

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE

0486/03

Paper 3 Alternative to Coursework

May/June 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

1 hour

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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

In the poem below, Robert Frost describes a tragic incident that occurred in a timber-yard.
 Read the poem carefully, and then write down your response to the way Frost describes the incident.
 You should refer to the way he presents the responses to the incident of the different people present.

‘OUT, OUT – ’

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard
 And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,
 Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.
 And from there those that lifted eyes could count
 Five mountain ranges one behind the other
 Under the sunset far into Vermont.
 And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,
 As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
 And nothing happened: day was all but done.
 Call it a day, I wish they might have said
 To please the boy by giving him the half hour
 That a boy counts so much when saved from work.
 His sister stood beside them in her apron
 To tell them ‘Supper’. At the word, the saw,
 As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,
 Leaped out at the boy’s hand, or seemed to leap –
 He must have given the hand. However it was,
 Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
 The boy’s first outcry was a rueful laugh,
 As he swung toward them holding up the hand
 Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
 The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all –
 Since he was old enough to know, big boy
 Doing a man’s work, though a child at heart –
 He saw all spoiled. ‘Don’t let him cut my hand off –
 The doctor, when he comes. Don’t let him, sister!’
 So. But the hand was gone already.
 The doctor put him in the dark of ether.*
 He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
 And then – the watcher at his pulse took fright.
 No one believed. They listened at his heart.
 Little – less – nothing! – and that ended it.
 No more to build on there. And they, since they
 Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

* *ether*: an anaesthetic

Copyright Acknowledgements:

‘Out, Out’ from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, Edited by Edward Connery Lathem, the Estate of Robert Frost and Jonathan Cape as Publisher. Used by permission of The Random House Group Limited

Cambridge International Examinations has made every effort to trace copyright holders, but if we have inadvertently overlooked any we will