



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

October/November 2020

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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## INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
  - Section A: answer **one** question.
  - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

## INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

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This document has **16** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

**ROBERT FROST: *The Robert Frost Collection***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

*Reluctance*

Out through the fields and the woods

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Of a love or a season?

Explore how Frost vividly conveys his thoughts and feelings in this poem.

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

*Meeting and Passing*

As I went down the hill along the wall

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Before we met and you what I had passed.

How does Frost memorably depict the encounter of the two people in this poem?

*Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 1*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

*If Thou must Love Me*

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 "I love her for her smile .. her look .. her way  
 Of speaking gently ..; for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought 5  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—"   
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee, .. and love so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity wiping my cheeks dry!— 10  
 For one might well forget to weep, who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby—  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou may'st love on through love's eternity—

(by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

Explore the ways in which Browning movingly conveys her feelings in this poem.

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

*The Wedding*

I expected a quiet wedding  
high above a lost city  
a marriage to balance on my head

like a forest of sticks, a pot of water.  
The ceremony tasted of nothing  
had little colour – guests arrived

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stealthy as sandalwood smugglers.  
When they opened their suitcases  
England spilled out.

They scratched at my veil  
like beggars on a car window.  
I insisted my dowry was simple –

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a smile, a shadow, a whisper,  
my house an incredible structure  
of stiffened rags and bamboo.

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We traveled along roads with English  
names, my bridegroom and I.  
Our eyes changed colour

like traffic-lights, so they said.  
The time was not ripe  
for us to view each other.

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We stared straight ahead as if  
we could see through mountains  
breathe life into new cities.

I wanted to marry a country  
take up a river for a veil  
sing in the Jinnah Gardens

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hold up my dream, tricky  
as a snake-charmer's snake.  
Our thoughts half-submerged

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like buffaloes under dark water  
we turned and faced each other  
with turbulence

and imprints like maps on our hands.

(by *Moniza Alvi*)

How does Alvi create striking impressions of the wedding in this poem?

## SECTION B: PROSE

Answer **one** question from this section.

JENNIFER DONNELLY: *A Northern Light*

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

He nodded at the book in my lap. "What you got there?"

"A novel. *The House of Mirth*."

He shook his head. "Words and stories," he said, turning onto the Uncas Road. "I don't know what you see in them. Waste of time, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you."

Royal didn't hear me or he didn't care if he did. He just kept right on talking. "A man's got to know how to read and write, of course, to get along in the world and all, but beyond that, words are just words. They're not very exciting. Not like fishing or hunting."

"How would you know, Royal? You don't read. Nothing's more exciting than a book."

The toothpick moved from the left side of his mouth to the right. "That so?" he said.

"Yes, that's so," I said. Finishing it. Or so I thought.

"Huh," he said. And then he snapped the reins. Hard. And barked, "Giddyap!" Loudly. I heard the horses snort as he gave them their head. The buckboard shuddered, then picked up speed.

I looked at the team, new and lively and unpredictable, and then at the Uncas Road, which was nothing but rocks and holes and corduroy. "Are we in a hurry, Royal?" I asked.

He looked at me. His face was serious, but his eyes sparked mischief. "This is the first time I've had them out. Don't really know what they'll do. Sure like to see what they're made of, though ... Hee-YAW!"

The horses lurched forward in their harnesses; their hooves pounded against the hardpan. Mrs. Wharton's novel slid off my lap and thudded to the floor, along with my new composition book. "Royal, stop!" I shouted, clutching the dash. The buckboard was bouncing and banging over the rutted road so hard I was sure one of us would fly out of it. But Royal didn't stop. Instead, he stood up on the seat, cracked the reins, and spurred the team on. "Slow down! Right now!" I screamed. But he couldn't hear me. He was too busy whooping and laughing.

"Stop, Royal! Please!" I begged. And then we hit a deep hole and I was thrown across the seat. I banged my head on the seat back and only kept myself from falling out by grabbing his leg. I saw colors flash by on the side of the road. The blue of Lou's coveralls, the yellow of Beth's dress. *They can tell Pa*, I thought wildly. *After Royal kills us both, at least they can tell Pa how it happened.*

We took a bend so hard, I felt the wheels on the right side come off the ground, then crash back down. I managed to right myself, one hand still clutching Royal, the other scrabbling at the dashboard. The wind tore my hair free of its knot and made my eyes tear. I looked behind us and saw a cloud of dust rising up from the road. After what seemed like forever, Royal finally slowed the team to a trot and then to a walk. He sat down.

