



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/53

Paper 5

October/November 2010

45 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

Write your Centre 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 **one** question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Answer **one** question on **any** text.

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

- Either 1** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:
- [He puts down his razor and, striking Ken very lightly up and down his body like a xylophone, sings a typical steel band tune, moving rhythmically to the music. Ken is delighted. Dr Scott comes in. John stops.]*
- Dr Scott:* Don't stop ... 5
- John:* It's alright ... I've nearly finished.
[He makes one more pass with the razor.]
- Ken:* I was just making myself beautiful for you, Doctor.
- John:* There ... Finished. 10
[He goes to the door.]
- Ken:* Work out some new tunes ... Hey, if Doctor Scott could drill some holes in my head, you could blow in my ear and play me like an ocarina.
- John:* I'll see you later. 15
[He grins and goes out.]
- Dr Scott:* You're bright and chirpy this morning.
- Ken:* *[ironically]* It's marvellous you know. The courage of the human spirit.
- Dr Scott:* *[dryly]* Nice to hear the human spirit's OK. How's the lungs? 20
[She takes her stethoscope from her pocket. She puts the stethoscope to Ken's chest.]
- Ken:* *[sings]* Boom boom.
- Dr Scott:* Be quiet. You'll deafen me.
- Ken:* Sorry. 25
[She continues to listen.]
- And what does it say?
- Dr Scott:* *[gives up]* What does what say?
- Ken:* My heart, of course. What secrets does it tell?
- Dr Scott:* It was just telling me that it's better off than it was six months ago. 30
- Ken:* It's a brave heart. It keeps its secrets.
- Dr Scott:* And what are they?
- Ken:* Did you hear it going boom boom, like that? Two beats.
- Dr Scott:* Of course.
- Ken:* Well, I'll tell you. That's because it's broken, broken in two. 35
But each part carries on bravely yearning for a woman in a white coat.
- Dr Scott:* And I thought it was the first and second heart sounds.
- Ken:* Ah! Is there a consultant's round this morning?
- Dr Scott:* That's right. 40
- Ken:* I suppose he will sweep in here like Zeus from Olympus, with his attendant nymphs and swains.
- Dr Scott:* I don't think that's fair.
- Ken:* Why not?
- Dr Scott:* He cares; he cares a lot. 45
- Ken:* But what about?
- Dr Scott:* His patients.
- Ken:* I suppose so.

<i>Dr Scott:</i>	He does. When you first came in he worked his guts out to keep you going; he cares.	50
<i>Ken:</i>	I was a bit flip, wasn't I ...	
<i>Dr Scott:</i>	It's understandable.	
<i>Ken:</i>	But soon we shall have to ask the question why.	
<i>Dr Scott:</i>	Why?	
<i>Ken:</i>	Why bother. You remember the mountain laboured and brought forth not a man but a mouse. It was a big joke. On the mouse. If you're as insignificant as that, who needs a mountain for a mummy?	55
<i>Dr Scott:</i>	I'll see you later ... with Dr Emerson.	
<i>Ken:</i>	And Cupbearers Limited.	60
<i>Dr Scott:</i>	Oh no ... I assure you ... We're not at all limited. [<i>She goes out. She opens the door of Sister's room. The Sister is writing at the desk.</i>]	
<i>Sister:</i>	Sister. It's Mr Harrison. He seems a little agitated this morning. Yes, he's beginning to realise what he's up against.	65

In what ways does Clark make this an amusing and significant moment in the play?

- Or** **2** What does Clark make you feel about the relationship between Ken and Dr Scott? Refer to details from the play in your response. (Do not use the passage printed in Question 1.)
- Or** **3** You are Nurse Kay Sadler just after you and John have prepared Ken for his hearing with the Judge at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

Either 4 Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

Ralph spread his arms.

'All ours.'

They laughed and tumbled and shouted on the mountain.

'I'm hungry.'

When Simon mentioned his hunger the others became aware of theirs. 5

'Come on,' said Ralph. 'We've found out what we wanted to know.'

They scrambled down a rock slope, dropped among flowers and made their way under the trees. Here they paused and examined the bushes around them curiously.

Simon spoke first. 10

'Like candles. Candle bushes. Candle buds.'

The bushes were dark evergreen and aromatic and the many buds were waxen green and folded up against the light. Jack slashed at one with his knife and the scent spilled over them.

'Candle buds.' 15

'You couldn't light them,' said Ralph. 'They just look like candles.'

'Green candles,' said Jack contemptuously, 'we can't eat them. Come on.'

