



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH) (US)

0427/01

Paper 1

October/November 2012

2 hours 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Center number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **three** questions: **one** question from Section A, **one** question from Section B, and **one** question from Section C.

Answer at least **one** passage-based question (marked \*) and at least **one** essay question (marked †).

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal points.

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## SECTION A: DRAMA

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

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

*Walter:* (Rising and coming to her and standing over her) You tired, ain't you?

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*Walter:* (Mumbling) We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds!

How does Hansberry powerfully convey the relationship between Ruth and Walter in this extract?

Or **t2** Explore the ways in which Hansberry makes you have mixed feelings about Beneatha.

Or **3** You are Mama at the end of the play. You have just left your apartment for the last time and are setting out for Clybourne Park.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*

**Either \*4** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Angus:</i>	We are sent To give thee, from our royal master, thanks; Only to herald thee into his sight, Not pay thee.	
<i>Ross:</i>	And, for an earnest of a greater honour, He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor; In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane! For it is thine.	5
<i>Banquo:</i>	What, can the devil speak true?	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me In borrowed robes?	10
<i>Angus:</i>	Who was the Thane lives yet; But under heavy judgment bears that life Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd With those of Norway, or did line the rebel With hidden help and vantage, or that with both He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not; But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, Have overthrown him.	15
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[Aside] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! The greatest is behind. – Thanks for your pains. [Aside to Banquo] Do you not hope your children shall be kings, When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me Promis'd no less to them?	20
<i>Banquo:</i>	[Aside to Macbeth] That, trusted home, Might yet enkindle you unto the crown, Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange; And oftentimes to win us to our harm, The instruments of darkness tell us truths, Win us with honest trifles, to betray's In deepest consequence. – Cousins, a word, I pray you.	25
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[Aside] Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling act Of the imperial theme. – I thank you, gentlemen. [Aside] This supernatural soliciting Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill, Why hath it given me earnest of success, Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor. If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart knock at my ribs Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings. My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Shakes so my single state of man That function is smother'd in surmise, And nothing is but what is not.	30
		35
		40
		45

<i>Banquo:</i>	Look how our partner's rapt.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[ <i>Aside</i> ] If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me, Without my stir.	50
<i>Banquo:</i>	New honours come upon him, Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould But with the aid of use.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[ <i>Aside</i> ] Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.	55
<i>Banquo:</i>	Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.	
<i>Macbeth:</i>	Give me your favour. My dull brain was wrought With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains Are regist'red where every day I turn The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King. [ <i>Aside to Banquo</i> ] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time, The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.	60
<i>Banquo:</i>	[ <i>Aside to Macbeth</i> ] Very gladly.	65
<i>Macbeth:</i>	[ <i>Aside to Banquo</i> ] Till then, enough. – Come, friends.	

How in this extract does Shakespeare dramatically convey the reactions of Macbeth and Banquo to the news that Macbeth has become Thane of Cawdor?

Or **†5** Explore **two** moments in the play where Shakespeare makes Macbeth's wickedness particularly shocking.

Or **6** You are Banquo as you set out for your horse ride with Fleance. You have just been questioned by Macbeth.

Write your thoughts.

**THORNTON WILDER: *Our Town***

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

*Stage Manager:*

Mr Webb is Publisher and Editor of the Grover's Corners *Sentinel*.

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*Stage Manager:*

Thank you Mr Webb.

Explore the ways in which Wilder portrays Grover's Corners in this passage.

Or **†8** How does Wilder make any **two** of the people of Grover's Corners particularly memorable for you? (Do not use the passage in Question 7 to answer this question.)

Or **9** You are Mrs Gibbs. You are waiting in the church for Emily to arrive for her wedding to your son George.

Write your thoughts.

## SECTION B: POETRY

**BILLY COLLINS:** from *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems*

**Either \*10** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Piano Lessons*

1

My teacher lies on the floor with a bad back  
off to the side of the piano.  
I sit up straight on the stool.  
He begins by telling me that every key  
is like a different room  
and I am a blind man who must learn  
to walk through all twelve of them  
without hitting the furniture.  
I feel myself reach for the first doorknob.

5

2

He tells me that every scale has a shape  
and I have to learn how to hold  
each one in my hands.  
At home I practice with my eyes closed.  
C is an open book.  
D is a vase with two handles.  
G flat is a black boot.  
E has the legs of a bird.

