



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/51

Paper 5

October/November 2010

45 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 **one** question.

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

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

<i>Ken:</i>	Any reasonable definition of life must include the idea of its being self-supporting. I seem to remember something in the papers – when all the heart transplant controversy was on – about it being alright to take someone's heart if they require constant attention from respirators and so on to keep them alive.	5
<i>Judge:</i>	There also has to be absolutely no brain activity at all. Yours is certainly working.	
<i>Ken:</i>	It is and sanely.	
<i>Judge:</i>	That is the question to be decided.	10
<i>Ken:</i>	My Lord, I am not asking anyone to kill me. I am only asking to be discharged from this hospital.	
<i>Judge:</i>	It comes to the same thing.	
<i>Ken:</i>	Then that proves my point; not just the fact that I will spend the rest of my life in hospital, but that whilst I am here, everything is geared just to keeping my brain active, with no real possibility of it ever being able to direct anything. As far as I can see, that is an act of deliberate cruelty.	15
<i>Judge:</i>	Surely, it would be more cruel if society let people die, when it could, with some effort, keep them alive.	20
<i>Ken:</i>	No, not <i>more</i> cruel, <i>just</i> as cruel.	
<i>Judge:</i>	Then why should the hospital let you die – if it is just as cruel?	
<i>Ken:</i>	The cruelty doesn't reside in saving someone or allowing them to die. It resides in the fact that the choice is removed from the man concerned.	25
<i>Judge:</i>	But a man who is very desperately depressed is not capable of making a reasonable choice.	
<i>Ken:</i>	As you said, my Lord, that is the question to be decided.	
<i>Judge:</i>	Alright. You tell me why it is a reasonable choice that you decide to die.	30
<i>Ken:</i>	It is a question of dignity. Look at me here. I can do nothing, not even the basic primitive functions. I cannot even urinate, I have a permanent catheter attached to me. Every few days my bowels are washed out. Every few hours two nurses have to turn me over or I would rot away from bedsores. Only my brain functions unimpaired but even that is futile because I can't act on any conclusions it comes to. This hearing proves that. Will you please listen.	35

In what ways does Clark make this such a powerful and significant moment in the play?

2 Explore in detail **two** moments in the play which Clark makes particularly amusing for you.

3 You are Dr Scott. You are on your way home from the hospital before your evening out with Mr Hill. Write your thoughts.

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Turn over for question 4.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

4 Read this extract carefully, and then answer the question that follows it:

At last Ralph ceased to blow and sat there, the conch trailing from one hand, his head bowed on his knees. As the echoes died away so did the laughter, and there was silence.

Within the diamond haze of the beach something dark was fumbling along. Ralph saw it first, and watched till the intentness of his gaze drew all eyes that way. Then the creature stepped from mirage on to clear sand, and they saw that the darkness was not all shadow but mostly clothing. The creature was a party of boys, marching approximately in step in two parallel lines and dressed in strangely eccentric clothing. Shorts, shirts, and different garments they carried in their hands: but each boy wore a square black cap with a silver badge in it. Their bodies, from throat to ankle, were hidden by black cloaks which bore a long silver cross on the left breast and each neck was finished off with a hambone frill. The heat of the tropics, the descent, the search for food, and now this sweaty march along the blazing beach had given them the complexions of newly washed plums. The boy who controlled them was dressed in the same way though his cap badge was golden. When his party was about ten yards from the platform he shouted an order and they halted, gasping, sweating, swaying in the fierce light. The boy himself came forward, vaulted on to the platform with his cloak flying, and peered into what to him was almost complete darkness. 5 10 15 20

‘Where’s the man with the trumpet?’

Ralph, sensing his sun-blindness, answered him.

‘There’s no man with a trumpet. Only me.’

The boy came close and peered down at Ralph, screwing up his face as he did so. What he saw of the fair-haired boy with the creamy shell on his knees did not seem to satisfy him. He turned quickly, his black cloak circling. 25

‘Isn’t there a ship, then?’

Inside the floating cloak he was tall, thin, and bony: and his hair was red beneath the black cap. His face was crumpled and freckled, and ugly without silliness. Out of this face stared two light blue eyes, frustrated now, and turning, or ready to turn, to anger. 30

‘Isn’t there a man here?’

Ralph spoke to his back. 35

‘No. We’re having a meeting. Come and join in.’

The group of cloaked boys began to scatter from close line. The tall boy shouted at them.

‘Choir! Stand still!’

Wearily obedient, the choir huddled into line and stood there swaying in the sun. None the less, some began to protest faintly. 40

‘But, Merridew. Please, Merridew ... can’t we?’

Then one of the boys flopped on his face in the sand and the line broke up. They heaved the fallen boy to the platform and let him lie. Merridew, his eyes staring, made the best of a bad job. 45

‘All right then. Sit down. Let him alone.’

