



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/32**

Paper 3 Unseen

**October/November 2013**

**1 hour 15 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.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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.

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the extract opposite from a long poem. A giant Green Knight has arrived at the court of King Arthur and invited one of the knights to strike his head off. Sir Gawain accepts the challenge. If the Green Knight survives, Sir Gawain will need to return the visit and offer his own head. The Green Knight refuses to explain who he is, urging Sir Gawain to hit him with the axe.

**How does the poet's writing convey to you both the horror and the dark humour of this scene?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- your impressions of the Green Knight
- the ways in which the poet describes the beheading and what follows
- how the writing makes this moment both disturbing and entertaining.

from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*

Said the war-man in green to worthy Gawain,

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was deadened now with dread.

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<sup>1</sup> *smite*: hit

<sup>2</sup> *stall*: wait

<sup>3</sup> *tempered*: strengthened

<sup>4</sup> *cops hold of*: (slang) grabs on to

<sup>5</sup> *steed*: horse

<sup>6</sup> *wheeled about*: swung his horse around

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel. It is set in England, just before the First World War. Cecil, a well-known young poet, is visiting his friend George. This part of the novel is told from the point of view of George's teenage sister, Daphne, who, after dinner, has gone out into the garden to look for them.

**How does the writer vividly convey to you the impression which this moment makes on Daphne?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the writer suggests Daphne's interest in Cecil
- how the music contributes to the intensity of their encounter
- how he makes Daphne's smoking of the cigar the climax of the scene.

She edged forward again, and could just make out the slump of the hammock as it tilted and steadied. Again, she stooped to pat the grass, and half fell forward, startled and amused by her own tipsiness.<sup>1</sup> 'Isn't Cecil with you?' she said artfully.

'Ha...!' said Cecil softly, just above her, and pulled on his cigar – she looked up and saw the scarlet burn of its tip and beyond it, for three seconds, the shadowed gleam of his face. Then the tip twitched away and faded and the darkness teemed in to where his features had been, while the sharp dry odour floated wide.

'Are you both in the hammock!' She stood up straight, with a sense that she'd been tricked, or anyway overlooked, in this new game they were making up. She reached out a hand for the webbing, where it fanned towards their feet. It would be very easy, and entertaining, to rock them, or even tip them out; though she felt at the same time a simple urge to climb in with them. She had shared the hammock with her mother, when she was smaller, and being read to; now she was mindful of the hot cigar. 'Well, I must say,' she said. The cigar tip, barely showing, dithered in the air like some dimly luminous bug and then glowed into life again, but now it was George's face that she saw in its faint devilish light. 'Oh, I thought it was Cecil's cigar,' she said simply.

George chortled in three quick huffs of smoke. And Cecil cleared his throat – somehow supportively and appreciatively. 'So it was,' said George, in his most paradoxical tone. 'I'm smoking Cecil's cigar too.'

'Oh really...!' said Daphne, not knowing what tone to give the words. 'Well, I shouldn't let Mother find out.'

'Oh, most young men smoke,' said George.

'Oh, do they?' she said, deciding sarcasm was her best option. She watched, pained and tantalized, as the next glow showed up a hint of Cecil's cheeks and watchful eyes through a fading puff of smoke. Quite without warning the music began again, startlingly loud through the open windows.

'What's that, the third time...!' said George.

'Lord', said Cecil. 'They are keen.'

'It's Senta's Ballad<sup>2</sup>,' Daphne said, not immune to it herself this third time, in fact suddenly more moved by it out in the open, as if it were in the air itself, a part of nature, and wanting them all to listen and share in it. The orchestra sounded better from here, like a real band heard at a distance, and Emmy Destinn<sup>3</sup> seemed even more wild and intense. For a moment she pictured the lit house behind them as a ship in the night. 'Cecil,' she said fondly, using his name for the first time, 'I expect you understand the words.'

'Ja, ja<sup>4</sup>, clear as mud,' said Cecil, with a friendly though disconcerting<sup>5</sup> snort.

'She's a mad girl in love with a man she's never seen,' said George, 'and the man is under a curse and can only be redeemed by a woman's love. And she rather fancies being that woman. There you are.'

'One feels no good will come of it,' said Cecil.

'Oh, but listen...,' said Daphne.

'Would you like a go?' said Cecil.

Daphne, taking in what she'd just been told about Senta, leant on the rope, 'In the hammock...?'

'On the cigar.'

'Really...' murmured George, a little shocked.

'Oh, I don't think so!'

Cecil took an exemplary pull<sup>6</sup> on it. 'I know girls aren't meant to have them.'

Now the lovely tune was pulsing through the garden, full of yearning and defiance and the heightened effect of beauty encountered in an unexpected setting. She really didn't want the cigar, but she was worried by the thought of missing a chance at it. It was something none of her friends had done, she was pretty sure of that.

'No, it is a fine song,' said Cecil, and she heard how his words were a little slurred and careless. Now the cigar was passed to George again.

'Oh, all right,' she said.

'Yes?'

'I mean, yes, please.'

She leant on George and felt the whole hammock shudder, and held his arm firmly to take the item, taboo and already slightly disgusting, from between his thumb and forefinger. By now she could half-see the two boys squashed together, rather absurd, drunk of course, but also solid and established, like a long-ago memory of her parents sitting up in bed. She had the smell of the thing near her face, almost coughed before she tasted it, and then pinched her lips quickly round it, with a feeling of shame and duty and regret.

'Oh!' she said, thrusting it away from her and coughing harshly at the tiny inrush of smoke. The bitter smoke was horrible, but so was the unexpected feel of the thing, dry to the fingers but wet and decomposing on the lips and tongue. George took it from her with a vaguely remorseful laugh. When she'd coughed again she turned and did a more unladylike thing and spat on the grass. She wanted the whole thing out of her system. She was glad of the dark, and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Beyond her, in the familiar house, Emmy Destinn was still singing, in noble ignorance of Daphne's behaviour.

<sup>1</sup> *tipsiness*: mild drunkenness

<sup>2</sup> *Senta's Ballad*: a recording of a song which their mother is listening to in the dining room

<sup>3</sup> *Emmy Destinn*: the famous singer singing on the recording

<sup>4</sup> *Ja, ja*: Yes, yes (in German, the language of the recording)

<sup>5</sup> *disconcerting*: disturbing

<sup>6</sup> *exemplary pull*: a puff on the cigar (to show Daphne how to smoke)





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