10

15

3

He says the scale is the mother of the chords.  
I can see her pacing the bedroom floor  
waiting for her children to come home.  
They are out at nightclubs shading and lighting  
all the songs while couples dance slowly  
or stare at one another across tables.  
This is the way it must be. After all,  
just the right chord can bring you to tears  
but no one listens to the scales,  
no one listens to their mother.

20

25

4

I am doing my scales,  
the familiar anthems of childhood.  
My fingers climb the ladder of notes  
and come back down without turning around.  
Anyone walking under this open window  
would picture a girl of about ten  
sitting at the keyboard with perfect posture,  
not me slumped over in my bathrobe, disheveled,  
like a white Horace Silver.

30

35

I am learning to play  
 “It Might As Well Be Spring”  
 but my left hand would rather be jingling  
 the change in the darkness of my pocket  
 or taking a nap on an armrest.  
 I have to drag him into the music  
 like a difficult and neglected child.  
 This is the revenge of the one who never gets  
 to hold the pen or wave good-bye,  
 and now, who never gets to play the melody.

40

45

Even when I am not playing, I think about the piano.  
 It is the largest, heaviest,  
 and most beautiful object in this house.  
 I pause in the doorway just to take it all in.  
 And late at night I picture it downstairs,  
 this hallucination standing on three legs,  
 this curious beast with its enormous moonlit smile.

50

Explore how Collins strikingly conveys feelings about learning to play the piano in this poem.

- Or** **†11** How does Collins make his thoughts about studying poetry vivid for you in **either** *Workshop* **or** *Introduction to Poetry*? Support your ideas by close reference to the poem you have chosen.
- Or** **†12** Explore how Collins movingly conveys a mood of sadness or regret to you in **two** of the following poems:

*The History Teacher*  
*On Turning Ten*  
*Forgetfulness*

*from Songs of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations  
Anthology of Poetry in English*

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

*From Long Distance*

Though my mother was already two years dead  
Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,  
put hot water bottles her side of the bed  
and still went to renew her transport pass.

You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone. 5  
He'd put you off an hour to give him time  
to clear away her things and look alone  
as though his still raw love were such a crime.

He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief  
though sure that very soon he'd hear her key 10  
scrape in the rusted lock and end his grief.  
He knew she'd just popped out to get the tea.

I believe life ends with death, and that is all.  
You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,  
in my new black leather phone book there's your name 15  
and the disconnected number I still call.

*by Tony Harrison*

How does Harrison movingly convey feelings about his father and about death in this poem?

Or †14 Explore the ways in which Monkhouse memorably expresses the thoughts and feelings of the Soul toward the Body in *Any Soul to Any Body*.

Or †15 Explore some of the ways in which the poets use imagery to vivid effect in **two** of the following poems:

*The Man With Night Sweats* (by Thom Gunn)  
*Night Sweat* (by Robert Lowell)  
*Funeral Blues* (by W. H. Auden)

**[Turn over for Question \*16]**

**SECTION C: PROSE**

**HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird***

**Either \*16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Later, when I was supposed to be in bed, I went down the hall for a drink of water and heard Atticus and Uncle Jack in the living-room:

**Content removed due to copyright restrictions.'I might have children.'**

But I never figured out how Atticus knew I was listening, and it was not until many years later that I realized he wanted me to hear every word he said.

What does Lee's writing make you feel about Atticus in this extract?

**Or** **t17** How does Lee make the injustice of what happens to Tom Robinson so powerful in the novel?

**Or** **18** You are Heck Tate driving home from the Finch house after Bob Ewell has been killed.

Write your thoughts.

CARSON McCULLERS: *The Member of the Wedding*

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

'Oh, how pretty!' John Henry said.

Berenice raised her head, and when she saw F. Jasmine her face was a study. The dark eye looked from the silver hair ribbon to the soles of the silver slippers. She said nothing.

'Now tell me your honest opinion,' F. Jasmine said. 5

But Berenice looked at the orange satin evening dress and shook her head and did not comment. At first she shook her head with short little turns, but the longer she stared, the longer these shakes became, until at the last shake F. Jasmine heard her neck crack.

'What's the matter?' F. Jasmine asked. 10

'I thought you was going to get a pink dress.'

'But when I got in the store I changed my mind. What is wrong with this dress? Don't you like it, Berenice?'

'No,' said Berenice. 'It don't do.'