They were in the beginnings of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track, when they heard the noises – squeakings – and the hard strike of hoofs on a path. As they pushed forward the squeaking increased till it became a frenzy. They found a piglet caught in a curtain of creepers, throwing itself at the elastic traces in all the madness of extreme terror. Its voice was thin, needle-sharp and insistent. The three boys rushed forward and Jack drew his knife again with a flourish. He raised his arm in the air. There came a pause, a hiatus, the pig continued to scream and the creepers to jerk, and the blade continued to flash at the end of a bony arm. The pause was only long enough for them to understand what an enormity the downward stroke would be. Then the piglet tore loose from the creepers and scurried into the undergrowth. They were left looking at each other and the place of terror. Jack's face was white under the freckles. He noticed that he still held the knife aloft and brought his arm down replacing the blade in the sheath. Then they all three laughed ashamedly and began to climb back to the track. 20

'I was choosing a place,' said Jack. 'I was just waiting for a moment to decide where to stab him.' 25

'You should stick a pig,' said Ralph fiercely. 'They always talk about sticking a pig.'

'You cut a pig's throat to let the blood out,' said Jack, 'otherwise you can't eat the meat.' 30

'Why didn't you –?'

They knew very well why he hadn't: because of the enormity of the knife descending and cutting into living flesh; because of the unbearable blood. 35

'I was going to,' said Jack. He was ahead of them and they could not see his face. 'I was choosing a place. Next time – !' 40

He snatched his knife out of the sheath and slammed it into a tree trunk. Next time there would be no mercy. He looked round fiercely, daring them to contradict. Then they broke out into the sunlight and for a while they were busy finding and devouring food as they moved down the scar towards the platform and the meeting. 45 50

In what ways does Golding make this such a dramatic moment in the novel?

Or 5 Explore the ways in which Golding makes the conch such a powerful symbol in the novel.

Or 6 You are Ralph on the morning after Simon's death. You have lied to Samneric about leaving the feast early.

Write your thoughts.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

- Either 7** Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:
- Travis:* What's the matter, Daddy? You drunk?
- Walter:* [*sweetly, more sweetly than we have ever known him*] No, Daddy ain't drunk. Daddy ain't going to never be drunk again ...
- Travis:* Well, good night, Daddy.
Walter has come from behind the couch and leans over, embracing his son. 5
- Walter:* Son, I feel like talking to you tonight.
- Travis:* About what?
- Walter:* Oh, about a lot of things. About you and what kind of man you going to be when you grow up ... Son ... son, what do you want to be when you grow up? 10
- Travis:* A bus driver.
- Walter:* [*laughing a little*] A what? Man, that ain't nothing to want to be!
- Travis:* Why not?
- Walter:* 'Cause, man – it ain't big enough – you know what I mean. 15
- Travis:* I don't know then. I can't make up my mind. Sometimes Mama asks me that too. And sometimes when I tell her I just want to be like you – she says she don't want me to be like that and sometimes she says she does ...
- Walter:* [*gathering him up in his arms*] You know what, Travis? In seven years you going to be seventeen years old. And things is going to be very different with us in seven years. Travis ... One day when you are seventeen I'll come home – home from my office downtown somewhere – 20
- Travis:* You don't work in no office, Daddy. 25
- Walter:* No – but after tonight. After what your daddy gonna do tonight, there's going to be offices – a whole lot of offices ...
- Travis:* What you gonna do tonight, Daddy?
- Walter:* You wouldn't understand yet, son, but your daddy's gonna make a transaction ... a business transaction that's going to change our lives ... that's how come one day when you 'bout seventeen years old I'll come home and I'll be pretty tired, you know what I mean, after a day of conferences and secretaries getting things wrong the way they do ... 'cause an executive's life is hell, man – [*The more he talks the further away he gets.*] And I'll pull the car up on the driveway ... just a plain black Chrysler, I think with white walls – no – black tires. More elegant. Rich people don't have to be flashy ... though I'll have to get something a little sportier for Ruth – maybe a Cadillac convertible to do her shopping in ... And I'll come up the steps to the house and the gardener will be clipping away at the hedges and I'll say 'Hello, Jefferson how are you this evening?' And I'll go inside and Ruth will come downstairs and meet me at the door and we'll kiss each other, she'll take my arm and we'll go up to your room to see you sitting on the floor with the catalogues of all the great schools in America around you ... All the great schools in the world! And – and I'll say, all right son – it's your seventeenth birthday, what is it you've decided? ... Just tell me, what it is you want to be – and you'll be it ... Whatever you want to be – Yessir! [*He holds his arms open for Travis.*] You just name it son ... [*Travis leaps into them.*] and I hand you the world! 30
35
40
45
50

Walter's voice has risen in pitch and hysterical promise and on the last line he lifts Travis high.

