

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname		Other names	
Pearson Edexcel International GCSE		Centre Number 	Candidate Number
Wednesday 15 May 2019			
Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)		Paper Reference 4ET1/01R	
English Literature Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose			
You must have: Question Booklet and Booklet of poems from Part 3 of the Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English 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.
- Answer the question from Section A, **ONE** question from Section B and **ONE** question from Section C.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 90.
- 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 *Pearson Edexcel International GCSE English Anthology* may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Copies of the texts studied 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: Unseen Poetry

Question 1

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(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS





SECTION C: Modern Prose

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 4**

Question 5

Question 6

Question 7

Question 8

Question 9 

Question 10 

Question 11 

Question 12 

Question 13 



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TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS



Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Wednesday 15 May 2019

Afternoon

Paper Reference **4ET1/01R**

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose

Question Booklet

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Answer THREE questions:

**Answer the question in Section A,
ONE question from Section B
and ONE question from Section C.**

The poems for use with Section B are included with this paper.

	Page
SECTION A: Unseen Poetry	4
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SECTION C: Modern Prose	
<i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i> , Harper Lee	7
<i>Of Mice and Men</i> , John Steinbeck	7
<i>The Whale Rider</i> , Witi Ihimaera	8
<i>The Joy Luck Club</i> , Amy Tan	8
<i>Things Fall Apart</i> , Chinua Achebe	9

SECTION A: Unseen Poetry

Answer the question in this section.

You should spend 35 minutes on this question.

Read the following poem.

My Box

My box is made of golden oak,
my lover's gift to me.
He fitted hinges and a lock
of brass and a bright key.
He made it out of winter nights, 5
sanded and oiled and planed*,
engraved inside the heavy lid
in brass, a golden tree.

In my box are twelve black books
where I have written down 10
how we have sanded, oiled and planed,
planted a garden, built a wall,
seen jays and goldcrests, rare red kites*,
found the wild heartsease*, drilled a well,
harvested* apples and words and days 15
and planted a golden tree.

On an open shelf I keep my box.
Its key is in the lock.
I leave it there for you to read,
or them, when we are dead, 20
how everything is slowly made,
how slowly things made me,
a tree, a lover, words, a box,
books and a golden tree.

Gillian Clarke (1989)

**planed* – made smooth

**jays and goldcrests, rare red kites* – types of birds

**heartsease* – a type of wild flower

**harvested* – gathered in

1 Explore how the writer presents the box and its contents in this poem.

In your answer, you should consider the writer's:

- descriptive skills
- choice of language
- use of form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

SECTION B: Anthology Poetry

Answer ONE question from this section.

You should spend 40 minutes on your chosen question.

EITHER

- 2 Re-read *Search For My Tongue* and *Poem at Thirty-Nine*.

Compare the ways the writers present memories in *Search For My Tongue* and *Poem at Thirty-nine*.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 2 = 30 marks)

OR

- 3 Re-read *Sonnet 116*.

Compare how the writers convey personal thoughts in *Sonnet 116* and **one other** poem from the anthology.

You should make reference to language, form and structure.

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 3 = 30 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS

SECTION C: Modern Prose

Answer ONE question on ONE text from this section.

You should spend 45 minutes on this section.

***To Kill a Mockingbird*, Harper Lee**

EITHER

- 4** Explore the significance of racism in this novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 4 = 40 marks)

OR

- 5** In what ways is Mrs Dubose important in *To Kill a Mockingbird*?

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 5 = 40 marks)

***Of Mice and Men*, John Steinbeck**

EITHER

- 6** Explore the character of Lennie in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 6 = 40 marks)

OR

- 7** 'His authority was so great that his word was taken on any subject, be it politics or love. This was Slim, the jerkline skinner.'

Examine the theme of authority in *Of Mice and Men*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 7 = 40 marks)

The Whale Rider, Witi Ihimaera**EITHER**

- 8** Explore the relationship between Kahu and the whales.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 8 = 40 marks)

OR

- 9** Discuss the importance of different kinds of learning in *The Whale Rider*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 9 = 40 marks)

The Joy Luck Club, Amy Tan**EITHER**

- 10** Explore the character of Waverly Jong in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 10 = 40 marks)

OR

- 11** Discuss the significance of the title *The Joy Luck Club*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 11 = 40 marks)

Things Fall Apart*, Chinua Achebe*EITHER**

12 Examine how Okonkwo tries to be different from his father, Unoka, in the novel.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 12 = 40 marks)

OR

13 Explore the significance of punishment in *Things Fall Apart*.

You must consider the context of the novel in your answer.

