UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/53**

Paper 5 **October/November 2011**

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.

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

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

Momma walked in that room as if she owned it. She shoved that silly nurse aside with one hand and strode into the dentist's office. He was sitting in his chair, sharpening his mean instruments and putting extra sting into his medicines. Her eyes were blazing like live coals and her arms had doubled themselves in length. He looked up at her just before she caught him by the collar of his white jacket.

'Stand up when you see a lady, you contemptuous scoundrel.' Her tongue had thinned and the words rolled off well enunciated. Enunciated and sharp like little claps of thunder.

The dentist had no choice but to stand at R.O.T.C. attention. His head dropped after a minute and his voice was humble. 'Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Henderson.'

'You knave, do you think you acted like a gentleman, speaking to me like that in front of my granddaughter?' She didn't shake him, although she had the power. She simply held him upright.

'No, ma'am, Mrs. Henderson.'

'No, ma'am, Mrs. Henderson, what?' Then she did give him the tiniest of shakes, but because of her strength the action set his head and arms to shaking loose on the ends of his body. He stuttered much worse than Uncle Willie. 'No, ma'am, Mrs. Henderson, I'm sorry.'

With just an edge of her disgust showing, Momma slung him back in his dentist's chair. 'Sorry is as sorry does, and you're about the sorriest dentist I ever laid my eyes on.' (She could afford to slip into the vernacular because she had such eloquent command of English.)

'I didn't ask you to apologize in front of Marguerite, because I don't want her to know my power, but I order you, now and herewith. Leave Stamps by sundown.'

'Mrs. Henderson, I can't get my equipment …' He was shaking terribly now.

'Now, that brings me to my second order. You will never again practice dentistry. Never! When you get settled in your next place, you will be a vegetarian caring for dogs with the mange, cats with the cholera and cows with the epizootic. Is that clear?'

The saliva ran down his chin and his eyes filled with tears. 'Yes, ma'am. Thank you for not killing me. Thank you, Mrs. Henderson.'

Momma pulled herself back from being ten feet tall with eight-foot arms and said, 'You're welcome for nothing, you varlet, I wouldn't waste a killing on the likes of you.'

On her way out she waved her handkerchief at the nurse and turned her into a crocus sack of chicken feed.

This passage is Maya's imaginary account of Momma's argument with the white dentist. Explore the ways in which Angelou makes a serious point in a very amusing way here.

Or **2** To what extent does Angelou's portrayal of her father, Bailey Senior, lead you to admire him? Support your ideas with close reference to the writing.

Or **3** You are Mrs Flowers just before Maya's visit to your house.

Write your thoughts.

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

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

Dr Scott: You wanted me?
Dr Emerson: Ah yes. Harrison's decided to discharge himself.
Dr Scott: Oh no, but I'm not surprised.
Dr Emerson: So, Travers is seeing him now.
Dr Scott: Dr Travers won't make him change his mind.
Dr Emerson: I am committing him under Section 26.
Dr Scott: Oh, will Dr Travers sign it?
Dr Emerson: Evidently if I do, he can't, but he knows a chap over in Ellertree who probably will.
Dr Scott: I see.
Dr Emerson: I have no choice, do you see Clare? He's got himself a solicitor. It's the only way I can keep him here.
Dr Scott: Are you sure you should?
Dr Emerson: Of course. No question.
Dr Scott: It's his life.
Dr Emerson: But my responsibility.
Dr Scott: Only if he's incapable of making his own decision.
Dr Emerson: But he isn't capable. I refuse to believe that a man with a mind as quick as his, a man with enormous mental resources, would calmly choose suicide.
Dr Scott: But he has done just that.
Dr Emerson: And, therefore, I say he is unbalanced.
Dr Scott: But surely a wish to die is not *necessarily* a symptom of insanity? A man might want to die for perfectly sane reasons.
Dr Emerson: No, Clare, a doctor cannot accept the choice for death; he's committed to life. When a patient is brought into my unit, he's in a bad way. I don't stand about thinking whether or not it's worth saving his life, I haven't the time for doubts. I get in there, do whatever I can to save life. I'm a doctor, not a judge.
Dr Scott: I hope you will forgive me sir, for saying this, but I think that is just how you are behaving – as a judge.
Dr Emerson: You must, of course, say what you think – but I am the responsible person here.
Dr Scott: I know that sir.
[*She makes to go.*]
Dr Emerson: I'm sure it's not necessary for me to say this but I'd rather there was no question of misunderstanding later … Mr Harrison is now physically stable. There is no reason why he should die; if he should die suddenly, I would think it necessary to order a post-mortem and to act on whatever was found.
Dr Scott: … Mr Harrison is your patient sir.
Dr Emerson: [*smiling*] Of course, of course. You make that sound a fate worse than death.
Dr Scott: Perhaps for him it is.
[*She goes out.*]

