



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/52**

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.

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This document consists of **15** printed pages and **1** blank page.



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:

Miss Glory had a fleeting second of feeling sorry for me. Then as she handed me the hot tureen she said, 'Don't mind, don't pay that no mind. Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words ... You know, I been working for her for twenty years.'

She held the back door open for me. 'Twenty years. I wasn't much older than you. My name used to be Hallelujah. That's what Ma named me, but my mistress give me "Glory," and it stuck. I likes it better too.'

I was in the little path that ran behind the houses when Miss Glory shouted, 'It's shorter too.'

For a few seconds it was a tossup over whether I would laugh (imagine being named Hallelujah) or cry (imagine letting some white woman rename you for her convenience). My anger saved me from either outburst. I had to quit the job, but the problem was going to be how to do it. Momma wouldn't allow me to quit for just any reason.

'She's a peach. That woman is a real peach.' Mrs. Randall's maid was talking as she took the soup from me, and I wondered what her name used to be and what she answered to now.

For a week I looked into Mrs. Cullinan's face as she called me Mary. She ignored my coming late and leaving early. Miss Glory was a little annoyed because I had begun to leave egg yolk on the dishes and wasn't putting much heart in polishing the silver. I hoped that she would complain to our boss, but she didn't.

Then Bailey solved my dilemma. He had me describe the contents of the cupboard and the particular plates she liked best. Her favorite piece was a casserole shaped like a fish and the green glass coffee cups. I kept his instructions in mind, so on the next day when Miss Glory was hanging out clothes and I had again been told to serve the old biddies on the porch, I dropped the empty serving tray. When I heard Mrs. Cullinan scream, 'Mary!' I picked up the casserole and two of the green glass cups in readiness. As she rounded the kitchen door I let them fall on the tiled floor.

I could never absolutely describe to Bailey what happened next, because each time I got to the part where she fell on the floor and screwed up her ugly face to cry, we burst out laughing. She actually wobbled around on the floor and picked up shards of the cups and cried, 'Oh, Momma. Oh, dear Gawd. It's Momma's china from Virginia. Oh, Momma, I sorry.'

Miss Glory came running in from the yard and the women from the porch crowded around. Miss Glory was almost as broken up as her mistress. 'You mean to say she broke our Virginia dishes? What we gone do?'

Mrs. Cullinan cried louder, 'That clumsy nigger. Clumsy little black nigger.'

Old speckled-face leaned down and asked, 'Who did it, Viola? Was it Mary? Who did it?'

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Everything was happening so fast I can't remember whether her action preceded her words, but I know that Mrs. Cullinan said, 'Her name's Margaret, goddamn it, her name's Margaret.' And she threw a wedge of the broken plate at me. It could have been the hysteria which put her aim off, but the flying crockery caught Miss Glory right over her ear and she started screaming.

I left the front door wide open so all the neighbors could hear.

Mrs. Cullinan was right about one thing. My name wasn't Mary.

How does Angelou vividly convey what a victorious moment this is for Maya?

- Or**     **2**     What do you find striking about Angelou's portrayal of Momma in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*?
- Or**     **3**     You are Bailey on your way back from the cinema where you have seen the movie star Kay Francis.

