



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education



LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/51

Paper 5

October/November 2011

45 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 **one** question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **14** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Answer **one** question on **any** text.

MAYA ANGELOU: *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*

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

On an afternoon a few weeks before Momma revealed her plan to take us West, Bailey came into the Store shaking. His little face was no longer black but a dirty, colorless gray. As was our habit upon entering the Store, he walked behind the candy counter and leaned on the cash register. Uncle Willie had sent him on an errand to whitefolks' town and he wanted an explanation for Bailey's tardiness. After a brief moment our uncle could see that something was wrong, and feeling unable to cope, he called Momma from the kitchen.

'What's the matter, Bailey Junior?'

He said nothing. I knew when I saw him that it would be useless to ask anything while he was in that state. It meant that he had seen or heard of something so ugly or frightening that he was paralyzed as a result. He explained when we were smaller that when things were very bad his soul just crawled behind his heart and curled up and went to sleep. When it awoke, the fearful thing had gone away. Ever since we read *The Fall of the House of Usher*, we had made a pact that neither of us would allow the other to be buried without making 'absolutely, positively sure' (his favorite phrase) that the person was dead. I also had to swear that when his soul was sleeping I would never try to wake it, for the shock might make it go to sleep forever. So I let him be, and after a while Momma had to let him alone too.

I waited on customers, and walked around him or leaned over him and, as I suspected, he didn't respond. When the spell wore off he asked Uncle Willie what colored people had done to white people in the first place. Uncle Willie, who never was one for explaining things because he took after Momma, said little except that 'colored people hadn't even bothered a hair on whitefolks' heads.' Momma added that some people said that whitefolks had come over to Africa (she made it sound like a hidden valley on the moon) and stole the colored people and made them slaves, but nobody really believed it was true. No way to explain what happened 'blows and scores' ago, but right now they had the upper hand. Their time wasn't long, though. Didn't Moses lead the children of Israel out of the bloody hands of Pharaoh and into the Promised Land? Didn't the Lord protect the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and didn't my Lord deliver Daniel? We only had to wait on the Lord.

Bailey said he saw a man, a colored man, whom nobody had delivered. He was dead. (If the news hadn't been so important, we would have been visited with one of Momma's outbursts and prayers. Bailey was nearly blaspheming.) He said, 'The man was dead and rotten. Not stinking but rotten.'

Momma ordered, 'Ju, watch your tongue.'

Uncle Willie asked, 'Who, who was it?'

Bailey was just tall enough to clear his face over the cash register. He said, 'When I passed the calaboose, some men had just fished him out of the pond. He was wrapped in a sheet, all rolled up like a mummy, then a white man walked over and pulled the sheet off. The man was on his back but the white man stuck his foot under the sheet and rolled him over on the stomach.'

He turned to me. 'My, he had no color at all. He was bloated like a ball.' (We had had a running argument for months. Bailey said there was no such thing as colorlessness, and I argued that if there was color there also had to be an opposite and now he was admitting that it was possible. But I didn't feel good about my win.) 'The colored men backed off and I did too, but the white man stood there, looking down, and grinned. Uncle Willie, why do they hate us so much?'

How does Angelou in this passage vividly reveal to you Bailey's growing awareness of the racism that surrounds him?

- Or** **2** Explore **two** moments from *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* which Angelou's writing makes particularly amusing for you.
- Or** **3** You are Maya's mother, Vivian. You have just found out that Maya is pregnant.

Write your thoughts.