'What do you mean? It don't do.'

'Exactly that. It just don't do.'

F. Jasmine turned to look in the mirror, and she still thought the dress was beautiful. But Berenice had a sour and stub born look on her face, an expression like that of an old long-eared mule, and F. Jasmine could not understand. 20

'But I don't see what you mean,' she complained. 'What is wrong?'

Berenice folded her arms over her chest and said: 'Well, if you don't see it I can't explain it to you. Look there at your head, to begin with.'

F. Jasmine looked at her head in the mirror.

'You had all your hair shaved off like a convict, and now you tie a silver ribbon around this head without any hair. It just looks peculiar.'

'Oh, but I'm washing my hair tonight and going to try to curl it,' F. Jasmine said.

'And look at them elbows,' Berenice continued. 'Here you got on this grown woman's evening dress. Orange satin. And that brown crust on your elbows. The two things just don't mix.'

F. Jasmine hunched her shoulders and covered her rusty elbows with her hands.

Berenice gave her head another quick wide shake, then bunched her lips in judgement. 'Take it back down to the store.'

'But I can't!' said F. Jasmine. 'It's bargain basement. They don't take back.'

Berenice always had two mottoes. One was the known saying that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And the other was the motto that you have to cut y our suit according to the cloth, and make the best of what you have. So F. Jasmine was not certain if it was the last of these mottoes that made Berenice change her mind, or if she really began to improve her feelings about the dress. Anyway, Berenice stared for several seconds with her head to one side, and finally said:

'Come here. We'll make it fit better at the waist and see what we can do.'

'I think you're just not accustomed to seeing anybody dressed up,' F. Jasmine said.

'I'm not accustomed to human Christmas trees in August.'

So Berenice took off the sash and patted and pulled the dress in various places. F. Jasmine stood stiff like a hat rack and let her work with 50

the dress. John Henry had got up from his chair and was watching, with the napkin still tied around his neck.

'Frankie's dress looks like a Christmas tree,' he said.

'Two-faced Judas!' F. Jasmine said. 'You just now said it was pretty.  
Old double-faced Judas!'

55

The piano tuned. Whose piano it was F. Jasmine did not know, but the sound of the tuning was solemn and insistent in the kitchen, and it came from somewhere not so far away. The piano-tuner would sometimes fling out a rattling little tune, and then he would go back to one note. And repeat. And bang the same note in a solemn and crazy way. And repeat. And bang. The name of the piano-tuner in the town was Mr Schwarzenbaum. The sound was enough to shiver the gizzards of musicians and make all listeners feel queer.

60

How does McCullers make this incident both amusing and sad at the same time?

**Or** **†20** What impressions does McCullers give you of Frankie's father and his relationship with Frankie? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or** **21** You are Berenice at the end of the novel, reflecting on the wedding and its effect on Frankie.

Write your thoughts.

AMY TAN: *The Joy Luck Club*

**Either \*22** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

The water had turned a deep golden color, and then red, purple, and finally black. The sky had darkened and red lantern lights started to glow all over the lake. I could hear people talking and laughing, some voices from the front of our boat, some from other boats next to us. And then I heard the wooden kitchen door banging open and shut and the air filled with good rich smells. The voices from the pavilion cried in happy disbelief, "Ai! Look at this! And this!" I was hungry to be there.

5

I listened to their banquet while dangling my legs over the back. And although it was night, it was bright outside. I could see my reflection, my legs, my hands leaning on the edge, and my face. And above my head, I saw why it was so bright. In the dark water, I could see the full moon, a moon so warm and big it looked like the sun. And I turned around so I could find the Moon Lady and tell her my secret wish. But right at that moment, everybody else must have seen her too. Because firecrackers exploded, and I fell into the water not even hearing my own splash.

10

I was surprised by the cool comfort of the water, so that at first I was not frightened. It was like weightless sleep. And I expected Amah to come immediately and pick me up. But in the instant that I began to choke, I knew she would not come. I thrashed my arms and legs under the water. The sharp water had swum up my nose, into my throat and eyes, and this made me thrash even harder. "Amah!" I tried to cry and I was so angry at her for abandoning me, for making me wait and suffer unnecessarily. And then a dark shape brushed by me and I knew it was one of the Five Evils, a swimming snake.

15

It wrapped around me and squeezed my body like a sponge, then tossed me into the choking air – and I fell headlong into a rope net filled with writhing fish. Water gushed out of my throat, so that now I was choking and wailing.