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The horses pulled at the reins, snorting and shaking their heads, wanting more. He talked to them, shushing and clucking at them, calming them down. 45

“Hoo-wee!” he said to me. “Thought we was in the ditch for a second there.” And then he touched me. He leaned across the seat and pressed his hand to my heart. Palm flat against my ribs. Thumb and fingers jammed up under my breast. In the split second before I slapped it away, I felt my heart beat hard against it. 50

“Ticker’s pounding fit to burst,” he said, laughing. “Like to see a book do that.”

I picked my things up off the buckboard’s floor with shaking hands. There was a smudge on the cover of Mrs. Wharton’s novel and the spine was dented. I wanted to answer Royal back with something clever and cutting. I wanted to defend my beloved books, to tell him there’s a difference between excitement and terror, but I was too angry to speak. I tried to catch my breath, but every gulp of air brought the smell of him with it—warm skin, tilled earth, horses. I closed my eyes but only saw him standing on the buckboard seat, whooping. Tall and strong against the sky. Heedless. Fearless. Perfect and beautiful. 55

I thought of my word of the day. *Can a girl be unmanned?* I wondered. *By a boy? Can she be unbrained?* 60

[from ‘un.man’]

In what ways does Donnelly’s writing make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

- Or 6 Explore how Donnelly vividly conveys the impact of what happens at the Glenmore Hotel.

**JOHN STEINBECK: *The Wayward Bus***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

“Sure,” said Juan, and he strode away along the road in the rain. He knew that Pimples was looking after him and he knew that Pimples sensed something. Pimples knew he was running out. Juan didn’t feel good about it now. Not the way he thought he would. It didn’t seem as good or as pleasant or as free. He stopped and looked back. Pimples was just getting into the bus. 5

The road went past the cliff with its eroded stone caves. Juan turned off the road and went into the shelter for a moment. The caves and their overhang were larger than they looked from outside and they were fairly dry too. In front of the entrance to the largest cave there were three fire-blackened stones and a battered tin can. Juan stepped back to the road and walked on. 10

The rain was thinning out. To his right, down the hill, he could see the great bend of the river and how it turned and headed back across the valley through the sodden green fields. The country was too wet. There was an odor of decay in the air, the fat green stems fermenting. The road ahead was rain-beaten and rotted by water, but not by wheels. Nothing had been over it for a long time. 15

Juan bowed his head into the rain and walked faster. It wasn’t so good. He tried to remember the sunny sharpness of Mexico and the little girls in blue *rebozos* and the smell of cooking beans, and instead Alice came into his head. Alice, looking out of the screen door. And he thought of the bedroom with its flowered curtains. She liked things nice. She liked pretty things. The bedspread, now, a giant afghan she had knitted herself in little squares, and no two the same color. She said she could get over a hundred dollars for it. And she had knitted every bit of it herself. 20

And he thought of the big trees, and how nice it was to lie in a tub full of hot water in the bathroom, the first real bathroom he had ever had outside of hotels. And there was always a bar of sweet-smelling soap. “It’s just a goddamned habit,” he said to himself. “It’s a damned trap. You get used to a thing and so you think you like it. I’ll get over it the way I’d get over a cold. Sure, it’ll be painful. I’ll worry about Alice. I’ll be sorry. I’ll accuse myself, and it might be I won’t sleep good. But I’ll get over it. After a while I won’t think about it. It’s just a damned trap.” And Pimples’ face, trusting and warm, came up before him. “I’ll tell you later. I’ll tell you all about it, Kit Carson.” Not many people had trusted Juan that way. 25

He tried to think of the lake at Chapala, and over its pale smooth water he saw “Sweetheart,” the bus, sagged down in the mud. 30

[from Chapter 14]

How does Steinbeck powerfully depict Juan’s escape at this moment in the novel?

**Or 8** What does Steinbeck make you feel about Mr and Mrs Pritchard’s relationship?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 9.**

**MAYA ANGELOU: *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*****Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.****Either 9** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Coming home from school one day, I saw a dark car in our front yard. I rushed in to find a strange man and woman (Uncle Willie said later they were schoolteachers from Little Rock) drinking Dr. Pepper in the cool of the Store. I sensed a wrongness around me, like an alarm clock that had gone off without being set.

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I knew it couldn't be the strangers. Not frequently, but often enough, travelers pulled off the main road to buy tobacco or soft drinks in the only Negro store in Stamps. When I looked at Uncle Willie, I knew what was pulling my mind's coattails. He was standing erect behind the counter, not leaning forward or resting on the small shelf that had been built for him. Erect. His eyes seemed to hold me with a mixture of threats and appeal.

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I dutifully greeted the strangers and roamed my eyes around for his walking stick. It was nowhere to be seen. He said, 'Uh ... this this ... this ... uh, my niece. She's ... uh ... just come from school.' Then to the couple – 'You know ... how, uh, children are ... th-th-these days ... they play all d-d-day at school and c-c-can't wait to get home and pl-play some more.'

