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International General Certificate of Secondary Education
CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

LITERATURE 0486/3

PAPER 3 Alternative to Coursework

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2002

1 hour

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 1 hour

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number on the answer paper/answer booklet.
Answer the question.
Write your answer on the separate answer paper provided.
If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

This question paper consists of 2 printed pages.

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Read the following poem by Theodore Roethke in which he describes how he once rescued and tried to protect a baby mouse.

Describe what feelings the poet experiences during this brief incident. How do his words help us to share those feelings?

The Meadow Mouse

I

In a shoe box stuffed in an old nylon stocking
Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,
Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick
Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,
Cradled in my hand,
A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,
His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon-mouse,
His feet like small leaves,
Little lizard-feet,
Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away,
Wriggling like a minuscule puppy.

Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his
bottle-cap watering-trough –
So much he just lies in one corner,
His tail curled under him, his belly big
As his head, his bat-like ears
Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.

Do I imagine he no longer trembles
When I come close to him?
He seems no longer to tremble.

II

But this morning the shoe-box on the back porch is empty.
Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,
My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm? –
To run under the hawk's wing,
Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm-tree,
To live by courtesy of the shrike, the snake, the tom-cat.

I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,
The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,
The paralytic stunned in the tub, and the water rising, –
All things innocent, hapless, forsaken.

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