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

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

<i>Ken:</i>	My Lord, I am not asking anyone to kill me. I am only asking to be discharged from this hospital.	
<i>Judge:</i>	It comes to the same thing.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Then that proves my point; not just the fact that I will spend the rest of my life in hospital, but that whilst I am here, everything is geared just to keeping my brain active, with no real possibility of it ever being able to direct anything. As far as I can see, that is an act of deliberate cruelty.	5
<i>Judge:</i>	Surely, it would be more cruel if society let people die, when it could, with some effort, keep them alive.	10
<i>Ken:</i>	No, not <i>more</i> cruel, <i>just</i> as cruel.	
<i>Judge:</i>	Then why should the hospital let you die – if it is just as cruel?	
<i>Ken:</i>	The cruelty doesn't reside in saving someone or allowing them to die. It resides in the fact that the choice is removed from the man concerned.	15
<i>Judge:</i>	But a man who is very desperately depressed is not capable of making a reasonable choice.	
<i>Ken:</i>	As you said, my Lord, that is the question to be decided.	20
<i>Judge:</i>	Alright. You tell me why it is a reasonable choice that you decided to die.	
<i>Ken:</i>	It is a question of dignity. Look at me here. I can do nothing, not even the basic primitive functions. I cannot even urinate, I have a permanent catheter attached to me. Every few days my bowels are washed out. Every few hours two nurses have to turn me over or I would rot away from bedsores. Only my brain functions unimpaired but even that is futile because I can't act on any conclusions it comes to. This hearing proves that. Will you please listen.	25
<i>Judge:</i>	I am listening.	
<i>Ken:</i>	I choose to acknowledge the fact that I am in fact dead and I find the hospital's persistent effort to maintain this shadow of life an indignity and it's inhumane.	30
<i>Judge:</i>	But wouldn't you agree that many people with appalling physical handicaps have overcome them and lived essentially creative, dignified lives?	35
<i>Ken:</i>	Yes, I would, but the dignity starts with their choice. If I choose to live, it would be appalling if society killed me. If I choose to die, it is equally appalling if society keeps me alive.	40
<i>Judge:</i>	I cannot accept that it is undignified for society to devote resources to keeping someone alive. Surely it enhances that society.	45
<i>Ken:</i>	It is not undignified if the man wants to stay alive, but I must restate that the dignity starts with his choice. Without it, it is degrading because technology has taken over from human will. My Lord, if I cannot be a man, I do not wish to be a medical achievement. I'm fine ... I am fine.	50
<i>Judge:</i>	We alright. I have no more questions.	

5

How does Clark make this conversation between Ken and the Judge such a powerful and significant moment in the play?

Or **5** How, in your opinion, does Clark make the tension between Dr Scott and Emerson such a dramatic part of the play?

Or **6** You are John. You have just brought in Sister's chair for the Judge before Ken's hearing.

Write your thoughts.

SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist*

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

An Advancement of Learning

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Explore the atmosphere Heaney creates in this poem. Support your ideas by close reference to the poem.

- Or 8** Explore what you find particularly striking about Heaney's descriptions in either *Turkeys Observed* **or** *Blackberry-Picking*.
- Or 9** Explore the ways in which Heaney makes **one** of the following poems powerful for you:

For the Commander of the Eliza
At a Potato Digging
Death of a Naturalist

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

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

She suddenly twisted herself over in the bed, seized a shoe from the floor, and sent it hurtling into the corner with a boyish jerk of her arm, exactly as he had seen her fling the dictionary at Goldstein, that morning during the Two Minutes Hate.

‘What was it?’ he said in surprise.

5

‘A rat. I saw him stick his beastly nose out of the wainscoting. There’s a hole down there. I gave him a good fright, anyway.’

‘Rats!’ murmured Winston. ‘In this room!’

‘They’re all over the place,’ said Julia indifferently as she lay down again. ‘We’ve even got them in the kitchen at the hostel. Some parts of London are swarming with them. Did you know they attack children? Yes, they do. In some of these streets a woman daren’t leave a baby alone for two minutes. It’s the great huge brown ones that do it. And the nasty thing is that the brutes always – –’

10

‘*Don’t go on!*’ said Winston, with his eyes tightly shut.

15

‘Dearest! You’ve gone quite pale. What’s the matter? Do they make you feel sick?’

‘Of all horrors in the world – a rat!’

She pressed herself against him and wound her limbs round him, as though to reassure him with the warmth of her body. He did not reopen his eyes immediately. For several moments he had had the feeling of being back in a nightmare which had recurred from time to time throughout his life. It was always very much the same. He was standing in front of a wall of darkness, and on the other side of it there was something unendurable, something too dreadful to be faced. In the dream his deepest feeling was always one of self-deception, because he did in fact know what was behind the wall of darkness. With a deadly effort, like wrenching a piece out of his own brain, he could even have dragged the thing into the open. He always woke up without discovering what it was: but somehow it was connected with what Julia had been saying when he cut her short.

20

25

30

‘I’m sorry,’ he said; ‘it’s nothing. I don’t like rats, that’s all.’

‘Don’t worry, dear, we’re not going to have the filthy brutes in here. I’ll stuff the hole with a bit of sacking before we go. And next time we come here I’ll bring some plaster and bung it up properly.’