How does Hansberry's presentation of Walter here affect your opinion of him?

Or 8 *Annoying and self-centred*
 Admirable and minded

Which of these two judgements is closer to your view of Beneatha? Support your answer with details from Hansberry's writing.

Or 9 You are Ruth. You are about to depart for the new family home in Clybourne Park.

Write your thoughts.

SEAMUS HEANEY: *Death of a Naturalist*

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

Blackberry-Picking

Late August, given heavy rain and sun
 For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.
 At first, just one, a glossy purple clot
 Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.
 You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet 5
 Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it
 Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for
 Picking. Then red ones inked up, and that hunger
 Sent us out with milk-cans, pea-tins, jam-pots 10
 Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.
 Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills,
 We trekked and picked until the cans were full,
 Until the tinkling bottom had been covered
 With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned
 Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered 15
 With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.

We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.
 But when the bath was filled we found a fur,
 A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.
 The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush, 20
 The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.
 I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair
 That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.
 Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

How does Heaney vividly present the children's excitement and disappointment in *Blackberry-Picking*?

- Or 11** In what ways do you think Heaney powerfully conveys a child's fear in *An Advancement of Learning*?
- Or 12** Explore some of the ways in which Heaney uses imagery to powerful effect in **two** of the poems from *Death of a Naturalist* that you have studied.

Turn to page 10 for Question 13.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

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

We had not seen Mrs Dubose for over a month. She was never on the porch any more when we passed.

'She's dead, son,' said Atticus. 'She died a few minutes ago.'

'Oh,' said Jem. 'Well.'

'Well is right,' said Atticus. 'She's not suffering any more. She was sick for a long time. Son, didn't you know what her fits were?' 5

Jem shook his head.

'Mrs Dubose was a morphine addict,' said Atticus. 'She took it as a pain-killer for years. The doctor put her on it. She'd have spent the rest of her life on it and died without so much agony, but she was too contrary –' 10

'Sir?' said Jem.

Atticus said, 'Just before your escapade she called me to make her will. Dr Reynolds told her she had only a few months left. Her business affairs were in perfect order but she said, "There's still one thing out of order."' 15

'What was that?' Jem was perplexed.

'She said she was going to leave this world beholden to nothing and nobody. Jem, when you're sick as she was, it's all right to take anything to make it easier, but it wasn't all right for her. She said she meant to break herself of it before she died, and that's what she did.' 20

Jem said, 'You mean that's what her fits were?'

'Yes, that's what they were. Most of the time you were reading to her I doubt if she heard a word you said. Her whole mind and body were concentrated on that alarm clock. If you hadn't fallen into her hands, I'd have made you go read to her anyway. It may have been some distraction. There was another reason –' 25

'Did she die free?' asked Jem.

'As the mountain air,' said Atticus. 'She was conscious to the last, almost. Conscious,' he smiled, 'and cantankerous. She still disapproved heartily of my doings, and said I'd probably spend the rest of my life bailing you out of jail. She had Jessie fix you this box –' 30

Atticus reached down and picked up the candy box. He handed it to Jem.

Jem opened the box. Inside, surrounded by wads of damp cotton, was a white, waxy, perfect camellia. It was a Snow-on-the-Mountain. 35

Jem's eyes nearly popped out of his head. 'Old hell-devil, old hell-devil!' he screamed, flinging it down. 'Why can't she leave me alone?'

In a flash Atticus was up and standing over him. Jem buried his face in Atticus's shirt front. 'Sh-h,' he said. 'I think that was her way of telling you – everything's all right now, Jem, everything's all right. You know, she was a great lady.' 40

'A lady?' Jem raised his head. His face was scarlet. 'After all those things she said about you, a lady?'

'She was. She had her own views about things, a lot different from mine, maybe ... son, I told you that if you hadn't lost your head I'd have made you go read to her. I wanted you to see something about her – I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand. It's when you know you're licked before you begin but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what. You rarely win, but sometimes you do. Mrs Dubose won, all ninety-eight pounds of her. According to her views, she died beholden to nothing and nobody. She was the bravest person I ever knew.' 50

Jem picked up the candy box and threw it in the fire. He picked up the camellia, and when I went off to bed I saw him fingering the wide petals. Atticus was reading the paper.

