



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/03**

Paper 3 Unseen

**October/November 2009**

**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 about 20 minutes reading the question paper 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 **4** printed pages and **4** blank pages.





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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the following poem in which the poet compares going to sleep with entering into a forest.

**How does the way in which the poem is written communicate to you different feelings about sleep?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the ways in which the poet develops his comparisons to show what sleep means to him
- the ways in which sleep seems to call him and take him over
- the impact of the whole poem on you.

*Lights Out*

I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest, where all must lose  
Their way, however straight,  
Or winding, soon or late;  
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track  
That, since the dawn's first crack  
Up to the forest brink  
Deceived the travellers,  
Suddenly now blurs,  
And in they sink.

Here love ends —  
Despair, ambition ends;  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends, in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter, and leave, alone,  
I know not how.

The tall forest towers:  
Its cloudy foliage lowers  
Ahead, shelf above shelf:  
Its silence I hear and obey  
That I may lose my way  
And myself.

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel. Leah, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a preacher from the USA, is telling this part of the story. She is explaining to Anatole how things in her country are different from the Congo, where she is living now.

**How does the writing show Leah's difficulty in explaining the differences between their countries, and how does it suggest her understanding of the problems those differences now create for her and for her family?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the way Leah describes and observes the differences between the USA and the Congo
- how the writing suggests her struggle to explain these differences to Anatole
- how the writer shows Leah's discomfort with her father's response to the Congo.

'What is so different?'

'Everything,' I said, intending to go on, but my tongue only licked the backs of my teeth, tasting the word *everything*. I stared at the edge of the clearing behind us, where the jungle closed us out with its great green wall of trees, bird calls, animals breathing, all as permanent as a heartbeat we heard in our sleep. Surrounding us was a thick, wet, living stand of trees and tall grasses stretching all the way across Congo. And we were nothing but little mice squirming through it in our dark little pathways. In Congo, it seems the land owns the people. How could I explain to Anatole about soybean<sup>1</sup> fields where men sat in huge tractors like kings on thrones, taming the soil from one horizon to the other? It seemed like a memory trick or a bluegreen dream: impossible.

'At home,' I said, 'we don't have the jungle.'

'Then what is it you have?'

'Big fields, like a manioc<sup>2</sup> garden as wide and long as the Kwilu.<sup>3</sup> There used to be trees I guess, but people cut them down.'

'And did they not grow back?'

Our trees aren't so vivacious<sup>4</sup> as yours are. It's taken Father and me the longest time just to figure out how things grow here. Remember when we first came and cleared out a patch for our garden? Now you can't even see where it was. We thought we were going to teach people here how to have crops like we have back home.'

He laughed. 'Manioc fields as long and wide as the Kwilu?'

'You don't believe me, but it's true! You can't picture it because here, I guess, if you cut down enough jungle to plant fields that big, the rain would just turn it into a river of mud.'

'And then the drought would bake it.'

'Yes! And if you ever did get any crops, the roads would be washed out so you'd never get your stuff into town anyway.'

He clucked his tongue. 'You must find the Congo a very uncooperative place.'

'You just can't imagine how different it is from what we're used to. At home we have cities and cars and things because nature is organized a whole different way.'

He listened with his head cocked to the side. 'And still your father came here determined to plant his American garden in the Congo.'

'My father thinks the Congo is just lagging behind and he can help bring it up to snuff. Which is crazy. It's like he's trying to put rubber tires on a horse.'

Anatole raised his eyebrows. I don't suppose he's ever seen a horse. They can't live in the Congo because of tsetse flies.<sup>5</sup> I tried to think of some other work animal for my parable, but the Congo has none. Not even cows. The point I was trying to make was so true there was not even a good way to say it.

'On a goat,' I said finally. 'Wheels on a goat. Or on a chicken, or a wife. My father's idea of what will make things work better doesn't fit anything here.'

'That poor goat of your father's is a very unhappy animal.'

*And his wife!* I thought. But I couldn't help picturing a goat with big tires stuck in the mud, and it made me giggle. Then I felt stupid. I could never tell if Anatole respected me or just thought I was an amusing child.

'I oughtn't to laugh at my father,' I said.

'No,' he said, touching his lips and rolling his eyes upward.

'I shouldn't! It's a sin.' Sin, sin, I felt drenched and sick of it. 'I used to pray to God to make me just like him. Smart and righteous and adequate to His will,' I confessed. 'Now I don't even know what to wish for. I wish I were more like everybody else.'

<sup>1</sup> *soybean*: soya bean

<sup>2</sup> *manioc*: cassava, a food plant

<sup>3</sup> *Kwilu*: the name of a river

<sup>4</sup> *vivacious*: full of life

<sup>5</sup> *tsetse flies*: flies which carry disease





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