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The people smiled, very friendly.

He added, 'Go on out and pl-play, Sister.'

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The lady laughed in a soft Arkansas voice and said, 'Well, you know, Mr. Johnson, they say, you're only a child once. Have you children of your own?'

Uncle Willie looked at me with an impatience I hadn't seen in his face even when he took thirty minutes to loop the laces over his high-topped shoes. 'I ... I thought I told you to go ... go outside and play.'

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Before I left I saw him lean back on the shelves of Garret Snuff, Prince Albert and Spark Plug chewing tobacco.

'No, ma'am ... no ch-children and no wife.' He tried a laugh. 'I have an old m-m-mother and my brother's t-two children to l-look after.'

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I didn't mind his using us to make himself look good. In fact, I would have pretended to be his daughter if he wanted me to. Not only did I not feel any loyalty to my own father, I figured that if I had been Uncle Willie's child I would have received much better treatment.

The couple left after a few minutes, and from the back of the house I watched the red car scare chickens, raise dust and disappear toward Magnolia.

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Uncle Willie was making his way down the long shadowed aisle between the shelves and the counter – hand over hand, like a man climbing out of a dream. I stayed quiet and watched him lurch from one side, bumping to the other, until he reached the coal-oil tank. He put his hand behind that dark recess and took his cane in the strong fist and shifted his weight on the wooden support. He thought he had pulled it off.

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I'll never know why it was important to him that the couple (he said later that he'd never seen them before) would take a picture of a whole Mr. Johnson back to Little Rock.

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He must have tired of being crippled, as prisoners tire of penitentiary bars and the guilty tire of blame. The high-topped shoes and the cane, his uncontrollable muscles and thick tongue, and the looks he suffered of

either contempt or pity had simply worn him out, and for one afternoon, one part of an afternoon, he wanted no part of them.

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I understood and felt closer to him at that moment than ever before or since.

*[from Chapter 2]*

Explore how Angelou makes this such a moving moment in the novel.

- Or**      **10** How does Angelou create striking impressions of both Mrs Bertha Flowers **and** Mrs Viola Cullinan?

**SUE MONK KIDD: *The Secret Life of Bees***

**Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.**

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

We walked to the woods beside the pink house with her stories still pulled soft around our shoulders. I could feel them touching me in places, like an actual shawl.

‘There is one thing I don’t get,’ I said.

‘What’s that?’

‘How come if your favorite color is blue, you painted your house so pink?’

She laughed. ‘That was May’s doing. She was with me the day I went to the paint store to pick out the color. I had a nice tan color in mind, but May latched on to this sample called Caribbean Pink. She said it made her feel like dancing a Spanish flamenco. I thought, “Well, this is the tackiest color I’ve ever seen, and we’ll have half the town talking about us, but if it can lift May’s heart like that, I guess she ought to live inside it.”’

‘All this time I just figured you liked pink,’ I said.

She laughed again. ‘You know, some things don’t matter that much, Lily. Like the color of a house. How big is that in the overall scheme of life? But lifting a person’s heart – now, *that* matters. The whole problem with people is –’

‘They don’t know what matters and what doesn’t,’ I said, filling in her sentence and feeling proud of myself for doing so.

‘I was gonna say, The problem is they *know* what matters, but they don’t *choose* it. You know how hard that is, Lily? I love May, but it was still so hard to choose Caribbean Pink. The hardest thing on earth is choosing what matters.’

I couldn’t locate a stray bee anywhere. The hives looked like an abandoned neighborhood, the air groggy with heat. You got the impression the bees were inside having a big siesta. Maybe all that excessive work had finally caught up with them.

‘Where are they?’ I said.

August placed her finger to her lips, signaling me to be quiet. She lifted off her helmet and laid the side of her face flat against the top of the hive box. ‘Come listen,’ she whispered.

I removed my hat, tucking it under my arm, and placed my face next to hers so that we were practically nose to nose.

‘You hear that?’ she said.

A sound rushed up. A perfect hum, high-pitched and swollen, like someone had put the teakettle on and it had come to a boil.

‘They’re cooling the hives down,’ she said, and her breath broke over my face with the smell of spearmint. ‘That’s the sound of one hundred thousand bee wings fanning the air.’

She closed her eyes and soaked it in the way you imagine people at a fancy orchestra concert drinking up highbrow music. I hope it’s not too backward to say that I felt like I had never heard anything on my hi-fi back home that came out that good. You would have to hear it yourself to believe the perfect pitch, the harmony parts, how the volume rolled up and down. We had our ears pressed to a giant music box.

