



# Cambridge O Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**2010/13**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose

**October/November 2023**

**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 **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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## Section B: Prose

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## SECTION A: POETRY

Answer **one** question from this section.

## SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 4

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

*He Never Expected Much*

Well, World, you have kept faith with me, Kept faith with me; Upon the whole you have proved to be Much as you said you were. Since as a child I used to lie	5
Upon the leaze and watch the sky, Never, I own, expected I That life would all be fair.	
'Twas then you said, and since have said, Times since have said, In that mysterious voice you shed From clouds and hills around: 'Many have loved me desperately, Many with smooth serenity, While some have shown contempt of me	10      15
Till they dropped underground.	
'I do not promise overmuch, Child; overmuch; Just neutral-tinted haps and such,' You said to minds like mine. Wise warning for your credit's sake! Which I for one failed not to take, And hence could stem such strain and ache As each year might assign.	20

(*Thomas Hardy*)

In what ways does Hardy strikingly convey the speaker's memories in this poem?

Or 2 In what ways does Smith convey feelings of hope in *Away, Melancholy*?

*Away, Melancholy*

Away, melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go.

Are not the trees green,  
The earth as green?  
Does not the wind blow,  
Fire leap and the rivers flow?  
Away melancholy.

5

The ant is busy  
He carrieth his meat,  
All things hurry  
To be eaten or eat.  
Away, melancholy.

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Man, too, hurries,  
Eats, couples, buries,  
He is an animal also  
With a hey ho melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go.

15

Man of all creatures  
Is superlative  
(Away melancholy)  
He of all creatures alone  
Raiseth a stone  
(Away melancholy)  
Into the stone, the god  
Pours what he knows of good  
Calling, good, God.  
Away melancholy, let it go.

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25

Speak not to me of tears,  
Tyranny, pox, wars,  
Saying, Can God  
Stone of man's thought, be good?

30

Say rather it is enough  
That the stuffed  
Stone of man's good, growing,  
By man's called God.  
Away, melancholy, let it go.

35

Man aspires  
To good,  
To love  
Sighs;

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Beaten, corrupted, dying  
In his own blood lying  
Yet heaves up an eye above  
Cries, Love, love.  
It is his virtue needs explaining,  
Not his failing.

45

Away, melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go.

*(Stevie Smith)*

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 2: from Part 4**

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

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

*Rooms*

I remember rooms that have had their part  
In the steady slowing down of the heart.  
The room in Paris, the room at Geneva,  
The little damp room with the seaweed smell,  
And that ceaseless maddening sound of the tide – 5  
Rooms where for good or for ill – things died.  
But there is the room where we (two) lie dead,  
Though every morning we seem to wake and might just as well seem  
to sleep again  
As we shall somewhere in the other quieter, dustier bed 10  
Out there in the sun – in the rain.

*(Charlotte Mew)*

In what ways does Mew use words and images to powerful effect in this poem?

- Or 4 Explore the ways in which Swinburne memorably conveys feelings of rejection in *A Leave-Taking*.

*A Leave-Taking*

Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.  
 Let us go hence together without fear;  
 Keep silence now, for singing-time is over,  
 And over all old things and all things dear.  
 She loves not you nor me as all we love her. 5  
 Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,  
 She would not hear.

Let us rise up and part; she will not know.  
 Let us go seaward as the great winds go,  
 Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here? 10  
 There is no help, for all these things are so,  
 And all the world is bitter as a tear.  
 And how these things are, though ye strove to show,  
 She would not know.

Let us go home and hence; she will not weep. 15  
 We gave love many dreams and days to keep,  
 Flowers without scent, and fruits that would not grow,  
 Saying 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap.'  
 All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow;  
 And we that sowed, though all we fell on sleep, 20  
 She would not weep.

Let us go hence and rest; she will not love.  
 She shall not hear us if we sing hereof,  
 Nor see love's ways, how sore they are and steep.  
 Come hence, let be, lie still; it is enough. 25  
 Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep;  
 And though she saw all heaven in flower above,  
 She would not love.

