

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

May/June 2018

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 marks.

This document consists of **15** printed pages, **1** blank page 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:

Afternoon with Irish Cows

There were a few dozen who occupied the field

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above the wall with one wild, shocking eye.

Explore how Collins creates such vivid impressions of the cows in this poem.

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

Where I Live

The house sits at one end of a two-acre trapezoid.

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in pools on the ground.

How does Collins movingly depict his thoughts and feelings at this significant moment in his life?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 2

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-grey,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky 5
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.
 The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
 And every spirit upon earth 15
 Seemed fervourless as I.
 At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimitated; 20
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.
 So little cause for carolings 25
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air 30
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

(by Thomas Hardy)

Explore the ways in which Hardy strikingly conveys the speaker's thoughts and feelings in this poem.

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

At the Parrot House, Taronga Park

What images could yet suggest their range
 of tender colours, thick as old brocade,
 or shot silk or flowers on a dress
 where black and rose and lime seem to caress
 the red that starts to shimmer as they fade? 5

Like something half-remembered from a dream
 they come from places we have never seen.

They chatter and they squawk and sometimes scream.

Here the macaw clings at the rings to show
 the young galahs talking as they feed 10
 with feathers soft and pink as dawn on snow
 that it too has a dry and dusky tongue.
 Their murmuring embraces every need
 from languid vanity to wildest greed.

In the far corner sit two smoky crones 15
 their heads together in a kind of love.
 One cleans the other's feathers while it moans.
 The others seem to whisper behind fans
 while noble dandies gamble in a room
 asserting values everyone rejects. 20

A lidded eye observes, and it reflects.

The peacocks still pretend they own the yard.

For all the softness, how the beaks are hard.

(by Vivian Smith)

What vivid impressions of the birds does Smith's writing create for you in this poem?

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 passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

The last few nights he had had the most uncertain feelings about the sidewalk just around the corner here, moving in the starlight toward his house. He had felt that a moment before his making the turn, someone had been there. The air seemed charged with a special calm as if someone had waited there, quietly, and only a moment before he came, simply turned to a shadow and let him through. Perhaps his nose detected a faint perfume, perhaps the skin on the backs of his hands, on his face, felt the temperature rise at this one spot where a person's standing might raise the immediate atmosphere ten degrees for an instant. There was no understanding it. Each time he made the turn, he saw only the white, unused, buckling sidewalk, with perhaps, on one night, something vanishing swiftly across a lawn before he could focus his eyes or speak. 5

But now, tonight, he slowed almost to a stop. His inner mind, reaching out to turn the corner for him, had heard the faintest whisper. Breathing? Or was the atmosphere compressed merely by someone standing very quietly there, waiting? 10

He turned the corner.

The autumn leaves blew over the moonlit pavement in such a way as to make the girl who was moving there seem fixed to a sliding walk, letting the motion of the wind and the leaves carry her forward. Her head was half bent to watch her shoes stir the circling leaves. Her face was slender and milk-white, and in it was a kind of gentle hunger that touched over everything with tireless curiosity. It was a look, almost, of pale surprise; the dark eyes were so fixed to the world that no move escaped them. Her dress was white and it whispered. He almost thought he heard the motion of her hands as she walked, and the infinitely small sound now, the white stir of her face turning when she discovered she was a moment away from a man who stood in the middle of the pavement waiting. 20

The trees overhead made a great sound of letting down their dry rain. The girl stopped and looked as if she might pull back in surprise, but instead stood regarding Montag with eyes so dark and shining and alive, that he felt he had said something quite wonderful. But he knew his mouth had only moved to say hello, and then when she seemed hypnotized by the salamander on his arm and the phoenix-disc on his chest, he spoke again. 30

'Of course,' he said, 'you're a new neighbour, aren't you?' 35

'And you must be' – she raised her eyes from his professional symbols – 'the fireman.' Her voice trailed off.

'How oddly you say that.'

'I'd – I'd have known it with my eyes shut,' she said, slowly.

'What – the smell of kerosene? My wife always complains,' he laughed. 'You never wash it off completely.' 40

'No, you don't,' she said, in awe.

[from 'The Hearth and the Salamander']

How does Bradbury make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **6** In what ways does Bradbury make the Mechanical Hounds so disturbing in the novel?

F SCOTT FITZGERALD: *The Great Gatsby*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

'I've got something to tell you, old sport —' began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

'Please don't!' she interrupted helplessly. 'Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?'