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>	What's your name?	
<i>Nurse:</i>	Kay.	
<i>Ken:</i>	That's nice, but don't let Sister hear you say that.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	What?	
<i>Ken:</i>	What's your second name?	5
<i>Nurse:</i>	Sadler.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Then you must answer 'Nurse Sadler' with a smile that is full of warmth, but with no hint of sex.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	I'm sorry.	
<i>Ken:</i>	I'm not. I'm glad you're called Kay. I shall call you Kay when we're alone, just you and me, having my backside caressed ...	10
<i>Nurse:</i>	I'm rubbing your heels.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Well don't spoil it. After all it doesn't matter. I can't feel anything wherever you are. Is this your first ward?	15
<i>Nurse:</i>	Yes. I'm still at P.T.S.	
<i>Ken:</i>	What's that? Primary Training School?	
<i>Nurse:</i>	Yes. I finish next week.	
<i>Ken:</i>	And you can't wait to get here full time.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	I'll be glad to finish the school.	20
<i>Ken:</i>	All students are the same.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	Were you a teacher?	
<i>Ken:</i>	Tut tut; second lesson. You mustn't use the past tense.	
<i>Nurse:</i>	What do you mean?	
<i>Ken:</i>	You said: 'Were you a teacher?' You should have said: 'Are you a teacher?' I mean, you are now part of the optimism industry. Everyone who deals with me acts as though, for the first time in the history of medical science, a ruptured spinal column will heal itself – it's just a bit of a bore waiting for it to happen.	25
<i>Nurse:</i>	I'm sorry.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Don't be. Kay, you're a breath of fresh air. [ <i>Sister comes back.</i> ]	
<i>Sister:</i>	Finished Nurse?	
<i>Ken:</i>	What do you mean? Have I finished Nurse. I haven't started her yet!	35
<i>Nurse:</i>	Yes Sister. [ <i>They roll him back and remake the bed.</i> ]	
<i>Ken:</i>	I must congratulate you Sister on your new recruit. A credit to the monstrous regiment.	40
<i>Sister:</i>	I'm glad you got on.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Well, I didn't get quite that far. Not that I didn't try Sister. But all I could get out of her was that her name was ... Nurse Sadler ... and that she's looking forward to coming here.	
<i>Sister:</i>	If she still feels like that after being five minutes with you, we'll make a nurse of her yet.	45
<i>Ken:</i>	I don't know quite how to take that Sister – lying down I suppose.	
<i>Sister:</i>	Night Sister said you slept well.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Ah, then. I fooled her ... After her last round, a mate of mine came in and smuggled me out ... We went midnight sketchboording	50

*Sister:* Oh yes ... I hope it was fun ...  
*Ken:* It was alright ... The only problem was that I was the skateboard.  
*Sister:* There, that's better. Comfortable?  
*Ken:* Sister, it's so beautifully made, I can't feel a thing.  
*Sister:* Cheerio Mr Harrison.  
[*They leave.*]  
*Nurse:* Won't he ever get better Sister?  
*Sister:* No.

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How, in your opinion, does Clark make this extract both an amusing and a serious moment in the play?

**Or**    **5**    Ken Harrison expresses his strong dislike of 'professionalism'. To what extent does Clark persuade you to agree with him? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or**    **6**    You are Ken after Dr Emerson has injected you with valium, against your will.

Write your thoughts.

**SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist***

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

*Churning Day*

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How do Heaney's words here vividly convey the activity of churning?

**Or** 8 Explore some of the ways in which Heaney uses imagery to powerful effect in *Trout and Waterfall*.

- Or 9 Explore how **two** of the following poems reveal Heaney's ability to use language in a memorable way:
- The Diviner*
  - Valediction*
  - The Barn.*

**GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four***

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

There were also memories of another kind. They stood out in his mind disconnectedly, like pictures with blackness all round them.

He was in a cell which might have been either dark or light, because he could see nothing except a pair of eyes. Near at hand some kind of instrument was ticking slowly and regularly. The eyes grew larger and more luminous. Suddenly he floated out of his seat, dived into the eyes, and was swallowed up.

He was strapped into a chair surrounded by dials, under dazzling lights. A man in a white coat was reading the dials. There was a tramp of heavy boots outside. The door clanged open. The waxen-faced officer marched in, followed by two guards.

‘Room 101,’ said the officer.

The man in the white coat did not turn round. He did not look at Winston either; he was looking only at the dials.

He was rolling down a mighty corridor, a kilometre wide, full of glorious, golden light, roaring with laughter and shouting out confessions at the top of his voice. He was confessing everything, even the things he had succeeded in holding back under the torture. He was relating the entire history of his life to an audience who knew it already. With him were the guards, the other questioners, the men in white coats, O’Brien, Julia, Mr Charrington, all rolling down the corridor together and shouting with laughter. Some dreadful thing which had lain embedded in the future had somehow been skipped over and had not happened. Everything was all right, there was no more pain, the last detail of his life was laid bare, understood, forgiven.

He was starting up from the plank bed in the half-certainty that he had heard O’Brien’s voice. All through his interrogation, although he had never seen him, he had had the feeling that O’Brien was at his elbow, just out of sight. It was O’Brien who was directing everything. It was he who set the guards on to Winston and who prevented them from killing him. It was he who decided when Winston should scream with pain, when he should have a respite, when he should be fed, when he should sleep, when the drugs should be pumped into his arm. It was he who asked the questions and suggested the answers. He was the tormentor, he was the protector, he was the inquisitor, he was the friend. And once – Winston could not remember whether it was in drugged sleep, or in normal sleep, or even in a moment of wakefulness – a voice murmured in his ear: ‘Don’t worry, Winston; you are in my keeping. For seven years I have watched over you. Now the turning-point has come. I shall save you, I shall make you perfect.’ He was not sure whether it was O’Brien’s voice; but it was the same voice that had said to him, ‘We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness,’ in that other dream, seven years ago.

