CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge O Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **2010/13**

Paper 1 Poetry and Prose **May/June 2026**

1 hour 30 minutes

2996927033

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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.

This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Section A: Poetry

Answer **one** question from this section.

from ***Songs of Ourselves: Volume 1***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The Chimney-Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying '*weep*, '*weep*, in notes of woe!
Where are thy father and mother, say?
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

'Because I was happy upon the heath
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

'And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury:
And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.'

(William Blake)

In what ways does Blake make this such a moving poem?

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Or **2** How does Lochhead strikingly convey the impact of the stories in *Storyteller*?

Storyteller

she sat down
at the scoured table
in the swept kitchen
beside the dresser with its cracked delft.
And every last crumb of daylight was salted away.

No one could say the stories were useless
for as the tongue clacked
five or forty fingers stitched
corn was grated from the husk
patchwork was pieced
or the darning done.

Never the one to slander her shiftless.
Daily sloven or spotless no matter whether
dishwater or tasty was her soup.
To tell the stories was her work.
It was like spinning,
gathering thin air to the singlest strongest
thread. Night in
she'd have us waiting, held
breath, for the ending we knew by heart.

And at first light
as the women stirred themselves to build the fire
as the peasant's feet felt for clogs
as thin grey washed over flat fields
the stories dissolved in the whorl of the ear
but they
hung themselves upside down
in the sleeping heads of the children
till they flew again
in the storytellers night.

(Liz Lochhead)

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from ***Songs of Ourselves: Volume 2, Part 3***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Rich and Poor or, Saint and Sinner

The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act –
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station;
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

The rich man has a carriage
Where no rude eye can flout him;
The poor man's bane
Is a third-class train,
With the day-light all about him.

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The rich man goes out yachting
Where sanctity can't pursue him;
The poor goes afloat
In a fourpenny boat,
Where the bishops groan to view him.

(Thomas Love Peacock)

In what ways does Peacock memorably depict unfairness in this poem?

Or **4** How does Cato vividly convey a sense of excitement in *The Road*?

The Road

I made the rising moon go back

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I drove towards the sun.

(Nancy Fotheringham Cato)

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from **KAYO CHINGONYI: *Kumukanda***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Kumukanda

Since I haven't danced among my fellow initiates,

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and my father's father and my father's father's father?

How does Chingonyi memorably convey his thoughts and feelings in this poem?

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Or **6** In what ways does Chingonyi make *The N Word (I.)* such a powerful poem?

The N Word

I.

You sly devil. Lounging in a Pinter script

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knocking me about the head with your dark hands.

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Turn over

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Section B: Prose

Answer **one** question from this section.

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The footway had now become a narrow line in the heart of the forest.

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He was afraid of being thought weak.

(*from* Chapter 7)

How does Achebe make this such a moving moment in the novel?

Or **8** Explore how Achebe memorably conveys the differences between the villagers of Umuofia and the white men.

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JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

The first week of their return was soon gone. The second began. It was the last of the regiment's stay in Meryton, and all the young ladies in the neighbourhood were drooping apace. The dejection was almost universal. The elder Miss Bennets alone were still able to eat, drink, and sleep, and pursue the usual course of their employments. Very frequently were they reproached for this insensibility by Kitty and Lydia, whose own misery was extreme, and who could not comprehend such hard-heartedness in any of the family.

'Good Heaven! What is to become of us! What are we to do!' would they often exclaim in the bitterness of woe. 'How can you be smiling so, Lizzy?' Their affectionate mother shared all their grief; she remembered what she had herself endured on a similar occasion, five and twenty years ago.

'I am sure,' said she, 'I cried for two days together when Colonel Millar's regiment went away. I thought I should have broke my heart.'

'I am sure I shall break *mine*,' said Lydia.

'If one could but go to Brighton!' observed Mrs Bennet.

'Oh, yes! – if one could but go to Brighton! But papa is so disagreeable.'

'A little sea-bathing would set me up for ever.'

'And my aunt Philips is sure it would do *me* a great deal of good,' added Kitty.

Such were the kind of lamentations resounding perpetually through Longbourn-house. Elizabeth tried to be diverted by them; but all sense of pleasure was lost in shame. She felt anew the justice of Mr Darcy's objections; and never had she before been so much disposed to pardon his interference in the views of his friend.

But the gloom of Lydia's prospect was shortly cleared away; for she received an invitation from Mrs Forster, the wife of the Colonel of the regiment, to accompany her to Brighton. This invaluable friend was a very young woman, and very lately married. A resemblance in good humour and good spirits had recommended her and Lydia to each other, and out of their *three* months' acquaintance they had been intimate *two*.

The rapture of Lydia on this occasion, her adoration of Mrs Forster, the delight of Mrs Bennet, and the mortification of Kitty, are scarcely to be described. Wholly inattentive to her sister's feelings, Lydia flew about the house in restless ecstacy, calling for every one's congratulations, and laughing and talking with more violence than ever; whilst the luckless Kitty continued in the parlour repining at her fate in terms as unreasonable as her accent was peevish.

'I cannot see why Mrs Forster should not ask *me* as well as Lydia,' said she, 'though I am *not* her particular friend. I have just as much right to be asked as she has, and more too, for I am two years older.'