‘But Merridew.’

‘He’s always throwing a faint,’ said Merridew. ‘He did in Gib.; and Addis; and at matins over the precentor.’

This last piece of shop brought sniggers from the choir, who perched like black birds on the criss-cross trunks and examined Ralph with interest. Piggy asked no names. He was intimidated by this uniformed 50

superiority and the offhand authority in Merridew's voice. He shrank to the other side of Ralph and busied himself with his glasses.

Merridew turned to Ralph.

'Aren't there any grown-ups?'

'No.'

Merridew sat down on a trunk and looked round the circle.

'Then we'll have to look after ourselves.'

55

How does Golding make this such a striking introduction to Jack Merridew?

- 5 Explore the ways in which Golding makes the building and maintenance of the signal fire such a significant part of the novel.
- 6 You are Sam or Eric. You have just joined Jack's tribe after Piggy's death. Write your thoughts.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY: *A Raisin in the Sun*

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

Walter:	<i>[after him, pointing with pride]</i> That's <i>my</i> boy. <i>[She looks at him in disgust and turns back to her work.]</i> You know what I was thinking 'bout in the bathroom this morning?	
Ruth:	No.	
Walter:	How come you always try to be so pleasant?	5
Ruth:	What is there to be pleasant 'bout?	
Walter:	You want to know what I was thinking 'bout in the bathroom or not?	
Ruth:	I know what you was thinking 'bout.	
Walter:	<i>[ignoring her]</i> 'Bout what me and Willy Harris was talking about last night.	10
Ruth:	<i>[immediately – a refrain]</i> Willy Harris is a good-for-nothing loud mouth.	
Walter:	Anybody who talks to me has got to be a good-for-nothing loud mouth, ain't he? And what you know about who is just a good-for-nothing loud mouth? Charlie Atkins was just a 'good-for-nothing loud mouth' too, wasn't he? When he wanted me to go in the dry-cleaning business with him. And now – he's grossing a hundred thousand a year. A hundred thousand dollars a year! You still call <i>him</i> a loud mouth!	15
Ruth:	<i>[bitterly]</i> Oh, Walter Lee ... <i>She folds her head on her arms over on the table.</i>	20
Walter:	<i>[rising and coming to her and standing over her.]</i> You tired, ain't you? Tired of everything. Me, the boy, the way we live – this beat-up hole – everything. Ain't you? <i>[She doesn't look up, doesn't answer.]</i> So tired – moaning and groaning all the time, but you wouldn't do nothing to help, would you? You couldn't be on my side that long for nothing, could you?	25
Ruth:	Walter, please leave me alone.	
Walter:	A man needs for a woman to back him up ...	30
Ruth:	Walter –	
Walter:	Mama would listen to you. You know she listen to you more than she do me and Bennie. She think more of you. All you have to do is just sit down with her when you drinking your coffee one morning and talking 'bout things like you do and <i>[he sits down beside her and demonstrates graphically what he thinks her methods and tone should be]</i> you just sip your coffee, see, and say easy like that you been thinking 'bout that deal Walter Lee is so interested in, 'bout the store and all, and sip some more coffee, like what you saying ain't really that important to you ... And the next thing you know, she be listening good and asking you questions and when I come home – I can tell her the details. This ain't no fly-by-night proposition, baby. I mean we figure it out, me and Willy and Bobo.	35
Ruth:	<i>[with a frown]</i> Bobo?	40
		45

In what ways does Hansberry strikingly convey the differing attitudes of Ruth and Walter here?

- 8 Explore how Hansberry reveals Mama's strength and determination as the play develops. Support your ideas with details from the play.
- 9 You are Walter at the end of Act 1. You are thinking about what Mama has said to you concerning Ruth and her plans to have an abortion. Write your thoughts.

SEAMUS HEANEY: from *Death of a Naturalist*

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

Death of a Naturalist

All year the flax-dam festered in the heart
 Of the townland; green and heavy headed
 Flax had rotted there, weighted down by huge sods.
 Daily it sweltered in the punishing sun.
 Bubbles gargled delicately, bluebottles 5
 Wove a strong gauze of sound around the smell.
 There were dragon-flies, spotted butterflies,
 But best of all was the warm thick slobber
 Of frogspawn that grew like clotted water
 In the shade of the banks. Here, every spring, 10
 I would fill jampotfuls of the jellied
 Specks to range on window-sills at home,
 On shelves at school, and wait and watch until
 The fattening dots burst into nimble-
 Swimming tadpoles. Miss Walls would tell us how 15
 The daddy frog was called a bullfrog,
 And how he croaked, and how the mammy frog
 Laid hundreds of little eggs and this was
 Frogspawn. You could tell the weather by frogs too
 For they were yellow in the sun and brown 20
 In rain.

