



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/41**

Paper 4 Unseen

**October/November 2018**

**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. A nocturne is usually a piece of music inspired by the night. The poet describes her home at night.

**How does the poet portray what she likes about night-time?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the way in which she creates a night-time setting
- how her writing vividly conveys what she sees and hears
- her striking images of how things are changed by the night.

*Nocturne*

After a friend has gone I like the feel of it:  
The house at night. Everyone asleep.  
The way it draws in like atmosphere or evening.

One-o'clock. A floral teapot and a raisin scone<sup>1</sup>.  
A tray waits to be taken down.  
The landing light is off. The clock strikes. The cat

comes into his own, mysterious on the stairs,  
a black ambivalence around the legs of button-back  
chairs, an insinuation to be set beside

the red spoon and the salt-glazed cup,  
the saucer with the thick spill of tea  
which scalds off easily under the tap. Time

is a tick, a purr, a drop. The spider  
on the dining room window has fallen asleep  
among complexities as I will once

the doors are bolted and the keys tested  
and the switch turned up of the kitchen light  
which made outside in the back garden

an electric room – a domestication  
of closed daisies, an architecture  
instant and improbable.

<sup>1</sup> *scone*: a small cake

**OR**

- 2 Read carefully the extract opposite. Mr Watts, a teacher, has been reading to the narrator and the inhabitants of her island. He has been including details from his own life in the story that he is telling. The island is at war, and the ‘rambos’ are soldiers who are also listening to Mr Watts’s story.

**How does the writing convey the listeners’ interest in Mr Watts’s storytelling?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the different ways in which the villagers gather for the story
- how the ‘rambos’ are attracted to the storytelling
- how the narrator shows the magic the storytelling has for her and others.

Each night we assembled, some of us sitting cross-legged on the ground, some lying with hands under heads to count the stars as they came out, one after another, like shy fish emerging from their holes in the reef. Some stood as if they might not stay (but they always did).

My mum was always the last to arrive. It was a point of pride with her. She liked to pretend she had her hands full with other, more important things.

That was the impression she hoped to give to anyone who might pay her the respect of noticing. She would wait until the last straggler had joined the audience. Only then did she allow herself the luxury of changing her mind, thinking she might have time to hear Mr Watts speak after all, especially now he had shown a capacity to surprise.

If you watched closely you saw Mr Watts sink into himself. You saw his eyes close, as if reaching for faraway words, faint as distant stars. He never raised his voice. He didn't have to. The only other noises came from the fire, the sea murmuring, and the nightlife in the trees waking from their daytime slumber. But on hearing Mr Watts' voice the creatures shut up as well. Even the trees listened. And the old women too, and with the respect they once reserved for prayer back when there was a roof to sit under and a white German pastor to stare at.

And the rambos<sup>1</sup> were as enthralled as the rest of us. Three years in the jungle setting death traps for the redskins<sup>2</sup> had made them dangerous, but when I saw the soft focus of their eyes by the fire, I saw faces that missed the classroom. They were practically kids themselves. The one with the sleepy eye would not have been more than twenty. The rest were in their teens.

Nowadays I've come to think of them as no more than children in torn clothes bearing weapons from another war. But they had power. They had the power to ask the question that no one else thought to ask. The question was simple enough. *Who are you?* So in the first instance they were after information. In the second, they found themselves seduced by Mr Watts' story. By the third night, it was settled. Mr Watts was Pip<sup>3</sup> and they—like the rest of us—were the audience.

Mr Watts spoke with care so as not to leave anyone behind. Whenever he mentioned Grace's<sup>4</sup> name we wriggled in to get closer to the story of one of our own in the white world. When Mr Watts' voice started to falter we would know that the night's storytelling was coming to an end. His voice would stall in the middle of a sentence, at which point some of us would join him in staring up at the black night. This was a trick of his because when we looked down again we saw him disappear into the night, back to his house.

<sup>1</sup> *rambos*: (slang) soldiers

<sup>2</sup> *redskins*: (slang) foreign invaders

<sup>3</sup> *Pip*: name of the main character in Mr Watts's story

<sup>4</sup> *Grace*: name of Mr Watts's dead wife





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