

Write your name here

Surname

Other names

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 25 May 2018 – Morning

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference

4ET0/02**You must have:**

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

Total Marks

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- You must answer **two** questions. Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 40.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*
- Copies of the Edexcel Anthology for International GCSE and Certificate Qualifications in English Language and Literature may **not** be brought into the examination.
- Dictionaries may **not** be used in this examination.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A

Answer EITHER Question 1 OR Question 2.

1 Read the following poem.

The Hero

'Jack fell as he'd have wished,' the Mother said,
 And folded up the letter that she'd read.
 'The Colonel writes so nicely.' Something broke
 In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.
 She half looked up. 'We mothers are so proud
 Of our dead soldiers.' Then her face was bowed. 5

Quietly the Brother Officer* went out.
 He'd told the poor old dear some gallant* lies
 That she would nourish all her days, no doubt.
 For while he coughed and mumbled, her weak eyes 10
 Had shone with gentle triumph, brimmed with joy,
 Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

He thought how 'Jack', cold-footed, useless swine,
 Had panicked down the trench that night the mine
 Went up at Wicked Corner*; how he'd tried 15
 To get sent home, and how, at last, he died,
 Blown to small bits. And no one seemed to care
 Except that lonely woman with white hair.

*Siegfried Sassoon***Brother Officer* – an officer sent to deliver the letter**gallant* – brave**Wicked Corner* – a trench on a battlefield in World War I

How does the poet present feelings about Jack in this poem?

In your answer you should consider:

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

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)



OR

2 Read the following extract from *Private Peaceful*.

Private Peaceful, a soldier in World War I, is in a trench on the battlefield when there is a gas attack.

The gas is only feet away now. In a moment it will be on me, around me, in me. I crouch down hiding my face between my knees, hands over my helmet, praying it will float over my head, over the top of the trench and seek out someone else. But it does not. It's all around me. I tell myself I will not breathe, I must not breathe. Through a yellow mist I see the trench filling up with it. It drifts into the dugouts, snaking into every nook and cranny, looking for me. It wants to seek us all out, to kill us all, every one of us. Still I do not breathe. I see men running, staggering, falling. I hear Pete shouting out for me. Then he's grabbing me and we run. I have to breathe now. I can't run without breathing. Half-blinded by my mask I trip and fall, crashing my head against the trench wall, knocking myself half-senseless. My gas mask has come off. I pull it down, but I have breathed in and know already it's too late. My eyes are stinging. My lungs are burning. I am coughing, retching*, choking. I don't care where I'm running so long as it is away from the gas. At last I'm in the reserve trench and it is clear of gas. I'm out of it. I wrench off my mask, gasping for good air. Then I am on my hands and knees, vomiting violently. When at last the worst is over I look up through blurred and weeping eyes. A Hun* in a gas mask is standing over me, his rifle aimed at my head. I have no rifle. It is the end. I brace myself, but he does not fire. He lowers his rifle slowly. "Go boy," he says, waving me away with his rifle. "Go. Tommy*, go."

So by the whim of some kind and unknown Fritz* I survived and escaped. Later, back at our field hospital I heard that we had counterattacked, and had driven the Germans back and retaken our frontline trenches but, from what I could see all around me, it was at a terrible cost.

Michael Morpurgo

**retching* – being sick or nauseated

**Hun and Fritz* – nicknames given to German soldiers

**Tommy* – a nickname given to British soldiers

Explain how the writer conveys the soldier's experience of war 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 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 1** ☒ **Question 2** ☐

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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3 How are strong feelings conveyed in *Telephone conversation* and *Do not go gentle into that good night*?

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)

4 Show how the poets present views about life in *If* – and **one other** poem from the Anthology.

(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)

Chosen question number: **Question 3** ☒ **Question 4** ☐

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(Section B continued)

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(Section B continued)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 20 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 40 MARKS

Text One:

Source from: *The Hero* from The Oxford Book of War Poetry, Oxford University Press © Siegfried Sassoon

Text Two:

Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers Ltd © Michael Morpurgo 2004, *Private Peaceful*

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Pearson Edexcel International GCSE

English Literature

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Poetry Booklet – Section C of the Edexcel Anthology

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

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

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

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

Rudyard Kipling

Prayer Before Birth

I am not yet born; O hear me.

Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the
club-footed 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

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, 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 10
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare

La Belle Dame sans Merci. A Ballad

I

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

II

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

III

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

IV

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

V

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

VI

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

VII

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

VIII

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

IX

And there she 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

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 5
search behind my shadow.

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

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

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

And I have learned, too, 25
to laugh with only my teeth
and shake hands without my heart.
I have also learned to say, 'Goodbye',
when I mean 'Good-riddance';
to say 'Glad to meet you', 30
without being glad; and to say 'It's been
nice talking to you', after being bored.

But believe me, son.
I want to be what I used to be
when I was like you. I want 35
to unlearn all these muting things.
Most of all, I want to relearn
how to laugh, for my laugh in the mirror
shows only my teeth like a snake's bare fangs!

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

Gabriel Okara

War Photographer

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

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
 beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
 though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
 to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel, 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 waterd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?* 20

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

William Blake

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

My Last Duchess**Ferrara**

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

Robert Browning

A Mother in a Refugee Camp

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

Chinua Achebe

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

Do not go gentle into that good night

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

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
 Because their words had forked no lightning they
 Do not go gentle into that good night. 5

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

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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Acknowledgements

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