He did not remember any ending to his interrogation. There was a period of blackness and then the cell, or room, in which he now was had gradually materialized round him. He was almost flat on his back, and unable to move. His body was held down at every essential point. Even the back of his head was gripped in some manner. O’Brien was looking down at him gravely and rather sadly. His face, seen from below, looked coarse and worn, with pouches under the eyes and tired lines from nose to chin. He was older than Winston had thought him; he was perhaps forty-eight or fifty. Under his hand there was a dial with a lever on top and figures running round the face.

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'I told you,' said O'Brien, 'that if we met again it would be here.'

'Yes,' said Winston.

Without any warning except a slight movement of O'Brien's hand, a wave of pain flooded his body. It was a frightening pain, because he could not see what was happening, and he had the feeling that some mortal injury was being done to him. He did not know whether the thing was really happening, or whether the effect was electrically produced; but his body was being wrenched out of shape, the joints were being slowly torn apart. Although the pain had brought the sweat out on his forehead, the worst of all was the fear that his backbone was about to snap. He set his teeth and breathed hard through his nose, trying to keep silent as long as possible.

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'You are afraid,' said O'Brien, watching his face, 'that in another moment something is going to break. Your especial fear is that it will be your backbone. You have a vivid mental picture of the vertebrae snapping apart and the spinal fluid dripping out of them. That is what you are thinking, is it not, Winston?'

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Winston did not answer. O'Brien drew back the lever on the dial. The wave of pain receded almost as quickly as it had come.

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Explore the ways in which Orwell makes this such a terrifying piece of writing.

- Or**     **11** How does Orwell make Big Brother such a dominant and terrifying presence in the novel? Support your answer with details from the novel.
- Or**     **12** You are Mr Charrington. Winston and Julia have just been arrested by the Thought Police in the room above your shop.

Write your thoughts.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: *Brave New World*

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

An almost naked Indian was very slowly climbing down the ladder from the first-floor terrace of a neighbouring house – rung after rung, with the tremulous caution of extreme old age. His face was profoundly wrinkled and black, like a mask of obsidian. The toothless mouth had fallen in. At the corners of the lips and on each side of the chin a few long bristles gleamed almost white against the dark skin. The long unbraided hair hung down in grey wisps round his face. His body was bent and emaciated to the bone, almost fleshless. Very slowly he came down, pausing at each rung before he ventured another step.

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‘What’s the matter with him?’ whispered Lenina. Her eyes were wide with horror and amazement.

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‘He’s old, that’s all,’ Bernard answered as carelessly as he could. He too was startled; but he made an effort to seem unmoved.

‘Old?’ she repeated. ‘But the Director’s old; lots of people are old; they’re not like that.’

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‘That’s because we don’t allow them to be like that. We preserve them from diseases. We keep their internal secretions artificially balanced at a youthful equilibrium. We don’t permit their magnesium-calcium ratio to fall below what it was at thirty. We give them transfusions of young blood. We keep their metabolism permanently stimulated. So, of course, they don’t look like that. Partly’, he added, ‘because most of them die long before they reach this old creature’s age. Youth almost unimpaired till sixty, and then, crack! the end.’

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But Lenina was not listening. She was watching the old man. Slowly, slowly he came down. His feet touched the ground. He turned. In their deep-sunken orbits his eyes were still extraordinarily bright. They looked at her for a long moment expressionlessly, without surprise, as though she had not been there at all. Then slowly, with bent back, the old man hobbled past them and was gone.

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‘But it’s terrible,’ Lenina whispered. ‘It’s awful. We ought not to have come here.’ She felt in her pocket for her *soma* – only to discover that, by some unprecedented oversight, she had left the bottle down at the rest-house. Bernard’s pockets were also empty.

