

Write your name here

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**Pearson Edexcel  
International GCSE**

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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# English Literature

## Paper 2: Unseen Texts and Poetry Anthology

Friday 26 May 2017 – Morning

**Time: 1 hour 30 minutes**

Paper Reference

**4ET0/02R**

**You must have:**

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

Total Marks

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### 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.

### EITHER

#### 1 Read the following poem.

##### **I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings**

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill for the caged bird  
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

*Maya Angelou*

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Explain how the poet expresses her thoughts and ideas about the birds.

In your answer you should consider:

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

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

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



OR

**2 Read the following extract from *12 Years a Slave*.**

*In this story set in the 1840s, Solomon Northup, a free man living happily in New York with his wife and children, is kidnapped and sold into slavery. This extract begins when Solomon finds himself imprisoned in a room shortly after he was taken.*

Some three hours elapsed, during which time I remained seated on the low bench, absorbed in painful meditations. At length I heard the crowing of a cock, and soon a distant rumbling sound, as of carriages hurrying through the streets, came to my ears, and I knew that it was day. No ray of light, however, penetrated my prison. Finally, I heard footsteps immediately overhead, as of some one walking to and fro. It occurred to me then that I must be in an underground apartment, and the damp mouldy odors\* of the place confirmed the supposition. The noise above continued for at least an hour, when, at last, I heard footsteps approaching from outside. A key rattled in the lock – a strong door swung back upon its hinges, admitting a flood of light, and two men entered and stood before me. One of them was a large, powerful man, forty years of age, perhaps, with dark, chestnut-colored\* hair, slightly interspersed with gray\*. His face was full, his complexion flush\*, his features grossly coarse, expressive of nothing but cruelty and cunning. He was about five feet ten inches high and, without prejudice, I must be allowed to say, was a man whose whole appearance was sinister and repugnant. His name was James H. Burch, as I learned afterwards – a well-known slave-dealer in Washington; and then, or lately, connected in business, as a partner, with Theophilus Freeman, of New-Orleans. The person who accompanied him was a simple servant, named Ebenezer Radburn, who acted merely in the capacity of turnkey\*. Both of these men still live in Washington, or did, at the time of my return through that city from slavery in January last.

The light admitted through the open door enabled me to observe the room in which I was confined. It was about twelve feet square – the walls of solid masonry. The floor was of heavy plank. There was one small window, crossed with great iron bars, with an outside shutter, securely fastened.

An iron-bound door led into an adjoining cell, or vault, wholly destitute of windows, or any means of admitting light. The furniture of the room in which I was, consisted of the wooden bench on which I sat, an old-fashioned, dirty box stove, and besides these, in either cell, there was neither bed, nor blanket, nor any other thing whatever.

*Solomon Northup*

\**odors* – American spelling of odours

\**colored* – American spelling of coloured

\**gray* – American spelling of grey

\**flush* – reddened

\**turnkey* – jailer



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Explain how the writer presents his experiences of being a prisoner 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**



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SECTION B

Answer EITHER Question 3 OR Question 4.

EITHER

3 How do people suffer in *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and *War Photographer*?

Support your answer with examples from the poems.

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)

OR

4 Show how poets explore people treating others badly in *Telephone conversation* 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 . 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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Sources taken from:

*I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou

*12 Years a Slave*, Solomon Northup

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# Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

## English Literature

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

Friday 26 May 2017 – Morning

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

Turn over ►

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## 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 10  
to me, sky to sing to me, birds and a white light  
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 15  
when they speak me, my thoughts when they think me,  
my treason engendered by traitors beyond me,  
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 20  
old men lecture me, bureaucrats hector me, mountains  
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 30  
humanity, would dragoon me into a lethal automaton,  
would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with  
one face, a thing, and against all those  
who would dissipate my entirety, would  
blow me like thistledown hither and  
thither or hither and thither 35  
like water held in the  
hands would spill me.

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

*Louis MacNeice*

## Half-past Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*U. A. Fanthorpe*



## Piano

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

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song  
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside  
And hymns in the 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

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

10

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

    If this be error and upon me proved,

    I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare*

## La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*John Keats*

\**Manna* – Food from heaven

## Poem at Thirty-Nine

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

5

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

10

15

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

20

25

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

30

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

35

40

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

45

*Alice Walker*

## Telephone conversation

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

*Wole Soyinka*

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

## Once Upon a Time

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

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

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

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

And I have learned, too,  
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',  
without being glad; and to say 'It's been  
nice talking to you', after being bored. 25  
30

But believe me, son.  
I want to be what I used to be  
when I was like you. I want  
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! 35

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

*Gabriel Okara*

## War Photographer

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

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

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

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

*Carol Ann Duffy*

\**Mass* – A religious service

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

## The Tyger

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

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

And what shoulder, & what art,  
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?  
15  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
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?  
20  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?\*

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

*William Blake*

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



## My Last Duchess

### Ferrara

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

*Robert Browning*

## A Mother in a Refugee Camp

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

*Chinua Achebe*

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

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

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

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they 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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