Let us give up, go down; she will not care. 30  
 Though all the stars made gold of all the air,  
 And the sea moving saw before it move  
 One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair;  
 Though all those waves went over us, and drove  
 Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,  
 She would not care. 35

Let us go hence, go hence; she will not see.  
 Sing all once more together; surely she,  
 She too, remembering days and words that were,  
 Will turn a little toward us, sighing; but we,  
 We are hence, we are gone, as though we had not been there. 40  
 Nay, and though all men seeing had pity on me,  
 She would not see.

(Algernon Charles Swinburne)

**TED HUGHES: from *New Selected Poems***

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

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

*The Other*

She had too much so with a smile you took some.

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At first, just a little.

How does Hughes vividly convey jealousy in this poem?



Or 6 In what ways does Hughes make *Snowdrop* such a powerful poem?

*Snowdrop*

Now is the globe shrunk tight

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Her pale head heavy as metal.

**SECTION B: PROSE**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**CHIMAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE: *Purple Hibiscus***

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

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

Jaja poured the cereal from the carton on the table, scooped in powdered milk and sugar with a teaspoon, and added water.

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But first we changed our clothes, even  
Papa, and washed our faces.

In what ways does Adichie make this such a disturbing moment in the novel?

- Or**      **8**      Explore the ways in which Adichie vividly portrays the relationship between Amaka and Kambili.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him, I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again, breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick. 5

Whom I had looked for, I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match, and trod it out. Then, he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall – a fixture there – the means of ascent to the loft above. 10

'Now,' said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, 'I've got you.'

'Unbind me. Let me go!'

'Ah!' he returned, 'I'll let you go. I'll let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time.' 15

'Why have you lured me here?'

'Don't you know?' said he, with a deadly look.

'Why have you set upon me in the dark?'

'Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh you enemy, you enemy!' 20

His enjoyment of the spectacle I furnished, as he sat with his arms folded on the table, shaking his head at me and hugging himself, had a malignity in it that made me tremble. As I watched him in silence, he put his hand into the corner at his side, and took up a gun with a brass-bound stock. 25

'Do you know this?' said he, making as if he would aim at me. 'Do you know where you saw it afore? Speak, wolf!'

'Yes,' I answered.

'You cost me that place. You did. Speak!'

'What else could I do?' 30

'You did that, and that would be enough, without more. How dared you come betwixt me and a young woman I liked?'

'When did I?'

'When didn't you? It was you as always give Old Orlick a bad name to her.' 35

'You gave it to yourself; you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm, if you had done yourself none.'

'You're a liar. And you'll take any pains, and spend any money, to drive me out of this country, will you?' said he, repeating my words to Bidly in the last interview I had with her. 'Now, I'll tell you a piece of information. It was never so well worth your while to get me out of this country as it is to-night. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times told, to the last brass farden!' As he shook his heavy hand at me, with his mouth snarling like a tiger's, I felt that it was true. 40

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'What are you going to do to me?'

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'I'm a going,' said he, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow fell, to give it greater force, 'I'm a going to have your life!'

*(from Chapter 53)*

How does Dickens build tension at this moment in the novel?

**Or**      **10** Explore how Dickens makes Estella such a memorable character.

**DAPHNE DU MAURIER: *Rebecca***

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

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

‘What’s happened to your friend?’

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There was a strange air of unreality about that luncheon, and looking back upon it now it is invested for me with a curious glamour.

*(from Chapter 4)*

How does du Maurier strikingly portray the narrator and Maxim at this early moment in the novel?

**Or**      **12** Explore **two** moments in the novel which du Maurier makes particularly tense for you.

HENRY JAMES: *Washington Square*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either 13 Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

'I am afraid I am not altogether a harbinger of good; and yet, too, I am to a certain extent a messenger of peace. I have been thinking a great deal, Mr Townsend,' said Mrs Penniman.