'That's a good idea,' I got up. 'Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink.'

'I want to know what Mr Gatsby has to tell me.'

'Your wife doesn't love you,' said Gatsby. 'She's never loved you. She loves me.'

'You must be crazy!' exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

'She never loved you, do you hear?' he cried. 'She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!'

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain — as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.

'Sit down, Daisy,' Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. 'What's been going on? I want to hear all about it.'

'I told you what's been going on,' said Gatsby. 'Going on for five years — and you didn't know.'

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

'You've been seeing this fellow for five years?'

'Not seeing,' said Gatsby. 'No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes' — but there was no laughter in his eyes — 'to think that you didn't know.'

'Oh — that's all.' Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.

'You're crazy!' he exploded. 'I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then — and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now.'

'No,' said Gatsby, shaking his head.

'She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing.' He nodded sagely. 'And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time.'

'You're revolting,' said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: 'Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree.'

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.

'Daisy, that's all over now,' he said earnestly. 'It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth — that you never loved him — and it's all wiped out forever.'

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She looked at him blindly. 'Why – how could I love him – possibly?'
'You never loved him.'

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She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing – and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

'I never loved him,' she said, with perceptible reluctance.

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[from Chapter 7]

In what ways does Fitzgerald make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or **8** What does Fitzgerald's writing make you feel about George and Myrtle Wilson?

ZORA NEALE HURSTON: *Their Eyes Were Watching God***Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 9** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

'Tea Cake, you'se sick.'

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The pistol and the rifle rang out almost together.

[from Chapter 19]

Explore the ways in which Hurston makes this such a powerful moment in the novel.

Or **10** How does Hurston strikingly convey Janie's growing independence in the novel?

Do **not** use the passage in Question 9 in answering this question.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

I hated when he was right. There had never been any voice in the wind. No mother out there singing. No bottomless love.

The terrible thing, the really terrible thing, was the anger in me. It had started on the back porch when the story of my mother had collapsed, like the ground under my feet giving way. I didn't want to be angry. I told myself, *You're not angry. You don't have any right to be angry. What you did to your mother is a lot worse than what she did to you.* But you can't talk yourself out of anger. Either you are angry or you're not.

The room was hot and still. In another minute I would not be able to breathe for the anger filling me up. My lungs went out only so far before they struck against it and closed back in.

I got to my feet and paced in the darkness. Behind me on the worktable a half dozen jars of Black Madonna Honey waited for Zach to deliver them somewhere in town – to Clayton's maybe, to the Frogmore Stew General Store, the Amen Dollar, or Divine Do's, the colored beauty parlor.

How dare she? How dare she leave me? I was her child.

I looked toward the window, wanting to smash the panes out of it. I wanted to throw something all the way to heaven and knock God clean off his throne. I picked up one of the honey jars and hurled it as hard as I could. It missed black Mary's head by inches and smashed against the back wall. I picked up another one and threw it, too. It crashed on the floor beside a stack of supers. I threw every last jar on the table, until honey was spattered everywhere, flung like cake batter from electric beaters. I stood in a gooey room full of broken glass, and I didn't care. My mother had left me. Who cared about honey on the walls?

I grabbed a tin bucket next and, letting out a grunt, threw it with so much force it left a dent in the wall. My throwing arm was nearly worn out, but I picked up a tray of candle molds and flung that, too.

Then I stood still, watching the honey slide along the wall toward the floor. A trickle of bright blood wound down my left arm. I had no idea how it'd gotten there. My heart beat wildly. I felt like I'd unzipped my skin and momentarily stepped out of it, leaving a crazy person in charge.

The room turned like a carousel, with my stomach gliding up and down. I felt a need to touch the wall with both hands to make it still again. I walked back toward the table where the honey jars had been and braced my hands against it. I couldn't think what to do. I felt a powerful sadness, not because of what I'd done, as bad as that was, but because everything seemed emptied out – the feelings I'd had for her, the things I'd believed, all those stories about her I'd lived off of like they were food and water and air. Because I was the girl she'd left behind. That's what it came down to.

Looking around at the wreck I'd made, I wondered if someone in the pink house might have heard the honey jars hit the wall. I went to the window and stared across the gloom in the yard. The panes in August's bedroom window were dark. I felt my heart in my chest. It hurt so badly. Like it had been stepped on.

'How come you left me?' I whispered, watching my breath make a circle of fog on the glass.