Then one hot day when fields were rank
 With cowdung in the grass, the angry frogs
 Invaded the flax-dam; I ducked through hedges
 To a coarse croaking that I had not heard 25
 Before. The air was thick with a bass chorus.
 Right down the dam, gross-bellied frogs were cocked
 On sods; their loose necks pulsed like sails. Some hopped:
 The slap and plop were obscene threats. Some sat
 Poised like mud grenades, their blunt heads farting. 30
 I sickened, turned, and ran. The great slime kings
 Were gathered there for vengeance, and I knew
 That if I dipped my hand the spawn would clutch it.

What do you think makes this poem such a powerful expression of the painful end of childhood innocence? Support your ideas with detail from Heaney's poetic writing.

- 11 How does Heaney memorably convey the passing of time in **either** *Follower* **or** *Ancestral Photograph*? Refer in detail to your chosen poem.
- 12 How does Heaney vividly convey aspects of life in the countryside in any **two** poems in this selection?

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

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

‘And so a quiet, respectable, humble Negro who had the unmitigated temerity to “feel sorry” for a white woman has had to put his word against two white people’s. I need not remind you of their appearance and conduct on the stand – you saw them for yourselves. The witnesses for the state, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County, have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court, in the cynical confidence that their testimony would not be doubted, confident that you gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption – the evil assumption – that *all* Negroes lie, that *all* Negroes are basically immoral beings, that *all* Negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption one associates with minds of their calibre.

‘Which, gentlemen, we know is in itself a lie as black as Tom Robinson’s skin, a lie I do not have to point out to you. You know the truth, and the truth is this: some Negroes lie, some Negroes are immoral, some Negro men are not to be trusted around women – black and white. But this is a truth that applies to the human race and to no particular race of men. There is not a person in this court-room who has never told a lie, who has never done an immoral thing, and there is no man living who has never looked upon a woman with desire.’

Atticus paused and took out his handkerchief. Then he took off his glasses and wiped them, and we saw another ‘first’: we had never seen him sweat – he was one of those men whose faces never perspired, but now it was shining tan.

‘One more thing, gentlemen, before I quit. Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, a phrase that the Yankees and the distaff side of the Executive branch in Washington are fond of hurling at us. There is a tendency in this year of grace 1935 for certain people to use this phrase out of context, to satisfy all conditions. The most ridiculous example I can think of is that the people who run public education promote the stupid and idle along with the industrious – because all men are created equal, educators will gravely tell you, the children left behind suffer terrible feelings of inferiority. We know all men are not created equal in the sense some people would have us believe – some people are smarter than others, some people have more opportunity because they’re born with it, some men make more money than others, some ladies make better cakes than others – some people are born gifted beyond the normal scope of most men.

‘But there is one way in this country in which all men are created equal – there is one human institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of an Einstein, and the ignorant man the equal of any college president. That institution, gentlemen, is a court.’

Explore the ways in which Lee makes Atticus’s speech in this passage so powerful.

- 14** In what ways does Lee make Calpurnia such a likeable and trustworthy character? Support your ideas with details from the novel.
- 15** You are Jem, at the end of the novel, looking back over how your father has brought you up. Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

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

‘Go on,’ said O’Brien. ‘Stand between the wings of the mirror. You shall see the side view as well.’

He had stopped because he was frightened. A bowed, grey-coloured, skeleton-like thing was coming towards him. Its actual appearance was frightening, and not merely the fact that he knew it to be himself. He moved closer to the glass. The creature’s face seemed to be protruded, because of its bent carriage. A forlorn, jailbird’s face with a nobby forehead running back into a bald scalp, a crooked nose, and battered-looking cheekbones above which the eyes were fierce and watchful. The cheeks were seamed, the mouth had a drawn-in look. Certainly it was his own face, but it seemed to him that it had changed more than he had changed inside. The emotions it registered would be different from the ones he felt. He had gone partially bald. For the first moment he had thought that he had gone grey as well, but it was only the scalp that was grey. Except for his hands and a circle of his face, his body was grey all over with ancient, ingrained dirt. Here and there under the dirt there were the red scars of wounds, and near the ankle the varicose ulcer was an inflamed mass with flakes of skin peeling off it. But the truly frightening thing was the emaciation of his body. The barrel of the ribs was as narrow as that of a skeleton: the legs had shrunk so that the knees were thicker than the thighs. He saw now what O’Brien had meant about seeing the side view. The curvature of the spine was astonishing. The thin shoulders were hunched forward so as to make a cavity of the chest, the scraggy neck seemed to be bending double under the weight of the skull. At a guess he would have said that it was the body of a man of sixty, suffering from some malignant disease.

