



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/53**

Paper 5

**May/June 2010**

**45 minutes**

Additional Materials:     Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.



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This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## Answer one question on any text.

**BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?***

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

- Dr Travers:* I was an only child; enough of me. Have you any relationships outside the hospital? ... You're not married I see.
- Ken:* No, thank God.
- Dr Travers:* A girl friend?
- Ken:* A fiancée actually. I asked her not to visit me any more. About a fortnight ago. 5
- Dr Travers:* She must have been upset.
- Ken:* Better that than a lifetime's sacrifice.
- Dr Travers:* She wanted to ... stay with you then?
- Ken:* Oh yes ... Had it all worked out ... But she's a young healthy woman. She wants babies—real ones. Not ones that never *will* learn to walk. 10
- Dr Travers:* But if that's what she really wants.
- Ken:* Oh come on Doctor. If that's what she really wants, there's plenty of other cripples who want help. I told her to go to release her, I hope, from the guilt she would feel if she did what she really wanted to. 15
- Dr Travers:* That's very generous.
- Ken:* Balls. Really, Doctor, I did it for *me*. It would destroy *my* self-respect if I allowed myself to become the object with which people can safely exploit their masochist tendencies. 20
- Dr Travers:* That's putting it very strongly.
- Ken:* Yes. Too strong. But you are beginning to sound like the chaplain. He was in here the other day. He seemed to think I should be quite happy to be God's chosen vessel into which people could pour their compassion ... That it was alright being a cripple because it made other folk feel good when they helped me. 25
- Dr Travers:* What about your parents?
- Ken:* Working class folk—they live in Scotland. I thought it would break my mother—I always thought of my father as a very tough egg. But it was the other way round. My father can only think with his hands. He used to stand around here—completely at a loss. My mother would sit there—just understanding. She knows what suffering's about. They were here a week ago—I got rid of my father for a while and told my mother what I was going to do. She looked at me for a minute. There were tears in her eyes. She said: 'Aye lad, it's thy life ... don't worry about your dad—I'll get him over it.' ... She stood up and I said: 'What about you?' 'What about me?' she said, 'Do you think life's so precious to me, I'm frightened of dying?' ... I'd like to think I was my mother's son. 30
- Dr Travers:* ... Yes, well, we shall have to see ...
- Ken:* What about? You mean you haven't made up your mind?
- Dr Travers:* ... I shall have to do some tests ... 35
- Ken:* What tests for Christ's sake? I can tell you now, my time over a hundred metres is lousy.
- Dr Travers:* You seem very angry. 40
- Dr Travers:* ... I shall have to do some tests ... 45
- Ken:* What tests for Christ's sake? I can tell you now, my time over a hundred metres is lousy.
- Dr Travers:* You seem very angry.

- Ken:* Of course I'm angry ... No, no ... I'm ... Yes. I am angry. [breathing] But I am trying to hold it in because you'll just write me off as in a manic phase of a manic depressive cycle. 50
- Dr Travers:* You are very free with psychiatric jargon.
- Ken:* Oh well then, you'll be able to say I'm an obsessive hypochondriac. [breathing] 55
- Dr Travers:* I certainly wouldn't do that Mr Harrison.
- Ken:* Can't you see what a trap I am in? Can anyone prove that they are sane? Could you?
- Dr Travers:* ... I'll come and see you again.
- Ken:* No, don't come and see me again, because every time you come I'll get more and more angry, and more and more upset and depressed. And eventually you will destroy my mind. 60
- Dr Travers:* I'm sorry if I upset you Mr Harrison.

How does Clark make this a tense and emotional moment in the play?

- OR**     **2**     How does Clark encourage you to admire Philip Hill, Ken's solicitor? Refer to details from the play in your response.
- OR**     **3**     You are Dr Emerson just after your conversation with Dr Scott about Ken refusing valium, and on your way to inject him with it.

Write your thoughts.

**WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies***

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

|   |    |
|---|----|
| ‘The trouble is: Are there ghosts, Piggy? Or beasts?’   |    |
| ‘Course there aren’t.’  |    |
| ‘Why not?’  |    |
| ‘’Cos things wouldn’t make sense. Houses an’ streets, an’ – TV – they wouldn’t work.’   | 5  |
| The dancing, chanting boys had worked themselves away till their sound was nothing but a wordless rhythm.   |    |
| ‘But s’pose they don’t make sense? Not here, on this island? Supposing things are watching us and waiting?’   |    |
| Ralph shuddered violently and moved closer to Piggy, so that they bumped frighteningly.   | 10 |
| ‘You stop talking like that! We got enough trouble, Ralph, an’ I’ve had as much as I can stand. If there is ghosts –’   |    |
| ‘I ought to give up being chief. Hear ’em.’   |    |
| ‘Oh lord! Oh no!’   | 15 |
| Piggy gripped Ralph’s arm.  |    |
| ‘If Jack was chief he’d have all hunting and no fire. We’d be here till we died.’   |    |
| His voice ran up to a squeak.   |    |
| ‘Who’s that sitting there?’   | 20 |
| ‘Me. Simon.’  |    |
| ‘Fat lot of good we are,’ said Ralph. ‘Three blind mice. I’ll give up.’   |    |
| ‘If you give up,’ said Piggy, in an appalled whisper, ‘what ’ud happen to me?’  |    |
| ‘Nothing.’  | 25 |
| ‘He hates me. I dunno why. If he could do what he wanted – you’re all right, he respects you. Besides – you’d hit him.’   |    |
| ‘You were having a nice fight with him just now.’   |    |
| ‘I had the conch,’ said Piggy simply. ‘I had a right to speak.’   |    |
| Simon stirred in the dark.  | 30 |
| ‘Go on being chief.’  |    |
| ‘You shut up, young Simon! Why couldn’t you say there wasn’t a beast?’  |    |
| ‘I’m scared of him,’ said Piggy, ‘and that’s why I know him. If you’re scared of someone you hate him but you can’t stop thinking about him. You kid yourself he’s all right really, an’ then when you see him again; it’s like asthma an’ you can’t breathe. I tell you what. He hates you too, Ralph –’ |    |
| ‘Me? Why me?’   | 35 |
| ‘I dunno. You got him over the fire; an’ you’re chief an’ he isn’t.’  |    |
| ‘But he’s, he’s, Jack Merridew!’  | 40 |
| ‘I been in bed so much I done some thinking. I know about people. I know about me. And him. He can’t hurt you: but if you stand out of the way he’d hurt the next thing. And that’s me.’  |    |
| ‘Piggy’s right, Ralph. There’s you and Jack. Go on being chief.’  |    |
| ‘We’re all drifting and things are going rotten. At home there was always a grown-up. Please, sir; please, miss; and then you got an answer. How I wish!’   | 45 |
| ‘I wish my auntie was here.’  |    |
| ‘I wish my father ... O, what’s the use?’   |    |
| ‘Keep the fire going.’  | 50 |
| The dance was over and the hunters were going back to the shelters.   |    |

‘Grown-ups know things,’ said Piggy. ‘They ain’t afraid of the dark. They’d meet and have tea and discuss. Then things ’ud be all right—’

‘They wouldn’t set fire to the island. Or lose —’

‘They’d build a ship —’

55

The three boys stood in the darkness, striving unsuccessfully to convey the majesty of adult life.

‘They wouldn’t quarrel —’

‘Or break my specs —’

‘Or talk about a beast —’

60

‘If only they could get a message to us,’ cried Ralph desperately. ‘If only they could send us something grown-up ... a sign or something.’

A thin wail out of the darkness chilled them and set them grabbing for each other. Then the wail rose, remote and unearthly, and turned to an inarticulate gibbering. Percival Wemys Madison, of the Vicarage, Harcourt St. Anthony, lying in the long grass, was living through circumstances in which the incantation of his address was powerless to help him.

65

How does Golding make you feel sympathy for the boys in this passage?

**OR**     **5**     In what ways does Golding make you aware of Simon’s difference from the others? Support your answer with details from the novel.

