



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

Paper 5

0486/52

May/June 2013

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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



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

MAYA ANGELOU: *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*

Either 1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

When our elders said unkind things about my features (my family was handsome to a point of pain for me), Bailey would wink at me

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Of all the needs (there are none imaginary) a lonely child has, the one that must be satisfied, if there is going to be hope and a hope of wholeness, is the unshaking need for an unshakable God. My pretty Black brother was my Kingdom Come.

45

3

How does the writing here memorably convey Maya's feelings for her brother, Bailey?

Or 2 Do you think Angelou portrays Vivian Baxter as a good mother ? Support your ideas with details from the book.

Or 3 You are Uncle Willie. You have just spent the night in the vegetable bin, hiding from the white 'boys'.

Write your thoughts.

CAROL ANN DUFFY: *Selected Poems*

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

Moments of Grace

I dream through a wordless, familiar place.
The small boat of the day sails into morning,
past the postman with his modest haul, the full trees
which sound like the sea, leaving my hands free
to remember. Moments of grace. *Like this.* 5

Shaken by first love and kissing a wall. *Of course.*
The dried ink on the palms then ran suddenly wet,
a glistening blue name in each fist. I sit now
in a kind of sly trance, hoping I will not feel me
breathing too close across time. A face to the name. *Gone.* 10

The chimes of mothers calling in children
at dusk. Yes. It seems we live in those staggering years
only to haunt them; the vanishing scents
and colours of infinite hours like a melting balloon
in earlier hands. The boredom since. 15

Memory's caged bird won't fly. These days
we are adjectives, nouns. In moments of grace
we were verbs, the secret of poems, talented.
A thin skin lies on the language. We stare
deep in the eyes of strangers, look for the doing words. 20

Now I smell you peeling an orange in the other room.
Now I take off my watch, let a minute unravel
in my hands, listen and look as I do so,
and mild loss opens my lips like *No.*
Passing, you kiss the back of my neck. A blessing. 25

How do Duffy's words and images create a powerful sense of the past in this poem?

Or 5 In what ways does Duffy's language vividly convey sadness and regret in *Mean Time*?

Or 6 Explore how Duffy's portrayal of school is made memorable for you in **either** *The Good Teachers* **or** *In Mrs Tilscher's Class*.

Turn to page 6 for Question 7.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

Either 7 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Everyone's gone. She should never have come. Quickly, Anna sweeps together the last pile of potatoes and crams them into her bag, still covered in soil. No time for the parsley, and anyway she can't carry any more. Both panniers are full, and her sacks, and the basket. She'd planned to fetch a few things from the dacha, but she doesn't want to go inside. It's locked up, and shuttered, as if it's winter already. The house stares at her, surprised that she's here, its windows blank. No, this is no longer the place she loves.

5

Anna fastens the buckles of her panniers slowly and carefully so that no one will see how her fingers want to fumble. Her skin crawls with animal terror. Imagine thinking earlier on that she might even go down and see if there are any radishes in the Sokolovs' abandoned garden. She didn't know what it would be like out here in the dead zone, where everything's waiting, waiting.

10

A thread of sweat trickles down her back. She breathes out, long and slow, as Marina has shown her. That's what you do for stage-fright, but it works for everything. She must not run.

15

She's got to get back to Leningrad as fast as she can. Dear Leningrad, a hundred times dearer at this moment than it's ever been, like the mother hive to a bee that's out too late in the year. She's seen those bees fly low, struggling, limping home through thick, cold air.

20

The leaves shake, as if they know something she doesn't know. What will they see, before this is all over? Who will these trees bend their empty branches over next? The Germans are coming closer, closer. Soon they'll be walking in our gardens. Wasps and birds have had the plums she might have picked for Kolya. There are dry white stones hanging by threads from the cherry tree, like tiny skulls.

25

But even now that she's packed all her panniers and bags, there are still three rows of potatoes left. And those onions, and the little turnips too. Suddenly Anna's terror hardens. Grimly, she sets her fork in the earth and begins to dig again. This time she doesn't lift the potatoes carefully, cradling them between the tines in case they bruise. She throws each forkful aside, and attacks the next plant. It goes quickly like this. One row, another, then the third. Uprooted potato plants sprawl underfoot. And now the onions. She drags them from where they're sitting plumply, half in and half out of the earth. She twists them to loosen the roots, and throws them on to the path. Good onions, packed with vitamins. Turnips next. They haven't come to much, but they might provide a bit of nourishment. Get them out of the earth. All of it, all that food, out of the churned earth. No matter who invades, they'll find nothing. The land won't feed them.

30

35

40

How does Dunmore's writing vividly convey Anna's fear to you here?

- Or** **8** What makes Dunmore's portrayal of Vera so moving? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** **9** You are Evgenia. You have just helped Anna to buy the *burzhuika*.
Write your thoughts.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*

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

‘Alone, always alone,’ the young man was saying.
The words awoke a plaintive echo in Bernard’s mind. Alone,

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was impossible. Unless, unless . . . It suddenly occurred to Bernard that her very revoltingness might prove an enormous asset. 'But of course!' he cried, making up for his first hesitations with an excess of noisy cordiality.

50

What does Huxley's writing reveal about the relationship between John, the Savage, and Bernard at this point in the novel?

- Or** **11** Explore, in detail, **one** moment in the novel where you find Huxley's writing particularly amusing.
- Or** **12** You are Lenina after you have taken John, the Savage, to the feelies.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A *Midsummer Night's Dream*

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

<i>Titania:</i>	Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Where's Peaseblossom?	5
<i>Peaseblossom:</i>	Ready.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?	
<i>Cobweb:</i>	Ready.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Mounsieur Cobweb; good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red- hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflowen with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?	10 15
<i>Mustardseed:</i>	Ready.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.	20
<i>Mustardseed:</i>	What's your will?	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.	25
<i>Titania:</i>	What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?	
<i>Bottom:</i>	I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.	30
<i>Titania:</i>	Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.	35
<i>Titania:</i>	I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.	
<i>Bottom:</i>	I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.	40
<i>Titania:</i>	Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.	
	<i>[Exeunt Fairies.]</i>	
	So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!	45
	<i>[They sleep.]</i>	

How does Shakespeare make this moment so amusing?

Or **14** How far does Shakespeare make you sympathise with Helena? Support your ideas with details from the play.

Or **15** You are Hermia, after your quarrel with Helena in the woods.

Write your thoughts.

from *Songs of Ourselves* (from Part 1)

- Either** 16 Read this extract from *The Procession of the Seasons*, and then answer the question that follows it:

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green
 That was unlinèd all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chafèd been 5
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the leopard or the boar
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad 10
 As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore;
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled 15
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

(by Edmund Spenser)

How does Spenser vividly portray Summer and Autumn here?

- Or** 17 In what ways does Thomas Nashe memorably use sound and rhythm to convey thoughts and feelings about death in *A Litany in Time of Plague*?
- Or** 18 How does Aemilia Lanyer strikingly present images of nature in *The Flowers That on The Banks and Walks Did Grow*?

Turn to page 14 for Question 19.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

Either 19 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Brick: You weren't ready to go?

Big Daddy: GO WHERE? – crap . . .

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Big Daddy: Why do you drink?

65

How does Williams make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play?

- Or** **20** How far does Williams make it possible for you to like Big Mama? Support your answer by close reference to the play.
- Or** **21** You are Gooper. Big Daddy has just ordered you to keep out of the room where he and Brick are talking (in Act 2).

Write your thoughts.

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