



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/41**

Paper 4 Unseen

**October/November 2015**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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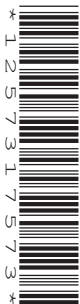
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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.



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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. The poet was about to hit his son. His action triggers thoughts and feelings about his own father.

**How does the poet's writing powerfully convey to you the impact of this experience?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet conveys his first reactions to the incident
- how he compares his hand to his own father's hand
- how the poet's thoughts and feelings about himself and his father develop in the last seven lines.

## 3

*Hit!*

I raise my hand against my son  
And all night afterwards re-run

A bitter sequence in my head.  
That hand is not this hand. Instead

Of this hand rising in the light  
That hand is rough, the knuckles white

Where skin is tight across the bone.  
That hand is not this hand. My own.

Is long and delicate. The fists  
As skinny as a Lazarist's<sup>1</sup>,

Are bony; not so quick, so square.  
That hand is not this hand but where

The fingers probe against the brain  
I feel again that hurt, that pain

Of snap rejection. Now I know  
That hand becomes this hand. I grow

More like my father. On his grave  
The ragged grasses misbehave.

<sup>1</sup> *Lazarist's*: belonging to a member of a strict religious order

Or

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a non-fiction text. The writer and his two friends have sailed out to a remote island off the coast of Wales, where they intend to spend the night.

**How does the writer encourage you to share his appreciation of what he sees and feels?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the ways in which he describes his surroundings as the sun goes down
- his descriptions of the fire and of the water at night
- how he portrays the powerful sensations he feels when swimming in the water.

That afternoon the sun returned, filling the air with low warm light. We climbed steep cliffs near the cove<sup>1</sup>, above deep sea water which would catch us if we fell, and gathered the rock samphire<sup>2</sup> that grew in vertical fields. We perched in little nooks and sentry holes, facing out to the setting sun, and talked to each other across the cliff, as we chewed on the samphire's pale green leaves, relishing its saltiness.

As dark was finally falling, we returned to the cove off which the boat was moored. It lay at the mouth of a small steep-sided valley, cut by a stream. The valley's two banks were thick with small trees – ash, elder, rowan – hung with wild honeysuckle, and bindweed<sup>3</sup>, whose almond scent gathered in the air and moved with the wind in currents through the dusk, and whose white trumpet-shaped flowers shone in the fading light.

The cove's beach was formed of hundreds of thousands of stones, some as smooth as eggs. Several old rusted tractors with black plastic bucket seats were pulled up to either side, near the cliffs, ready to haul fishing boats out of the water. Where it was sandier, near the water, three wading birds moved forwards together in a line, swinging their beaks from side to side in arcs as they advanced, like a team of metal detectors. We moved boulders to make seats, and sat for a while, watching the sun complete its combustion over the western sea.

When it was fully dark, we lit a birchwood fire in a pit of stones beneath the westernmost cliff edge of the cove, and sat round it, drinking, eating, talking. The orange fire popped bright sun-flares out into the darkness. Resin hissed, and wood cracked as it tore itself along its grain. Sparks rushed in flocks into the darkness, before passing out of sight. The sea hushed on the shingle. Time became measured by the fire's failing and flaring. Later in the evening, I walked across the cove. I looked back through the dark at the fire, to see its orange sway, and the figures, visible only as shadows, moving about it.

By two in the morning the fire had dulled down to a pyre of embers, which pulsed black and orange with the light wind. The night was moonless and tepid. It was then that I saw the glimmering of the water. A line of blinking light – purple and silver – rimming the long curve of the beach. I walked down to the edge, squatted, and waved a hand in the water. It blazed purple, orange, yellow and silver. Phosphorescence<sup>4</sup>!

I left my clothes on the stones, and waded into the warm shallows. Where it was undisturbed, the water was still and black. But where it was stirred, it burned with light. Every movement I made provoked a brilliant swirl, and everywhere it lapped against a floating body it was struck into colour, so that the few boats moored in the bay were outlined with luminescence, gleaming off their wet sloped sides. Glancing back, the cove, the cliffs and the caves all appeared trimmed with light. I found that

## 5

I could fling long streaks of fire from my fingertips, sorcerer-style, so I stood in the shallows for a few happy minutes, pretending to be Merlin<sup>5</sup>, dispensing magic to right and left.

Then I walked out into the deeper water, and slipped forward and swam in a squall of tangerine light. I rolled on to my back, and sculled<sup>6</sup> along the line of the shore, looking back at the land, and kicking my legs so that complex drapes of colour were slung outwards.

It was dark in the cove, and there was little loose light in the sky, and I realised that I could not see myself, only the phosphorescence that surrounded me, so that it appeared as though I were not there in the water at all: my body was unclear, defined only as a shape of darkness set against the swirling aqueous<sup>7</sup> light.

<sup>1</sup> *cove*: sheltered bay

<sup>2</sup> *rock samphire*: edible plant which grows on sea cliffs

<sup>3</sup> *honeysuckle, and bindweed*: types of climbing plant

<sup>4</sup> *Phosphorescence*: natural glow produced at night by tiny sea creatures

<sup>5</sup> *Merlin*: a legendary Welsh magician

<sup>6</sup> *sculled*: swam with a rowing motion

<sup>7</sup> *aqueous*: watery

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