
LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/53

Paper 5

October/November 2014

45 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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.



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:

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy, would have supposed her born to be an heroine. Her situation in life, the character of her father and mother, her own person and disposition, were all equally against her. Her father was a clergyman, without being neglected, or poor, and a very respectable man, though his name was Richard – and he had never been handsome. He had a considerable independence, besides two good livings – and he was not in the least addicted to locking up his daughters. Her mother was a woman of useful plain sense, with a good temper, and, what is more remarkable, with a good constitution. She had three sons before Catherine was born; and instead of dying in bringing the latter into the world, as anybody might expect, she still lived on – lived to have six children more – to see them growing up around her, and to enjoy excellent health herself. A family of ten children will be always called a fine family, where there are heads and arms and legs enough for the number; but the Morlands had little other right to the word, for they were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features; – so much for her person; – and not less unpropitious for heroism seemed her mind. She was fond of all boys' plays, and greatly preferred cricket not merely to dolls, but to the more heroic enjoyments of infancy, nursing a dormouse, feeding a canary-bird, or watering a rose-bush. Indeed she had no taste for a garden; and if she gathered flowers at all, it was chiefly for the pleasure of mischief – at least so it was conjectured from her always preferring those which she was forbidden to take. – Such were her propensities – her abilities were quite as extraordinary. She never could learn or understand anything before she was taught; and sometimes not even then, for she was often inattentive, and occasionally stupid. Her mother was three months in teaching her only to repeat the 'Beggar's Petition', and after all, her next sister, Sally, could say it better than she did. Not that Catherine was always stupid, – by no means; she learnt the fable of 'The Hare and many Friends', as quickly as any girl in England. Her mother wished her to learn music; and Catherine was sure she should like it, for she was very fond of tinkling the keys of the old forlorn spinet; so, at eight years old she began. She learnt a year, and could not bear it; – and Mrs Morland, who did not insist on her daughters being accomplished in spite of incapacity or distaste, allowed her to leave off. The day which dismissed the music-master was one of the happiest of Catherine's life.

[From Chapter 1]

How does Austen's writing make this such an entertaining opening to the novel?

- Or** **2** Explore how Austen makes Catherine's expulsion from Northanger Abbey by General Tilney such a dramatic part of the novel.
- Or** **3** You are Catherine Morland, having returned from your trip to Blaize Castle. You have just discovered that the Tilneys *did* call on you that morning for the planned walk.

Write your thoughts.

CAROL ANN DUFFY: *Selected Poems*

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

Mean Time

The clocks slid back an hour
and stole light from my life
as I walked through the wrong part of town,
mourning our love.

And, of course, unmendable rain
fell to the bleak streets
where I felt my heart gnaw
at all our mistakes.

5

If the darkening sky could lift
more than one hour from this day
there are words I would never have said
nor have heard you say.

10

But we will be dead, as we know,
beyond all light.
These are the shortened days
and the endless nights.

15

Explore how Duffy's writing creates such a powerfully gloomy atmosphere in this poem.

Or 5 How does Duffy's writing vividly recreate the atmosphere of a school in **either** *In Mrs Tilscher's Class* **or** *The Good Teachers*?

Or 6 How does Duffy movingly convey love in *Miles Away*?

Turn to page 6 for Question 7.

HELEN DUNMORE: *The Siege*

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

Home. That's what they both call it now. Home isn't the apartment, or even the room warmed by the *burzhuika*.

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But now he doesn't remember the words. She points to them. 'What does that say, Kolya? Can you remember? And that one?'

[From Chapter 21]

In what ways does Dunmore's writing make this passage so moving?

Or 8 How does Dunmore strikingly portray Anna's instinct for survival? Support your ideas with details from the novel.

Or 9 You are Elizaveta Antonovna. You have just finished the evacuation of the children from Leningrad.

Write your thoughts.

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

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

One Flesh

Lying apart now, each in a separate bed,
 He with a book, keeping the light on late,
 She like a girl dreaming of childhood,
 All men elsewhere – it is as if they wait
 Some new event: the book he holds unread, 5
 Her eyes fixed on the shadows overhead.

Tossed up like flotsam from a former passion,
 How cool they lie. They hardly ever touch,
 Or if they do it is like a confession
 Of having little feeling – or too much. 10
 Chastity faces them, a destination
 For which their whole lives were a preparation.

Strangely apart, yet strangely close together,
 Silence between them like a thread to hold
 And not wind in. And time itself's a feather 15
 Touching them gently. Do they know they're old,
 These two who are my father and my mother
 Whose fire from which I came, has now grown cold?

(by Elizabeth Jennings)

How does Jennings make this poem so moving?

Or 11 How does Laskey memorably convey the speaker's feelings in *Registers*?

Or 12 Explore the ways in which the poet memorably depicts the relationship between a parent and child in **one** of the following poems:

Follower (by Seamus Heaney)

The Gift (by Chris Banks)

Turn to page 10 for Question 13.

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The chiding autumn, angry winter, change 55
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original. 60

Oberon: Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy
 To be my henchman.

Titania: Set your heart at rest; 65
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.

[From Act 2 Scene 1]

In what ways does Shakespeare dramatically convey the conflict between Oberon and Titania at this moment in the play?

Or 14 Select **two** moments from the play which you find particularly amusing, and explore how Shakespeare makes them so amusing. (Do **not** use the passage in Question 13 in answering this question.)

Or 15 You are Helena. You are about to be married to Demetrius.

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:

Nearly a year later, in the month of October 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience) never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot, and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted. 5

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim; but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr Utterson. 10

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[From Chapter 4, 'The Carew Murder Case']

How does Stevenson's writing vividly convey Mr Hyde's evil nature at this moment in the novel?

- Or** **17** In what ways does Stevenson vividly portray Dr Jekyll's torment at being two people in one? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- Or** **18** You are Mr Utterson. You have just read "Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case".
Write your thoughts.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*

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

[Big Daddy *goes over and touches* Brick's *shoulder*.]

Big Daddy: Yes, son. Brick, boy. – I'm – *happy!* I'm happy, son, I'm happy!

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Big Daddy: Naw, it won't. You're my son, and I'm going to straighten you out; now that *I'm* straightened out, I'm going to straighten you out!

[From Act 2]

How does Williams make this moment in the play so moving and revealing?

- Or 20** Explore the ways in which Williams vividly depicts the husband-wife relationship of **one** of the married couples in the play.
- Or 21** You are Big Mama. You have just heard that there is nothing seriously wrong with Big Daddy.

Write your thoughts.

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