



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/33

Paper 3 Unseen

May/June 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.

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 following poem in which the poet describes a drought in the African plains.

How do the poet's words vividly convey to you what it is like to live in this hot, dry climate?

To help you answer this question you might consider:

- the poet's descriptions of the landscape and animals
- his portrayal of the sun and sky
- the impact of the final two lines of the poem.

Drought

Heat, all-pervading, crinkles up the soil;
A deathly silence numbs the molten air;
On beds of rivers, islands scorched and bare,
Warm scavengers of wind heap up the spoil;
And wide-eyed oxen, gaunt and spent with toil,
Huddled together near some shrunken pool—
Pant for the shade of trees and pastures cool,
Lashing their tails at flies they cannot foil.
Whilst overhead, the sun-god drives his way
Through halting hours of blinding, blazing, light,
Until his shining steeds¹ a moment stay,
And disappear behind the gates of night.
And still no rain. A cloudless starlit sky
Watches the veld,² and all things droop and die.

¹ *steeds*: horses

² *veld*: open country in South Africa

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. The narrator remembers a time when he was a young boy. Miss Murdstone has arrived at his house. The narrator's widowed mother, Clara, has recently re-married. Miss Murdstone is the sister of Edward Murdstone, his mother's new husband.

In what ways does the writer create for you such a striking impression of Miss Murdstone and her impact on the household?

To help you answer you might consider:

- the descriptions of Miss Murdstone and her possessions
- how she treats the boy and his mother
- how the writing conveys the boy's view of her.

It was Miss Murdstone who was arrived, and a gloomy-looking lady she was; dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembled in face and voice; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She brought with her, two uncompromising hard black boxes, with her initials on the lids in hard brass nails. When she paid the coachman she took her money out of a hard steel purse, and she kept the purse in a very jail of a bag which hung upon her arm by a heavy chain, and shut up like a bite. I had never, at that time, seen such a metallic lady altogether as Miss Murdstone was.

She was brought into the parlor with many tokens of welcome, and there formally recognised my mother as a new and near relation. Then she looked at me, and said:

"Is that your boy, sister-in-law?"

My mother acknowledged me.

"Generally speaking," said Miss Murdstone, "I don't like boys. How d'ye do, boy?"

Under these encouraging circumstances, I replied that I was very well, and that I hoped she was the same; with such an indifferent grace, that Miss Murdstone disposed of me in two words:

"Wants manner!"¹

Having uttered which, with great distinctness, she begged the favor of being shown to her room, which became to me from that time forth a place of awe and dread, wherein the two black boxes were never seen open or known to be left unlocked, and where (for I peeped in once or twice when she was out) numerous little steel fetters and rivets, with which Miss Murdstone embellished herself when she was dressed, generally hung upon the looking-glass in formidable array.

As well as I could make out, she had come for good, and had no intention of ever going again. She began to "help" my mother next morning, and was in and out of the store-closet all day, putting things to rights, and making havoc in the old arrangements. Almost the first remarkable thing I observed in Miss Murdstone was, her being constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. Under the influence of this delusion, she dived into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opened the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to² again, in the belief that she had got him.

Though there was nothing very airy about Miss Murdstone, she was a perfect Lark³ in point of getting up. She was up (and, as I believe to this hour, looking for that man) before anybody in the house was stirring. Peggotty⁴ gave it as her opinion that she even slept with one eye open; but I could not concur in this idea; for I tried it myself after hearing the suggestion thrown out, and found it couldn't be done.

On the very first morning after her arrival she was up and ringing her bell at cock-crow. When my mother came down to breakfast, and was going to make the tea, Miss Murdstone gave her a kind of peck on the cheek, which was her nearest approach to a kiss, and said:

“Now, Clara, my dear, I am come here, you know, to relieve you of all the trouble I can. You’re much too pretty and thoughtless” —my mother blushed but laughed, and seemed not to dislike this character— “to have any duties imposed upon you that can be undertaken by me. If you’ll be so good as give me your keys, my dear, I’ll attend to all this sort of thing in future.”

From that time, Miss Murdstone kept the keys in her own little jail all day, and under her pillow at night, and my mother had no more to do with them than I had.

My mother did not suffer her authority to pass from her without a shadow of protest. One night when Miss Murdstone had been developing certain household plans to her brother, of which he signified his approbation⁵, my mother suddenly began to cry, and said she thought she might have been consulted.

“Clara!” said Mr Murdstone sternly. “Clara! I wonder at you.”

“Oh, it’s very well to say you wonder, Edward!” cried my mother, “and it’s very well for you to talk about firmness, but you wouldn’t like it yourself.”

Firmness, I may observe, was the grand quality on which both Mr. and Miss Murdstone took their stand. However I might have expressed my comprehension of it at that time, if I had been called upon, I nevertheless did clearly comprehend in my own way, that it was another name for tyranny; and for a certain gloomy, arrogant, devil’s humour, that was in them both.

¹ *wants manner*: he has no manners

² *clapping it to*: shutting it

³ *Lark*: an early riser

⁴ *Peggotty*: a servant in the household

⁵ *approbation*: approval

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