

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Centre Number

Candidate Number

**Pearson Edexcel  
International GCSE**

# English Literature

## Paper 2: Unseen Texts and Poetry Anthology

Friday 27 May 2016 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

Paper Reference

**4ET0/02R****You must have:**

Poetry Booklet – Section C of the Edexcel Anthology (enclosed)

Total Marks

### Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- You must answer **two** questions. Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided  
– *there may be more space than you need.*

### Information

- The total mark for this paper is 40.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets  
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Quality of written communication will be taken into account in the marking of your responses. Quality of written communication includes clarity of expression, the structure and presentation of ideas and grammar, punctuation and spelling.
- Copies of the Edexcel Anthology for International GCSE and Certificate Qualifications in English Language and Literature may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

### Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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**PEARSON**

## SECTION A

Answer EITHER Question 1 OR Question 2.

## 1 Read the following poem.

**My Father, With His Arthritic\* Hands**

My father, with his arthritic hands  
Closes his door, picks up the bow\*  
Tucks the bit under his chin  
Tunes it real low  
My father can compete with the world's best bands  
My father plays the violin.

His eyes are dim but the notes are clear  
His hearing is faulty but we can hear  
The songs that pour out from within  
People outside stop to listen  
When my father plays the violin.

He opens up another world  
Far from stress and pain  
I become a child again  
As without a word  
He picks up the bow, tunes it real low  
My father plays the violin.

My father with his arthritic hands  
Holds a magnifying glass to his eyes to read  
He sits out there under the clear blue skies  
Now that he can hardly walk  
(Luckily my sisters are there when he needs to talk).  
And when it's dusk and he enters within  
Then with his arthritic hands  
Father picks up his violin.

*Rani Turton*

\**Arthritic* – arthritis is a disease causing painful joints

\**bow* – used to play the violin

How does the writer convey her feelings about her father in this poem?

In your answer you should consider:

- the poet's descriptive skills
- the poet's choice of language
- the poet's use of structure and form.

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

**(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)**

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DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA



OR

**2 Read the following extract from *The Book Thief*.**

*In this extract, Liesel is comforted by Papa after having terrible nightmares. He comforts her by playing an accordion, a portable musical instrument which is played by squeezing the sides together and by pressing the keys.*

Some days, Papa told her to get back into bed and wait a minute, and he would return with his accordion and play for her. Liesel would sit up and hum, her cold toes clenched with excitement. No-one had ever given her music before. She would grin herself stupid, watching the lines drawing themselves down his face, and the soft metal of his eyes – until the swearing arrived from the kitchen.

‘STOP THAT NOISE!’

Papa would play a little longer.

He would wink at the girl and, clumsily, she’d wink back.

A few times, purely to incense\* Mama even further, he also brought the instrument to the kitchen and played through breakfast.

Papa’s bread and jam would be half-eaten on his plate, curled into the shape of bite marks, and the music would look Liesel in the face. I know it sounds strange, but that’s how it felt to her. Papa’s right hand strolled the tooth-coloured keys. His left hit the buttons. (She especially loved to see him hit the silver, sparkled one – the C major.) The accordion’s scratched yet shiny black exterior came back and forth as his arms squeezed the dusty bellows, making it suck in the air and throw it back out. In the kitchen on those mornings, Papa made the accordion live. I guess it makes sense, when you really think about it.

How do you tell if something’s alive?

You check for breathing.

The sound of the accordion was, in actual fact, also the announcement of safety. Daylight. During the day, it was impossible to dream of her brother. She would miss him and frequently cry in the tiny washroom as quietly as possible, but she was still glad to be awake.

*Markus Zusak*

\**to incense* – to anger

Explain how the writer conveys the effect of music in this extract.

In your answer you should consider:

- the writer’s descriptive skills
- the writer’s choice of language
- the writer’s use of structure and form.

Support your answer with examples from the extract.

**(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)**





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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued) .....

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS**



SECTION B

Answer EITHER Question 3 OR Question 4.

3 How do the poets convey strong feelings in *If* – and *Do not go gentle into that good night*?

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)

OR

4 Show how the poets present their thoughts about grief in *Remember* and **one other** poem from the Anthology.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: Question 3 ☒ Question 4 ☒

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(Section B continued)

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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS**



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Sources taken from:

*My Father, With His Arthritic Hands*, Rani Turton

*The Book Thief*, Markus Zusak

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Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

# English Literature

**Paper 2: Unseen Texts and Poetry Anthology  
Poetry Booklet – Section C of the Edexcel Anthology**

Friday 27 May 2016 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

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**Do not return this Poetry Booklet with the question paper.**

*Turn over* ►

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**PEARSON**



**Prayer Before Birth**

I am not yet born; O hear me.

Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the  
club-footed ghoul come near me.

I am not yet born, console me.

I fear that the human race may with tall walls wall me, 5  
with strong drugs dope me, with wise lies lure me,  
on black racks rack me, in blood-baths roll me.

I am not yet born; provide me

With water to dandle me, grass to grow for me, trees to talk  
to me, sky to sing to me, birds and a white light 10  
in the back of my mind to guide me.

I am not yet born; forgive me

For the sins that in me the world shall commit, my words  
when they speak me, my thoughts when they think me,  
my treason engendered by traitors beyond me, 15  
my life when they murder by means of my  
hands, my death when they live me.

I am not yet born; rehearse me

In the parts I must play and the cues I must take when  
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains 20  
frown at me, lovers laugh at me, the white  
waves call me to folly and the desert calls  
me to doom and the beggar refuses  
my gift and my children curse me.

I am not yet born; O hear me, 25

Let not the man who is beast or who thinks he is God  
come near me.

I am not yet born; O fill me

With strength against those who would freeze my  
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton, 30  
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with  
one face, a thing, and against all those  
who would dissipate my entirety, would  
blow me like thistledown hither and  
thither or hither and thither 35  
like water held in the  
hands would spill me.

Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me.  
Otherwise kill me.

*Louis MacNeice*

**Half-past Two**

Once upon a schooltime  
 He did Something Very Wrong  
 (I forget what it was).

And She said he'd done  
 Something Very Wrong, and must 5  
 Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

(Being cross, she'd forgotten  
 She hadn't taught him Time.  
 He was too scared of being wicked to remind her.)

He knew a lot of time: he knew 10  
 Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,  
 Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

Timeformykisstime (that was Grantime).  
 All the important times he knew,  
 But not half-past two. 15

He knew the clockface, the little eyes  
 And two long legs for walking,  
 But he couldn't click its language,

So he waited, beyond onceupona,  
 Out of reach of all the timefors, 20  
 And knew he'd escaped for ever

Into the smell of old chrysanthemums on Her desk,  
 Into the silent noise his hangnail made,  
 Into the air outside the window, into ever.

And then, *My goodness*, she said, 25  
 Scuttling in, *I forgot all about you.*  
*Run along or you'll be late.*

So she slotted him back into schooltime,  
 And he got home in time for teatime,  
 Nexttime, notimeforthatnowtime, 30

But he never forgot how once by not knowing time,  
 He escaped into the clockless land of ever,  
 Where time hides tick-less waiting to be born.

*U. A. Fanthorpe*

**Piano**

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;  
 Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  
 A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling  
 strings  
 And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she  
 sings. 5

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  
 Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
 To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside  
 And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide. 10

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
 With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour  
 Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  
 Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the  
 past. 15

*D. H. Lawrence*

**Hide and Seek**

Call out. Call loud: 'I'm ready! Come and find me!  
 The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.  
 They'll never find you in this salty dark,  
 But be careful that your feet aren't sticking out.  
 Wiser not to risk another shout. 5  
 The floor is cold. They'll probably be searching  
 The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens  
 You mustn't sneeze when they come prowling in.  
 And here they are, whispering at the door;  
 You've never heard them sound so hushed before. 10  
 Don't breathe. Don't move. Stay dumb. Hide in your blindness.  
 They're moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;  
 Their words and laughter scuffle, and they're gone.  
 But don't come out just yet; they'll try the lane  
 And then the greenhouse and back here again. 15  
 They must be thinking that you're very clever,  
 Getting more puzzled as they search all over.  
 It seems a long time since they went away.  
 Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;  
 The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat. 20  
 It's time to let them know that you're the winner.  
 Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That's better!  
 Out of the shed and call to them: 'I've won!  
 Here I am! Come and own up I've caught you!  
 The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs. 25  
 The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.  
 Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?

*Vernon Scannell*

**Sonnet 116 'Let me not to the marriage...'**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments; love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark 5  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare*

**La Belle Dame Sans Merci. A Ballad**

I  
 O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

II  
 Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 5  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

III  
 I see a lily on thy brow,  
 With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10  
 And on thy cheek a fading rose  
 Fast withereth too.