Explore how Clark strikingly conveys to you the conflict between Dr Emerson and Dr Scott here.

Or **5** What do you think makes John, the orderly, such an entertaining and memorable character in the play?

Or **6** You are Philip Hill at the end of the play when Ken has won his right to die.

Write your thoughts.

[Turn over

SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist*

Either **7** Read this extract from *At a Potato Digging*, and then answer the question that follows it:

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Explore the ways in which Heaney uses powerful images in this extract.

Or **8** How does Heaney memorably convey his feelings towards his father in *Follower* **and** towards his wife in *Valediction*?

Or **9** What do you find original or unusual about the ways in which Heaney presents his subject in any **two** of the poems you have studied? Support your ideas by close reference to Heaney's words.

(Do not use *At a Potato Digging* in answering this question.)

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

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

It was the lonely hour of fifteen. Winston could not now remember how he had come to be in the café at such a time. The place was almost empty. A tinny music was trickling from the telescreens. The three men sat in their corner almost motionless, never speaking. Uncommanded, the waiter brought fresh glasses of gin. There was a chessboard on the table beside them, with the pieces set out but no game started. And then, for perhaps half a minute in all, something happened to the telescreens. The tune that they were playing changed, and the tone of the music changed too. There came into it – but it was something hard to describe. It was a peculiar, cracked, braying, jeering note: in his mind Winston called it a yellow note. And then a voice from the telescreen was singing:

> Under the spreading chestnut tree
> I sold you and you sold me:
> There lie they, and here lie we
> Under the spreading chestnut tree.

The three men never stirred. But when Winston glanced again at Rutherford's ruinous face, he saw that his eyes were full of tears. And for the first time he noticed, with a kind of inward shudder, and yet not knowing *at what* he shuddered, that both Aaronson and Rutherford had broken noses.

A little later all three were re-arrested. It appeared that they had engaged in fresh conspiracies from the very moment of their release. At their second trial they confessed to all their old crimes over again, with a whole string of new ones. They were executed, and their fate was recorded in the Party histories, a warning to posterity. About five years after this, in 1973, Winston was unrolling a wad of documents which had just flopped out of the pneumatic tube on to his desk when he came on a fragment of paper which had evidently been slipped in among the others and then forgotten. The instant he had flattened it out he saw its significance. It was a half-page torn out of *The Times* of about ten years earlier – the top half of the page, so that it included the date – and it contained a photograph of the delegates at some Party function in New York. Prominent in the middle of the group were Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford. There was no mistaking them; in any case their names were in the caption at the bottom.

The point was that at both trials all three men had confessed that on that date they had been on Eurasian soil. They had flown from a secret airfield in Canada to a rendezvous somewhere in Siberia, and had conferred with members of the Eurasian General Staff, to whom they had betrayed important military secrets. The date had stuck in Winston's memory because it chanced to be midsummer day; but the whole story must be on record in countless other places as well. There was only one possible conclusion: the confessions were lies.