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I stayed pressed against the window for a while, then went and cleared off a few pieces of glass from the floor in front of Our Lady. I lay down on my side, drawing my knees toward my chin. Above me, black Mary was flecked with honey and seemed not at all surprised. I lay in the emptiness, in the tiredness, with everything – even the hating – drained out. There was nothing left to do. No place to go. Just right here, right now, where the truth was.

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[from Chapter 13]

Explore the ways in which Kidd powerfully conveys Lily's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel.

Or

- 12** How does Kidd's portrayal of August make her such a significant character in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13** Read this passage from *The Son's Veto* (by Thomas Hardy), and then answer the question that follows it:

It was on an evening when they were alone in their plain suburban residence, where life was not blue but brown, that she ultimately broke silence, qualifying her announcement of a probable second marriage by assuring him that it would not take place for a long time to come, when he would be living quite independently of her.

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The boy thought the idea a very reasonable one, and asked if she had chosen anybody. She hesitated; and he seemed to have a misgiving. He hoped his stepfather would be a gentleman, he said.

'Not what you call a gentleman,' she answered timidly. 'He'll be much as I was before I knew your father'; and by degrees she acquainted him with the whole. The youth's face remained fixed for a moment; then he flushed, leant on the table, and burst into passionate tears.

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His mother went up to him, kissed all of his face that she could get at, and patted his back as if he were still the baby he once had been, crying herself the while. When he had somewhat recovered from his paroxysm he went hastily to his own room and fastened the door.

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Parleyings were attempted through the keyhole, outside which she waited and listened. It was long before he would reply, and when he did it was to say sternly at her from within: 'I am ashamed of you! It will ruin me! A miserable boor! a churl! a clown! It will degrade me in the eyes of all the gentlemen of England!'

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'Say no more – perhaps I am wrong! I will struggle against it!' she cried miserably.

Before Randolph left her that summer a letter arrived from Sam to inform her that he had been unexpectedly fortunate in obtaining the shop. He was in possession; it was the largest in the town, combining fruit with vegetables, and he thought it would form a home worthy even of her some day. Might he not run up to town to see her?

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She met him by stealth, and said he must still wait for her final answer. The autumn dragged on, and when Randolph was home at Christmas for the holidays she broached the matter again. But the young gentleman was inexorable.

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It was dropped for months; renewed again; abandoned under his repugnance; again attempted; and thus the gentle creature reasoned and pleaded till four or five long years had passed. Then the faithful Sam revived his suit with some peremptoriness. Sophy's son, now an undergraduate, was down from Oxford one Easter, when she again opened the subject. As soon as he was ordained, she argued, he would have a home of his own, wherein she, with her bad grammar and her ignorance, would be an encumbrance to him. Better obliterate her as much as possible.

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He showed a more manly anger now, but would not agree. She on her side was more persistent, and he had doubts whether she could be trusted in his absence. But by indignation and contempt for her taste he completely maintained his ascendancy; and finally taking her before a little cross and altar that he had erected in his bedroom for his private devotions, there bade her kneel, and swear that she would not wed Samuel Hobson without his consent. 'I owe this to my father!' he said.

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The poor woman swore, thinking he would soften as soon as he was ordained and in full swing of clerical work. But he did not. His education had by this time sufficiently ousted his humanity to keep him quite firm; though his mother might have led an idyllic life with her faithful fruiterer and greengrocer, and nobody have been anything the worse in the world.

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Her lameness became more confirmed as time went on, and she seldom or never left the house in the long southern thoroughfare, where she seemed to be pining her heart away. 'Why mayn't I say to Sam that I'll marry him? Why mayn't I?' she would murmur plaintively to herself when nobody was near.

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Some four years after this date a middle-aged man was standing at the door of the largest fruiterer's shop in Aldbrickham. He was the proprietor, but to-day, instead of his usual business attire, he wore a neat suit of black; and his window was partly shuttered. From the railway-station a funeral procession was seen approaching: it passed his door and went out of the town towards the village of Gaymead. The man, whose eyes were wet, held his hat in his hand as the vehicles moved by; while from the mourning-coach a young smooth-shaven priest in a high waistcoat looked black as a cloud at the shopkeeper standing there.

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How does Hardy make this such a sympathetic portrayal of Sophy?

Or

14 Explore the ways in which Greene makes the children so disturbing in *The Destroyors*.

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