IV  
 I met a Lady in the meads  
 Full beautiful – a faery's child,  
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15  
 And her eyes were wild.

V  
 I made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
 She looked at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan. 20

VI  
 I set her on my pacing steed,  
 And nothing else saw all day long,  
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
 A faery's song.

VII  
 She found me roots of relish sweet, 25  
 And honey wild, and manna\*-dew,  
 And sure in language strange she said –  
 'I love thee true'.

VIII  
 She took me to her elfin grot,  
 And there she wept and sighed full sore, 30  
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
 With kisses four.

IX  
 And there she lullèd me asleep  
 And there I dreamed – Ah! woe betide! –  
 The latest dream I ever dreamt 35  
 On the cold hill side.

X  
 I saw pale kings, and princes too,  
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
 They cried – 'La Belle Dame sans Merci  
 Thee hath in thrall!' 40

XI  
 I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
 And I awoke and found me here,  
 On the cold hill's side.

XII  
 And this is why I sojourn here 45  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

*John Keats*

\*Manna – Food from heaven

**Poem at Thirty-Nine**

How I miss my father.  
I wish he had not been  
so tired  
when I was  
born.

5

Writing deposit slips and checks  
I think of him.  
He taught me how.  
This is the form,  
he must have said:  
the way it is done.  
I learned to see  
bits of paper  
as a way  
to escape  
the life he knew  
and even in high school  
had a savings  
account.

10

15

He taught me  
that telling the truth  
did not always mean  
a beating;  
though many of my truths  
must have grieved him  
before the end.

20

25

How I miss my father!  
He cooked like a person  
dancing  
in a yoga meditation  
and craved the voluptuous  
sharing  
of good food.

30

Now I look and cook just like him:  
my brain light;  
tossing this and that  
into the pot;  
seasoning none of my life  
the same way twice; happy to feed  
whoever strays my way.

35

40

He would have grown  
to admire  
the woman I've become:  
cooking, writing, chopping wood,  
staring into the fire.

45

*Alice Walker*



**Telephone conversation**

The price seemed reasonable, location  
 Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived  
 Off premises. Nothing remained  
 But self-confession. "Madam", I warned,  
 "I hate a wasted journey – I am African." 5  
 Silence. Silenced transmission of  
 Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,  
 Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled  
 Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.  
 "HOW DARK?...I had not misheard..."ARE YOU LIGHT 10  
 OR VERY DARK?" Button B. Button A\*. Stench  
 Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.  
 Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered  
 Omnibus squelching tar. It was real! Shamed  
 By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15  
 Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.  
 Considerate she was, varying the emphasis –  
 "ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?" Revelation came.  
 "You mean – like plain or milk chocolate?"  
 Her accent was clinical, crushing in its light 20  
 Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,  
 I chose. "West African sepia" – and as afterthought,  
 "Down in my passport." Silence for spectroscopic  
 Flight of fancy, till truthfulness changed her accent  
 Hard on the mouthpiece. "WHAT'S THAT?" conceding 25  
 "DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS." "Like brunette."  
 "THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?" "Not altogether.  
 Facially, I am brunette, but madam, you should see  
 The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet  
 Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused – 30  
 Foolishly, madam – by sitting down, has turned  
 My bottom raven black – One moment, madam! – sensing  
 Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap  
 About my ears – "Madam," I pleaded, "wouldn't you rather  
 See for yourself?" 35

*Wole Soyinka*

\**Button A* – Buttons which had to be pressed when using a telephone in a public booth. Such telephones are no longer in use.

**Once Upon a Time**

Once upon a time, son,  
 they used to laugh with their hearts  
 and laugh with their eyes;  
 but now they only laugh with their teeth,  
 while their ice-block-cold eyes 5  
 search behind my shadow.

There was a time indeed  
 they used to shake hands with their hearts;  
 but that's gone, son.  
 Now they shake hands without hearts 10  
 while their left hands search  
 my empty pockets.

'Feel at home'! 'Come again';  
 they say, and when I come  
 again and feel 15  
 at home, once, twice,  
 there will be no thrice –  
 for then I find doors shut on me.

So I have learned many things, son.  
 I have learned to wear many faces 20  
 like dresses – homeface,  
 officeface, streetface, hostface,  
 cocktailface, with all their conforming smiles  
 like a fixed portrait smile.

