

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE**

**0486/03**

Paper 3 Alternative to Coursework

October/November 2004

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

**1 hour**

**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 in the spaces provided on the Question Paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **the** question.

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

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



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Read carefully the poem printed below in which the poet takes the role of a thief. The thief reflects on some of the things he (or she) has stolen and tries to explain his (or her) actions.

Say what you think about the thief, referring closely in your answer to:

- the thief's actions and his/her thoughts and feelings about what he/she does
- the thief's feelings about himself/herself and other people
- the words the poet has given the thief to describe these experiences.

(You may imagine the thief as either male or female.)

### STEALING

The most unusual thing I ever stole? A snowman.<sup>1</sup>  
Midnight. He looked magnificent; a tall white mute  
beneath the winter moon. I wanted him, a mate  
with a mind as cold as the slice of ice  
within my own brain. I started with the head.

Better off dead than giving in, not taking  
what you want. He weighed a ton; his torso,  
frozen stiff, hugged to my chest, a fierce chill  
piercing my gut. Part of the thrill was knowing  
that children would cry in the morning. Life's tough.

Sometimes I steal things I don't need. I joy-ride cars  
to nowhere, break into houses just to have a look.  
I'm a mucky ghost, leaving a mess, maybe pinch<sup>2</sup> a camera.  
I watch my gloved hand twisting the doorknob.  
A stranger's bedroom. Mirrors. I sigh like this – *Aah*.

It took some time. Reassembled in the yard,  
he didn't look the same. I took a run  
and booted him. Again. Again. My breath ripped out  
in rags. It seems daft now. Then I was standing  
alone amongst lumps of snow, sick of the world.

Boredom. Mostly I'm so bored I could eat myself.  
One time, I stole a guitar and thought I might  
learn to play. I nicked<sup>3</sup> a bust of Shakespeare<sup>4</sup> once,  
flogged<sup>5</sup> it, but the snowman was strangest.  
You don't understand a word I'm saying, do you?

Carol Ann Duffy

<sup>1</sup>*snowman*: snow made into the shape of a human being, usually by children for fun

<sup>2</sup>*pinch*: a slang word meaning *steal*

<sup>3</sup>*nicked*: a slang word meaning *stole*

<sup>4</sup>*bust of Shakespeare*: a small sculpture of the head and shoulders of Shakespeare

<sup>5</sup>*flogged*: a slang word meaning *sold*

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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