Of course, this was not in itself a discovery. Even at that time Winston had not imagined that the people who were wiped out in the purges had actually committed the crimes that they were accused of. But this was concrete evidence; it was a fragment of the abolished past, like a fossil bone which turns up in the wrong stratum and destroys a geological theory. It was enough to blow the Party to

atoms, if in some way it could have been published to the world and its significance made known.

He had gone straight on working. As soon as he saw what the photograph was, and what it meant, he had covered it up with another sheet of paper. Luckily, when he unrolled it, it had been upside-down from the point of view of the telescreen.

He took his scribbling pad on his knee and pushed back his chair, so as to get as far away from the telescreen as possible. To keep your face expressionless was not difficult, and even your breathing could be controlled, with an effort: but you could not control the beating of your heart, and the telescreen was quite delicate enough to pick it up. He let what he judged to be ten minutes go by, tormented all the while by the fear that some accident – a sudden draught blowing across his desk, for instance – would betray him. Then, without uncovering it again, he dropped the photograph into the memory hole, along with some other waste papers. Within another minute, perhaps, it would have crumbled into ashes.

That was ten – eleven years ago. To-day, probably, he would have kept that photograph. It was curious that the fact of having held it in his fingers seemed to him to make a difference even now, when the photograph itself, as well as the event it recorded, was only memory. Was the Party's hold upon the past less strong, he wondered, because a piece of evidence which existed no longer *had once* existed?

What makes this such a powerful moment in the novel?

Or **11** How does Orwell make Winston's relationship with O'Brien such a striking part of the novel? Support your answer with details from the novel.

Or **12** You are Julia. You have just met Winston for the last time, after you have both betrayed each other.

Write your thoughts.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*

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

The Park Lane Hospital for the Dying was a sixty-storey tower of primrose tiles. As the Savage stepped out of his taxicopter a convoy of gaily-coloured aerial hearses rose whirring from the roof and darted away across the Park, westwards, bound for the Slough Crematorium. At the lift gates the presiding porter gave him the information he required, and he dropped down to Ward 81 (a Galloping Senility ward, the porter explained) on the seventeenth floor.

It was a large room bright with sunshine and yellow paint, and containing twenty beds, all occupied. Linda was dying in company – in company and with all the modern conveniences. The air was continuously alive with gay synthetic melodies. At the foot of every bed, confronting its moribund occupant, was a television box. Television was left on, a running tap, from morning till night. Every quarter of an hour the prevailing perfume of the room was automatically changed. 'We try,' explained the nurse, who had taken charge of the Savage at the door, 'we try to create a thoroughly pleasant atmosphere here – something between a first-class hotel and a feely-palace, if you take my meaning.'

'Where is she?' asked the Savage, ignoring these polite explanations.

The nurse was offended. 'You *are* in a hurry,' she said.

'Is there any hope?' he asked.

'You mean, of her not dying?' (He nodded.) 'No, of course there isn't. When somebody's sent here, there's no …' Startled by the expression of distress on his pale face, she suddenly broke off. 'Why, whatever is the matter?' she asked. She was not accustomed to this kind of thing in visitors. (Not that there were many visitors anyhow: or any reason why there should be many visitors.) 'You're not feeling ill, are you?'

He shook his head. 'She's my mother,' he said in a scarcely audible voice.

The nurse glanced at him with startled, horrified eyes; then quickly looked away. From throat to temple she was all one hot blush.

'Take me to her,' said the Savage, making an effort to speak in an ordinary tone.

Still blushing, she led the way down the ward. Faces still fresh and unwithered (for senility galloped so hard that it had no time to age the cheeks – only the heart and brain) turned as they passed. Their progress was followed by the blank, incurious eyes of second infancy. The Savage shuddered as he looked.

Linda was lying in the last of the long row of beds, next to the wall. Propped up on pillows, she was watching the Semi-Finals of the South American Riemann-surface Tennis Championship, which were being played in silent and diminished reproduction on the screen of the television box at the foot of the bed. Hither and thither across their square of illumined glass the little figures noiselessly darted, like fish in an aquarium – the silent but agitated inhabitants of another world.

