



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

Paper 3 Unseen

0486/32

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 poem on the opposite page.

How do the poem's images present to you the speaker's approach to life's challenges and guide your feelings towards him?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the various different parts of the 'emergency kit' and what they mean for you
- the ways in which the poet creates a voice and attitude for the speaker and reveals how he sees life
- the impact and imagery of the last four lines, and how they make you feel about the rest of the poem.

Emergency Kit

When I find myself among a laughing tribe,
I know they hide something from me;
I conjure up a laughter box whose button I press
to outlaugh¹ them all. As long as they hear their music,
they leave me free; I don't want to surrender all I have.
I am a moving stump in the forest of men
and if I stray into a towering company, those
more than a kilometre from the undergrowth,
I release stilts from my soles; I don't want to be
looked down upon by the very top ones.
I collapse the long legs when I step into where
giants are the required offerings to the gods of the race.
I have a lifesaver installed in my body
just in case I am knocked into some deep river;
unless I come out alive, I will be declared evil –
who ever wants his adversary² to have the last word on him?
So when a hunter stalks me to fill his bag,
I call on my snake from nowhere to bite him.
Folks, let's drink ourselves to death in the party
as long as we wear sponges in the tongue;
let's stay awake in our unending dream so that nobody
will take us for gone and cheat us out of our lives.

¹ *outlaugh*: laugh more than

² *adversary*: enemy

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel set in the nineteenth century. In the novel, Mr Clennam is trying to get information from the 'Circumlocution Office', a government department which prefers talking about things to doing anything. He wants to see an official called Mr Tite Barnacle, but instead only manages to see his son. The Barnacle family occupy most of the posts in the corrupt department.

How does the writing encourage you to dislike the Circumlocution Office and its officials, and admire Mr Clennam's ability to get around them?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way Barnacle Junior, the office and its furnishings are described
- how the dialogue illustrates the differences between Mr Barnacle and Mr Clennam, and why Clennam emerges victorious
- the ways in which the language of the whole passage is partly comical and partly angry.

Mr. Arthur Clennam made his fifth inquiry for Mr. Tite Barnacle¹ one day at the Circumlocution² Office; having on previous occasions awaited that gentleman successively in a hall, a glass case, a waiting room, and a fire-proof passage where the department seemed to keep its wind. On this occasion Mr. Barnacle was not engaged, as he had been before, with the noble prodigy at the head of the Department; but was absent. Barnacle Junior, however, was announced as a lesser star, yet visible above the office horizon.

With Barnacle Junior, he signified his desire to confer; and found that young gentleman singeing the calves of his legs at the parental fire, and supporting his spine against the mantelshelf. It was a comfortable room, handsomely furnished in the higher official manner; and presenting stately suggestions of the absent Barnacle, in the thick carpet, the leather-covered desk to sit at, the leather-covered desk to stand at, the formidable easy-chair and hearth-rug, the interposed screen, the torn-up papers, the dispatch-boxes³ with little labels sticking out of them, like medicine bottles or dead game, and a general bamboozling⁴ air of How not to do it.

The present Barnacle, holding Mr. Clennam's card in his hand, had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half fledged like a young bird; and a compassionate observer might have urged, that if he had not singed the calves of his legs, he would have died of cold. He had a superior eye-glass⁵ dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much.

'Oh, I say. Look here! My father's not in the way⁶, and won't be in the way today,' said Barnacle Junior. 'Is there anything that I can do?'

(Click! Eye-glass down. Barnacle Junior quite frightened and feeling all round himself, but not able to find it.)

'You are very good,' said Arthur Clennam. 'I wish however to see Mr. Barnacle.'

'But I say. Look here! You haven't got any appointment, you know,' said Barnacle Junior.

(By this time he had found the eye-glass, and put it up again.)

'No,' said Arthur Clennam. 'That is what I wish to have.'

'But I say. Look here! Is this public business?' asked Barnacle Junior.

(Click! Eye-glass down again. Barnacle Junior in that state of search after it, that Mr Clennam felt it useless to reply at present.)

'Is it,' said Barnacle Junior, taking heed of his visitor's face, 'anything about – Tonnage⁷ – or that sort of thing?'

(Pausing for a reply, he opened his right eye with his hand and stuck his glass in it, in that inflammatory manner that his eye began watering dreadfully.)

'No,' said Arthur, 'it is nothing about tonnage.'

'Then look here. Is it private business?'

'I really am not sure. It relates to a Mr. Dorritt.'

'Look here, I tell you what! You had better call at our house, if you are going that way. Twenty-four, Mews Street, Grosvenor Square. My father's got a slight touch of the gout, and is kept at home by it.'

(The misguided young Barnacle evidently going blind on his eye-glass side, but ashamed to make any further alteration in his painful arrangements.)

'Thank you. I will call there now. Good morning.' Young Barnacle seemed discomfited at this, as not having at all expected him to go.

'You are quite sure,' said Barnacle Junior, calling after him when he got to the door, unwilling to relinquish the bright business idea he had conceived; 'that it's nothing about Tonnage?'

'Quite sure.'

With which assurance, and rather wondering what might have taken place if it *had* been anything about tonnage, Mr. Clennam withdrew to pursue his inquiries.

¹ *barnacle*: a shellfish that clings to the bottom of a ship

² *circumlocution*: using lots of words when a few would do

³ *dispatch-boxes*: boxes containing important documents

⁴ *bamboozling*: confusing

⁵ *eye-glass*: a monocle

⁶ *not in the way*: not available

⁷ *Tonnage*: a form of tax or duty

Copyright Acknowledgements:

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