Then the whole side of my face started to vibrate as if the music had rushed into my pores. I could see August’s skin pulsating the tiniest bit. When we stood back up, my cheek prickled and itched.

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'You were listening to bee air-conditioning,' August said. 'Most people don't have any idea about all the complicated life going on inside a hive. Bees have a secret life we don't know anything about.'

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I loved the idea of bees having a secret life, just like the one I was living.

[from Chapter 8]

How does Kidd make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

**Or**      **12** Explore **two** moments in the novel which Kidd makes particularly moving for you.

Do **not** use the passage printed in **Question 11** in answering this question.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 13 Read this passage from *The Enemy* (by VS Naipaul), and then answer the question that follows it:

My mother made a great thing at first about keeping me in my place and knocking out all the nonsense my father had taught me. I don't know why she didn't try harder, but the fact is that she soon lost interest in me, and she let me run about the street, only rushing down to beat me from time to time.

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Occasionally, though, she would take the old firm line.

One day she kept me home. She said, 'No school for you today. I just sick of tying your shoe-laces for you. Today you go have to learn that!'

I didn't think she was being fair. After all, in the country none of us wore shoes and I wasn't used to them.

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That day she beat me and beat me and made me tie knot after knot and in the end I still couldn't tie my shoe-laces. For years afterwards it was a great shame to me that I couldn't do a simple thing like that, just as how I couldn't peel an orange. But about the shoes I made up a little trick. I never made my mother buy shoes the correct size. I pretended that those shoes hurt, and I made her get me shoes a size or two bigger. Once the attendant had tied the laces up for me, I never undid them, and merely slipped my feet in and out of the shoes. To keep them on my feet, I stuck paper in the toes.

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To hear my mother talk, you would think I was a freak. Nearly every little boy she knew was better and more intelligent. There was one boy she knew who helped his mother paint her house. There was another boy who could mend his own shoes. There was still another boy who at the age of thirteen was earning a good twenty dollars a month, while I was just idling and living off her blood.

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Still, there were surprising glimpses of kindness.

There was the time, for instance, when I was cleaning some tumblers for her one Saturday morning. I dropped a tumbler and it broke. Before I could do anything about it my mother saw what had happened.

She said, 'How you break it?'

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I said, 'It just slip off. It smooth smooth.'

She said, 'Is a lot of nonsense drinking from glass. They break up so easy.'

And that was all. I got worried about my mother's health.

She was never worried about mine.

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She thought that there was no illness in the world a stiff dose of hot Epsom Salts couldn't cure. That was a penance I had to endure once a month. It completely ruined my weekend. And if there was something she couldn't understand, she sent me to the Health Officer in Tragarete Road. That was an awful place. You waited and waited and waited before you went in to see the doctor.

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Before you had time to say, 'Doctor, I have a pain—' he would be writing out a prescription for you. And again you had to wait for the medicine. All the Health Office medicines were the same. Water and pink sediment half an inch thick.

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Hat used to say of the Health Office, 'The Government taking up faith healing.'

My mother considered the Health Office a good place for me to go to. I would go there at eight in the morning and return any time after two in the

afternoon. It kept me out of mischief, and it cost only twenty-four cents a year. 50

But you mustn't get the impression that I was a saint all the time. I wasn't. I used to have odd fits where I just couldn't take an order from anybody, particularly my mother. I used to feel that I would dishonor myself for life if I took anybody's orders. And life is a funny thing, really. I sometimes got these fits just when my mother was anxious to be nice to me. 55

The day after Hat rescued me from drowning at Docksite I wrote an essay for my schoolmaster on the subject, 'A Day at the Seaside'. I don't think any schoolmaster ever got an essay like that. I talked about how I was nearly drowned and how calmly I was facing death, with my mind absolutely calm, thinking, 'Well, boy, this is the end.' The teacher was so pleased he gave me ten marks out of twelve. 60

He said, 'I think you are a genius.'

When I went home I told my mother, 'That essay I write today, I get ten out of twelve for it.' 65

My mother said, 'How you so bold-face to lie brave brave so in front of my face? You want me give you a slap to turn your face?'

In the end I convinced her.

She melted at once. She sat down in the hammock and said, 'Come and sit down by me, son.' 70

Just then the crazy fit came on me.

I got very angry for no reason at all and I said, 'No, I not going to sit by you.'

She laughed and coaxed. 75

And the angrier she made me.

Slowly the friendliness died away. It had become a struggle between two wills. I was prepared to drown rather than dishonor myself by obeying.

How does Naipaul strikingly portray the relationship between mother and son in this passage?

Or 14 How far does Saki's writing make you feel sympathy for Conradin in *Sredni Vashtar*?

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