



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/42

Paper 4 Unseen

February/March 2017

1 hour 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

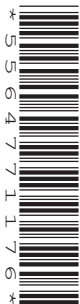
READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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.



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

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

EITHER

1 Read carefully the poem opposite. The poet is sitting on the beach waiting for her lover to join her.

How does the poet vividly present her thoughts and feelings?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet creates the mood and atmosphere of the first nine lines
- how the poet conveys her state of mind
- the impact that the language of the last five lines has on you.

A Walk on the Beach

Nothing but quiet air and the settling, breathing sound
of millions of tiny crabs, scattered like seed
over miles of puddled sand.
Soon I'll hear the scuff and flap of your thongs¹
cantering down the long slope to the beach.
As you come to find me here, in the heel
of the bay, half-submerged in warmth among
littered shells and dry, whiskery weed,
my blood will rise to meet you like a wave.
If afterwards we walk out hand in hand
to the pale, flickering margin of the sea,
don't talk today – today at least – of the price
that's paid for such a simple freedom, of how
we could never stroll, leisured, well-fed,
in our tee-shirts from Taiwan, swinging my
woven Filipino² beach-bag, unless half
the world suffered deprivation.
Don't say, if no-one's to go to bed
hungry, all this – what we have, what we are –
must utterly change.
No, not today. Let's walk in the soft air
hands laced quietly together, our smooth bare
arms touching. Let's smile in each other's eyes
as the crabs writhe and splinter underfoot
in the long, murderous barrage³ of our tread.

¹ *thongs*: a type of sandals

² *Filipino*: from the Philippines

³ *barrage*: continuous attack

OR

- 2 Read carefully the extract opposite, from a novel set in North Africa. Port, a tourist, has decided to go for an evening walk by himself. He finds himself in unfamiliar surroundings at the edge of the city.

How does the writer convey tension and suspense?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the effects he creates through the stone throwing incident
- how the description of Port's surroundings emphasises his isolation
- how the writer makes the end of the extract so unsettling.

The street lights were very far apart now, and the streets had left off being paved. Still there were children in the gutters, playing with the garbage and screeching. A small stone suddenly hit him in the back. He wheeled about, but it was too dark to see where it had come from. A few seconds later another stone, coming from in front of him, landed against his knee. In the dim light, he saw a group of small children scattering before him. More stones came from the other direction, this time without hitting him. When he got beyond, to a point where there was a light, he stopped and tried to watch the two groups in battle, but they all ran off into the dark, and so he started up again, his gait as mechanical and rhythmical as before. A wind that was dry and warm, coming up the street out of the blackness before him, met him head on. He sniffed at the fragments of mystery in it, and again he felt an unaccustomed exaltation.

Even though the street became constantly less urban, it seemed reluctant to give up; huts continued to line it on both sides. Beyond a certain point there were no more lights, and the dwellings themselves lay in darkness. The wind, straight from the south, blew across the barren mountains that were invisible ahead of him, over the vast flat *sebkha*¹ to the edges of the town, raising curtains of dust that climbed to the crest of the hill and lost themselves in the air above the harbour. He stood still. The last possible suburb had been strung on the street's thread. Beyond the final hut the garbage and rubble floor of the road sloped abruptly downward in three directions. In the dimness below were shallow, crooked canyon-like formations. Port raised his eyes to the sky: the powdery course of the Milky Way² was like a giant rift across the heavens that let the faint white light through. In the distance he heard a motor-cycle. When its sound was finally gone, there was nothing to hear but an occasional cock-crow, like the highest part of a repeated melody whose other notes were inaudible.

He started down the bank to the right, sliding among the fish skeletons and dust. Once below, he felt out a rock that seemed clean and sat down on it. The stench was overpowering. He lit a match, saw the ground thick with chicken feathers and decayed melon rinds. As he rose to his feet he heard steps above him at the end of the street. A figure stood at the top of the embankment. It did not speak, yet Port was certain that it had seen him, had followed him, and knew he was sitting down there. It lit a cigarette, and for a moment he saw an Arab wearing a *chechia*³ on his head. The match, thrown into the air, made a fading parabola, the face disappeared, and only the red point of the cigarette remained. The cock crowed several times. Finally the man cried out.

*'Qu'est-ce ti cherches là?'*⁴

'Here's where the trouble begins,' thought Port. He did not move.

¹ *sebkha*: area of salt-encrusted land

² *the Milky Way*: band of stars

³ *chechia*: a type of cap

⁴ *Qu'est-ce ti cherches là?*: French dialect for "What are you looking for there?"

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