'You think too much.'

'I suppose I do; but I can't help it, my mind is so terribly active. When I give myself, I give myself. I pay the penalty in my headaches, my famous headaches – a perfect circlet of pain! But I carry it as a queen carries her crown. Would you believe that I have one now? I wouldn't, however, have missed our rendezvous for anything. I have something very important to tell you.'

'Well let's have it,' said Morris.

'I was perhaps a little headlong the other day in advising you to marry immediately. I have been thinking it over, and now I see it just a little differently.'

'You seem to have a great many different ways of seeing the same object.'

'Their number is infinite!' said Mrs Penniman, in a tone which seemed to suggest that this convenient faculty was one of her brightest attributes.

'I recommend you to take one way and stick to it,' Morris replied.

'Ah! but it isn't easy to choose. My imagination is never quiet, never satisfied. It makes me a bad adviser, perhaps; but it makes me a capital friend!'

'A capital friend who gives bad advice!' said Morris.

'Not intentionally – and who hurries off, at every risk, to make the most humble excuses!'

'Well, what do you advise me now?'

'To be very patient; to watch and wait.'

'And is that bad advice or good?'

'That is not for me to say,' Mrs Penniman rejoined, with some dignity. 'I only pretend it's sincere.'

'And will you come to me next week and recommend something different and equally sincere?'

'I may come to you next week and tell you that I am in the streets!'

'In the streets?'

'I have had a terrible scene with my brother, and he threatens, if anything happens, to turn me out of the house. You know I am a poor woman.'

Morris had a speculative idea that she had a little property; but he naturally did not press this.

'I should be very sorry to see you suffer martyrdom for me,' he said. 'But you make your brother out a regular Turk.'

Mrs Penniman hesitated a little.

'I certainly do not regard Austin as a satisfactory Christian.'

'And am I to wait till he is converted?'

'Wait at any rate till he is less violent. Bide your time, Mr Townsend; remember the prize is great!'

Morris walked along some time in silence, tapping the railings and gateposts very sharply with his stick.

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‘You certainly are devilish inconsistent!’ he broke out at last. ‘I have already got Catherine to consent to a private marriage.’ 50

Mrs Penniman was indeed inconsistent, for at this news she gave a little jump of gratification.

‘Oh! when and where?’ she cried. And then she stopped short.

Morris was a little vague about this.

‘That isn’t fixed; but she consents. It’s deuced awkward, now, to back out.’ 55

Mrs Penniman, as I say, had stopped short; and she stood there with her eyes fixed, brilliantly, on her companion.

‘Mr Townsend,’ she proceeded, ‘shall I tell you something? Catherine loves you so much that you may do anything.’ 60

*(from Chapter 21)*

How does James make this such an entertaining and significant moment in the novel?

**Or**      **14** To what extent does James suggest that Dr Sloper and Morris Townsend are similar?

**JHUMPA LAHIRI: *The Namesake***

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

**Either 15** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

Every three weekends Ashima's husband comes home.

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They would indulge in a proper Bengali lunch instead of the sandwiches they'd gotten used to by then, boiling rice and warming the previous night's leftovers, filling their stomachs, sitting and talking at the table, sleepy and sated, as their palms turned yellow and dry.

*(from Chapter 7)*

In what ways does Lahiri make this such a sad moment in the novel?

**Or**      **16** Explore the ways in which Lahiri creates such memorable impressions of life in India.

**JOAN LINDSAY: *Picnic at Hanging Rock***

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

**Either 17** Read this passage, and then answer the question that follows it:

For the Fitzhuberts, the punctual appearance of the delicious meals borne on enormous trays to the dining-room was a sacred ritual, serving to define and regulate their idle otherwise formless days.

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At  
the Calcutta Club eight was always considered the perfect number for a  
small luncheon party.'

*(from Chapter 11)*

How does Lindsay make this such an entertaining moment in the novel?

