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Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/43**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2016**

1 hour 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.

The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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

EITHER

1 Read carefully the poem opposite.

How does the poet powerfully convey to you the stories which the immigrant can tell?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she describes the immigrant's memories
- why the immigrant prefers not to remember them in the present
- the effect created by the return of those memories in the future.

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The Immigrant's Song

Let us not speak of those days
when coffee beans filled the morning
with hope, when our mothers' headscarves
hung like white flags on washing lines.
Let us not speak of the long arms of sky
that used to cradle us at dusk.
And the baobabs[1]—let us not trace
the shape of their leaves in our dreams,
or yearn for the noise of those nameless birds
that sang and died in the church's eaves[2].
Let us not speak of men,
stolen from their beds at night.
Let us not say the word
disappeared.
Let us not remember the first smell of rain.
Instead, let us speak of our lives now—
the gates and bridges and stores.
And when we break bread
in cafés and at kitchen tables
with our new brothers,
let us not burden them with stories
of war or abandonment.
Let us not name our old friends
who are unravelling like fairy tales
in the forests of the dead.
Naming them will not bring them back.
Let us stay here, and wait for the future
to arrive, for grandchildren to speak
in forked tongues about the country
we once came from.
Tell us about it, they might ask.
And you might consider telling them
of the sky and the coffee beans,
the small white houses and dusty streets.
You might set your memory afloat
like a paper boat down a river.
You might pray that the paper
whispers your story to the water,
that the water sings it to the trees,
that the trees howl and howl
it to the leaves. If you keep still
and do not speak, you might hear
your whole life fill the world
until the wind is the only word.

[1] *baobabs*: large African trees
[2] *eaves*: the bottom edges of a roof

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OR

2 Read carefully this extract from a novel. Rachel is an artist who has taken her son, Petroc, to a remote beach to swim on his birthday.

How does the writing in this passage vividly portray Rachel's pleasure in working creatively?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer describes the details which Rachel observes
- how he shows her transforming what she sees into sketches
- how he suggests the importance of her work to her life.

She settled herself comfortably in the sand with her back against an especially flat bit of cliff. This was the risky side of the beach to lie because there were great rocks high above, barely contained in the turf and shale around them, but it caught the sun and gave the best view. She tugged her sketchpad and a pencil case out of the picnic bag and began drawing the archway the sea had hollowed out from the cliff on the beach's shady side.

It was an interesting shape but a challenge to capture with only a pencil and a few coloured crayons as it presented such extremes of light and shade. But then, working on the planes of water, the utterly still, dark pool in the sand beneath the arch and the dazzlingly white-shot blue of the open sea glimpsed beyond, she grasped an idea for a painting or a series of paintings. Layers of finely gradated colour could be built up in bands, like a stack of Pyrex[1] saucers that had once held her fascinated in a hospital canteen. She abandoned the sketch then filled page after page with studies, leaning on her drawn-up knees.

She was faintly aware of time passing as she worked. Some people came to the beach with a dog and explored the caves, talking loudly about a bird they thought was roosting there, and passed on. Petroc padded around her and helped himself to sandwiches and a pork pie and tomatoes and some apple juice. At one point, when she had fallen back to staring at the arch in the cliff – seeing it yet not seeing it as the pictures formed and rearranged themselves on the canvas in her mind – a man walked into her vision and distracted her. He was impossibly tall, thin and old, perhaps seventy, like a Mervyn Peake[2] illustration. She watched as he half-stripped until he had nothing on but his khaki trousers then darted like a wading bird in and out of the shallow surf, stamping his feet and stooping to catch the foam in his hands before anointing his face and neck and, strangest of all, the small of his back. She saw that Petroc, far up the beach among the high tide of pebbles, was watching too and she grinned at him. Then they watched the man stamp his feet dry on his jersey, dress and leave again, clambering back up the boulders and clay with surprising agility. His little visit had taken all of six or seven minutes, like a speeded-up re-enactment of childhood joy amid the mature pleasures of a long clifftop walk.

She began to draw a quick cartoony drawing of the man stamping in the surf but was distracted afresh by the light on the water and the entirely unwatery shapes she could see in it if she stared long enough, a kind of network of dish shapes and bending discs. Then she remembered that several of the crayons she was using were water soluble so she experimented with a corner of a handkerchief dipped in apple juice and rubbed selectively across what she had drawn. She was playing and she was working and she was entirely absorbed and happy.

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Finally she broke off, when her inability to take the ideas further without paint and brushes was becoming a kind of pain, and remembered with a spasm of guilt that it was Petroc's birthday and that was why they were there together with no one else.

[1] *Pyrex*: brand of glass cookware
[2] *Mervyn Peake*: a writer and artist well-known for his unusual illustrations

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