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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/42**

Paper 4 Unseen

**February/March 2015**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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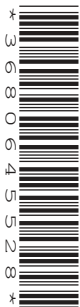
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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. It is written from the point of view of a dormant volcano, one which has not erupted for years but may do so in the future. Krakatoa and Vesuvius ('vesuvian'), mentioned in the poem, are volcanoes which erupted in the past causing major destruction.

**How does the poet powerfully portray the volcano?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the volcano describes itself
- the effect of the poet comparing this volcano to Krakatoa
- the impact on you of the final six lines of the poem.

*Volcano*

When I speak now  
there are no urgent rumblings in my voice  
no scarlet vapour issues from my lips  
I spit no lava:  
but I am a volcano  
an incandescent<sup>1</sup> cone of angry flesh  
black brimstone<sup>2</sup> broils within  
the craters of my being.  
When I speak now  
no one can hear me  
the thunder lies too deep too deep  
for violent cataclysm:<sup>3</sup>  
My heat  
is nothing but a memory now:  
My cry  
a terror of the long forgotten:  
Time heaps high snow upon my passive flanks  
and I stand muted with my furnace caged  
too chilled for agitation.  
But mark me well  
for I am still volcano  
I may disown my nature, my vesuvian blood,  
so did my cousin Krakatoa  
for centuries locked his fist within the earth  
and only shook it when his wrath was full  
and died to rock the world.  
So, mark me well  
pray that my silence shall outlive my wrath  
for if this vomit ventures to my lips again  
old orthodoxies<sup>4</sup> villaged on my flanks  
shall face the molten magma<sup>5</sup> of my wrath  
submerge and perish.

1 *incandescent*: white-hot

2 *brimstone*: sulphur

3 *cataclysm*: destructive upheaval

4 *orthodoxies*: opinions, beliefs, traditions

5 *magma*: hot liquid rock inside the volcano

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. After a very long journey Lev, an Eastern European, has just arrived in London. Lev's wife has recently died and he has left his daughter, Maya, in his home country with his mother, Ina, in order to find work in England.

**How does the writer vividly convey to you Lev's thoughts and feelings at this moment?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the writer describes Lev's feelings about the tourists and the joggers
- how she portrays his thoughts about his mother and daughter
- how she conveys his feelings of being in a strange country in the passage as a whole.

Reaching the river, Lev set down his bag and extracted one twenty-pound note from his wallet. He bought two hot dogs and a can of Coca-Cola from a stall and a hoard of change was put into his hand. He felt proud of this transaction.

He leaned on the embankment wall, and looked at London. The food felt rich and burning, the cola seemed to pinch at his teeth. Though the sky was blue, the river remained an opalescent<sup>1</sup> grey-green and Lev wondered whether this was always true of city rivers – that they were incapable of reflecting the sky because of all the centuries of dark mud beneath. Travelling on the water, going in both directions, were cumbersome tourist boats, with carefree people clustered into seating on the top deck, taking photographs in the sun.

Lev's eye was held by these people. He envied them their ease and their summer shorts and the way the voices of the tour guides echoed out across the wavelets, naming the buildings in three or four different languages, so that those on the boats would never feel confused or lost. Lev noted, too, that this journey of theirs was finite – upriver a few miles, past the giant white wheel<sup>2</sup> turning slowly on its too-fragile stem, then back to where they'd started from – whereas his own journey in England had barely begun; it was infinite, with no known ending or destination, and yet already, as the moments passed, confusion and worry were sending pains to his head.

At Lev's back, joggers kept passing, and the scuff and squeak of their trainers, their rapid breathing, were like a reproach to Lev, who stood without moving, bathing his teeth in cola, devoid of any plan, while these runners had purpose and strength and a tenacious little goal of self-improvement.

Lev finished the cola and lit a cigarette. He was sure his 'self' needed improving, too. For a long time now, he'd been moody, melancholy and short-tempered. Even with Maya. For days on end, he'd sat on Ina's porch without moving, or lain in an old grey hammock, smoking and staring at the sky. Many times he'd refused to play with his daughter, or help her with her reading, left everything to Ina. And this was unfair, he knew. Ina kept the family alive with her jewellery-making. She also cooked their meals and cleaned the house and hoed the vegetable patch and fed the animals – while Lev lay and looked at clouds. It was more than unfair; it was lamentable. But at last he'd been able to tell his mother he was going to make amends. By learning English and then by migrating to England, he was going to save them. Two years from now, he would be a man-of-the-world. He would own an expensive watch. He would put Ina and Maya aboard a tourist boat and show them the famous buildings. They would have no need of a tourist guide because he, Lev, would know the names of everything in London by heart ...

Reproaching himself for his laziness, his thoughtlessness toward Ina, Lev walked in the direction of a riverside stall selling souvenirs and cards. The stall was shaded by the pillars of a tall bridge and Lev felt suddenly cold as he moved out of the sunlight. He stared at the flags, toys, models, mugs and linen towels, wondering

what to buy for his mother. The stall-holder watched him lazily from his corner in the shadows. Lev knew that Ina would like the towels – the linen felt thick and hard-wearing – but the price on them was £5.99, so he moved away.

Slowly, he turned the rack of postcards, and scenes from life in London revolved obediently in front of him. Then he saw the thing he knew he would have to buy: it was a greetings card in the shape of Princess Diana's<sup>3</sup> head. On her face was her famous, heartbreaking smile and in her blonde hair nestled a diamond tiara and the blue of her eyes was startling and sad.

Buying the Diana card exhausted Lev. As he slouched back into the sunshine, he felt spent, lame, at the end of what he could endure that day. He had to find a bed somewhere and lie down.

<sup>1</sup> *opalescent*: changing colour

<sup>2</sup> *the giant white wheel*: 'The London Eye', a famous Ferris wheel and tourist attraction

<sup>3</sup> *Princess Diana*: a member of the British Royal Family





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