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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/33**

Paper 3 Unseen

**May/June 2014**

**1 hour 15 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 **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **5** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.



Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the poem opposite. The poet remembers a place by a river and a time which was special to her.

**How does the writing make the scene so vivid for you?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the images of the scene the poet creates
- how she conveys the impact of the place upon her
- how her thoughts and feelings develop.

*At Blake's Lock*<sup>1</sup>

I had forgotten the river,  
its sound and its waterfall,  
the green of it;

forgotten the launching  
of birds, the heron's<sup>2</sup>  
plastic watchfulness,

its only movement an eye,  
a feather-flick; forgotten the reach  
of trees, their branch-dipping

offerings and tang  
of pillow-soft leaves;  
forgotten the sun's marbling,

its mirror-darts of quiet,  
secret dreams; forgotten  
the scoop of oars,

glide and scull<sup>3</sup> of boats;  
how we closed our eyes,  
white-blinded by the sky,

but could still see; how time  
rested on a blade edge,  
unblemished, cloud-light.

At Blake's Lock I remembered  
these weir<sup>4</sup>-real things,  
and the rush of them, and you.

<sup>1</sup> *Lock*: gated section of a river

<sup>2</sup> *heron*: wading bird that hunts fish

<sup>3</sup> *scull*: being rowed with small oars

<sup>4</sup> *weir*: low dam across a river

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a short story. Alfred, a teenager, has been caught stealing from his employer, Sam Carr. His mother has just persuaded Mr Carr not to call the police.

**How does the writing make this such a powerful and significant moment for Alfred?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer conveys the mother's feelings
- how he portrays Alfred's changing response to his mother
- how the writing conveys the overall impact of the experience on Alfred.

The mother and son walked along the street together, and the mother was taking a long, firm stride as she looked ahead with her stern face full of worry. Alfred was afraid to speak to her, he was afraid of the silence that was between them, so he only looked ahead too, for the excitement and relief was still pretty strong in him; but in a little while, going along like that in silence made him terribly aware of the strength and the sternness in her; he began to wonder what she was thinking of as she stared ahead so grimly; she seemed to have forgotten that he walked beside her; so when they were passing under the Sixth Avenue elevated<sup>1</sup> and the rumble of the train seemed to break the silence, he said in his old, blustering way, 'Thank God it turned out like that. I certainly won't get in a jam like that again.'

'Be quiet. Don't speak to me. You've disgraced me again and again,' she said bitterly.

'That's the last time. That's all I'm saying.'

'Have the decency to be quiet,' she snapped. They kept on their way, looking straight ahead.

When they were at home and his mother took off her coat, Alfred saw that she was really only half-dressed, and she made him feel afraid again when she said, without even looking at him, 'You're a bad lot. God forgive you. It's one thing after another and always has been. Why do you stand there stupidly? Go to bed, why don't you?' When he was going, she said, 'I'm going to make myself a cup of tea. Mind, now, not a word about tonight to your father.'

While Alfred was undressing in his bedroom, he heard his mother moving around the kitchen. She filled the kettle and put it on the stove. She moved a chair. And as he listened there was no shame in him, just wonder and a kind of admiration of her strength and repose. He could still see Sam Carr nodding his head encouragingly to her; he could hear her talking simply and earnestly, and as he sat on his bed he felt a pride in her strength. 'She certainly was smooth,' he thought. 'Gee, I'd like to tell her she sounded swell.'

And at last he got up and went along to the kitchen, and when he was at the door he saw his mother pouring herself a cup of tea. He watched and he didn't move. Her face, as she sat there, was a frightened, broken face utterly unlike the face of the woman who had been so assured a little while ago in the drugstore.<sup>2</sup> When she reached out and lifted the kettle to pour hot water in her cup, her hand trembled and the water splashed on the stove. Leaning back in the chair, she sighed and lifted the cup to her lips, and her lips were groping loosely as if they would never reach the cup. She swallowed the hot tea eagerly, and then she straightened up in relief, though her hand holding the cup still trembled. She looked very old.

It seemed to Alfred that this was the way it had been every time he had been in trouble before, that this trembling had really been in her as she hurried out half-dressed to the drugstore. Now he felt all that his mother had been thinking of as they walked along the street together a little while ago. He watched his mother, and he never spoke, but at that moment his youth seemed to be over; he knew all the years

of her life by the way her hand trembled as she raised the cup to her lips. It seemed to him that this was the first time he had ever looked upon his mother.

<sup>1</sup> *Sixth Avenue elevated*: A railway line in New York which runs above street level

<sup>2</sup> *drugstore*: a chemist's and general store





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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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