



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/03**

Paper 3 Unseen

**May/June 2007**

**1 hour 20 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 20 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

\* 0 8 6 8 7 5 3 7 4 9 \*

This document consists of **4** printed pages and **4** blank pages.





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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read the following poem carefully. In it the poet imagines the thoughts of a woman in wartime who has picked up an abandoned child and is taking it with her on her walk to safety.

**What are your feelings about the woman and her outlook on life, and how does the poem make you feel this way?**

To help you answer, you might explore:

- the way the poet shows the woman's feelings about the child and her action in attempting to save the child
- how the poet shows the woman's thoughts and feelings about the future
- the impact the poem as a whole has on you.

*Road 1940*

Who do I carry, she said,  
This child that is no child of mine?  
Through the heat of the day it did nothing but fidget and whine,  
Now it snuffles under the dew and the cold star-shine,  
And lies across my heart heavy as lead,  
Heavy as the dead.

Why did I lift it, she said,  
Out of its cradle in the wheel-tracks?  
On the dusty road burdens have melted like wax,  
Soldiers have thrown down their rifles, misers slipped their packs:  
Yes, and the woman who left it there has sped  
With a lighter tread.

Though I should save it, she said,  
What have I saved for the world's use?  
If it grow to hero it will die or let loose  
Death, or to hireling<sup>1</sup>, nature already is too profuse<sup>2</sup>  
Of such, who hope and are disinherited,  
Plough and are not fed.

But since I've carried it, she said,  
So far I might as well carry it still.  
If we ever should come to kindness someone will  
Pity me perhaps as the mother of a child so ill,  
Grant me even to lie down on a bed;  
Give me at least bread.

<sup>1</sup>*hireling*: a hired worker

<sup>2</sup>*already is too profuse*: has already created too many

OR

2 Read carefully this passage from a novel set in the nineteenth century.

It tells of a conversation between Catherine and her father. Catherine will inherit a lot of money. She wants to marry a young man called Mr Townsend. Her father opposes this marriage because he thinks that Mr Townsend is just interested in Catherine for her money. Catherine waits until late in the evening to try to persuade her father to give the relationship another chance.

**Show what your feelings are towards Catherine and towards her father as you read through this extract. Refer closely to the text to explain why you feel as you do.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- Catherine's actions and feelings, and her father's actions and feelings
- what they say to each other and how they say it
- what this makes you feel towards the two characters and about the way they interact with each other.

At last the clock struck eleven, and the house was wrapped in silence; the servants had gone to bed. Catherine got up and went slowly to the door of the library, where she waited a moment, motionless. Then she knocked, and then she waited again. Her father had answered her, but she had not the courage to turn the latch. She heard him move within, and he came and opened the door for her.

“What is the matter?” asked the doctor. “You are standing there like a ghost!”

She went into the room, but it was some time before she contrived to say what she had come to say. Her father, who was in his dressing gown and slippers, had been busy at his writing table, and after looking at her for some moments and waiting for her to speak, he went and seated himself at his papers again. His back was turned to her – she began to hear the scratching of his pen. She remained near the door, with her heart thumping beneath her bodice; and she was very glad that his back was turned, for it seemed to her that she could more easily address herself to this portion of his person than his face. At last she began, watching it while she spoke.

“You told me that if I should have anything more to say about Mr Townsend you would be glad to listen to it.”

“Exactly, my dear,” said the doctor, not turning round, but stopping his pen.

Catherine wished it would go on, but she herself continued: “I thought I would tell you that I have not seen him again, but that I should like to do so.”

“To bid him goodbye?” asked the doctor.

The girl hesitated a moment. “He is not going away.”

The doctor wheeled slowly round in his chair, with a smile that seemed to accuse her of an epigram<sup>1</sup> though Catherine had not intended one. “It is not to bid him goodbye, then?” her father said.

“No, Father, not that; at least not forever. I have not seen him again, but I should like to see him,” Catherine repeated.

The doctor slowly rubbed his underlip with the feather of his quill.

“Have you written to him?”

“Yes, four times.”

“You have not dismissed him, then. Once would have done that.”

“No,” said Catherine, “I have asked him – asked him to wait.”

Her father sat looking at her, and she was afraid he was going to break out into wrath, his eyes were so fine and cold.

“You are a dear, faithful child,” he said, at last. “Come here to your father.” And he got up, holding out his hands toward her.

The words were a surprise, and they gave her an exquisite joy. She went to him, and he put his arm round her tenderly, soothingly; and then he kissed her. After this he said, “Do you wish to make me very happy?”

“I should like to – but I am afraid I can’t,” Catherine answered.

“You can if you will. It all depends on your will.”

“Is it to give him up?” said Catherine.

“Yes, it is to give him up.”

And he held her still, with the same tenderness, looking into her face and resting his eyes on her averted eyes. There was a long silence; she wished he would release her.

“You are happier than I am, Father,” she said, at last.

“I have no doubt you are unhappy just now. But it is better to be unhappy for three months and get over it, than for many years and never get over it.”

“Yes, if that were so,” said Catherine.

“It would be so; I am sure of that.” She answered nothing, and he went on: “Have you no faith in my wisdom, in my tenderness, in my concern for your future?”

“Oh, Father!” murmured the girl.

“Don’t you suppose that I know something of men – their vices, their follies, their falseness?”

She detached herself, and turned upon him. “He is not vicious – he is not false!”

Her father kept looking at her with his sharp, pure eye. “You make nothing of my judgement, then?”

“I can’t believe that!”

“I don’t ask you to believe it, but to take it on trust.”

The doctor continued quietly: “Of course; you can wait till I die, if you like.”

Catherine gave a cry of natural horror.

“Your engagement will have one delightful effect upon you; it will make you extremely impatient for that event.”

Catherine stood staring, and the doctor enjoyed the point he had made.

<sup>1</sup>epigram: a short, witty statement





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