LITERATURE (ENGLISH)  0486/41
Paper 4 Unseen
May/June 2016
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 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.
Answer either Question 1 or Question 2.

EITHER

1 Read carefully the poem opposite. A man, his wife and baby are driving to a new house in the west of England. On the way they stop in a small town to buy a cooking pan.

How does the poet's writing make this experience so striking?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way the poet describes the family’s arrival in the town
- his descriptions of the man and woman on the pavement
- the effect of the poem's ending.
When he stopped at last in the long main street

And helpless to warn them.

1 *extricated*: removed (with difficulty)
2 *the ironmonger’s*: a shop selling household items
3 *Morris Traveller*: a family car
2 Read carefully the extract from a short story opposite. The two girls, Penny and Primrose, who have not met before, are being evacuated to the countryside on a steam train. This is to escape the bombing of their city during a war.

How does the writer vividly convey to you the experiences of the girls?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer conveys the girls' feelings through their conversations
- how she describes their impressions of the train and the journey
- how she develops tension and a sense of unease in the passage as a whole.
The girls discussed on the train whether it was a sort of holiday or a sort of punishment, or a bit of both. Penny had read a book about Boy Scouts, but the children on the train did not appear to be Brownies or Wolf Cubs, only a mongrel battalion of the lost. Both little girls had the idea that these were all perhaps not very good children, possibly being sent away for that reason. They were pleased to be able to define each other as ‘nice’. They would stick together, they agreed. Try to sit together, and things.

The train crawled sluggishly further and further away from the city and their homes. It was not a clean train – the upholstery of their carriage had the dank smell of unwashed trousers, and the gusts of hot steam rolling backwards past their windows were full of specks of flimsy ash, and sharp grit, and occasional fiery sparks that pricked face and fingers like hot needles if you opened the window. It was very noisy too, whenever it picked up a little speed. The engine gave great bellowing sighs, and the invisible wheels underneath clicked rhythmically and monotonously, tap-tap-tap-CRASH, tap-tap-tap-CRASH. The window-panes were both grimy and misted up. The train stopped frequently, and when it stopped, they used their gloves to wipe rounds, through which they peered out at flooded fields, furrowed hillsides and tiny stations, whose names were carefully blacked out, whose platforms were empty of life.

The children did not know that the namelessness was meant to baffle or delude an invading army. They felt – they did not think it out, but somewhere inside them the idea sprouted – that the erasure was because of them, because they were not meant to know where they were going or, like Hansel and Gretel, to find the way back. They did not speak to each other of this anxiety, but began the kind of conversation children have about things they really disliked, things that upset, or disgusted, or frightened them. Semolina pudding with its grainy texture, mushy peas, fat on roast meat. Listening to the stairs and the window-sashes creaking in the dark or the wind. Having your head held roughly back over the basin to have your hair washed, with cold water running down inside your liberty bodice. Gangs in playgrounds. They felt the pressure of all the other alien children in all the other carriages as a potential gang. They shared another square of chocolate, and licked their fingers, and looked out at a great white goose flapping its wings beside an inky pond.

The sky grew dark grey and in the end the train halted. The children got out, and lined up in a crocodile, and were led to a mud-coloured bus. Penny and Primrose managed to get a seat together, although it was over the wheel, and both of them began to feel sick as the bus bumped along snaking country lanes, under whipping branches, dark leaves on dark wooden arms on a dark sky, with torn strips of thin cloud streaming across a full moon, visible occasionally between them.

1 Brownies or Wolf Cubs: organisations for young children
2 Hansel and Gretel: lost children from a fairy tale
3 liberty bodice: vest
4 lined up in a crocodile: lined up in pairs
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