35

Already the black instant of panic was half-forgotten. Feeling slightly ashamed of himself, he sat up against the bedhead. Julia got out of bed, pulled on her overalls, and made the coffee. The smell that rose from the saucepan was so powerful and exciting that they shut the window lest anybody outside should notice it and become inquisitive. What was even better than the taste of the coffee was the silky texture given to it by the sugar, a thing Winston had almost forgotten after years of saccharine. With one hand in her pocket and a piece of bread and jam in the other, Julia wandered about the room, glancing indifferently at the bookcase, pointing out the best way of repairing the gateleg table, plumping herself down in the ragged arm-chair to see if it was comfortable, and examining the absurd twelve-hour clock with a sort of tolerant amusement. She brought the glass paperweight over to the bed to have a look at it in a better light. He took it out of her hand, fascinated, as always, by the soft, rain-watery appearance of the glass.

40

45

50

‘What is it, do you think?’ said Julia.

'I don't think it's anything – I mean, I don't think it was ever put to any use. That's what I like about it. It's a little chunk of history that they've forgotten to alter. It's a message from a hundred years ago, if one knew how to read it.'

'And that picture over there' – she nodded at the engraving on the opposite wall – 'would that be a hundred years old?'

'More. Two hundred, I dare say. One can't tell. It's impossible to discover the age of anything nowadays.'

60

She went over to look at it. 'Here's where that brute stuck his nose out,' she said, kicking the wainscoting immediately below the picture. 'What is this place? I've seen it before somewhere.'

'It's a church, or at least it used to be. St Clement Danes its name was.' The fragment of rhyme that Mr Charrington had taught him came back into his head, and he added half-nostalgically: "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St Clement's!"

65

To his astonishment she capped the line:

'You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St Martin's,
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey – –'

70

'I can't remember how it goes on after that. But anyway I remember it ends up, "Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"'

How does Orwell make this such a frightening moment in the novel?

Or 11 'Winston definitely has a chance of escaping from Party control.'

How far do you agree with this statement? Support your ideas by close reference to Orwell's writing.

Or 12 You are O'Brien. You have just finished interrogating Winston in Room 101.

Write your thoughts.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*

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

Odd, odd, *odd*, was Lenina's verdict on Bernard Marx. So odd, indeed, that in the course of the succeeding weeks she had wondered more than once whether she shouldn't change her mind about the New Mexico holiday, and go instead to the North Pole with Benito Hoover. The trouble was that she knew the North Pole, had been there with George Edzel only last summer, and, what was more, found it pretty grim. Nothing to do, and the hotel too hopelessly old-fashioned – no television laid on in the bedrooms, no scent organ, only the most putrid synthetic music, and not more than twenty-five Escalator-Squash Courts for over two hundred guests. No, decidedly she couldn't face the North Pole again. Added to which, she had only been to America once before. And even then, how inadequately! A cheap week-end in New York – had it been with Jean-Jacques Habibullah or Bokanovsky Jones? She couldn't remember. Anyhow, it was of absolutely no importance. The prospect of flying West again, and for a whole week, was very inviting. Moreover, for at least three days of that week they would be in the Savage Reservation. Not more than half a dozen people in the whole Centre had ever been inside a Savage Reservation. As an Alpha-Plus psychologist, Bernard was one of the few men she knew entitled to a permit. For Lenina, the opportunity was unique. And yet, so unique also was Bernard's oddness, that she had hesitated to take it, had actually thought of risking the Pole again with funny old Benito. At least Benito was normal. Whereas Bernard ...

'Alcohol in his blood-surrogate,' was Fanny's explanation of every eccentricity. But Henry, with whom, one evening when they were in bed together, Lenina had rather anxiously discussed her new lover, Henry had compared poor Bernard to a rhinoceros.

'You can't teach a rhinoceros tricks,' he had explained in his brief and vigorous style. 'Some men are almost rhinoceroses; they don't respond properly to conditioning. Poor devils! Bernard's one of them. Luckily for him, he's pretty good at his job. Otherwise the Director would never have kept him. However,' he added consolingly, 'I think he's pretty harmless.'

Pretty harmless, perhaps; but also pretty disquieting. That mania, to start with, for doing things in private. Which meant, in practice, not doing anything at all. For what was there that one *could* do in private? (Apart, of course, from going to bed: but one couldn't do that all the time.) Yes, what was there? Precious little. The first afternoon they went out together was particularly fine. Lenina had suggested a swim at the Torquay Country Club followed by dinner at the Oxford Union. But Bernard thought there would be too much of a crowd. Then what about a round of Electro-magnetic Golf at St Andrews? But again, no: Bernard considered that Electro-magnetic Golf was a waste of time.

'Then what's time for?' asked Lenina in some astonishment.

Apparently, for going walks in the Lake District; for that was what he now proposed. Land on the top of Skiddaw and walk for a couple of hours in the heather. 'Alone with you, Lenina.'