55

How does Lee make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or 14 Explore the ways in which Lee makes the Cunningham family so significant in the novel.

Or 15 You are Mayella Ewell. You are leaving court after your cross-examination by Atticus.

Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

Either 16 Read this passage carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Up with your hands!’ yelled a savage voice.

A handsome, tough-looking boy of nine had popped up from behind the table and was menacing him with a toy automatic pistol, while his small sister, about two years younger, made the same gesture with a fragment of wood. Both of them were dressed in the blue shorts, grey shirts, and red neckerchiefs which were the uniform of the Spies. Winston raised his hands above his head, but with an uneasy feeling, so vicious was the boy’s demeanour, that it was not altogether a game. 5

‘You’re a traitor!’ yelled the boy. ‘You’re a thought-criminal! You’re a Eurasian spy! I’ll shoot you, I’ll vaporize you, I’ll send you to the salt mines!’ 10

Suddenly they were both leaping round him, shouting ‘Traitor!’ and ‘Thought-criminal!’ the little girl imitating her brother in every movement. It was somehow slightly frightening, like the gambolling of tiger cubs which will soon grow up into man-eaters. There was a sort of calculating ferocity in the boy’s eye, a quite evident desire to hit or kick Winston and a consciousness of being very nearly big enough to do so. It was a good job it was not a real pistol he was holding, Winston thought. 15

Mrs Parsons’ eyes flitted nervously from Winston to the children, and back again. In the better light of the living-room he noticed with interest that there actually was dust in the creases of her face. 20

‘They do get so noisy,’ she said. ‘They’re disappointed because they couldn’t go to see the hanging, that’s what it is. I’m too busy to take them, and Tom won’t be back from work in time.’

‘Why can’t we go and see the hanging?’ roared the boy in his huge voice. 25

‘Want to see the hanging! Want to see the hanging!’ chanted the little girl, still capering round.

Some Eurasian prisoners, guilty of war crimes, were to be hanged in the Park that evening, Winston remembered. This happened about once a month, and was a popular spectacle. Children always clamoured to be taken to see it. He took his leave of Mrs Parsons and made for the door. But he had not gone six steps down the passage when something hit the back of his neck an agonizingly painful blow. It was as though a red-hot wire had been jabbed into him. He spun round just in time to see Mrs Parsons dragging her son back into the doorway while the boy pocketed a catapult. 30

‘Goldstein!’ bellowed the boy as the door closed on him. But what most struck Winston was the look of helpless fright on the woman’s greyish face.

Back in the flat he stepped quickly past the telescreen and sat down at the table again, still rubbing his neck. The music from the telescreen had stopped. Instead, a clipped military voice was reading out, with a sort of brutal relish, a description of the armaments of the new Floating Fortress which had just been anchored between Iceland and the Faroe Islands. 40

With those children, he thought, that wretched woman must lead a life of terror. Another year, two years, and they would be watching her night and day for symptoms of unorthodoxy. Nearly all children nowadays were horrible. What was worst of all was that by means of such organizations as the Spies they were systematically turned into ungovernable little savages, and yet this produced in them no tendency whatever to rebel against the discipline of the Party. On the contrary, they adored the Party and everything connected with it. The songs, the processions, the banners, the hiking, the drilling with dummy rifles, the yelling of slogans, the worship of Big Brother – it was all a sort of glorious game to them. 50

All their ferocity was turned outwards, against the enemies of the State, against foreigners, traitors, saboteurs, thought-criminals. It was almost normal for people over thirty to be frightened of their own children. And with good reason, for hardly a week passed in which *The Times* did not carry a paragraph describing how some eavesdropping little sneak – ‘child hero’ was the phrase generally used – had overheard some compromising remark and denounced its parents to the Thought Police.

55

How does Orwell create such a terrifying picture of children here?

- Or 17** Winston thinks that the reality of modern life is ‘decaying, dingy cities’ with ‘underfed people’.

By close reference to **two** incidents show how Orwell makes the dinginess and poverty of life in Oceania particularly striking for you.

- Or 18** You are Julia. You have just met O’Brien for the first time.

Write your thoughts.

What does Shakespeare make you feel about Romeo in this extract?

Or 20 How does Shakespeare make Mercutio such a fascinating character in the play? Support your answer with details from the play.

Or 21 You are Juliet. Romeo has just left you to go to banishment in Mantua.

Write your thoughts.

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