispered finally to John Henry West: 'He has stopped to bang the spit out of his horn. In a second he will finish.'

But the music did not come again. The tune was left broken, unfinished. And the drawn tightness she could no longer stand. She felt she must do something wild and sudden that never had been done before. She hit herself on the head with her fist, but that did not help any at all. And she began to talk aloud, although at first she paid no attention to her own words and did not know in advance what she would say.

'I told Berenice that I was leaving town for good and she did not believe me. Sometimes I honestly think she is the biggest fool that ever drew breath.' She complained aloud, and her voice was fringed and sharp like the edge of a saw. She talked and did not know from one word to the next what she would say. She listened to her own voice, but the words she heard did not make much sense. 'You try to impress something on a big fool like that and it's just like talking to a block of cement. I kept on telling and telling and telling her. I told her I had to leave this town for good because it is inevitable.'

She was not talking to John Henry. She did not see him any more. He had moved from the lighted window, but he was still listening from the porch, and after a little while he asked her:

'Where?'

Frankie did not answer. She was suddenly very still and quiet. For a new feeling had come to her. The sudden feeling was that she knew deep in her where she would go. She knew, and in another minute the name of the place would come to her. Frankie bit the knuckles of her fist and waited: but she did not hunt the name of the place and did not think about the turning world. She saw in her mind her brother and the bride, and the heart in her was squeezed so hard that Frankie almost felt it break.

John Henry was asking in his high child voice: 'You want me to eat supper and sleep in the tepee with you?'

She answered: 'No.'

'You just a little while ago invited me!'

But she could not argue with John Henry West or answer anything he said. For it was just at that moment that Frankie understood. She knew who she was and how she was going into the world. Her squeezed heart suddenly opened and divided. Her heart divided like two wings. And when she spoke her voice was sure.

'I know where I'm going,' she said.

He asked her: 'Where?'

'I'm going to Winter Hill,' she said. 'I'm going to the wedding.'

She waited, to give him a chance to say: 'I already knew that, anyhow.' Then finally she spoke the sudden truth aloud.

'I'm going with them. After the wedding at Winter Hill, I'm going off with the two of them to whatever place that they will ever go. I'm going with them.' He did not answer.

'I love the two of them so much. We'll go to every place together. It's like

I've known it all my life, that I belong to be with them. I love the two of them so much.'

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And having said this, she did not need to wonder and puzzle any more. She opened her eyes, and it was night. The lavender sky had at last grown dark and there was slanted starlight and twisted shade. Her heart had divided like two wings and she had never seen a night so beautiful.

Frankie stood looking into the sky. For when the old question came to her – the who she was and what she would be in the world, and why she was standing there that minute – when the old question came to her, she did not feel hurt and unanswered. At last she knew just who she was and understood where she was going. She loved her brother and the bride and she was a member of the wedding. The three of them would go into the world and they would always be together. And finally, after the scared spring and the crazy summer, she was no more afraid.

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[from Part One]

How does McCullers make this such a dramatic conclusion to Part One of the novel?

- Or** **12** Explore the ways in which McCullers makes the Blue Moon café so important in the novel.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 13 Read this extract from *The Phoenix*, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘I’ve got an idea,’ said Mr Poldero. ‘How old do you suppose that bird is?’

‘Looks in its prime to me,’ said Mr Ramkin.

‘Suppose,’ continued Mr Poldero, ‘we could somehow get him alright? We’d advertise it beforehand, of course, work up interest. Then we’d have a new bird, and a bird with some romance about it, a bird with a life-story. We could sell a bird like that.’

Mr Ramkin nodded.

‘I’ve read about it in a book,’ he said. ‘You’ve got to give them scented woods and whatnot, and they build a nest and sit down on it and catch fire spontaneous. But they won’t do it till they’re old. That’s the snag.’

‘Leave that to me,’ said Mr Poldero. ‘You get those scented woods, and I’ll do the ageing.’

It was not easy to age the phoenix. Its allowance of food was halved, and halved again, but though it grew thinner its eyes were undimmed and its plumage glossy as ever. The heating was turned off; but it puffed out its feathers against the cold, and seemed none the worse. Other birds were put into its cage, birds of a peevish and quarrelsome nature. They pecked and chivvied it; but the phoenix was so civil and amiable that after a day or two they lost their animosity. Then Mr Poldero tried alley cats. These could not be won by good manners, but the phoenix darted above their heads and flapped its golden wings in their faces, and daunted them.

Mr Poldero turned to a book on Arabia, and read that the climate was dry. ‘Aha!’ said he. The phoenix was moved to a small cage that had a sprinkler in the ceiling. Every night the sprinkler was turned on. The phoenix began to cough. Mr Poldero had another good idea. Daily he stationed himself in front of the cage to jeer at the bird and abuse it.

When spring was come, Mr Poldero felt justified in beginning a publicity campaign about the ageing phoenix. The old public favourite, he said, was nearing its end. Meanwhile he tested the bird’s reactions every few days by putting a little dirty straw into the cage, to see if it were interested in nesting yet. One day the phoenix began turning over the straw. Mr Poldero signed a contract for the film rights. At last the hour seemed ripe. It was a fine Saturday evening in May. For some weeks the public interest in the ageing phoenix had been working up, and the admission charge had risen to five shillings. The enclosure was thronged. The lights and the cameras were trained on the cage, and a loud-speaker proclaimed to the audience the rarity of what was about to take place.

‘The phoenix,’ said the loud-speaker, ‘is the aristocrat of bird-life. Only the rarest and most expensive specimens of oriental woods, drenched in exotic perfumes, will tempt him to construct his strange love-nest.’

Now a neat assortment of twigs and shavings, strongly scented, was shoved into the cage.

‘The phoenix,’ the loud-speaker continued, ‘is as capricious as Cleopatra, as luxurious as the du Barry, as heady as a strain of wild gypsy music. All the fantastic pomp and passion of the ancient East, its languorous magic, its subtle cruelties’—

‘Lawks!’ cried a woman in the crowd. ‘He’s at it!’

A quiver stirred the dulled plumage. The phoenix turned its head from side to side. It descended, staggering, from its perch. Then wearily it began to pull about the twigs and shavings. 50

The cameras clicked, the lights blazed full on the cage. Rushing to the loudspeaker Mr Poldero exclaimed:

‘Ladies and gentlemen, this is the thrilling moment the world has breathlessly awaited. The legend of centuries is materialising before our modern eyes. The phoenix ...’ 55

The phoenix settled on its pyre and appeared to fall asleep.

The film director said:

‘Well, if it doesn’t evaluate more than this, mark it instructional.’

At that moment the phoenix and the pyre burst into flames. The flames streamed upwards, leaped out on every side. In a minute or two everything was burned to ashes, and some thousand people, including Mr Poldero, perished in the blaze. 60

How does Warner make this ending to *The Phoenix* so satisfying?

- Or** **14** What do the writers make you feel about Ravi in *Games at Twilight* (by Anita Desai) **and** the granddaughter in *To Da-duh, in Memoriam* (by Paule Marshall)?

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