**OR**     **6**     You are Jack after you have let the fire go out and broken Piggy’s glasses.

Write your thoughts.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

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

|                       |   |    |
|-----------------------|---|----|
| <i>Mama:</i>          | You must not dislike people 'cause they well off, honey.  |    |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Why not? It makes just as much sense as disliking people 'cause they are poor, and lots of people do that.  |    |
| <i>Ruth:</i>          | [ <i>a wisdom-of-the-ages manner. To Mama</i> ] Well, she'll get over some of this –  | 5  |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Get over it? What are you talking about, Ruth? Listen, I'm going to be a doctor. I'm not worried about who I'm going to marry yet – if I ever get married.  |    |
| <i>Mama and Ruth:</i> | <i>If!</i>  |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | Now, Bennie –   | 10 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Oh, I probably will ... but first I'm going to be a doctor, and George, for one, still thinks that's pretty funny. I couldn't be bothered with that. I am going to be a doctor and everybody around here better understand that!  |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | [ <i>kindly</i> ] 'Course you going to be a doctor, honey, God willing.   | 15 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | [ <i>drily</i> ] God hasn't got a thing to do with it.  |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | Beneatha – that just wasn't necessary.  |    |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Well – neither is God. I get sick of hearing about God.   |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | Beneatha!   | 20 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | I mean it! I'm just tired of hearing about God all the time. What has He got to do with anything? Does he pay tuition?  |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | You 'bout to get your fresh little jaw slapped!   |    |
| <i>Ruth:</i>          | That's just what she needs, all right!  | 25 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Why? Why can't I say what I want to around here, like everybody else?   |    |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | It don't sound nice for a young girl to say things like that – you wasn't brought up that way. Me and your father went to trouble to get you and Brother to church every Sunday.  | 30 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | Mama, you don't understand. It's all a matter of ideas, and God is just one idea I don't accept. It's not important. I am not going out and be immoral or commit crimes because I don't believe in God. I don't even think about it. It's just that I get tired of Him getting credit for all the things the human race achieves through its own stubborn effort. There simply is no blasted God – there is only man and it is he who makes miracles! | 35 |
|                       | <i>Mama absorbs this speech, studies her daughter and rises slowly and crosses to Beneatha and slaps her powerfully across the face. After, there is only silence and the daughter drops her eyes from her mother's face, and Mama is very tall before her.</i>   | 40 |
| <i>Mama:</i>          | Now – you say after me, in my mother's house there is still God. [ <i>There is a long pause and Beneatha stares at the floor wordlessly. Mama repeats the phrase with precision and cool emotion.</i> ] In my mother's house there is still God.  | 45 |
| <i>Beneatha:</i>      | In my mother's house there is still God.<br><i>A long pause.</i>  | 50 |

*Mama:* [walking away from Beneatha, too disturbed for triumphant posture. Stopping and turning back to her daughter] There are some ideas we ain't going to have in this house. Not long as I am at the head of this family. 55

*Beneatha:* Yes, ma'am.  
*Mama walks out of the room.*

How does Hansberry dramatically portray the conflict between Mama and Beneatha in this passage?

- OR 8** Explore the ways in which Hansberry vividly presents the search for a better life by any **two** of the characters. Support your ideas with details from the play.
- OR 9** You are Asagai. You are leaving the Younger home, having invited Beneatha to go to Nigeria with you.

Write your thoughts.

**SEAMUS HEANEY: *Death of a Naturalist***

**EITHER 10** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*The Barn*

Threshed corn lay piled like grit of ivory  
Or solid as cement in two-lugged sacks.  
The musty dark hoarded an armoury  
Of farmyard implements, harness, plough-socks.

The floor was mouse-grey, smooth, chilly concrete. 5  
There were no windows, just two narrow shafts  
Of gilded motes, crossing, from air-holes slit  
High in each gable. The one door meant no draughts

All summer when the zinc burned like an oven. 10  
A scythe's edge, a clean spade, a pitch-fork's prongs:  
Slowly bright objects formed when you went in.  
Then you felt cobwebs clogging up your lungs

And scuttled fast into the sunlit yard – 15  
And into nights when bats were on the wing  
Over the rafters of sleep, where bright eyes stared  
From piles of grain in corners, fierce, unblinking.

The dark gulfed like a roof-space. I was chaff 20  
To be pecked up when birds shot through the air-slits.  
I lay face-down to shun the fear above.  
The two-lugged sacks moved in like great blind rats.

Explore the ways in which Heaney vividly describes his experience of the barn.

