



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/03

Paper 3 Unseen

October/November 2007

1 hour 20 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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.

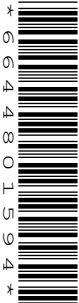
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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

You are advised to spend 20 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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



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

EITHER

- 1 Read this extract from a poem called *Echo and Narcissus*. The poet is re-telling an ancient story in which Echo falls in love with Narcissus. Echo is unable to say anything original; she can only repeat the end of what another person has already said – like an echo. Narcissus is a youth who can fall in love with no-one but himself. Although the story is a myth, the poet's re-telling treats the characters as human with human emotions.

How does the poet's vivid re-telling of the story in this extract increase your sympathies for Echo?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the words and images the poet uses to describe Echo's longing for Narcissus make you feel sympathy for her situation
- the feelings evoked by the way the poet presents the dialogue between Echo and Narcissus
- the impact of the ways the poet expresses Echo's response to her rejection by Narcissus.

The moment Echo saw Narcissus
 She was in love. She followed him
 Like a starving wolf
 Following a stag too strong to be tackled.
 And like a cat in winter at a fire
 She could not edge close enough
 To what singed her, and would burn her.
 She almost burst
 With longing to call out to him and somehow
 Let him know what she felt.
 But she had to wait
 For some other to speak
 So she could snatch their last words
 With whatever sense they might lend her.

It so happened, Narcissus
 Had strayed apart
 From his companions.
 He hallooed them: 'Where are you?
 I'm here.' And Echo
 Caught at the syllables as if they were precious:
 'I'm here,' she cried, 'I'm here' and 'I'm here' and 'I'm here.'
 Narcissus looked around wildly.
 'I'll stay here,' he shouted.
 'You come to me.' And 'Come to me,'
 Shouted Echo. 'Come to me,
 To me, to me, to me.'
 Narcissus stood baffled,
 Whether to stay or go. He began to run,
 Calling as he ran: 'Stay there.' But Echo
 Cried back, weeping to utter it, 'Stay there,
 Stay there, stay there, stay there.'
 Narcissus stopped and listened. Then, more quietly,
 'Let's meet halfway. Come.' And Echo
 Eagerly repeated it: 'Come.'

But when she emerged from the undergrowth
 Her expression pleading,
 Her arms raised to embrace him,
 Narcissus turned and ran.
 'No,' he cried, 'no, I would sooner be dead
 Than let you touch me.' Echo collapsed in sobs,
 As her voice lurched among the mountains:
 'Touch me, touch me, touch me, touch me.'

Echo moped under the leaves.
 Humiliated, she hid
 in the deep woods. From that day
 Like a hurt lynx,¹ for her
 Any cave was a good home.
 But love was fixed in her body
 Like a barbed arrow. There it festered
 With his rejection. Sleeplessly
 She brooded over the pain,
 Wasting away as she suffered,
 The petal of her beauty
 Fading and shrivelling, falling from her –
 Leaving her voice and bones.
 Her bones, they say, turned
 Into stone, sinking into the humus.²
 Her voice roamed off by itself,
 Unseen in the forest, unseen
 On the empty mountainside –
 Though all could hear it
 Living the only life left to Echo.

¹*lynx*: a wild cat

²*humus*: soil

OR

- 2 The narrator in this story is describing how he is intent on murdering an old man.

How does the writer engage your interest and build up suspense in the passage?

To help you answer, you might explore:

- the state of mind of the narrator, and what he says, thinks and does
- how he tells his story
- the effect of all this on the reader.

True! – nervous – very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses – not destroyed – not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Listen! And observe how healthily – how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object¹ there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture – a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees – very gradually – I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded - with what caution – with what foresight – with what dissimulation² I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it – oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly – very, very slowly, so that I may not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! - would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well within the room, I undid the lantern cautiously – oh, so cautiously – cautiously (for the hinges creaked) – I undid it just so much that a single ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights – every night just at midnight – but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers – of my sagacity.³ I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back – but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing on it steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out – ‘Who’s there?’

¹ *Object*: motive or purpose

² *dissimulation*: deceit or pretending

³ *sagacity*: great intelligence

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

Question 1 © Ted Hughes; 'Echo and Narcissus'; *Tales from Ovid: Twenty-four Passages from the "Metamorphoses"*, Faber and Faber, 1997.

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