

**International General Certificate of Secondary Education  
CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

**LITERATURE**

**0486/3**

PAPER 3 Alternative to Coursework

**OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2002**

1 hour

Additional materials:  
Answer paper

**TIME** 1 hour

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer the question.

Write your answer on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

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**This question paper consists of 2 printed pages.**

Read the following poem by Theodore Roethke in which he describes how he once rescued and tried to protect a baby mouse.

Describe what feelings the poet experiences during this brief incident. How do his words help us to share those feelings?

### The Meadow Mouse

#### I

In a shoe box stuffed in an old nylon stocking  
 Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,  
 Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick  
 Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,  
 Cradled in my hand,  
 A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,  
 His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon-mouse,  
 His feet like small leaves,  
 Little lizard-feet,  
 Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away,  
 Wriggling like a minuscule puppy.

Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his  
 bottle-cap watering-trough –  
 So much he just lies in one corner,  
 His tail curled under him, his belly big  
 As his head, his bat-like ears  
 Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.

Do I imagine he no longer trembles  
 When I come close to him?  
 He seems no longer to tremble.

#### II

But this morning the shoe-box on the back porch is empty.  
 Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,  
 My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm? –  
 To run under the hawk's wing,  
 Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm-tree,  
 To live by courtesy of the shrike, the snake, the tom-cat.

I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,  
 The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,  
 The paralytic stunned in the tub, and the water rising, –  
 All things innocent, hapless, forsaken.

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