

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

**Pearson Edexcel  
International GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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**Wednesday 16 January 2019**

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **4ET0/02**

**English Literature**

**Paper 2: Unseen Texts and Poetry Anthology**

**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.*
- 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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## SECTION A

Answer EITHER Question 1 OR Question 2.

## 1 Read the following poem.

**Money**

He'd made a fortune out of stocks\*, he couldn't count his worth;  
 He'd hoarded up a store of gold, a section of the earth;  
 But still he sighed alone and talked of all the world's distress,  
 And mentioned to his dearest friends: 'Gold won't buy happiness.'

Within his mansion\* big and warm he often cried aloud:  
 'There is no joy in being rich, no charm in being proud;  
 But still the morning saw him frowning, cross and very glum,  
 Unless he added to his store another goodly sum.

'Ah, me,' he often used to say, 'indeed it's very true,  
 There are so many things in life that money cannot do;  
 It cannot purchase\* peace of mind nor make a conscience clear;  
 It cannot, when the soul is sad, make sorrow disappear.'

'You do not know what gold can do,' a friend of his replied,  
 'You little guess its purchase power, because you haven't tried;  
 Go, take your money out today, and see what it will buy;  
 Go, feed the hungry little child and note his twinkling eye.

'Go, help the brother in distress — an old man starts today  
 Across the hills to die within the poorhouse far away;  
 Give him a little of the gold you've hoarded to excess,  
 Then tell me if you can that money won't buy happiness.

'The money that is hoarded up will buy no peace of mind,  
 But money rightly used will bring much comfort you will find;  
 And if for others but a part of what you have is spent,  
 You'll find the happiness you crave\*, and you will live content.'

*Edgar Albert Guest*

\**stocks*: stocks and shares relating to investing money

\**mansion*: a very large house

\**purchase*: to buy something

\**crave*: desire or want

How does the poet present feelings about money 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)**



OR

**2 Read the following extract from *Millions*.**

*The narrator, Damian, and his brother, Anthony, find themselves rich when a bag full of money falls at Damian's feet.*

It needed the two of us to carry the money back across the field towards the house. Think of that. More money than we could carry. I wanted to spread it all out on the dining table so Dad would see it when he got home and be of good cheer, but Anthony said we mustn't tell Dad about it.

'Why not?'

'Tax.'

I had to ask him what tax was.

'If Dad knew about it, he'd have to tell the government, and if they knew about it, they'd want to tax it. At 40 per cent – that's nearly half of it. We should just hide it and go to school.'

But we couldn't. We had to know how much was there. We tipped the money on to the table.

'Anyway,' Anthony said, 'if God had wanted Dad to have this, he would've sent him a cheque in the post.'

It was hard to argue with that.

I started to help him count. At first we just tried to count all the tenners\* using our ten times table\*, but we lost track of which ones we'd counted. The room seemed to be filling up with notes. Then Anthony had the idea of counting them into piles of a hundred, and then counting the hundreds. But even that was no good. After ten minutes the whole floor was tiled with wads of money. We couldn't find anywhere to sit, let alone count. So then we tried making them into piles of a thousand. There were 229 piles of a thousand. Plus 370 pounds change. That's 229,370 pounds. Or twenty-two million, 937 thousand pence.

For a while we just looked at it. Then Anthony picked up a thousand pounds and put it crossways on top of another thousand. Then he picked up another and put it crossways on top of that. Then I picked up a pile and put that on top of the other three. Then Anthony. Then me, and on and on building a tower of cash. We got it almost as tall as me before it fell over. Then we both started laughing.

That was the first time we played Cash Jenga\*. We played it every night for the next week. The highest we ever got was Anthony's eyebrows. But first time was the best, when it just sort of invented itself out of our excitement.

Cash Jenga is a great game if you can afford it.

*Frank Cottrell Boyce*

\**tenners* – ten pound notes in British monetary units (sterling)

\**ten times table* – an aid to remember multiples of ten

\**Jenga* – a game of skill where players balance small blocks to make a tower



Explain how the writer conveys the boys’ reactions to the discovery of money 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)

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

Chosen question number:          **Question 1**           **Question 2**

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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 a sense of sympathy for characters in *Half-past Two* and *A Mother in a Refugee Camp*?

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)

OR

4 Show how the poets present thoughts about society in *Prayer Before Birth* 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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**TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS**  
**TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS**



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**Sources:**

*Money*, Edgar Albert Guest  
*Millions*, Frank Cottrell Boyce

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**If –**

If you can keep your head when all about you  
     Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
     But make allowance for their doubting too;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,                     5  
     Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
     And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;  
     If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;   10  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
     And treat those two impostors just the same;  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
     Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,                     15  
     And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
     And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
     And never breathe a word about your loss;                     20  
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
     To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
     Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,                     25  
     Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
     If all men count with you, but none too much;  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
     With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,                     30  
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
     And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

*Rudyard Kipling*

**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 ghouel 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 for 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 cozy parlor, the tinkling piano our guide. 10

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamor  
 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	How I miss my father! He cooked like a person dancing in a yoga meditation and craved the voluptuous sharing of good food.	30
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	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 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	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,  
 to fields which don't explode beneath the feet  
 of running children in a nightmare heat. 10

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

A hundred agonies in black and white  
 from which his editor will pick out five or six  
 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. 20

*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, 10  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
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, 10  
and in her eyes the memory  
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 15  
The rust-colored hair left on his skull  
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 20  
Like putting flowers on a tiny grave.

*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 5  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

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, 10  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

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 5  
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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