20

When I turned my head, I saw four shadows, with the moon in back of them. A dripping figure was climbing into the boat. "Is it too small? Should we throw it back? Or is it worth some money?" said the dripping man, panting. And the others laughed. I became quiet. I knew who these people were. When Amah and I passed people like these in the streets, she would put her hands over my eyes and ears.

25

"Stop now," scolded the woman in the boat, "you've frightened her. She thinks we're brigands who are going to sell her for a slave." And then she said in a gentle voice, "Where are you from, little sister?"

30

The dripping man bent down and looked at me. "Oh, a little girl. Not a fish!"

"Not a fish! Not a fish!" murmured the others, chuckling.

35

I began to shiver, too scared to cry. The air smelled dangerous, the sharp odors of gunpowder and fish.

"Do not pay any attention to them," said the woman. "Are you from another fishing boat? Which one? Do not be afraid. Point."

40

Out on the water I saw rowboats and pedal boats and sailboats, and fishing boats like this one, with a long bow and small house in the middle. I looked hard, my heart beating fast. "There!" I said, and pointed to a floating pavilion filled with laughing people and lanterns. "There! There!" And I began to cry, desperate to reach my family and be comforted. The fishing boat glided swiftly over, toward the good cooking smells.

45

"E!" called the woman up to the boat. "Have you lost a little girl, a girl who fell in the water?"

50

There were some shouts from the floating pavilion, and I strained to see faces of Amah, Baba, Mama. People were crowded on one side of the pavilion, leaning over, pointing, looking into our boat. All strangers, laughing red faces, loud voices. Where was Amah? Why did my mother not come? A little girl pushed her way through some legs.

55

"That's not me!" she cried. "I'm here. I didn't fall in the water." The people in the boat roared with laughter and turned away.

"Little sister, you were mistaken," said the woman as the fishing boat glided away. I said nothing. I began to shiver again. I had seen nobody who cared that I was missing. I looked out over the water at the hundreds of dancing lanterns. Firecrackers were exploding and I could hear more people laughing. The farther we glided, the bigger the world became. And I now felt I was lost forever.

60

65

How does Tan movingly convey Ying-ying's feelings in this passage?

- Or **†23** Jing-mei believes that she is a disappointment to her mother, Suyuan. To what extent does Tan make you think she is correct in believing this? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or **24** You are An-mei's mother. You are preparing to commit suicide.

Write your thoughts.

ALICE WALKER: *The Color Purple*

**Either \*25** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

A woman need a little fun, once in a while, she say.

A woman need to be at home, he say.

She say, This is my home. Though I do think it go better as a jukejoint.

Harpo look at the prize fighter. Prizefighter push back his chair a little, pick up his drink.

5

I don't fight Sofia battle, he say. My job to love her and take her where she want to go.

Harpo breathe some relief.

Let's dance, he say.

Sofia laugh, git up. Put both arms round his neck. They slow drag out cross the floor.

10

Harpo little yellowskin girlfriend sulk, hanging over the bar. She a nice girl, friendly and everything, but she like me. She do anything Harpo say.

He give her a little nickname, too, call her Squeak.

15

Pretty soon Squeak git up her nerve to try to cut in.

Harpo try to turn Sofia so she can't see. But Squeak keep on tapping and tapping on his shoulder.

Finally he and Sofia stop dancing. They bout two feet from our table.

20

Shug say, uh-oh, and point with her chin, something bout to blow right there.

Who dis woman, say Squeak, in this little teenounce voice.

You know who she is, say Harpo.

Squeak turn to Sofia. Say, You better leave him alone.

Sofia say, Fine with me. She turn round to leave.

25

Harpo grab her by the arm. Say, You don't have to go no where. Hell, this your house.

Squeak say, What you mean, Dis her house? She walk out on you.

Walk away from the house. It over now, she say to Sofia.

Sofia say, Fine with me. Try to pull away from Harpo grip. He hold her tight.

30

Listen Squeak, say Harpo, Can't a man dance with his own wife?

Squeak say, Not if he my man he can't. You hear that, bitch, she say to Sofia.

Sofia gitting a little tired of Squeak, I can tell by her ears. They sort of push back. But she say again, sorta end of argument like, Hey, fine with me.

35

Squeak slap her up cross the head.

