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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/43**

Paper 4 Unseen

**May/June 2017**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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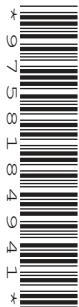
**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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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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.

**How does the poet vividly portray the woman and the impression she made on him?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he describes her life and surroundings
- how he describes the woman and her attitudes
- how he conveys the impact of meeting her 'face to face'.

*Field of Vision*

I remember this woman who sat for years

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Focused and drawn in by what barred the way.

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel set in the 1940s. Harriet is an Englishwoman living in Romania ('Rumania') with her husband, Guy. She is buying plates from a market in a poor area of the town.

**In what ways does the writer make this passage so disturbing?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the writer's description of the market area
- her portrayal of the beggars
- how the writer conveys Harriet's feelings of isolation and fear.

When she left the taxi, she walked through the Calea<sup>1</sup> Lipscani, searching for a stall that sold decorated Hungarian plates. The area was primitive, bug-ridden and brutal. Its streets, unlike the fashionable streets, were as crowded in winter as in summer. The gas-lit windows threw out a greenish glow. The stalls dripped with gas flares. Harriet pushed her way between men and women who, wrapped to the eyes in woollen scarves, were bulky with frieze, sheep-skin and greasy astrakhan. The beggars, on home ground, rummaging for food under the stalls, did not usually trouble to beg here, but the sight of Harriet was too much for them.

When she stopped at a meat stall to buy veal, she became conscious of a sickening smell of decay beside her. Turning, she saw an ancient female dwarf who was thrusting the stump of an arm up to her face. She searched hurriedly for a coin and could find nothing smaller than a hundred-*lei*<sup>2</sup> note. She knew it was too much but handed it over. It led, as she feared, to trouble. The woman gave a shrill cry calling to her a troupe of children, who at once set upon Harriet, waving their deformities and begging with professional and remorseless piteousness.

She took the meat she had bought and tried to escape into the crowd. The children clung like lice. They caught hold of her arms, their faces screwed into the classical mask of misery while they whined and whimpered in chorus.

Guy had told her she must try and get used to the beggars. They could be discouraged by a show of amiable indifference. She had not yet learned the trick and perhaps never would. Their persistence roused her to fury.

She reached the stall where the Hungarian plates were displayed and paused. At once the children surrounded her, their eyes gleaming at her annoyance, seeming to be dancing in triumph. She made off again, almost running, only wanting now to get away from them. At the end of the road she saw a *trăsură*<sup>3</sup> and shouted to it. It stopped. She jumped on board and the children followed her. They clung to the steps, wailing at her, until the driver struck them off with his whip. As they dropped down, one by one, her anger subsided. She looked back at them and saw them still staring after the dispenser of hundred-*lei* notes – a collection of wretched, ragged waifs with limbs as thin as sticks.

Before she left England, she had read books written by travellers in Rumania who had given a picture of a rollicking, open-hearted, happy, healthy peasantry, full of music and generous hospitality. They were, it was true, mad about music. Music was their only outlet. They made themselves drunk on it. As for the rest, she had seen nothing of it. The peasants in this city were starved, frightened figures, scrawny with pellagra,<sup>4</sup> wandering about in a search for work or making a half-hearted attempt to beg.

The situation would have been simplified for her could she, like Guy, have seen the peasants not only as victims, but as blameless victims. The truth was, the more she learnt about them, the more she was inclined to share Doamna Drucker's<sup>5</sup> loathing of them; but she would not call them beasts. They had not the beauty

or dignity of beasts. They treated their animals and their women with the simple brutality of savages.

Driving now down the long, deserted Calea Victoriei, it seemed to her she could smell in the wind those not so distant regions of mountain and fir-forest where wolves and bears, driven by hunger, haunted the villages in the winter snow-light. And the wind was harsher than any wind she had ever known. She shivered, feeling isolated in a country that was to her not only foreign but alien.

1 *Calea*: Avenue

2 *lei*: local currency

3 *trăsură*: horse-drawn carriage

4 *pellagra*: a skin disease caused by malnutrition

5 *Doamna Drucker*: Mrs Drucker, a friend





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