In vain did Elizabeth attempt to make her reasonable, and Jane to make her resigned. As for Elizabeth herself, this invitation was so far from exciting in her the same feelings as in her mother and Lydia, that she considered it as the death-warrant of all possibility of common sense for the latter; and detestable as such a step must make her were it known,

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she could not help secretly advising her father not to let her go. She represented to him all the improprieties of Lydia's general behaviour, the little advantage she could derive from the friendship of such a woman as Mrs Forster, and the probability of her being yet more imprudent with such a companion at Brighton, where the temptations must be greater than at home. He heard her attentively, and then said,

'Lydia will never be easy till she has exposed herself in some public place or other, and we can never expect her to do it with so little expense or inconvenience to her family as under the present circumstances.'

'If you were aware,' said Elizabeth, 'of the very great disadvantage to us all, which must arise from the public notice of Lydia's unguarded and imprudent manner; nay, which has already arisen from it, I am sure you would judge differently in the affair.'

(*from* Chapter 41)

Explore the ways in which Austen makes this such a revealing moment in the novel.

Or **10** How does Austen strikingly convey Elizabeth's changing attitude towards Wickham?

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ANITA DESAI: *Fire on the Mountain*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Nanda Kaul could not tell why she wanted to bring Raka out into the open.

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They averted their faces from each other.

(*from* Part 2, Chapter 9)

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In what ways does Desai make this such a revealing moment in the novel?

Or **12** How does Desai memorably portray Nanda Kaul's long relationship with Ila Das?

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KIRAN DESAI: *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

And it was not long before the troupe from Shahkot, presided over by the Cinema Monkey, became regular visitors to the fields and forests surrounding the orchard.

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Sampath enjoyed this attention more and more as he became used to the occasional tug or scratch.

(*from* Chapter 12)

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In what ways does Desai make this moment in the novel so comical?

Or **14** How does Desai memorably portray Ammaji?

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HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Tim Johnson reached the side street that ran in front of the Radley Place, and what remained of his poor mind made him pause and seem to consider which road he would take.

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‘Hush, Heck,’ said Atticus, ‘let’s go back to town.’

(*from* Chapter 10)

How does Lee make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or **16** Explore the ways in which Lee portrays Boo Radley as such an intriguing character.

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SUSAN HILL: *I'm the King of the Castle*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

Fielding said, 'Why don't you run away then?'

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He thought, nothing will ever happen to Fielding, not ever, just because he doesn't care, because he is like this.

(*from* Chapter 14)

How does Hill vividly portray Fielding at this moment in the novel?

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Hill makes Warings such a memorable setting in the novel.

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H G WELLS: *The War of the Worlds*

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

So much as they could see of the road Londonward between the houses to the right was a tumultuous stream of dirty, hurrying people, pent in between the villas on either side; the black heads, the crowded forms, grew into distinctness as they rushed towards the corner, hurried past, and merged their individuality again in a receding multitude that was swallowed up at last in a cloud of dust.

'Go on! Go on!' cried the voices. 'Way! Way!'

One man's hands pressed on the back of another. My brother stood at the pony's head. Irresistibly attracted, he advanced slowly, pace by pace, down the lane.

Edgware had been a scene of confusion, Chalk Farm a riotous tumult, but this was a whole population in movement. It is hard to imagine that host. It had no character of its own. The figures poured out past the corner, and receded with their backs to the group in the lane. Along the margin came those who were on foot, threatened by the wheels, stumbling in the ditches, blundering into one another.

The carts and carriages crowded close upon one another, making little way for those swifter and more impatient vehicles that darted forward every now and then when an opportunity showed itself of doing so, sending the people scattering against the fences and gates of the villas.

'Push on!' was the cry. 'Push on! They are coming!'

In one cart stood a blind man in the uniform of the Salvation Army, gesticulating with his crooked fingers and bawling, 'Eternity! eternity!' His voice was hoarse and very loud, so that my brother could hear him long after he was lost to sight in the dust. Some of the people who crowded in the carts whipped stupidly at their horses and quarrelled with other drivers; some sat motionless, staring at nothing with miserable eyes; some gnawed their hands with thirst, or lay prostrate in the bottoms of their conveyances. The horses' bits were covered with foam, their eyes bloodshot.

There were cabs, carriages, shop-carts, wagons, beyond counting; a mail-cart, a road-cleaner's cart marked 'Vestry of St Pancras', a huge timber-wagon crowded with roughs. A brewer's dray rumbled by with its two near wheels splashed with fresh blood.

'Clear the way!' cried the voices. 'Clear the way!'

'Eter-nity! eter-nity!' came echoing down the road.

There were sad, haggard women tramping by, well dressed, with children that cried and stumbled, their dainty clothes smothered in dust, their weary faces smeared with tears. With many of these came men, sometimes helpful, sometimes lowering and savage. Fighting side by side with them pushed some weary street outcast in faded black rags, wide-eyed, loud-voiced, and foul-mouthed. There were sturdy workmen thrusting their way along, wretched, unkempt men clothed like clerks or shopmen, struggling spasmodically; a wounded soldier my brother noticed, men dressed in the clothes of railway porters, one wretched creature in a nightshirt with a coat thrown over it.

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But varied as its composition was, certain things all that host had in common. There were fear and pain on their faces, and fear behind them.

(*from* Book 1, Chapter 16)

How does Wells make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

Or **20** To what extent do you think Wells creates a satisfying ending to the novel?

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from ***Stories of Ourselves: Volume 2***

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

Either **21** Read this passage from *The Man Who Walked on the Moon* (by J G Ballard), and then answer the question that follows it:

Looking back on these exhilarating days, I regret only that I never called a doctor to see Scranton.

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‘Yes, I am the astronaut.’

In what ways does Ballard make this such a sad ending to the story?

Or **22** How does Christina Rossetti make *Nick* such an entertaining story?

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