



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/32

Paper 3 Unseen

October/November 2010

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 about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

* 2 1 7 8 4 2 1 4 8 0 *

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



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

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the poem opposite. It is about the poet's young son and his slowness in learning to read.

How does the poet use language to communicate her son's response to reading and how does she convey her own feelings about this to you?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the way she contrasts what he can do and his reaction to the book, in the first stanza (lines 1–12)
- the way she describes his response to words in the second stanza (lines 13–26)
- how she describes him when he is released from the reading session.

Slow reader

He can make sculptures
And fabulous machines
Invent games, tell jokes
Give solemn, adult advice
But he is slow to read.
When I take him on my knee
With his Ladybird book¹
He gazes into the air
Sighing and shaking his head
Like an old man
Who knows the mountains
Are impassable.

He toys with words
Letting them grow cold
As gristly² meat
Until I relent
And let him wriggle free –
A fish returning
To its element
Or a white-eyed colt³
Shying from the bit⁴
As if he sees
That if he takes it
In his mouth
He'll never run
Quite free again.

¹ *Ladybird book*: a book to help children learn to read

² *gristly*: tough, chewy

³ *colt*: young male horse

⁴ *bit*: a piece of metal put in a horse's mouth to control it

OR

- 2 The narrator in this story is a solicitor who is attending the funeral of his client, Mrs Drablow, there with Mr Jerome, who also knew Mrs Drablow. The narrator is concerned about a sick-looking young woman he saw in the graveyard.

How does the writer build up an atmosphere of horror and fear in this passage?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the children
- the way the narrator describes the young woman to Mr Jerome, and the way Mr Jerome reacts
- the way the narrator continues to tell his story after the reappearance of the woman in the churchyard.

Then, glancing back on the other side of the church, something else caught my eye. Lined up along the iron railings that surrounded the small asphalt¹ yard of the school were twenty or so children, one to a gap. They presented a row of pale, solemn faces with great, round eyes, that had watched who knew how much of the mournful proceedings, and their little hands held the railings tight, and they were all of them quite silent, quite motionless. It was an oddly grave and touching sight, they looked so unlike children generally do, animated and carefree. I caught the eye of one and smiled at him gently. He did not smile back.

I saw that Mr Jerome waited for me politely in the lane, and I went quickly out after him.

'Tell me, that other woman ...' I said as I reached his side, 'I hope she can find her own way home ... she looked so dreadfully unwell. Who was she?'

He frowned.

'The young woman with the wasted face,' I urged, 'at the back of the church and then in the graveyard a few yards away from us.'

Mr Jerome stopped dead. He was staring at me.

'A young woman?'

'Yes, yes, with the skin stretched over her bones, I could scarcely bear to look at her ... she was tall, she wore a bonnet type of hat ... I suppose to try and conceal as much as she could of her face, poor thing.'

For a few seconds, in that quiet, empty lane, in the sunshine, there was such a silence as must have fallen again now inside the church, a silence so deep that I heard the pulsation of the blood in the channels of my own ears. Mr Jerome looked frozen, pale, his throat moving as if he were unable to utter.

'Is there anything the matter?' I asked him quickly. 'You look unwell.'

At last he managed to shake his head – I almost would say, that he shook himself, as though making an extreme effort to pull himself together after suffering a momentous shock, though the colour did not return to his face and the corners of his lips seemed tinged with blue.

At last he said in a low voice, 'I did not see a young woman.'

'But, surely ...' And I looked over my shoulder, back to the churchyard, and there she was again, I caught a glimpse of her black dress and the outline of her bonnet. So she had not left after all, only concealed herself behind one of the bushes or headstones², or else in the shadows of the church, waiting until we should have left, so that she could do what she was doing now, stand at the very edge of the grave in which the body of Mrs Drablow had just been laid to rest, looking down. I wondered again what connection she would have had with her, what odd story might lie behind her surreptitious³ visit, and what extremes of sad feeling she was now suffering,

alone there. 'Look,' I said, and pointed, 'there she is again ... ought we not to ...' I stopped as Mr Jerome grabbed my wrist and held it in an agonizingly tight grip, and, looking at his face, was certain that he was about to faint, or collapse with some kind of seizure. I began looking wildly about me, in the deserted lane, wondering whatever I might do, where I could go, or call out, for help. The undertakers had left. Behind me were only a school of little children, and a mortally sick young woman under great emotional and physical strain, beside me was a man in a state of near-collapse. The only person I could conceivably reach was the clergyman, somewhere in the recesses of his church, and, if I were to go for him, I would have to leave Mr Jerome alone.

'Mr Jerome, can you take my arm ... I would be obliged if you would loosen your grip a little ... if you can just walk a few steps, back to the church ... path ... I saw a bench there, a little way inside the gate, you can rest and recover while I go for help ... a car ...'

'No!' He almost shrieked.

'But, my dear man!'

'No. I apologise ...' He began to take deep breaths and a little colour returned by degrees to his face. 'I am so sorry. It was nothing ... a passing faintness ... It will be best if you would just walk back with me towards my offices in Penn Street, off the square.'

He seemed agitated now, anxious to get away from the church and its environs⁴.

¹ *asphalt*: hard surface

² *headstones*: gravestones

³ *surreptitious*: done in secret

⁴ *environs*: surrounding area

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Question 2 © Susan Hill; *The Woman in Black*; Vintage; 1998.

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