Linda looked on, vaguely and uncomprehendingly smiling. Her pale, bloated face wore an expression of imbecile happiness. Every now and then her eyelids closed, and for a few seconds she seemed to be dozing. Then with a little start she would wake up again – wake up to the aquarium antics of the Tennis Champions, to the Super-

Vox-Wurlitzeriana rendering of 'Hug me till you drug me, honey', to the warm draught of verbena that came blowing through the ventilator above her head – would wake to these things, or rather to a dream of which these things, transformed and embellished by the *soma* in her blood, were the marvellous constituents, and smile once more her broken and discoloured smile of infantile contentment.

'Well, I must go,' said the nurse. 'I've got my batch of children coming. Besides, there's Number 3.' She pointed up the ward. 'Might go off any minute now. Well, make yourself comfortable.' She walked briskly away.

The Savage sat down beside the bed.

'Linda,' he whispered, taking her hand.

At the sound of her name, she turned. Her vague eyes brightened with recognition. She squeezed his hand, she smiled, her lips moved; then quite suddenly her head fell forward. She was asleep. He sat watching her – seeking through the tired flesh, seeking and finding that young, bright face which had stooped over his childhood in Malpais, remembering (and he closed his eyes) her voice, her movements, all the events of their life together. 'Streptocock-Gee, to Banbury-T …' How beautiful her singing had been! And those childish rhymes, how magically strange and mysterious!

How does Huxley's writing make this passage so very sad?

Or **14** What does Huxley make you feel about the 'brave new world' he describes? Support your answer by close reference to the novel.

Or **15** You are the Director. You are back in your office at the end of the day, after showing the new students around the Central London Hatchery.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

Either **16** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Tybalt: This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Capulet: Why, how now, kinsman! Wherefore storm you so?
Tybalt: Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Capulet: Young Romeo, is it?
Tybalt: 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Capulet: Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tybalt: It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.
Capulet: He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to;
Am I the master here or you? Go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!
Tybalt: Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Capulet: Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you. I know what:
You must contrary me. Marry, 'tis time. –
Well said, my hearts! – You are a princox; go.
Be quiet, or – More light, more light! – For shame!
I'll make you quiet. What! – Cheerly, my hearts!
Tybalt: Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall.

In what ways does Shakespeare make the relationship between Lord Capulet and Tybalt so dramatic for you here?

Or **17** Explore how Shakespeare strikingly presents Juliet's developing maturity in **two** moments from the play.

Or **18** You are Romeo after your conversation with Juliet on her balcony.

Write your thoughts.

Songs of Ourselves (from Part 1)

Either **19** Read *The Procession of The Seasons* (by Edmund Spenser), and then answer the question that follows it:

So forth issued the seasons of the year.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours,
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head, as fit for warlike stours,
A gilt-engraven morion he did wear,
That, as some did him love, so others did him fear.

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
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.

lusty] vigorous
dight] dressed
bowers] leafy glades, arbours
paramours] lovers
stours] encounters
morion] helmet
cassock] long coat
unlinèd] without a lining
well beseen] handsome of appearance
chafèd] heated
shafts] arrows
sore] painfully

Explore the ways in which Spenser here creates vivid images of Spring and Summer.

Or **20** What impressions do you have of the speaker and his attitude towards women in **either** *They Flee From Me, That Sometime Did Me Seek* (by Sir Thomas Wyatt) **or** *Sonnet 61 'Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part'* (by Michael Drayton)? Support your answer by close reference to the poem's words.

Or **21** In what ways do the poets use sound and rhythm so strikingly in **two** of the following poems?

Written The Night Before His Execution (by Chidiock Tichbourne)
A Litany in Time of Plague (by Thomas Nashe)
I Grieve, and Dare Not Show My Discontent (by Queen Elizabeth I)

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