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Lenina was left to face the horrors of Malpais unaided. They came crowding in on her thick and fast. The spectacle of two young women giving the breast to their babies made her blush and turn away her face. She had never seen anything so indecent in her life. And what made it worse was that, instead of tactfully ignoring it, Bernard proceeded to make open comments on this revoltingly viviparous scene. Ashamed, now that the effects of the *soma* had worn off, of the weakness he had displayed that morning in the hotel, he went out of his way to show himself strong and unorthodox.

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‘What a wonderfully intimate relationship,’ he said, deliberately outrageous. ‘And what an intensity of feeling it must generate! I often think one may have missed something in not having had a mother. And perhaps you’ve missed something in not *being* a mother, Lenina. Imagine yourself sitting there with a little baby of your own ...’

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‘Bernard! How can you?’ The passage of an old woman with ophthalmia and a disease of the skin distracted her from her indignation.

‘Let’s go away,’ she begged. ‘I don’t like it.’

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But at this moment their guide came back and, beckoning to them to follow, led the way down the narrow street between the houses. They rounded a corner. A dead dog was lying on a rubbish heap; a woman with a goitre was looking for lice in the hair of a small girl. Their guide halted at the foot of a ladder, raised his hand perpendicularly, then darted it horizontally forward. They did what he mutely commanded – climbed the ladder and walked through the doorway, to which it gave access, into a long narrow room, rather dark and smelling of smoke and cooked grease and long-worn, long-unwashed clothes. At the further end of the room was another doorway, through which came a shaft of sunlight and the noise, very loud and close, of the drums.

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What does Huxley make you feel about this picture of life in Malpais?

- Or**     **14** Explore in detail **one** incident in the novel which Huxley makes particularly amusing for you. (**Do not use the passage printed for Question 13 in answering this question.**)
- Or**     **15** You are Helmholtz. You have just heard of the death of John, the Savage.

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet*

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

<i>Juliet:</i>	Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day; It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree. Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.	5
<i>Romeo:</i>	It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east; Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die.	10
<i>Juliet:</i>	Yond light is not daylight; I know it, I: It is some meteor that the sun exhales To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua; Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.	15
<i>Romeo:</i>	Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads. I have more care to stay than will to go. Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. How is't, my soul? Let's talk – it is not day.	20
<i>Juliet:</i>	It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us. Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes; O, now I would they had chang'd voices too! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day. O, now be gone! More light and light it grows.	25
<i>Romeo:</i>	More light and light – more dark and dark our woes! [ <i>Enter Nurse.</i> ]	30
<i>Nurse:</i>	Madam!	
<i>Juliet:</i>	Nurse?	
<i>Nurse:</i>	Your lady mother is coming to your chamber. The day is broke; be wary, look about.	40
<i>Juliet:</i>	Then, window, let day in and let life out.	[ <i>Exit.</i> ]
<i>Romeo:</i>	Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend. [ <i>He goeth down.</i> ]	
<i>Juliet:</i>	Art thou gone so, love – lord, ay, husband, friend! I must hear from thee every day in the hour, For in a minute there are many days; O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo!	45
<i>Romeo:</i>	Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.	50
<i>Juliet:</i>	O, think't that ever we shall meet again?	

*Romeo:* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our times to come.

In what ways does Shakespeare make you sympathise with Romeo and Juliet here?  
Support your ideas with details from the writing.

**Or** 17 To what extent do you think Shakespeare suggests that the Nurse is a good friend to Juliet? Support your ideas with details from the play.

**Or** 18 You are Mercutio after the Capulet ball. You are on your way home, having failed to find Romeo.

Write your thoughts.

**Songs of Ourselves (from Part 1)**

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

*Come Live with me, and be my Love*

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,  
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses 10  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle,

A gown made of our finest wool, 15  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy buds 20  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
'If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.'

*(by Christopher Marlowe)*

falls] (1) waterfalls; (2) cadences  
kirtle] dress  
myrtle] an evergreen shrub  
swains] country youths

How, in your view, does Marlowe strikingly portray love in this poem? Refer closely to the language of the poem in your answer.

**Or 20** Explore the ways in which the poet memorably writes about death in **either** *A Litany In Time Of Plague* (by Thomas Nashe) **or** *Fear No More the Heat o' th' Sun* (by William Shakespeare).

- Or 21 Explore the ways in which the poet uses language which appeals to you. Choose **either** *The Flowers That on The Banks and Walks Did Grow* (by Aemilia Lanyer) **or** *The Procession of the Seasons* (by Edmund Spenser).

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