



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/43**

Paper 4 Unseen

**May/June 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.



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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 poem opposite in which the poet is rowing out at sea. He comes across a Basking Shark, a very large but harmless shark which feeds close to the surface.

**How does the poet powerfully convey to you the effect of this incident upon him?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet describes the shark and their meeting
- how the experience affects his view of himself
- how he makes the final stanza so memorable.

*Basking Shark*

To stub an oar on a rock where none should be,  
To have it rise with a slounge<sup>1</sup> out of the sea  
Is a thing that happened once (too often) to me.

But not too often – though enough. I count as gain  
That once I met, on a sea tin-tacked with rain,  
That room-sized monster with a matchbox brain.

He displaced more than water. He shoggled<sup>2</sup> me  
Centuries back – this decadent townee<sup>3</sup>  
Shook on a wrong branch of his family tree.

Swish up the dirt and, when it settles, a spring  
Is all the clearer. I saw me, in one fling,  
Emerging from the slime of everything.

So who's the monster? The thought made me grow pale  
For twenty seconds while, sail after sail,  
The tall fin slid away and then the tail.

- <sup>1</sup> *slounge*: Scots dialect for slouch  
<sup>2</sup> *shoggled*: Scots dialect for shook  
<sup>3</sup> *townee*: town dweller

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel set in the United States. It is the introduction to a main character called Beloved. Beloved appears near house number 124. The residents of the house are the mother Sethe, her partner Paul D and Sethe's daughter Denver. They have just returned from a carnival.

**How does the writer create such an intriguing introduction to the character of Beloved?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer describes Beloved's arrival and appearance
- how she portrays the family's reaction to Beloved
- how the writer makes the character of Beloved so mysterious.

A fully dressed woman walked out of the water. She barely gained the dry bank of the stream before she sat down and leaned against a mulberry tree. All day and all night she sat there, her head resting on the trunk in a position abandoned enough to crack the brim in her straw hat. Everything hurt but her lungs most of all. Sopping wet and breathing shallow she spent those hours trying to negotiate the weight of her eyelids. The day breeze blew her dress dry; the night wind wrinkled it. Nobody saw her emerge or came accidentally by. If they had, chances are they would have hesitated before approaching her. Not because she was wet, or dozing or had what sounded like asthma, but because amid all that she was smiling. It took her the whole of the next morning to lift herself from the ground and make her way through the woods past a giant temple of boxwood to the field and then the yard of the slate-gray house. Exhausted again, she sat down on the first handy place—a stump not far from the steps of 124. By then keeping her eyes open was less of an effort. She could manage it for a full two minutes or more. Her neck, its circumference no wider than a parlor-service saucer, kept bending and her chin brushed the bit of lace edging her dress.

Women who drink champagne when there is nothing to celebrate can look like that: their straw hats with broken brims are often askew; they nod in public places; their shoes are undone. But their skin is not like that of the woman breathing near the steps of 124. She had new skin, lineless and smooth, including the knuckles of her hands.

By late afternoon when the carnival was over, and the locals were hitching rides home if they were lucky—walking if they were not—the woman had fallen asleep again. The rays of the sun struck her full in the face, so that when Sethe, Denver and Paul D rounded the curve in the road all they saw was a black dress, two unlaced shoes below it.

“Look,” said Denver. “What is that?”

The woman gulped water from a speckled tin cup and held it out for more. Four times Denver filled it, and four times the woman drank as though she had crossed a desert. When she was finished a little water was on her chin, but she did not wipe it away. Instead she gazed at Sethe with sleepy eyes. Poorly fed, thought Sethe, and younger than her clothes suggested—good lace at the throat, and a rich woman's hat. Her skin was flawless except for three vertical scratches on her forehead so fine and thin they seemed at first like hair, baby hair before it bloomed and roped into the masses of black yarn under her hat.

“You from around here?” Sethe asked her.

She shook her head no and reached down to take off her shoes. She pulled her dress up to the knees and rolled down her stockings. When the hosiery was tucked into the shoes, Sethe saw that her feet were like her hands, soft and new. She must

have hitched a wagon ride, thought Sethe. Probably one of those West Virginia girls looking for something to beat a life of tobacco and sorghum<sup>1</sup>. Sethe bent to pick up the shoes.

“What might your name be?” asked Paul D.

“Beloved,” she said, and her voice was so low and rough each one looked at the other two. They heard the voice first—later the name.

“Beloved. You use a last name, Beloved?” Paul D asked her.

“Last?” She seemed puzzled. Then “No,” and she spelled it for them, slowly as though the letters were being formed as she spoke them.

<sup>1</sup> *sorghum*: cheap grain used as animal feed

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