



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/31**

Paper 3 Unseen

**October/November 2010**

**1 hour 20 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.

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.

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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 it the poet looks back to the day of his son's first football match.

**Explore the poet's feelings as his son walks away from him, and the language he uses to share the impact of this moment with you.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- how the poet describes his son walking away
- the language he uses to communicate his feelings about parting from his son in stanzas three and four (lines 11-20)
- the effect of the whole poem on you.

*Walking Away*

It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –  
A sunny day with the leaves just turning,  
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play  
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite  
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see  
You walking away from me towards the school  
With the pathos of a half-fledged<sup>1</sup> thing set free  
Into a wilderness, the gait<sup>2</sup> of one  
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying<sup>3</sup> away  
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem  
Has something I never quite grasp to convey  
About nature's give-and-take – the small, the scorching  
Ordeals which fire<sup>4</sup> one's<sup>5</sup> irresolute<sup>6</sup> clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so  
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly  
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –  
How selfhood<sup>7</sup> begins with a walking away,  
And love is proved in the letting go.

<sup>1</sup> *half-fledged*: not fully developed

<sup>2</sup> *gait*: style of walking

<sup>3</sup> *eddying*: a circular, whirling motion

<sup>4</sup> *fire*: to bake, to prepare by heat (e.g. potters fire clay to make pots)

<sup>5</sup> *one's*: our

<sup>6</sup> *irresolute*: undecided, hesitating

<sup>7</sup> *selfhood*: individuality, identity

OR

- 2 Read the following passage in which Daisy and Harold, a young couple, are on their honeymoon in France. Harold has been drinking alcohol heavily.

**How does the writer convey the tension in Daisy and Harold's relationship and build up a feeling for you that something is bound to go wrong?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the writer's descriptions of the car and Harold's behaviour on the journey
- the writer's portrayal of Daisy's feelings on the journey and in the hotel room
- the impact the end of the passage makes on you.

He manages in the space of an hour to rent an immense car, a Delage Torpedo<sup>1</sup>, black as a hearse<sup>2</sup> with square rear windows like wide startled eyes. Grasping the steering wheel, he seems momentarily revived, singing loudly and tunelessly, as if a great danger had passed, though his tongue whispers of gin: *Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true. I'm half crazy all for the love of you*<sup>3</sup>. He shoots out through the Paris suburbs and into the countryside, honking at people crossing the road, at cows and chickens, at the pale empty air of France. They hurtle down endless rural avenues of trees, past fields of ravishing poppies and golden gorse, and eventually, after hours and hours, they reach the mountains.

She keeps pleading with him to stop, whimpering, then shouting that he oughtn't to be driving this wildly and drinking wine at the same time, that he is putting their lives in danger. He almost groans with the pleasure of what he is hearing, his darling scolding bride who is bent so sweetly on reform.

They stop, finally, at the sleepy Alpine town of Corps, their tires grinding to a halt on the packed gravel, and register at the Hotel de la Poste. A hunched-looking porter carries their valises<sup>4</sup> up two flights of narrow stairs to an austere room with a sloping ceiling and a single window which is heavily curtained.

Daisy lies down, exhausted, on the rather lumpy bed. Her georgette<sup>5</sup> dress, creased and stained, spreads out beneath her. She can't imagine what she's doing in this dim, musty room, and yet she feels she's been here before, that all the surfaces and crevasses are familiar, part of the scenery sketched into an apocryphal<sup>6</sup> journal. Sleep beckons powerfully, but she resists, looking around at the walls for some hopeful sign. There is a kind of flower-patterned paper, she sees, that lends the room a shabby, rosy charm. This, too, seems familiar. It is seven o'clock in the evening. She is lying on her back in a hotel room in the middle of France. The world is rolling over her, over and over. Her young husband, this stranger, has flung open the window, then pushed back the shutters, and now the sun shines brightly into the room.

And there he is, perched on the window sill, balanced there, a big fleshy shadow blocking the sunlight. In one hand he grasps a wine bottle from which he takes occasional gulps; in his other is a handful of centimes<sup>7</sup> which he is tossing out the window to a group of children who have gathered on the cobbled square. He is laughing, a crazy cackling one-note sound.

She can hear the musical ringing of the coins as they strike the stone, and the children's sharp singing cries. A part of her consciousness drifts toward sleep where she will be safe, but she stares sternly at the ceiling, the soiled plaster, waiting.

At that moment she feels a helpless sneeze coming on – her old allergy to feather pillows. The sneeze is loud, powerful, sudden, an explosion that closes her throat and forces her eyes shut for a fraction of a second. When she opens them again, Harold is no longer on the window sill. All she sees is an empty rectangle of

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glaring light. A splinter of time passes, too small and quiet to register in the brain; she blinks back her disbelief, and then hears a bang, a crashing sound like a melon splitting, a wet injurious noise followed by the screaming of children and the sound of people running in the street.

She remembers that she lay flat on the bed for a least a minute before she got up to investigate.

<sup>1</sup> *Delage Torpedo*: a French luxury saloon car

<sup>2</sup> *hearse*: a vehicle for carrying a coffin at funerals

<sup>3</sup> "*Daisy, Daisy...*": a popular song at the time the story is set

<sup>4</sup> *valises*: suitcases

<sup>5</sup> *georgette*: a thin silk dress material

<sup>6</sup> *apocryphal*: invented, of doubtful authenticity

<sup>7</sup> *centimes*: French coins of small value

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**Copyright Acknowledgements:**

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Question 2 © Carol Shields; *The Stone Diaries*; Fourth Estate/HarperCollins; 1993.

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