'But, Bernard, we shall be alone all night.'

Bernard blushed and looked away. 'I meant, alone for talking,' he

'Talking? But what about?' Walking and talking – that seemed a very odd way of spending an afternoon.

In the end she persuaded him, much against his will, to fly over to Amsterdam to see the Semi-Demi-Finals of the Women's Heavyweight Wrestling Championship.

'In a crowd,' he grumbled. 'As usual.' He remained obstinately gloomy the whole afternoon; wouldn't talk to Lenina's friends (of whom they met dozens in the ice-cream *soma* bar between the wrestling bouts); and in spite of his misery absolutely refused to take the half-gramme raspberry sundae which she pressed upon him. 'I'd rather be myself,' he said. 'Myself and nasty. Not somebody else, however jolly.'

60

'A gramme in time saves nine,' said Lenina, producing a bright treasure of sleep-taught wisdom.

65

Bernard pushed away the proffered glass impatiently.

'Now don't lose your temper,' she said. 'Remember, one cubic centimetre cures ten gloomy sentiments.'

'Oh, for Ford's sake, be quiet!' he shouted.

70

How does Huxley suggest here that the relationship between Lenina and Bernard will not be a successful one?

Or 14 What, for you, makes the title *Brave New World* so ironic?

Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 15 You are Linda. John has just told you that you are going with him to London.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet*

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

<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?	
<i>Romeo:</i>	With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No; I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.	
<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	That's my good son; but where hast thou been then?	
<i>Romeo:</i>	I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.	5
	I have been feasting with mine enemy; Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me That's by me wounded; both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies. I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo, My intercession likewise steads my foe.	10
<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On the fair daughter of rich Capulet. As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combin'd, save what thou must combine By holy marriage. When, and where, and how, We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow, I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us to-day.	15 20
<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here! Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? Young men's love, then, lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears; Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet. If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine, Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline. And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence, then: Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.	25 30 35
<i>Romeo:</i>	Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.	
<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	And bad'st me bury love.	40
<i>Friar Lawrence:</i>	Not in a grave To lay one in, another out to have.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	I pray thee chide me not; her I love now Doth grace for grace and love for love allow; The other did not so.	45

Friar Lawrence: O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo: O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Friar Lawrence: Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

50

How, in your view, does Shakespeare make this moment in the play both amusing and serious?

- Or** 17 How does Shakespeare make Benvolio's friendship with Romeo such an important part of the play?
- Or** 18 You are Lady Capulet after Romeo has killed Tybalt and has been exiled by the Prince.

Write your thoughts.

Songs of Ourselves (from Part 1)

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

Sonnet 19

Come, darkest night, becoming sorrow best;
 Light, leave thy light, fit for a lightsome soul;
 Darkness doth truly suit with me oppressed,
 Whom absence' power doth from mirth control:
 The very trees with hanging heads condole 5
 Sweet summer's parting, and of leaves distressed
 In dying colours make a grief-ful roll,
 So much, alas, to sorrow are they pressed.
 Thus of dead leaves her farewell carpet's made:
 Their fall, their branches, all their mournings prove, 10
 With leafless, naked bodies, whose hues fade
 From hopeful green, to wither in their love:
 If trees and leaves for absence mourners be,
 No marvel that I grieve, who like want see.

(by Lady Mary Wroth)

lightsome] carefree
 from mirth control] exercise power over happiness
 condole] commiserate with
 roll] catalogue
 like want] a similar lack

In what ways does the speaker vividly communicate her thoughts and feelings in this poem?

Or 20 Explore the effects the poets create for you by their use of striking images in *Sonnet 18* ('*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?*') (by William Shakespeare) **and** in *What Thing Is Love?* (by George Peele).

Or 21 Explore the ways in which the poet conveys a clear sense of the speaker's voice in **one** of the following poems:

They Flee From Me, That Sometime Did Me Seek (by Sir Thomas Wyatt)
Sonnet 61 ('*Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part*') (by Michael Drayton)
Come Live with me, and be my Love (by Christopher Marlowe).

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1 © Maya Angelou; *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*; Virago Press; 1984.
Question 4 © Brian Clark; *Whose Life is it Anyway?*; Amberlane Press; 1978.
Question 7 © Seamus Heaney; *Death of a Naturalist*; Faber & Faber; 1966.
Question 10 © George Orwell; *Nineteen Eighty-Four*; Penguin; 1949.
Question 13 © Aldous Huxley; *Brave New World*; Penguin; 1932.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.