- OR 11** How does Heaney memorably convey his feelings about his father and grandfather in *Digging*?
- OR 12** Explore the ways Heaney uses language which appeals to your senses in **either** *Churning Day* **or** *Death of a Naturalist*.

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**Turn over for question 13.**

**HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird***

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

In the waning moonlight I saw Jem swing his feet to the floor.

'I'm goin' after 'em,' he said.

I sat upright. 'You can't. I won't let you.'

He was struggling into his shirt. 'I've got to.'

'You do an' I'll wake up Atticus.'

5

'You do and I'll kill you.'

I pulled him down beside me on the cot. I tried to reason with him.

'Mr Nathan's gonna find 'em in the morning, Jem. He knows you lost 'em.

When he shows 'em to Atticus it'll be pretty bad, that's all there is to it. Go'n back to bed.'

10

'That's what I know,' said Jem. 'That's why I'm goin' after 'em.'

I began to feel sick. Going back to that place by himself – I remembered Miss Stephanie: Mr Nathan had the other barrel waiting for the next sound he heard, be it nigger, dog ... Jem knew that better than I.

I was desperate: 'Look, it ain't worth it, Jem. A lickin' hurts but it doesn't last. You'll get your head shot off, Jem. Please ...'

15

He blew out his breath patiently. 'I – it's like this, Scout,' he muttered. 'Atticus ain't ever whipped me since I can remember. I wanta keep it that way.'

This was a thought. It seemed that Atticus threatened us every other day. 'You mean he's never caught you at anything.'

20

'Maybe so, but – I just wanta keep it that way, Scout. We shouldn'a done that tonight, Scout.'

It was then, I suppose, that Jem and I first began to part company. Sometimes I did not understand him, but my periods of bewilderment were short-lived. This was beyond me. 'Please,' I pleaded, 'can'tcha just think about it for a minute – by yourself on that place –'

25

'Shut up!'

'It's not like he'd never speak to you again or somethin' ... I'm gonna wake him up, Jem, I swear I am –'

30

Jem grabbed my pyjama collar and wrenched it tight. 'Then I'm goin' with you –' I choked.

'No you ain't, you'll just make noise.'

It was no use. I unlatched the back door and held it while he crept down the steps. It must have been two o'clock. The moon was setting and the lattice-work shadows were fading into fuzzy nothingness. Jem's white shirt-tail dipped and bobbed like a small ghost dancing away to escape the coming morning. A faint breeze stirred and cooled the sweat running down my sides.

35

He went the back way, through Deer's Pasture, across the school yard and around to the fence, I thought – at least that was the way he was headed. It would take longer, so it was not time to worry yet. I waited until it was time to worry and listened for Mr Radley's shotgun. Then I thought I heard the back fence squeak. It was wishful thinking.

40

Then I heard Atticus cough. I held my breath. Sometimes when we made a midnight pilgrimage to the bathroom we would find him reading. He said he often woke up during the night, checked on us, and read himself back to sleep. I waited for his light to go on, straining my eyes to see it flood the hall. It stayed off, and I breathed again.

45

The night-crawlers had retired, but ripe chinaberries drummed on the roof when the wind stirred, and the darkness was desolate with the barking of distant dogs.

50

There he was, returning to me. His white shirt bobbed over the back fence and slowly grew larger. He came up the back steps, latched the door behind him, and sat on his cot. Wordlessly, he held up his pants. He lay down, and for a while I heard his cot trembling. Soon he was still. I did not hear him stir again. 55

How does Lee make this incident so exciting?

**OR 14** Miss Maudie says 'Atticus Finch is the same in his house as he is on the public streets'. Do you think this is true? Support your answer with close reference to Lee's writing.

**OR 15** You are Miss Maudie after the Missionary Tea Party.

Write your thoughts.

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

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

The birds sang, the proles sang, the Party did not sing. All round the world, in London and New York, in Africa and Brazil, and in the mysterious, forbidden lands beyond the frontiers, in the streets of Paris and Berlin, in the villages of the endless Russian plain, in the bazaars of China and Japan – everywhere stood the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. Out of those mighty loins a race of conscious beings must one day come. You were the dead; theirs was the future. But you could share in that future if you kept alive the mind as they kept alive the body, and passed on the secret doctrine that two plus two make four. 5

‘We are the dead,’ he said.

