



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/51**

Paper 5

**October/November 2014**

**45 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

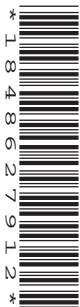
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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **one** question.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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

Answer **one** question on **any** text.

**JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey***

**Either 1** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Northanger is not more than half my home; I have an establishment at my own house in Woodston, which is nearly twenty miles from my father’s, and some of my time is necessarily spent there.’

‘How sorry you must be for that!’

‘I am always sorry to leave Eleanor.’

5

‘Yes; but besides your affection for her, you must be so fond of the abbey! – After being used to such a home as the abbey, an ordinary parsonage-house must be very disagreeable.’

He smiled, and said, ‘You have formed a very favourable idea of the abbey.’

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‘To be sure I have. Is not it a fine old place, just like what one reads about?’

‘And are you prepared to encounter all the horrors that a building such as “what one reads about” may produce? – Have you a stout heart? – Nerves fit for sliding panels and tapestry?’

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‘Oh! Yes – I do not think I should be easily frightened, because there would be so many people in the house – and besides, it has never been uninhabited and left deserted for years, and then the family come back to it unawares, without giving any notice, as generally happens.’

‘No, certainly – We shall not have to explore our way into a hall dimly lighted by the expiring embers of a wood fire – nor be obliged to spread our beds on the floor of a room without windows, doors, or furniture. But you must be aware that when a young lady is (by whatever means) introduced into a dwelling of this kind, she is always lodged apart from the rest of the family. While they snugly repair to their own end of the house, she is formally conducted by Dorothy the ancient housekeeper up a different staircase, and along many gloomy passages, into an apartment never used since some cousin or kin died in it about twenty years before. Can you stand such a ceremony as this? Will not your mind misgive you, when you find yourself in this gloomy chamber – too lofty and extensive for you, with only the feeble rays of a single lamp to take in its size – its walls hung with tapestry exhibiting figures as large as life, and the bed, of dark green stuff or purple velvet, presenting even a funeral appearance. Will not your heart sink within you?’

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‘Oh! but this will not happen to me, I am sure.’

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‘How fearfully will you examine the furniture of your apartment! – And what will you discern? – Not tables, toilettes, wardrobes, or drawers, but on one side perhaps the remains of a broken lute, on the other a ponderous chest which no efforts can open, and over the fireplace the portrait of some handsome warrior, whose features will so incomprehensibly strike you, that you will not be able to withdraw your eyes from it. Dorothy meanwhile, no less struck by your appearance, gazes on you in great agitation, and drops a few unintelligible hints. To raise your spirits, moreover, she gives you reason to suppose that the part of the abbey you inhabit is undoubtedly haunted, and informs you that you will not have a single domestic within call. With this parting cordial she curtseys off – you listen to the sound of her receding footsteps as long as the last echo can reach you – and when, with fainting spirits, you attempt to fasten your door, you discover, with increased alarm, that it has no lock.’

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‘Oh! Mr Tilney, how frightful! – This is just like a book! – But it cannot really happen to me.’ 50

[From Chapter 20]

In what ways does Austen's writing make this passage so entertaining?

- Or**     **2**     How does Austen make you feel about Isabella Thorpe? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or**     **3**     You are John Thorpe. You have just heard that Catherine Morland and Henry Tilney are engaged to be married.

Write your thoughts.

**CAROL ANN DUFFY: *Selected Poems***

**Either 4** Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

*Moments of Grace*

I dream through a wordless, familiar place.  
The small boat of the day sails into morning,  
past the postman with his modest haul, the full trees  
which sound like the sea, leaving my hands free  
to remember. Moments of grace. *Like this.* 5

Shaken by first love and kissing a wall. *Of course.*  
The dried ink on the palms then ran suddenly wet,  
a glistening blue name in each fist. I sit now  
in a kind of sly trance, hoping I will not feel me  
breathing too close across time. A face to the name. *Gone.* 10

The chimes of mothers calling in children  
at dusk. Yes. It seems we live in those staggering years  
only to haunt them; the vanishing scents  
and colours of infinite hours like a melting balloon  
in earlier hands. The boredom since. 15

Memory's caged bird won't fly. These days  
we are adjectives, nouns. In moments of grace  
we were verbs, the secret of poems, talented.  
A thin skin lies on the language. We stare  
deep in the eyes of strangers, look for the doing words. 20

Now I smell you peeling an orange in the other room.  
Now I take off my watch, let a minute unravel  
in my hands, listen and look as I do so,  
and mild loss opens my lips like *No.*  
Passing, you kiss the back of my neck. A blessing. 25

Explore how Duffy movingly portrays feelings about the past in this poem.

**Or 5** In what ways does Duffy vividly convey the speaker's worries about a loved one in *Who Loves You?*

**Or 6** How does Duffy entertainingly portray the speaker in *The Good Teachers?*

**Turn to page 6 for Question 7.**

**HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege***

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

In all the city it seems that she's the only one moving, creeping forward with her load of wood.