‘You have thought sometimes,’ said O’Brien, ‘that my face – the face of a member of the Inner Party – looks old and worn. What do you think of your own face?’

He seized Winston’s shoulder and spun him round so that he was facing him.

‘Look at the condition you are in!’ he said. ‘Look at this filthy grime all over your body. Look at the dirt between your toes. Look at that disgusting running sore on your leg. Do you know that you stink like a goat? Probably you have ceased to notice it. Look at your emaciation. Do you see? I can make my thumb and forefinger meet round your bicep. I could snap your neck like a carrot. Do you know that you have lost twenty-five kilograms since you have been in our hands? Even your hair is coming out in handfuls. Look!’ He plucked at Winston’s head and brought away a tuft of hair. ‘Open your mouth. Nine, ten, eleven teeth left. How many had you when you came to us? And the few you have left are dropping out of your head. Look here!’

He seized one of Winston’s remaining front teeth between his powerful thumb and forefinger. A twinge of pain shot through Winston’s jaw. O’Brien had wrenched the loose tooth out by the roots. He tossed it across the cell.

‘You are rotting away,’ he said; ‘you are falling to pieces. What are you? A bag of filth. Now turn round and look into that mirror again. Do you see that thing facing you? That is the last man. If you are human, that is humanity. Now put your clothes on again.’

Winston began to dress himself with slow stiff movements. Until now he had not seemed to notice how thin and weak he was. Only one thought

stirred in his mind: that he must have been in this place longer than he had imagined. Then suddenly as he fixed the miserable rags round himself a feeling of pity for his ruined body overcame him. Before he knew what he was doing he had collapsed on to a small stool that stood beside the bed and burst into tears. He was aware of his ugliness, his gracelessness, a bundle of bones in filthy underclothes sitting weeping in the harsh white light: but he could not stop himself. O'Brien laid a hand on his shoulder, almost kindly. 55

'It will not last for ever,' he said. 'You can escape from it whenever you choose. Everything depends on yourself.' 60

'You did it!' sobbed Winston. 'You reduced me to this state.'

'No, Winston, you reduced yourself to it. This is what you accepted when you set yourself up against the Party. It was all contained in that first act. Nothing has happened that you did not foresee.' 65

How does Orwell make this a particularly horrifying moment in the novel?

- 17 Explore **one** incident in the novel in which Orwell most vividly shows the power of the state.

NB Do not use the printed passage above in answering this question.

- 18 You are Mr Charrington. You have just revealed yourself to Winston as a member of the Thought Police. Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

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

<i>Benvolio:</i>	By my head, here comes the Capulets.	
<i>Mercutio:</i>	By my heel, I care not.	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.	
<i>Mercutio:</i>	And but one word with one of us?	5
	Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.	
<i>Mercutio:</i>	Could you not take some occasion without giving?	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.	10
<i>Mercutio:</i>	Consort! What, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!	
<i>Benvolio:</i>	We talk here in the public haunt of men; Either withdraw unto some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.	15
<i>Mercutio:</i>	Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. [Enter Romeo]	20
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.	
<i>Mercutio:</i>	But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship in that sense may call him man.	25
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: thou art a villain.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain am I none; Therefore, farewell; I see thou knowest me not.	30
<i>Tybalt:</i>	Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.	
<i>Romeo:</i>	I do protest I never injur'd thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love; And so, good Capulet – which name I tender As dearly as my own – be satisfied.	35
<i>Mercutio:</i>	O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! Alla stoccata carries it away.	40
	[Draws.]	
	Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?	
<i>Tybalt:</i>	What wouldst thou have with me?	
<i>Mercutio:</i>	Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.	45
<i>Tybalt:</i>	I am for you.	
	[Draws.]	
<i>Romeo:</i>	Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.	50

Mercutio: Come, si our assado. [They fight.
Romeo: Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
 Tybalt! Mercutio! the Prince expressly hath 55
 Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
 Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!
 [Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in, and flies
 with his friends]
Mercutio: I am hurt. 60
 A plague a both your houses! I am sped.
 Is he gone and hath nothing?
Benvolio: What, art thou hurt?
Mercutio: Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
 Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. 65
 [Exit Page.
Romeo: Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mercutio: No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door,
 but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you
 shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this 70
 world. A plague a both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a
 mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue,
 a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil
 came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
Romeo: I thought all for the best. 75
Mercutio: Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I shall faint.
 A plague a both your houses!
 They have made worms' meat of me.
 I have it, and soundly too – Your houses!
 [Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio. 80
Romeo: This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
 My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
 With Tybalt's slander – Tybalt, that an hour
 Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet, 85
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
 And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

How does Shakespeare make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

20 To what extent does Shakespeare make you sympathise with the Nurse and her actions?
 Support your ideas with detail from the writing.

21 You are Lord Capulet just after you have told Paris that he may marry Juliet. Write your thoughts.

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