



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/51**

Paper 5

**May/June 2014**

**45 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 **one** question.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

Answer **one** question on any text.

**JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey***

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

They met by appointment; and as Isabella had arrived nearly five minutes before her friend, her first address naturally was – ‘My dearest creature, what can have made you so late? I have been waiting for you at least this age!’

‘Have you, indeed! – I am very sorry for it; but really I thought I was in very good time. It is but just one. I hope you have not been here long?’

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‘Oh! these ten ages at least. I am sure I have been here this half hour. But now, let us go and sit down at the other end of the room, and enjoy ourselves. I have an hundred things to say to you. In the first place, I was so afraid it would rain this morning, just as I wanted to set off; it looked very showery, and that would have thrown me into agonies! Do you know, I saw the prettiest hat you can imagine, in a shop window in Milsom Street just now – very like yours, only with coquelicot ribbons instead of green; I quite longed for it. But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? – Have you gone on with Udolpho?’

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‘Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil.’

‘Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are not you wild to know?’

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‘Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? – But do not tell me – I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is Laurentina’s skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it. I assure you, if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world.’

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‘Dear creature! How much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished Udolpho, we will read *The Italian* together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you.’

‘Have you, indeed! How glad I am! – What are they all?’

‘I will read you their names directly; here they are, in my pocket-book. *Castle of Wolfenbach*, *Clermont*, *Mysterious Warnings*, *Necromancer of the Black Forest*, *Midnight Bell*, *Orphan of the Rhine*, and *Horrid Mysteries*. Those will last us some time.’

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‘Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid, are you sure they are all horrid?’

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‘Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them. I wish you knew Miss Andrews, you would be delighted with her. She is netting herself the sweetest cloak you can conceive. I think her as beautiful as an angel, and I am so vexed with the men for not admiring her! – I scold them all amazingly about it.’

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‘Scold them! Do you scold them for not admiring her?’

‘Yes, that I do. There is nothing I would not do for those who are really my friends. I have no notion of loving people by halves, it is not my nature. My attachments are always excessively strong. I told Capt. Hunt at one of our assemblies this winter, that if he was to tease me all night, I would not dance with him, unless he would allow Miss Andrews to be as beautiful as an angel. The men think us incapable of real friendship you know, and I am determined to show them the difference. Now, if I were to

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hear anybody speak slightly of you, I should fire up in a moment: – but that is not at all likely, for *you* are just the kind of girl to be a great favourite with the men.' 50

'Oh! dear,' cried Catherine, colouring, 'how can you say so?'

'I know you very well; you have so much animation, which is exactly what Miss Andrews wants, for I must confess there is something amazingly insipid about her.' 55

[From Chapter 6]

How does Austen's writing make this moment so entertaining?

- Or**     **2**     Explore **two** moments in the novel where Austen makes one character's misunderstanding of another amusing for you.
- Or**     **3**     You are Henry Tilney. You have just found out that your father has sent Catherine away from Northanger Abbey.

Write your thoughts.

**CAROL ANN DUFFY: *Selected Poems***

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

*Miles Away*

I want you and you are not here. I pause

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into memory. The stars are filming us for no one.

How does Duffy's writing create a vivid impression of missing a loved one in this poem?

**Or 5** How does Duffy create very different impressions of teachers in *Head of English* and *The Good Teachers*?

**Or 6** In what ways does Duffy reveal the more unpleasant side of human nature in *Stealing*?

**HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege***

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

Anna has always loved the first snowfall of winter. She knows as soon as dawn comes that it'll be today.

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The Russian winter defeated Napoleon, people say to one another. Perhaps it will defeat Hitler, too.

*[From Chapter 17]*

How does Dunmore's writing vividly convey Anna's feelings about the first snowfall here?

**Or 8** To what extent does Dunmore make you sympathise with Mikhail? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or 9** You are Andrei after your first meeting with Anna.

Write your thoughts.

from JO PHILLIPS ed.: *Poems Deep & Dangerous*

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

*Laundrette*

We sit nebulous in steam.  
It calms the air and makes the windows stream  
rippling the hinterland's big houses to a blur  
of bedsits – not a patch on what they were before.

We stuff the tub, jam money in the slot,  
sit back on rickie chairs not  
reading. The paperbacks in our pockets curl.  
Our eyes are riveted. Our own colours whirl.

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We pour in smithereens of soap. The machine sobs  
through its cycle. The rhythm throbs  
and changes. Suds drool and slobber in the churn.  
Our duds don't know which way to turn.

