



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/41**

Paper 4 Unseen

**October/November 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, in which the poet considers what she has inherited from her parents.

**How does the poet's use of imagery strikingly convey the links between her past and her future?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she connects her hands to her parents' lives
- how she conveys her ideas of marriage
- the effect of addressing another person in the final stanza.

*Genetics*

My father's in my fingers, but my mother's in my palms.  
I lift them up and look at them with pleasure –  
I know my parents made me by my hands.

They may have been repelled to separate lands,  
to separate hemispheres, may sleep with other lovers,  
but in me they touch where fingers link to palms.

With nothing left of their togetherness but friends  
who quarry for their image by a river,  
at least I know their marriage by my hands.

I shape a chapel where a steeple stands.  
And when I turn it over,  
my father's by my fingers, my mother's by my palms

demure before a priest reciting psalms<sup>1</sup>.  
My body is their marriage register.  
I re-enact their wedding with my hands.

So take me with you, take up the skin's demands  
for mirroring in bodies of the future.  
I'll bequeath<sup>2</sup> my fingers, if you bequeath your palms.  
We know our parents make us by our hands.

<sup>1</sup> *psalms*: sacred songs sung in church

<sup>2</sup> *bequeath*: leave to someone after death

**OR**

- 2 Read carefully the extract opposite, from a travel book written by an English woman driving through Spain in the middle of the twentieth century.

**How does the writer of this passage recapture her enjoyment of a beautiful place?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer describes the beauty of her surroundings
- how she describes the morning colours
- the ways in which her writing makes this part of Spain especially attractive.

Malaga, when I was there, was not too hot, but breezy and pleasant.

But I felt no temptation to stay there: as Murray<sup>1</sup> succinctly expressed it, 'one day will suffice.' I went on in the evening to Torremolinos, about eight miles down the western side of Malaga bay. The mountains had withdrawn a little from the sea; the road ran a mile inland; the sunset burned on my right, over vines and canes and olive gardens. I came into Torremolinos, a pretty country place, with, close on the sea, the little Santa Clara hotel, white and tiled and rambling, with square arches and trellises and a white walled garden dropping down by stages to the sea. One could bathe either from the beach below, or from the garden, where a steep, cobbled path twisted down the rocks to a little terrace, from which one dropped down into ten feet of green water heaving gently against a rocky wall. A round full moon rose corn-coloured behind a fringe of palms. Swimming out to sea, I saw the whole of the bay, and the Malaga lights twinkling in the middle of it, as if the wedge of cheese were being devoured by a thousand fireflies. Behind the bay the dark mountains reared, with here and there a light. It was an exquisite bathe. After it I dined on a terrace in the garden; near me three young Englishmen were enjoying themselves with two pretty Spanish girls they had picked up in Malaga; they knew no Spanish, the señoritas<sup>2</sup> no English, but this made them all the merrier. They were the first English tourists I had seen since I entered Spain; they grew a little intoxicated, and they were also the first drunks I had seen in Spain. They were not very drunk, but one seldom sees Spaniards drunk at all.

I got up early next morning and went down the garden path again to bathe. There were blue shadows on the white garden walls, and cactuses and aloes<sup>3</sup> above them, and golden cucumbers and pumpkins and palms. I dropped into the green water and swam out; Malaga across the bay was golden pale like a pearl; the little playa<sup>4</sup> of Torremolinos had fishing boats and nets on it and tiny lapping waves. Near me was a boat with fishermen, who were hacking mussels off the rocks and singing. The incredible beauty of the place and hour, of the smooth opal morning sea, shadowing to deep jade beneath the rocks, of the spread of the great bay, of the climbing, winding garden above with the blue shadows on its white walls, the golden pumpkins, the grey-green spears of the aloes, the arcaded terrace and rambling jumble of low buildings was like the returning memory of a dream long forgotten. Lumpy cathedrals, tiresome modern parks, smartly laid out avenidas and alamedas<sup>5</sup>, tented and populated beaches, passed out of mind, washed away in this quiet sea whispering against shadowed rocks. I climbed the ladder to the platform, and went up the vine-trellised garden to my annexe.

<sup>1</sup> *Murray*: a travel guide or guidebook

<sup>2</sup> *señoritas* (Spanish): young ladies

<sup>3</sup> *aloes*: spiky plants

<sup>4</sup> *playa* (Spanish): beach

<sup>5</sup> *avenidas and alamedas* (Spanish): formal tree-lined paths

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