



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/33**

Paper 3 Unseen

**October/November 2012**

**1 hour 15 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 **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.

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



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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page. The poet speculates about the calling of whales and the ways in which their history differs from ours.

**How does the poet's writing capture the relationship between whales and humans?**

To help you answer this question you might consider:

- how he describes the whales' calling and what it may communicate
- how the poet's language and images express the history of the whales
- how thinking about the whales encourages the poet to ask questions about the nature of humankind.

*No Jonahs*<sup>1</sup>

What do the whales say  
calling to one another  
on their extended wave-lengths?  
Why suppose that it is language?  
It is pain searching for  
an echo. It is regret  
for a world that has men  
in it. Shadows are without  
weight in water yet bleed  
their litres to the harpoon.  
They have reversed human  
history, so that land  
is the memory of whence<sup>2</sup>  
they once came. They are drawn  
to it to drown, as we are  
to the sea. Their immense  
brain cannot save them;  
can ours, launching us  
into fathomless altitudes, save us?

<sup>1</sup>In the Bible and the Qur'an Jonah was thrown overboard and saved from drowning by being swallowed by a huge fish. Among sailors a 'Jonah' is a person who brings bad luck.

<sup>2</sup>*whence*: from where

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel written at the beginning of the twentieth century. Sybylla, who is telling the story and worries about her lack of good looks, describes the advice and experiences of her aunt Helen.

**How does the writer make aunt Helen a memorable and interesting character?**

To help you answer this question you might consider:

- the way Sybylla describes her aunt, and the way aunt Helen calms her down
- the kind of advice aunt Helen gives, and the way she gives it
- how aunt Helen's advice is influenced by her experiences.

“Dear me, Sybylla, not in bed yet, and tears, great big tears! Tell me what is the cause of them.”

It was aunt Helen's voice; she had entered and lit the lamp.

There was something beautifully sincere and real about aunt Helen. She never fussed over any one or pretended to sympathize just to make out how nice she was. She was real, and you felt that no matter what wild or awful rubbish you talked to her it would never be retailed for any one's amusement – and, better than all, she never lectured.

She sat down beside me, and I impulsively threw my arms around her neck and sobbed forth my troubles in a string. How there was no good in the world, no use for me there, no one loved me or ever could on account of my hideousness.

She heard me to the end and then said quietly, “When you are fit to listen I will talk to you.”

I controlled myself instantly and waited expectantly. What would she say? Surely not that tame old yarn anent<sup>1</sup> this world being merely a place of probation, wherein we were allowed time to fit ourselves for a beautiful world to come. That old tune may be all very well for old codgers<sup>2</sup> tottering on the brink of the grave, but to young persons with youth and romance and good health surging through their veins, it is most boresome. I need not have feared aunt Helen holding forth in that strain. She always said something brave and comforting which made me ashamed of myself and my selfish conceited egotism.

“I understand you, Sybylla,” she said slowly and distinctly, “but you must not be a coward. There is any amount of love and good in the world, but you must search for it. Being misunderstood is one of the trials we all must bear. I think that even the most common-minded person in the land has inner thoughts and feelings which no one can share with him, and the higher one's organization is the more one must suffer in that respect. I am acquainted with a great number of young girls, some of them good and true, but you have a character containing more than any three of them put together. With this power, if properly managed, you can gain the almost universal love of your fellows. But you are wild and wayward, you must curb and strain your spirit and bring it into subjection, else<sup>3</sup> you will be worse than a person with the emptiest of characters. You will find that plain looks will not prevent you from gaining the *friendship* love of your fellows – the only real love there is. As for the hot fleeting passion of the man for the maid, which is wrongly designated love, I will not tell you not to think of it, knowing that it is human nature to demand it when arriving at a certain age; but take this comfort: it as frequently passes by on the other side of those with well-chiselled features as those with faces of plainer mould.”

She turned her face away, sighed, and forgetful of my presence lapsed into silence. I knew she was thinking of herself.

Love, not *friendship* love, for anyone knowing her must give her love and respect, but the other sort of love had passed her by.

Twelve years before I went to Caddagat, when Helen Bossier had been eighteen and one of the most beautiful and lovable girls in Australia, there had come to Caddagat on a visit a dashing colonel of the name of Bell, in the enjoyment of a most extended furlough<sup>4</sup> for the benefit of his health. He married aunt Helen and took her to some part of America where his regiment was stationed. I have heard them say she worshipped Colonel Bell but in less than a twelvemonth he tired of his lovely bride, and becoming enamoured of another woman, he tried to obtain a divorce. On account of his wife's spotless character he was unable to do this; he therefore deserted her and openly lived with the other woman as his mistress. This forced aunt Helen to return to Caddagat, and her mother had induced her to sue for a judicial separation, which was easily obtained.

When a woman is separated from her husband it is the religion of the world at large to cast the whole blame on the wife. By reason of her youth and purity Mrs Bell had not as much to suffer in this way as some others. But, comparatively speaking, her life was wrecked. She had been humiliated and outraged in the cruellest way by the man who she loved and trusted. He had turned her adrift, neither a wife, widow, not maid, and here she was, one of the most estimably lovable and noble women I have ever met.

<sup>1</sup>*anent*: concerning

<sup>2</sup>*codgers*: old people (slang)

<sup>3</sup>*else*: otherwise

<sup>4</sup>*furlough*: leave of absence

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