What she do that for. Sofia don't even deal in little ladyish things such as slaps. She ball up her fist, draw back, and knock two of Squeak's side teef out. Squeak hit the floor. One tooth hanging on her lip, the other one upside my cold drink glass.

40

Then Squeak start banging on Harpo leg with her shoe.

You git that bitch out a here, she cry, blood and slobber running down her chin.

45

Harpo and Sofia stand side by side looking down at Squeak, but I don't think they hear her. Harpo still holding Sofia arm. Maybe half a minute go by. Finally he turn loose her arm, reach down and cradle poor little Squeak in his arms. He coo and coo at her like she a baby.

Sofia come over and git the prizefighter. They go out the door and don't look back. Then us hear a car motor start.

50

How does Walker make this moment so dramatic?

Or **t26** Choose **two** letters that you find particularly memorable: one written by Celie and one written by Nettie. How does Walker's writing make these letters so memorable?

Or **27** You are Mr. —— (Albert). Celie has left you to live with Shug Avery.

Write your thoughts.

**from Stories of Ourselves: The University of Cambridge International Examinations  
Anthology of Short Stories in English**

**Either \*28** Read this extract from *Journey* (by Patricia Grace), and then answer the question that follows it:

Well Sir I shouldn't really do this, but if it will help clarify the position I could show you what has been drawn up. Of course it's all in the future and not really your worry ...

Yes yes I'll be dead but that's not ...

I'll get the plans.

5

And it's true he'll be dead, it's true he's getting old, but not true if anyone thinks his eyes have had it because he can see good enough. His eyes are still good enough to look all over the paper and see his land there, and to see that his land has been shaded in and had 'Off Street Parking' printed on it.

10

He can see good close up and he can see good far off, and that's George over the other side standing with some mates. He can tell George anywhere no matter what sort of get-up he's wearing. George would turn and see him soon.

15

But you can't, that's only a piece of paper and it can be changed, you can change it. People have to live and to have things. People need houses and shops, but that's only paper, it can be changed.

It's all been very carefully mapped out. By experts. Areas have been selected according to suitability and convenience. And the aesthetic aspects have been carefully considered ...

20

Everything grows, turnips the size of pumpkins, cabbages you can hardly carry, potatoes, tomatoes ... Back here where you've got your houses, it's all rock, land going to waste there ...

You would all receive equivalent sites ...

25

Resited ...

As I say on equivalent land ...

There's no land equal ...

Listen Sir, it's difficult but we've got to have some understanding of things. Don't we?

Yes yes I want you to understand, that's why I came. This here, it's only paper and you can change it. There's room for all the things you've got on your paper, and room for what we want too, we want only what we've got already, it's what we've been trying to say.

30

Sir we can't always have exactly what we want ...

All round here where you've marked residential it's all rock, what's wrong with that for shops and cars . And there'll be people and houses. Some of the people can be us, and some of the houses can be ours.

35

Sure, sure. But not exactly where you want them. And anyway Sir there's no advantage do you think in you people all living in the same area?

40

It's what we want, we want nothing more than what is ours already.

It does things to your land value.

He was an old man but he wanted very much to lean over the desk and swing a heavy punch.

No sense being scattered everywhere when what we want ...

45

It immediately brings down the value of your land ...

... is to stay put on what is left of what has been ours since before we were born. Have a small piece each, a small garden, my brother and sister and I discussed it years ago.

Straight away the value of your land goes right down.	50
Wanted to swing a heavy punch but he's too old for it. He kicked the desk instead. Hard. And the veneer cracked and splintered. Funny how quiet it had become.	
You ought to be run in old man, do you hear.	
Cripes look what the old blighter's gone and done. Look at Paul's desk.	55
He must be whacky.	
He can't do that Paul, get the boss along to sort him out.	
Get him run in.	
Get out old man, do you hear.	
Yes he could hear, he wasn't deaf, not by a long shot. A bit of trouble getting his foot back out of the hole, but there, he was going, and not limping either, he'd see about this lot later. Going, not limping, and not going to die either. It looked as though their six eyes might all fall out and roll on the floor.	60

In this passage, how does Grace dramatically capture the old man's helplessness in the face of more powerful people?

- Or **t29** How does Head vividly portray the character of Mma-Mompati and her relationship with her son in *The Village Saint*?
- Or **30** You are the woman in the story *The Bath*. You are sitting on the edge of your parents' grave.

Write your thoughts.

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