**Or 18** Explore how Lindsay strikingly portrays life at Appleyard College.

**YANN MARTEL: *Life of Pi***

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

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

It was Richard Parker who calmed me down.

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It's the plain  
truth: without Richard Parker, I wouldn't be alive today to tell you my story.

*(from Chapter 57)*

Explore the ways in which Martel conveys the surprising relationship between Pi and Richard Parker at this moment in the novel.

**Or**      **20** How does Martel vividly portray Pi's amazement at the natural world while he is at sea?

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

- Either 21 Read this passage from *The Tower* (by Marghanita Laski), and then answer the question that follows it:

She was immeasurably, unbelievably high and alone and the ground below was a world away. It was not credible, not possible that she should be so far from the ground. All her being was suddenly absorbed in the single impulse to hurl herself from the sloping platform. 'I cannot go down any other way,' she said, and then she heard what she said and stepped back, frenziedly clutching the soft rotten wood of the doorway with hands sodden with sweat. There is no other way, said the voice in her brain, there is no other way. 5

'This is vertigo,' said Caroline. 'I've only got to close my eyes and keep still for a minute and it will pass off. It's bound to pass off. I've never had it before but I know what it is and it's vertigo.' She closed her eyes and kept very still and felt the cold sweat running down her body. 10

'I should be all right now,' she said at last, and carefully she stepped back through the doorway on to the four-hundred-and-seventieth step and pulled the door shut before her. She looked up at the sky, swiftly darkening with night. Then, for the first time, she looked down into the shaft of the tower, down to the narrow unprotected staircase spiralling round and round and round, and disappearing into the dark. She said – she screamed – 'I can't go down.' 15

She stood still on the top step, staring downwards, and slowly the last light faded from the tower. She could not move. It was not possible that she should dare to go down, step by step down the unprotected stairs into the dark below. It would be much easier to fall, said the voice in her head, to take one step to the left and fall and it would all be over. You cannot climb down. 20

She began to cry, shuddering with the pain of her sobs. It could not be true that she had brought herself to this peril, that there could be no safety for her unless she could climb down the menacing stairs. The reality *must* be that she was safe at home with Neville – but this was the reality and here were the stairs; at last she stopped crying and said 'Now I shall go down.' 25

'One!' she counted and, her right hand tearing at the brick wall, she moved first one and then the other foot down to the second step. 'Two!' she counted, and then she thought of the depth below her and stood still, stupefied with terror. The stone beneath her feet, the brick against her hand were too frail protections for her exposed body. They could not save her from the voice that repeated that it would be easier to fall. Abruptly she sat down on the step. 30

'Two,' she counted again, and spreading both her hands tightly against the step on each side of her, she swung her body off the second step, down on to the third. 'Three,' she counted, then 'four' then 'five', pressing closer and closer into the wall, away from the empty drop on the other side. 35

At the twenty-first step she said, 'I think I can do it now.' She slid her right hand up the rough wall and slowly stood upright. Then with the other hand she reached for the railing it was now too dark to see, but it was not there. 40 45



For timeless time she stood there, knowing nothing but fear, 'Twenty-one,' she said, 'twenty-one,' over and over again, but she could not step on to the twenty-second stair.

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Something brushed her face. She knew it was a bat, not a hand, that touched her but still it was horror beyond conceivable horror, and it was this horror, without any sense of moving from dread to safety, that at last impelled her down the stairs.

'Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five –' she counted, and around her the air was full of whispering skin-stretched wings. If one of them should touch her again, she must fall. 'Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight –' The skin of her right hand was torn and hot with blood, for she would never lift it from the wall, only press it slowly down and force her rigid legs to move from the knowledge of each step to the peril of the next.

55

So Caroline came down the dark tower. She could not think. She could know nothing but fear. Only her brain remorselessly recorded the tally. 'Five hundred and one,' it counted, 'five hundred and two – and three and four –'

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How does Laski make this such a terrifying moment in the story?

**Or**      **22** How does Gilman make the mother such an impressive character in *The Widow's Might*?





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