



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/31

Paper 3 Unseen

May/June 2010

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.

Both 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 carefully the following poem which describes the poet's emotions on parting from a lover.

How does the poet's language and the way he addresses his lover show what he feels about her?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the poet describes their final meeting;
- how he reacts when other people speak about her;
- the feelings he has towards her now, and how they are expressed.

When we two parted

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy¹ cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow;
It felt like a warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:²
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

They name thee³ before me,
A knell⁴ to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er⁵ me —
Why wert thou⁶ so dear?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue⁷ thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears!

¹ *thy*: your

² *fame*: reputation

³ *thee*: you

⁴ *knell*: sound of a bell announcing a death or funeral

⁵ *o'er*: over

⁶ *thou*: you

⁷ *rue*: regret

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following passage, which is the opening of a travel book. It explains the fascination from early childhood with the stories told about one of his ancestors, which eventually inspire him to travel to Patagonia (later in the book).

How does the writer portray the young boy's curiosity and changing interest in the 'piece of brontosaurus', and its story?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the different stories the very young boy is told about the 'brontosaurus' and how they affect his imagination
- how he describes his family and their influence on his understanding of the 'piece of brontosaurus'
- how the writer's language changes to reflect the way the boy grows up and develops a different interest in the object

In my grandmother's dining-room there was a glass-fronted cabinet and in the cabinet a piece of skin. It was a small piece only, but thick and leathery, with strands of coarse, reddish hair. It was stuck to a card with a rusty pin. On the card was some writing in faded black ink, but I was too young then to read.

'What's that?'

'A piece of brontosaurus.'

My mother knew the names of two prehistoric animals, the brontosaurus and the mammoth. She knew it was not a mammoth. Mammoths came from Siberia.

The brontosaurus, I learned, was an animal that had drowned in the Flood, being too big for Noah to ship aboard the Ark.¹ I pictured a shaggy lumbering creature with claws and fangs and a malicious green light in its eyes. Sometimes the brontosaurs would crash through the bedroom wall and wake me from my sleep.

This particular brontosaurus had lived in Patagonia, a country in South America, at the far end of the world. Thousands of years before, it had fallen into a glacier, travelled down a mountain in a prison of blue ice, and arrived in perfect condition at the bottom. Here my grandmother's cousin, Charley Milward the Sailor, found it.

Charley Milward was captain of a merchant ship that sank at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. He survived the wreck and settled nearby at Punta Arenas, where he ran a ship-repairing yard. The Charley Milward of my imagination was a god among men – tall, silent and strong, with black mutton-chop whiskers² and fierce blue eyes. He wore his sailor's cap at an angle and the tops of his sea-boots turned down.

Directly he saw the brontosaurus poking out of the ice, he knew what to do. He had it jointed, salted, packed in barrels, and shipped to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington³. I pictured blood and ice, flesh and salt, gangs of Indian workmen and lines of barrels along a shore – a work of giants and all to no purpose; the brontosaurus went rotten on its voyage through the tropics and arrived in London a putrefied mess; which was why you saw brontosaurus bone in the museum, but no skin.

Fortunately cousin Charley had posted a scrap to my grandmother.

My grandmother lived in a red-brick house set behind a screen of yellow spattered laurels.⁴ It had tall chimneys, pointed gables and a garden of blood-coloured roses. Inside it smelled of church.

I do not remember much about my grandmother except her size. I would clamber over her wide bosom, or watch, slyly, to see if she'd be able to rise from the chair. Above her hung paintings of Dutch burghers,⁵ their fat buttery faces nesting in white ruffs.⁶ On the mantelpiece were two Japanese homunculi⁷ with red and white ivory eyes that popped out on stalks. I would play with these, or with a German articulated monkey,⁸ but always I pestered her: 'Please can I have the piece of brontosaurus.'

Never in my life have I wanted anything as I wanted that piece of skin. My grandmother said I should have it one day, perhaps. And when she died I said, 'Now I can have the piece of brontosaurus,' but my mother said: 'Oh, that thing! I'm afraid we threw it away.'

At school they laughed at the story of the brontosaurus. The science master said I'd mixed it up with the Siberian mammoth. He told the class how Russian scientists had dined off deep-frozen mammoth and told me not to tell lies. Besides, he said, brontosauruses were reptiles. They had no hair, but scaly armoured hide. And he showed us an artist's impression of the beast – so different from that of my imagination – grey-green, with a tiny head and a gigantic switchback of vertebrae, placidly eating weed in a lake. I was ashamed of my hairy brontosaurus, but I knew it was not a mammoth.

It took some years to sort the story out. Charley Milward's animal was not a brontosaurus, but the mylodon or Giant Sloth. He never found a whole specimen, or even a whole skeleton, but some skin and bones, preserved by the cold, dryness and salt, in a cave on Last Hope Sound in Chilean Patagonia. He sent the collection to England and sold it to the British Museum.⁹ This version was less romantic but had the merit of being true.

¹ *Ark*: the ship in which Noah saved breeding pairs of animals from the Flood.

² *mutton-chop whiskers*: long hair growing down the side of the face worn by men in the nineteenth century

³ *Natural History Museum in South Kensington*: a famous museum in London

⁴ *laurels*: plants (forming a hedge)

⁵ *burghers*: citizens

⁶ *ruffs*: old-fashioned stiff collars

⁷ *homunculi*: small ornamental human figures

⁸ *articulated monkey*: a toy animal with moveable limbs

⁹ *British Museum*: another museum in London

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