



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/31**

Paper 3 Unseen

**October/November 2013**

**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.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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 opposite in which the poet remembers meeting someone on a seaside holiday. He begins the poem wishing they had met the day before, when he imagines he was looking his best.

**How are the poet's thoughts and feelings vividly conveyed to you?**

To help you answer this question you might consider:

- the poet's portrayal of himself on the day before the meeting
- his description of the other person and the effect of this person on him
- how his thoughts and feelings develop through the poem.

*Antony*

As if the sea had gathered itself up  
and plonked me<sup>1</sup> on the sand like a statue,  
bragging, *Look at that! What a piece of work!*  
*Jewelled with sun-drops, gowned in the taste of salt...*

And a piece of work I was, porpoising<sup>2</sup>  
around the rocks and their cairn<sup>3</sup> of my clothes,  
breast-stroking in till pebbles scratched my chest  
for the big effect at the standing up.

Yes, you should have seen my calves, carved in bronze,  
all the muscles rolling like stones in slings –  
and me in my best pants. Would have slayed<sup>4</sup> you.  
But that day was the day before we met.

And when you took your legendary step  
from your car into this cliff-top village,  
your hair alive in wind-hiss from the sea,  
I felt the tongue turn to stone in my head,

and the name-plaques fixed as memorials  
at the head and the foot of the one street,  
the tide of you sorting the stone of me  
to sand, ticking all time away, grain by grain.

<sup>1</sup> *plonked me*: put me down

<sup>2</sup> *porpoising*: swimming like a porpoise

<sup>3</sup> *cairn*: mound

<sup>4</sup> *slayed*: impressed (slang)

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel set in the U.S.A. in the 1960s. Minny Jackson, an African-American maid, has arrived for a job interview with a young white woman, Celia Rae Foote.

**How does the writer make this moment both amusing and serious?**

To help you answer this question you might consider:

- the writer's portrayal of Minny's thoughts and feelings as she waits at the door
- the descriptions of Miss Celia and Minny's reactions to her
- the use of Minny's voice to tell the story.

Standing on that white lady's back porch, I tell myself, *Tuck it in, Minny*. Tuck in whatever might fly out my mouth and tuck in my behind too. Look like a maid who does what she's told. Truth is, I'm so nervous right now, I'd never backtalk again if it meant I'd get this job.

I yank my stockings up from sagging around my feet — the trouble of all fat, short women around the world. Then I rehearse what to say, what to keep to myself. I go ahead and punch the bell.

The doorbell rings a long *bing-bong*, fine and fancy for this big mansion out in the country. It looks like a castle, gray brick rising high in the sky and left and right too. Woods surround the lawn on every side. If this place was in a storybook, there'd be witches in those woods. The kind that eat kids.

The back door opens and there stands Miss Marilyn Monroe.<sup>1</sup> Or something kin to her.

"Hey there, you're right on time. I'm Celia. Celia Rae Foote."

The white lady sticks her hand out to me and I study her. She might be built like Marilyn, but she ain't ready for no screen test. She's got flour in her yellow hairdo. Flour in her glue-on eyelashes. And flour all over that tacky pink pantsuit. Her standing in a cloud of dust and that pantsuit being so tight, I wonder how she can breathe.

"Yes ma'am. I'm Minny Jackson." I smooth down my white uniform instead of shaking her hand. I don't want that mess on me. "You cooking something?"

"One of those upsidedown cakes from the magazine." She sighs. "It ain't working out too good."

I follow her inside and that's when I see Miss Celia Rae Foote's suffered only a minor injury in the flour fiasco. The rest of the kitchen took the real hit. The countertops, the double-door refrigerator, the Kitchen-Aid mixer are all sitting in about a quarter-inch of snow flour. It's enough mess to drive me crazy. I ain't even got the job yet, and I'm already looking over at the sink for a sponge.

Miss Celia says, "I guess I have some learning to do."

"You sure do," I say. But I bite down hard on my tongue. *Don't you go sassin<sup>2</sup> this white lady like you done the other.*

But Miss Celia, she just smiles, washes the muck off her hands in a sink full of dishes. I wonder if maybe I've found myself another deaf one, like Miss Walters was. Let's hope so.

"I just can't seem to get the hang of kitchen work," she says and even with Marilyn's whispery Hollywood voice, I can tell right off, she's from way out in the country. I look down and see the fool doesn't have any shoes on, like some kind of white trash. Nice white ladies don't go around barefoot.

She's probably ten or fifteen years younger than me, twenty-two, twenty-three, and she's real pretty, but why's she wearing all that goo on her face? I'll bet she's got on double the makeup the other white ladies wear. She's got a lot more bosom to her, too. In fact, she's almost as big as me except she's skinny in all those places I ain't. I just hope she's an eater. Because I'm a cooker and that's why people hire me.

"Can I get you a cold drink?" she asks. "Set down and I'll bring you something."

And that's my clue: something funny's going on here.

I look at Miss Celia Rae Foote hard. I've never in my life had a white woman tell me to sit down so she can serve me a cold drink. Shoot,<sup>3</sup> now I'm wondering if this fool even plans on hiring a maid or if she just drug<sup>4</sup> me all the way out here for sport.

"Maybe we better go on and see the house first, ma'am."

She smiles like the thought never entered that hairsprayed head of hers, letting me see the house I might be cleaning.

"Oh, of course. Come on in yonder, Maxie. I'll show you the fancy dining room first."

"The name," I say, "is Minny."

Maybe she's not deaf or crazy. Maybe she's just stupid. A shiny hope rises up in me again.

<sup>1</sup> *Miss Marilyn Monroe*: an American film star

<sup>2</sup> *sassing*: being cheeky or critical

<sup>3</sup> *Shoot*: (slang) an exclamation of surprise

<sup>4</sup> *drug*: dragged (colloquial)





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