



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/03

Paper 3 Unseen

May/June 2008

1 hour 20 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.

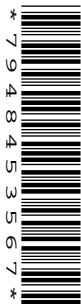
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the following poem. In it the poet invites you, the reader, to experience the sights and sounds of the island scene in front of him.

How does the poet use language to communicate his different feelings as he contemplates the sights and sounds of the scene before him? How does he help you, the reader, to feel as though you are at his side observing the scene with him?

To help you answer these questions, you might consider:

- the dramatic ways he presents the scene in the first two stanzas (lines 1–14)
- the sounds of the poem and their effect
- the changes of tone and the impact of the last stanza (lines 15–21).

On This Island

Look, stranger, on this island now The leaping light for your delight discovers, Stand stable ¹ here And silent be, That through the channels of the ear	5
May wander like a river The swaying sound of the sea.	
Here at the small field's ending pause When the chalk wall falls to the foam and its tall ledges Oppose the pluck	10
And knock of the tide, And the shingle scrambles after the suck- ing surf, and the gull lodges A moment on its sheer ² side.	
Far off like floating seeds the ships	15
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands, And the full view Indeed may enter And move in memory as now these clouds do, That pass the harbour mirror	20
And all the summer through the water saunter. ³	

¹*stable*: firm

²*sheer*: steep

³*saunter*: move in a leisurely way

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following passage. In it the writer presents the world as seen from his own perspective as a three-year-old child.

What do you find interesting about the ways the writer shows us how the world seemed to him as a three-year-old child? How does the writing make the scene vivid for you, the reader?

To help you answer these questions, you might consider:

- the ways he describes the natural world about him
- the way he portrays himself
- his portrayal of his sisters.

I was set down from the carrier's cart at the age of three; and there with a sense of bewilderment and terror my life in the village began.

The June grass, amongst which I stood, was taller than I was, and I wept. I had never been so close to grass before. It towered above me and all around me, each blade tattooed with tiger-skins of sunlight. It was knife-edged, dark, and a wicked green, thick as a forest and alive with grasshoppers that chirped and chattered and leapt through the air like monkeys.

I was lost and didn't know where to move. A tropic heat oozed up from the ground, rank with sharp odours of roots and nettles. Snow-clouds of elder-blossom banked in the sky, showering upon me the fumes and flakes of their sweet and giddy suffocation. High overhead ran frenzied larks, screaming, as though the sky were tearing apart.

For the first time in my life I was out of the sight of humans. For the first time in my life I was alone in a world whose behaviour I could neither predict nor fathom: a world of birds that squealed, of plants that stank, of insects that sprang about without warning. I was lost and I did not expect to be found again. I put back my head and howled, and the sun hit me smartly on the face, like a bully.

From this daylight nightmare I was awakened, as from many another, by the appearance of my sisters. They came scrambling and calling up the steep rough bank, and parting the long grass found me. Faces of rose, familiar, living; huge shining faces hung up like shields between me and the sky; faces with grins and white teeth (some broken) to be conjured up like genii with a howl, brushing off terror with their broad scoldings and affection. They leaned over me – one, two, three – their mouths smeared with red currants and their hands dripping with juice.

'There, there, it's all right, don't you wail any more. Come down 'ome and we'll stuff you with currants.'

And Marjorie, the eldest, lifted me into her long brown hair, and ran me jogging down the path and through the steep rose-filled garden, and set me down on the cottage doorstep, which was our home, though I couldn't believe it.

I sat on the floor on a raft of muddles and gazed through the green window which was full of the rising garden. I saw the long black stockings of the girls, gaping with white flesh, kicking among the currant bushes. Every so often one of them would dart into the kitchen, cram my great mouth with handfuls of squashed berries, and run out again. And the more I got, the more I called for more. It was like feeding a fat young cuckoo.

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