Cambridge IGCSE

LITERATURE (ENGLISH) **0486/43**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2019**
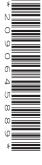
1 hour 15 minutes

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.

Cambridge Assessment
International Education

[Turn over

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

EITHER

1   Read carefully the poem opposite. The poet imagines what life is like for a baby in the womb and what it is like to grow old.

   How does the poet vividly convey his thoughts and feelings about the beginning and end of life?

   To help you answer this question, you might consider:

   • the way the poet describes life before birth
   • how he imagines the ending of life
   • the effect of the final three lines of the poem.

New Born

The first thing I did against my will is see light.
Older, in my mother's belly with a good mind,
I sometimes dreamed different kinds of darkness.
I kicked, had sweet dreams and nightmares
something like death, unborn happiness,
blind hallucinations, memories I can't name
that still push me to act with unborn hands,
all before breathing.

What last thing will cross my mind
after last rights and wrongs?
They say the grand finale[1] is like sleep,
I may feel love's nuts and bolts unscrewing –
it's best to be held tight. A pillow does not kiss.
May I never waver in peaceful unmindfulness.
I've seen passionate suffocation,
I've felt exquisite pain. Far better doggerel[2]:
"Nurse, nurse, I'm getting worse!"
Undone, I'd like my last thoughts to rhyme:
                    I did not lend
            you my love. The end.

[1] *finale*: ending
[2] *doggerel*: funny or badly written rhymes

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Quinn is pretending to be a detective. He has been following a man called Stillman, who he thinks is a dangerous criminal. They now meet for the first time.

How does the writer make this encounter so unsettling?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer creates tension before they speak
- what is both entertaining and disturbing about their conversation
- the discussion of names at the end of the passage.

The first meeting with Stillman took place in Riverside Park. It was mid-afternoon, a Saturday of bicycles, dog-walkers, and children. Stillman was sitting alone on a bench, staring out at nothing in particular, the little red notebook on his lap. There was light everywhere, an immense light that seemed to radiate outward from each thing the eye caught hold of, and overhead, in the branches of the trees, a breeze continued to blow, shaking the leaves with a passionate hissing, a rising and falling that breathed on as steadily as surf.

Quinn had planned his moves carefully. Pretending not to notice Stillman, he sat down on the bench beside him, folded his arms across his chest, and stared out in the same direction as the old man. Neither of them spoke. By his later calculations, Quinn estimated that this went on for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then, without warning, he turned his head toward the old man and looked at him point blank, stubbornly fixing his eyes on the wrinkled profile. Quinn concentrated all his strength in his eyes, as if they could begin to burn a hole in Stillman's skull. This stare went on for five minutes.

At last Stillman turned to him. In a surprisingly gentle tenor voice he said, 'I'm sorry, but it won't be possible for me to talk to you.'

'I haven't said anything,' said Quinn.

'That's true,' said Stillman. 'But you must understand that I'm not in the habit of talking to strangers.'

'I repeat,' said Quinn, 'that I haven't said anything.'

'Yes, I heard you the first time. But aren't you interested in knowing why?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Well put. I can see you're a man of sense.'

Quinn shrugged, refusing to respond. His whole being now exuded indifference.

Stillman smiled brightly at this, leaned toward Quinn, and said in a conspiratorial voice, 'I think we're going to get along.'

'That remains to be seen,' said Quinn after a long pause.

Stillman laughed – a brief, booming 'haw' – and then continued. 'It's not that I dislike strangers *per se*[1]. It's just that I prefer not to speak to anyone who does not introduce himself. In order to begin, I must have a name.'

'But once a man gives you his name, he's no longer a stranger.'

'Exactly. That's why I never talk to strangers.'

Quinn had been prepared for this and knew how to answer. He was not going to let himself be caught. Since he was technically Paul Auster, that was the name he had to protect. Anything else, even the truth, would be an invention, a mask to hide behind and keep him safe.

'In that case,' he said, 'I'm happy to oblige you. My name is Quinn.'

'Ah,' said Stillman reflectively, nodding his head. 'Quinn.'

'Yes, Quinn. Q-U-I-N-N.'

'I see. Yes, yes, I see. Quinn. Hmmm. Yes. Very interesting. Quinn. A most resonant word. Rhymes with twin, does it not?'

'That's right. Twin.'

'And sin, too, if I'm not mistaken.'

'You're not.'

[1] *per se*: (Latin) as such

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