(Total for Question 13 = 40 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION C = 40 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER = 90 MARKS



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Acknowledgement:

My Box by Gillian Clarke

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Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

Wednesday 15 May 2019

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours)

Paper Reference **4ET1/01R**

English Literature

Paper 1: Poetry and Modern Prose

Poetry Booklet – Part 3 of the Edexcel Anthology

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10

20

25

30

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 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

Blessing

The skin cracks like a pod.
There never is enough water.

Imagine the drip of it,
the small splash, echo
in a tin mug, 5
the voice of a kindly god.

Sometimes, the sudden rush
of fortune. The municipal pipe bursts,
silver crashes to the ground
and the flow has found 10
a roar of tongues. From the huts,
a congregation : every man woman
child for streets around
butts in, with pots,
brass, copper, aluminium, 15
plastic buckets,
frantic hands,

and naked children
screaming in the liquid sun,
their highlights polished to perfection, 20
flashing light,
as the blessing sings
over their small bones.

Imtiaz Dharker

Search For My Tongue

You ask me what I mean
by saying I have lost my tongue.
I ask you, what would you do
if you had two tongues in your mouth,
and lost the first one, the mother tongue, 5
and could not really know the other,
the foreign tongue.
You could not use them both together
even if you thought that way.
And if you lived in a place you had to 10
speak a foreign tongue,
your mother tongue would rot,
rot and die in your mouth
until you had to "spit it out".
I thought I spit it out 15
but overnight while I dream,

મને હતું કે આખી જીભ આખી ભાષા,

(munay hutoo kay aakhee jeebh aakhee bhasha)

મેં થું કી નાખી છે.

(may thoonky nakhi chay)

20

પરંતુ રાત્રે સ્વપ્નામાં મારી ભાષા પાછી આવે છે.

(parantoo rattray svupnama mari bhasha pachi aavay chay)

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(foolnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં ખીલે છે.

(modhama kheelay chay)

25

ફૂલની જેમ મારી ભાષા મારી જીભ

(fulllnee jaim mari bhasha mari jeebh)

મોઢામાં પાકે છે.

(modhama pakay chay)

30

it grows back, a stump of a shoot
grows longer, grows moist, grows strong veins,
it ties the other tongue in knots,
the bud opens, the bud opens in my mouth,
it pushes the other tongue aside. 35
Everytime I think I've forgotten,
I think I've lost the mother tongue,
it blossoms out of my mouth.

Sujata Bhatt

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
Stay in the school-room till half-past two.

5

(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
Gettinguptime, timeyouwereofftime,
Timetogohomenowtime, TVtime,

10

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,
And knew he'd escaped for ever

20

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,
Scuttling in, *I forgot all about you.*
Run along or you'll be late.

25

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.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song 5
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.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour 10
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.

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

10

8

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
O 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 lulled 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.	25 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
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	He would have grown to admire the woman I've become: cooking, writing, chopping wood, staring into the fire.	40

Alice Walker

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, 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 water'd 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

Half-caste

Excuse me
standing on one leg
I'm half-caste

Explain yuself
wha yu mean 5

when yu say half-caste
yu mean when picasso
mix red an green
is a half-caste canvas/
explain yuself 10

wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste
yu mean when light an shadow
mix in de sky

is a half-caste weather/
well in dat case 15
england weather

nearly always half-caste
in fact some o dem cloud
half-caste till dem overcast 20
so spiteful dem dont want de sun pass
ah rass/

explain yuself
wha yu mean
when yu say half-caste 25

yu mean when tchaikovsky
sit down at dah piano
an mix a black key
wid a white key
is a half-caste symphony/ 30

Explain yuself
wha yu mean
Ah listening to yu wid de keen
half of mih ear

Ah lookin at yu wid de keen 35
half of mih eye

and when I'm introduced to yu
I'm sure you'll understand
why I offer yu half-a-hand
an when I sleep at night 40

I close half-a-eye
consequently when I dream
I dream half-a-dream

an when moon begin to glow
I half-caste human being 45

cast half-a-shadow
but yu must come back tomorrow
wid de whole of yu eye
an de whole of yu ear
an de whole of yu mind 50

an I will tell yu
de other half
of my story

John Agard

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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