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The dark shoves one man in,  
lugging a bundle like a wandering Jew. Linen  
washed in public here.  
We let out of the bag who we are.

15

This young wife has a fine stack of sheets, each pair  
a present. She admires their clean cut air  
of colourschemes and being chosen. Are the dyes fast?  
This christening lather will be the first test.

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This woman is deadpan before the rinse and sluice  
of the family in a bagwash. Let them stew in their juice  
to a final fankle, twisted, wrung out into rope,  
hard to unravel. She sees a kaleidoscope

For her to narrow her eyes and blow smoke at, his overalls  
and pants ballooning, tangling with her smalls  
and the teeshirts skinned from her wriggling son.  
She has a weather eye for what might shrink or run.

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This dour man does for himself. Before him,  
half lost, his small possessions swim.  
Cast off, random  
they nose and nudge the porthole glass like flotsam.

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(by Liz Lochhead)

In what striking ways does Lochhead bring to life the laundrette and the people in it?

- Or**     **11** Explore the ways in which Rossetti memorably conveys feelings of regret in *Sonnet: I wish I could remember that first day*.
- Or**     **12** How do the poets make vivid use of imagery in **either** *Football after School* (by Patricia McCarthy) **or** *Shall I Compare Thee . . . ?* (by William Shakespeare)?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

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

|                  |  |    |
|------------------|--|----|
| <i>Helena:</i>   | O, teach me how you look, and with what art<br>You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!  |    |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.   |    |
| <i>Helena:</i>   | O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!   |    |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | I give him curses, yet he gives me love.   | 5  |
| <i>Helena:</i>   | O that my prayers could such affection move!   |    |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | The more I hate, the more he follows me.   |    |
| <i>Helena:</i>   | The more I love, the more he hateth me.  |    |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.  |    |
| <i>Helena:</i>   | None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!   | 10 |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;<br>Lysander and myself will fly this place.<br>Before the time I did Lysander see,<br>Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me.<br>O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,<br>That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!   | 15 |
| <i>Lysander:</i> | Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:<br>To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold<br>Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,<br>Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,<br>A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,<br>Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.   | 20 |
| <i>Hermia:</i>   | And in the wood where often you and I<br>Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,<br>Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,<br>There my Lysander and myself shall meet;<br>And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,<br>To seek new friends and stranger companies.<br>Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,<br>And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!<br>Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight<br>From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight. | 25 |
| <i>Lysander:</i> | I will, my Hermia.   |    |
|                  | <i>[Exit Hermia.</i>   |    |
|                  | Helena adieu;<br>As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!   | 35 |
|                  | <i>[Exit Lysander.</i>   |    |
| <i>Helena:</i>   | How happy some o'er other some can be!<br>Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.<br>But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;<br>He will not know what all but he do know.<br>And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,<br>So I, admiring of his qualities.<br>Things base and vile, holding no quantity,<br>Love can transpose to form and dignity.<br>Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;<br>And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.            | 40 |
|                  |  | 45 |



Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
 Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste; 50  
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
 So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;  
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne, 55  
 He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
 So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
 Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence 60  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his sight thither and back again.

[Exit.

[From Act 1 Scene 1]

In what ways does Shakespeare dramatically convey the thoughts and feelings of the characters at this moment in the play?

- Or 14** How does Shakespeare strikingly portray Oberon's feelings towards Titania? Support your ideas with details from the play.
- Or 15** You are Bottom. Your play 'Pyramus and Thisbe' has just finished.

Write your thoughts.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde***

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

‘Well, it was this way,’ returned Mr Enfield: ‘I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl’s own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child’s family, which was only natural. But the doctor’s case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. ‘If you choose to make capital out of this accident,’ said he, ‘I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,’ says he. ‘Name your figure.’ Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child’s family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts’s, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can’t mention, though it’s one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with

another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.'

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[From Chapter 1, 'Story Of The Door']

How does Stevenson's writing make this such a striking moment in the novel?

- Or**     **17** In what ways does Stevenson make Dr Lanyon's relationship with Dr Jekyll such a memorable part of the novel?
- Or**     **18** You are Mr Utterson. You have just dined with Dr Jekyll. He has made you promise to help Mr Hyde in the event of his death.

Write your thoughts.

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***

**Either 19** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Big Mama:* This is the biggest birthday Big Daddy's ever had, a hundred presents and bushels of telegrams from –

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*Brick:* That's what they told me, too.

[From Act 2]

In what ways does Williams vividly convey the tension at this moment in the play?

**Or 20** How far do you think Williams makes it possible to like Maggie? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or 21** You are Big Daddy, just before your birthday party begins.

Write your thoughts.

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