



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/33**

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.

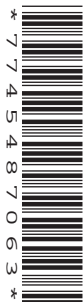
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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. It is in the form of a dialogue between a dead ploughman and his friend.

**How does the poet create different voices and attitudes for the dead man and the friend who answers his questions?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the dead man asks his questions
- the way his friend replies to him
- the impact the whole poem makes on you through its language and form, and its comparison of the worlds of the living and the dead.

## 3

“Is my team<sup>1</sup> ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?”

Ay<sup>2</sup>, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing  
Along the river shore,  
With lads to chase the leather,  
Now I stand up no more?”

Ay, the ball is flying,  
The lads play heart and soul;  
The goal stands up, the keeper  
Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty<sup>3</sup>,  
Now I am thin and pine<sup>4</sup>,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

<sup>1</sup> *my team*: the ploughman’s horses

<sup>2</sup> *Ay*: yes

<sup>3</sup> *hearty*: healthy

<sup>4</sup> *pine*: wasting away

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a short story. The writer describes how Mrs Louise Mallard has just been told the news that her husband, Brently Mallard, has been killed in an accident. The news has come from her sister, Josephine, and from her husband's friend, Richards.

**How does the writing make this story surprising and shocking?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of Mrs Mallard's reactions and her surroundings
- how Mrs Mallard comes to understand and express her feelings
- the impact which the ending makes on you.

Knowing that Mrs Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler<sup>1</sup> was crying his wares<sup>2</sup>. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself, a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save<sup>3</sup> with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven’s sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir<sup>4</sup> of life through that open window.

How fancy<sup>5</sup> was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday that she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister’s importunities<sup>6</sup>. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister’s waist and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latch key. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack<sup>7</sup> and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know that there had been one.

He stood amazed at Josephine’s piercing cry; at Richards’ quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease – of joy that kills.

<sup>1</sup> *peddler*: a street-seller

<sup>2</sup> *crying his wares*: advertising his products

<sup>3</sup> *save*: except

<sup>4</sup> *elixir*: medicine

<sup>5</sup> *fancy*: imagination

<sup>6</sup> *importunities*: urgent requests

<sup>7</sup> *grip-sack*: bag, briefcase

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