



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/42**

Paper 4 Unseen

**October/November 2015**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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

**Either**

1 Read carefully the poem opposite.

**How does the poet's writing make his night wanderings so vivid for you?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he describes what he has seen and heard
- how he conveys his feelings to you
- the impact of the form and ending of the poem.

*Acquainted with the night*

I have been one acquainted with the night.

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Or

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel set in England in the nineteenth century. Jane, a young orphan girl, has been unfairly punished after she was bullied by her cousin John. She has been locked in the Red Room, the room where her uncle Mr Reed died – and now night is falling.

**How does the writing strikingly convey Jane’s growing terror to you?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the writer portrays Jane’s changing mood as night falls
- the way she portrays Jane’s fears and imaginings
- the different reactions to Jane’s terror by the servants Bessie and Abbot.

Daylight began to forsake the red-room; it was past four o’clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear<sup>1</sup> twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank. My habitual mood of humiliation, self-doubt, forlorn depression, fell damp on the embers of my decaying ire<sup>2</sup>. All said I was wicked, and perhaps I might be so: what thought had I been but just conceiving of starving myself to death? That certainly was a crime: and was I fit to die? Or was the vault<sup>3</sup> under the chancel of Gateshead Church an inviting bourne<sup>4</sup>? In such vault I had been told did Mr Reed lie buried; and led by this thought to recall his idea, I dwelt on it with gathering dread. I could not remember him, but I knew that he was my own uncle – my mother’s brother – that he had taken me when a parentless infant to his house; and that in his last moments he had required a promise of Mrs Reed that she would rear and maintain me as one of her own children. Mrs Reed probably considered she had kept this promise; and so she had, I dare say, as well as her nature would permit her: but how could she really like an interloper, unconnected with her, after her husband’s death, by any tie? It must have been most irksome to find herself bound by a hard-wrung pledge to stand in the stead of a parent to a strange child she could not love, and to see an uncongenial alien permanently intruded on her own family group.

A singular notion dawned upon me. I doubted not – never doubted – that if Mr Reed had been alive he would have treated me kindly; and now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadowed walls – occasionally also turning a fascinated eye towards the dimly gleaming mirror – I began to recall what I had heard of dead men, troubled in their graves by the violation of their last wishes, revisiting the earth to punish the perjured<sup>5</sup> and avenge the oppressed; and I thought Mr Reed’s spirit, harassed by the wrongs of his sister’s child, might quit its abode – whether in the church vault or in the unknown world of the departed – and rise before me in this chamber. I wiped my tears and hushed my sobs, fearful lest any sign of violent grief might waken a preternatural<sup>6</sup> voice to comfort me, or elicit from the gloom some haloed face, bending over me with strange pity. This idea, consolatory<sup>7</sup> in theory, I felt would be terrible if realised: with all my might I endeavoured to stifle it – I endeavoured to be firm. Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the dark room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray from the moon penetrating some aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred; while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head. I can now conjecture<sup>8</sup> readily that this streak of light was, in

all likelihood, a gleam from a lantern carried by some one across the lawn; but then, prepared as my mind was for horror, shaken as my nerves were by agitation, I thought the swift-darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated: endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort. Steps came running along the outer passage; the key turned, Bessie and Abbot entered.

‘Miss Eyre, are you ill?’ said Bessie.

‘What a dreadful noise! It went quite through me!’ exclaimed Abbot.

‘Take me out! Let me go into the nursery!’ was my cry.

‘What for? Are you hurt? Have you seen something?’ again demanded Bessie.

‘Oh! I saw a light, and I thought a ghost would come.’ I had now got hold of Bessie’s hand, and she did not snatch it from me.

‘She has screamed out on purpose,’ declared Abbot, in some disgust. ‘And what a scream! If she had been in great pain one would have excused it, but she only wanted to bring us all here; I know her naughty tricks.’

<sup>1</sup> *drear*: gloomy

<sup>2</sup> *ire*: anger

<sup>3</sup> *vault*: underground tomb

<sup>4</sup> *bourne*: destination

<sup>5</sup> *the perjured*: people who break promises

<sup>6</sup> *preternatural*: supernatural, extraordinary

<sup>7</sup> *consolatory*: bringing comfort and help

<sup>8</sup> *conjecture*: guess

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