And I have learned, too, 25  
 to laugh with only my teeth  
 and shake hands without my heart.  
 I have also learned to say, 'Goodbye',  
 when I mean 'Good-riddance';  
 to say 'Glad to meet you', 30  
 without being glad; and to say 'It's been  
 nice talking to you', after being bored.

But believe me, son.  
 I want to be what I used to be  
 when I was like you. I want 35  
 to unlearn all these muting things.  
 Most of all, I want to relearn  
 how to laugh, for my laugh in the mirror  
 shows only my teeth like a snake's bare fangs!

So show me, son, 40  
 how to laugh; show me how  
 I used to laugh and smile  
 once upon a time when I was like you.

*Gabriel Okara*

## War Photographer

In his darkroom he is finally alone  
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.  
The only light is red and softly glows,  
as though this were a church and he  
a priest preparing to intone a Mass\*. 5  
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays  
beneath his hands which did not tremble then  
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again  
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 10  
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet  
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features  
faintly start to twist before his eyes,  
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries 15  
of this man's wife, how he sought approval  
without words to do what someone must  
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white  
from which his editor will pick out five or six 20  
for Sunday's supplement\*\*. The reader's eyeballs prick  
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.  
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where  
he earns his living and they do not care.

*Carol Ann Duffy*

\**Mass* – A religious service

\*\**Sunday's supplement* – A regular additional section placed in a Sunday newspaper

**The Tyger**

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright,  
 In the forests of the night:  
 What immortal hand or eye,  
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5  
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
 On what wings dare he aspire?  
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10  
 And when thy heart began to beat,  
 What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
 In what furnace was thy brain?  
 What the anvil? what dread grasp 15  
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
 And waterd heaven with their tears:  
 Did he smile his work to see?  
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?\* 20

Tyger, Tyger burning bright,  
 In the forests of the night:  
 What immortal hand or eye,  
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*William Blake*

*\*Did he who made the Lamb make thee – God*

**My Last Duchess****Ferrara**

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
 Looking as if she were alive. I call  
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5  
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read  
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10  
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15  
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps  
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint  
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
 Half-flush that dies along her throat': such stuff  
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20  
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
 A heart – how shall I say? – too soon made glad,  
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast, 25  
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
 The bough of cherries some officious fool  
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
 She rode with round the terrace – all and each  
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30  
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, – good! but thanked  
 Somehow – I know not how – as if she ranked  
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35  
 In speech – (which I have not) – to make your will  
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this  
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 Or there exceed the mark' – and if she let  
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
 – E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your master's known munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

*Robert Browning*

### A Mother in a Refugee Camp

No Madonna and Child could touch  
 Her tenderness for a son  
 She soon would have to forget. . . .  
 The air was heavy with odors of diarrhea,  
 Of unwashed children with washed-out ribs 5  
 And dried-up bottoms waddling in labored steps  
 Behind blown-empty bellies. Other mothers there  
 Had long ceased to care, but not this one:  
 She held a ghost smile between her teeth,  
 and in her eyes the memory 10  
 Of a mother's pride. . . . She had bathed him  
 And rubbed him down with bare palms.  
 She took from their bundle of possessions  
 A broken comb and combed  
 The rust-colored hair left on his skull 15  
 And then – humming in her eyes – began carefully to part it.  
 In their former life this was perhaps  
 A little daily act of no consequence  
 Before his breakfast and school; now she did it  
 Like putting flowers on a tiny grave. 20

*Chinua Achebe*

Please note the American spelling of 'odors' 'diarrhea' 'labored' and 'colored'.  
 (English spellings: odours, diarrhoea, laboured and coloured.)

**Do not go gentle into that good night**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
 Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
 Because their words had forked no lightning they  
 Do not go gentle into that good night. 5

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
 Do not go gentle into that good night. 10

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light. 15

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
 Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
 Do not go gentle into that good night.  
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

*Dylan Thomas*

**Remember**

Remember me when I am gone away,  
     Gone far away into the silent land;  
     When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more day by day  
     You tell me of our future that you planned:  
     Only remember me; you understand  
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
 Yet if you should forget me for a while  
     And afterwards remember, do not grieve: 10  
     For if the darkness and corruption leave  
     A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
 Better by far you should forget and smile  
     Than that you should remember and be sad.

*Christina Rossetti*

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