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‘Cos if you did, I’d have your clothes off you as well.’

[From Chapter 25]

In what ways does Dunmore make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

**Or 8** How does Dunmore make Evgenia such a compelling character in the novel? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

**Or 9** You are Marina Petrovna. Anna has just drawn a picture of the dead Mikhail for you.

Write your thoughts.

From JO PHILLIPS ed.: *Poems Deep & Dangerous*

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

*The Marriage of True Minds*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark, 5  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

(by William Shakespeare)

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare powerfully captures the speaker's thoughts and feelings here.

- Or 11** In *Football after School*, how does McCarthy vividly convey a mother's concerns for her son as he grows up?
- Or 12** Explore the ways in which the poet movingly portrays relationships in **either** *In Our Tenth Year* (by Simon Armitage) **or** *One Flesh* (by Elizabeth Jennings).



**Turn to page 10 for Question 13.**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

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

<i>Lysander:</i>	Why should you think that I should woo in scorn? Scorn and derision never come in tears. Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born, In their nativity all truth appears. How can these things in me seem scorn to you, Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?	5
<i>Helena:</i>	You do advance your cunning more and more. When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray! These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er? Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh: Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.	10
<i>Lysander:</i>	I had no judgment when to her I swore.	
<i>Helena:</i>	Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.	
<i>Lysander:</i>	Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.	15
<i>Demetrius</i>	[Awaking]: O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow! That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow, Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!	20
<i>Helena:</i>	O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent To set against me for your merriment. If you were civil and knew courtesy, You would not do me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you do, But you must join in souls to mock me too? If you were men, as men you are in show, You would not use a gentle lady so: To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts, When I am sure you hate me with your hearts. You both are rivals, and love Hermia; And now both rivals, to mock Helena. A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes With your derision! None of noble sort Would so offend a virgin, and extort A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.	25 30
<i>Lysander:</i>	You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so; For you love Hermia. This you know I know; And here, with all good will, with all my heart, In Hermia's love I yield you up my part; And yours of Helena to me bequeath, Whom I do love and will do till my death.	35 40 45
<i>Helena:</i>	Never did mockers waste more idle breath.	
<i>Demetrius:</i>	Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none. If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd, And now to Helen is it home return'd, There to remain.	50

*Lysander:* Helen, it is not so.

*Demetrius:* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.  
Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

55

[From Act 3 Scene 2]

Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a comic moment in the play.

**Or 14** How does Shakespeare make Bottom and the mechanicals so entertaining?

**Or 15** You are Theseus. You have just given your blessing to the young lovers to marry.

Write your thoughts.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde***

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

Mr Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

‘Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?’ he cried; and then taking a second look at him, ‘What ails you?’ he added, ‘is the doctor ill?’

‘Mr Utterson,’ said the man, ‘there is something wrong.’

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‘Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you,’ said the lawyer. ‘Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want.’

‘You know the doctor’s ways, sir,’ replied Poole, ‘and how he shuts himself up. Well, he’s shut up again in the cabinet; and I don’t like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr Utterson, sir, I’m afraid.’

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‘Now, my good man,’ said the lawyer, ‘be explicit. What are you afraid of?’

‘I’ve been afraid for about a week,’ returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question; ‘and I can bear it no more.’

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The man’s appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. ‘I can bear it no more,’ he repeated.

‘Come,’ said the lawyer, ‘I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is.’

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‘I think there’s been foul play,’ said Poole, hoarsely.

‘Foul play!’ cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. ‘What foul play? What does the man mean?’

25

‘I daren’t say, sir,’ was the answer; ‘but will you come along with me and see for yourself?’

Mr Utterson’s only answer was to rise and get his hat and great coat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler’s face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

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It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and a flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was all full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

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‘Well, sir,’ he said, ‘here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong.’

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‘Amen, Poole,’ said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door

was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, 'Is that you, Poole?'

'It's all right,' said Poole. 'Open the door.'

55

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr Utterson, the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering; and the cook, crying out 'Bless God! It's Mr Utterson,' ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

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[From Chapter 8, 'The Last Night']

In what ways do you think Stevenson creates tension at this moment in the novel?

**Or 17** To what extent does Stevenson's writing enable you to sympathise with Dr Jekyll?

**Or 18** You are Poole. You and Mr Utterson have just found Mr Hyde dead. Mr Utterson has left to read Dr Jekyll's letters.

Write your thoughts.

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof***

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

*Brick:* You could leave me, Maggie.  
[*He resumes whistle. She wheels about to glare at him.*]

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*Margaret:* Yes, I do.

[From Act 1]

How does Williams make this such a dramatic and revealing moment in the play?

- Or**    **20** What does Williams make you feel about Big Daddy? Support your answer with details from the play.
- Or**    **21** You are Brick. You are on your way to the high school athletic ground on the night you injure your ankle.

Write your thoughts.

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