



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

LITERATURE (ENGLISH)

0486/42

Paper 4 Unseen

May/June 2015

1 hour 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

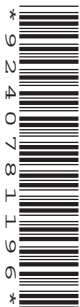
READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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 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.

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

Either

- 1 Read carefully the following poem. At first the poet seems to be waiting for a postal delivery, but as the poem continues he reflects on the whole experience of waiting.

How does the poet memorably portray his experience of waiting?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet creates a sense of time passing
- the ways in which he portrays his frustration
- how his thoughts and feelings develop in the final seven lines.

3

Waiting In

They promised to deliver. So I wait
All day, and listen for the bell. The hours
Go by from morning until noon, and late
Into the afternoon. Nothing arrives.
The time drifts off in bits like vanished lives.
The windows show dark clouds like distant towers.

A bruised June sky. My birthday came and went.
Now I wait in, have nothing else to do
Except to wait and let the time be spent
In counting minutes, restless, fidgeting,
Unable to get on with anything,
Watching the traffic down the avenue.

Now it's too late. Nothing will come today.
A waste of time, a whole day gone like this,
Emptily, with such trivial delay
Nagging at age and irritation. When
I draw the heavy curtains, restless, then
The waiting-in slips into sleeplessness,

And a whole day of waiting starts again.

Or

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. A farmer, Brangwen, takes his young daughter to see the cattle feeding at night. He does this to distract the child who has been crying hysterically. Tilly is the family's servant.

How does the writer strikingly convey to you the atmosphere of this moment?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer contrasts the night outside with the atmosphere inside the barn
- how he portrays the child's responses
- the effect of this moment on the farmer's thoughts and feelings.

He took a big shawl, folded her round, and went out into the kitchen for a lantern.

"You're never taking the child out, of a night like this," said Tilly.

"Ay¹, it'll quieten her," he answered.

It was raining. The child was suddenly still, shocked, finding the rain on its face, the darkness.

"We'll just give the cows their something-to-eat, afore² they go to bed," Brangwen was saying to her, holding her close and sure.

There was a trickling of water into the butt, a burst of rain-drops sputtering on to her shawl, and the light of the lantern swinging, flashing on a wet pavement and the base of a wet wall. Otherwise it was black darkness: one breathed darkness.

He opened the doors, upper and lower, and they entered into the high, dry barn, that smelled warm even if it were not warm. He hung the lantern on the nail and shut the door. They were in another world now.

The light shed softly on the timbered barn, on the whitewashed walls, and the great heap of hay; instruments cast their shadows largely, a ladder rose to the dark arch of a loft. Outside there was the driving rain, inside, the softly-illuminated stillness and calmness of the barn.

Holding the child on one arm, he set about preparing the food for the cows, filling a pan with chopped hay and brewer's grains and a little meal. The child, all wonder, watched what he did. A new being was created in her for the new conditions. Sometimes, a little spasm, eddying from the bygone storm of sobbing, shook her small body. Her eyes were wide and wondering, pathetic. She was silent, quite still.

In a sort of dream, his heart sunk to the bottom, leaving the surface of him still, quite still, he rose with the panful of food, carefully balancing the child on one arm, the pan in the other hand. The silky fringe of the shawl swayed softly, grains and hay trickled to the floor; he went along a dimly-lit passage behind the mangers³, where the horns of the cows pricked out of the obscurity. The child shrank, he balanced stiffly, rested the pan on the manger wall, and tipped out the food, half to this cow, half to the next. There was a noise of chains running, as the cows lifted or dropped their heads sharply; then a contented, soothing sound, a long snuffing as the beasts ate in silence.

The journey had to be performed several times. There was the rhythmic sound of the shovel in the barn, then the man returned walking stiffly between the two weights, the face of the child peering out from the shawl. Then the next time, as he stooped, she freed her arm and put it round his neck, clinging soft and warm, making all easier.

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The beasts fed, he dropped the pan and sat down on a box, to arrange the child.

“Will the cows go to sleep now?” she said, catching her breath as she spoke.

“Yes.”

“Will they eat all their stuff up first?”

“Yes. Hark at them⁴.”

And the two sat still listening to the snuffing and breathing of cows feeding in the sheds communicating with this small barn. The lantern shed a soft, steady light from one wall. All outside was still in the rain. He looked down at the silky folds of the paisley shawl⁵. It reminded him of his mother. She used to go to church in it. He was back again in the old irresponsibility and security, a boy at home.

The two sat very quiet. His mind, in a sort of trance, seemed to become more and more vague. He held the child close to him. A quivering little shudder, re-echoing from her sobbing, went down her limbs. He held her closer. Gradually she relaxed, the eyelids began to sink over her dark, watchful eyes. As she sank to sleep, his mind became blank.

¹ *Ay*: yes (dialect)

² *afore*: before (dialect)

³ *mangers*: feeding troughs

⁴ *hark at them*: listen to them

⁵ *paisley shawl*: soft wool shawl with bright design

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