‘We are the dead,’ echoed Julia dutifully.

‘You are the dead,’ said an iron voice behind them.

They sprang apart. Winston’s entrails seemed to have turned into ice. He could see the white all round the irises of Julia’s eyes. Her face had turned a milky yellow. The smear of rouge that was still on each cheekbone stood out sharply, almost as though unconnected with the skin beneath. 10

‘You are the dead,’ repeated the iron voice.

‘It was behind the picture,’ breathed Julia.

‘It was behind the picture,’ said the voice. ‘Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.’ 15

It was starting, it was starting at last! They could do nothing except stand gazing into one another’s eyes. To run for life, to get out of the house before it was too late – no such thought occurred to them. Unthinkable to disobey the iron voice from the wall. There was a snap as though a catch had been turned back, and a crash of breaking glass. The picture had fallen to the floor, uncovering the telescreen behind it. 20

‘Now they can see us,’ said Julia.

‘Now we can see you,’ said the voice. ‘Stand out in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another.’ 25

They were not touching, but it seemed to him that he could feel Julia’s body shaking. Or perhaps it was merely the shaking of his own. He could just stop his teeth from chattering, but his knees were beyond his control. There was a sound of trampling boots below, inside the house and outside. The yard seemed to be full of men. Something was being dragged across the stones. The woman’s singing had stopped abruptly. There was a long, rolling clang, as though the washtub had been flung across the yard, and then a confusion of angry shouts which ended in a yell of pain. 30

‘The house is surrounded,’ said Winston.

‘The house is surrounded,’ said the voice.

He heard Julia snap her teeth together. ‘I suppose we may as well say good-bye,’ she said.

‘You may as well say good-bye,’ said the voice. And then another quite different voice, a thin, cultivated voice which Winston had the impression of having heard before, struck in: ‘And by the way, while we are on the subject, “Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head”!’ 35

Something crashed on to the bed behind Winston’s back. The head of a ladder had been thrust through the window and had burst in the frame. 40 45 50

Someone was climbing through the window. There was a stampede of boots up the stairs. The room was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands.

How does Orwell convey the horror of this moment to you?

**OR**    **17** Julia says the Party 'can't get inside you'. In what ways does Orwell show this is not true?

**OR**    **18** You are O'Brien. You have just met Winston and given him your address.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

**EITHER 19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it.

|                        |  |                                  |
|------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| <i>Friar Lawrence:</i> | Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,<br>Which craves as desperate an execution<br>As that is desperate which we would prevent.<br>If, rather than to marry County Paris,<br>Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,<br>Then is it likely thou wilt undertake<br>A thing like death to chide away this shame,<br>That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;<br>And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.  | 5                                |
| <i>Juliet:</i>         | O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,<br>From off the battlements of any tower,<br>Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk<br>Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,<br>Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,<br>O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,<br>With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;<br>Or bid me go into a new-made grave,<br>And hide me with a dead man in his shroud –<br>Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble –<br>And I will do it without fear or doubt,<br>To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.  | 10<br>15<br>20                   |
| <i>Friar Lawrence:</i> | Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent<br>To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;<br>To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,<br>Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.<br>Take thou this vial, being then in bed,<br>And this distilled liquor drink thou off;<br>When presently through all thy veins shall run<br>A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse<br>Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;<br>No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;<br>The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade<br>To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,<br>Like death when he shuts up the day of life;<br>Each part, depriv'd of supple government,<br>Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;<br>And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death<br>Thou shalt continue two and forty hours.<br>And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.<br>Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes<br>To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.<br>Then, as the manner of our country is,<br>In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,<br>Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault<br>Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.<br>In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,<br>Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,<br>And hither shall he come; and he and I<br>Will watch thy waking, and that very night<br>Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua. | 25<br>30<br>35<br>40<br>45<br>50 |

And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Juliet:* Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

**OR 20**      *A caring and responsible mother*  
                  *A cold and spiteful woman*

In your opinion which of these descriptions is nearer to Shakespeare's portrayal of Lady Capulet?

**OR 21** You are the Nurse after Tybalt's death. Juliet has sent you to find Romeo at Friar Lawrence's cell.

Write your thoughts.

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