



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

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**LITERATURE (ENGLISH)**

**0486/42**

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. The poet wonders why her friend Flora always has the Queen of Hearts when they play cards.

**How does the poet suggest what she feels about her friend's luck?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet tries to catch her friend out
- how the writing memorably brings the cards to life
- what the poet may suggest about the different fates of Flora and herself.

*The Queen of Hearts*

How comes it, Flora, that, whenever we  
Play cards together, you invariably,  
However the pack parts,  
Still hold the Queen of Hearts?

I've scanned you with a scrutinizing gaze,  
Resolved to fathom these your secret ways:  
But sift them as I will,  
Your ways are secret still.

I cut and shuffle; shuffle, cut, again;  
But all my cutting, shuffling, proves in vain:  
Vain hope, vain forethought<sup>1</sup> too;  
That Queen still falls to you.

I dropped her once, prepense<sup>2</sup>; but, ere the deal  
Was dealt, your instinct seemed her loss to feel:  
'There should be one card more,'  
You said, and searched the floor.

I cheated once; I made a private notch  
In Heart-Queen's back, and kept a lynx-eyed watch;  
Yet such another back  
Deceived me in the pack:

The Queen of Clubs assumed by arts unknown  
An imitative dint that seemed my own;  
This notch, not of my doing,  
Mised me to my ruin.

It baffles me to puzzle out the clue,  
Which must be skill, or craft, or luck in you:  
Unless, indeed, it be  
Natural affinity<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *forethought*: anticipation

<sup>2</sup> *prepense*: deliberately

<sup>3</sup> *affinity*: close resemblance or connection

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract. The Boy, a gang leader who has committed a murder, wants his lawyer, Mr Prewitt, to arrange a marriage for him. The Boy and the girl are too young to marry without their parents' consent. He wants to marry her so that she can't be a witness against him.

**How does the writer make this encounter between Mr Prewitt and the Boy so disturbing?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he vividly presents the unpleasantness of Mr Prewitt
- the ways in which the dialogue between the two characters is unsettling
- the ways in which he creates an atmosphere of corruption.

Mr Prewitt knew. You were certain of that at the first sight of him. He was a stranger to no wangle<sup>1</sup>, twist, contradictory clause, ambiguous word. His yellow shaven middle-aged face was deeply lined with legal decisions. He carried a brown leather portfolio and wore striped trousers which seemed a little too new for the rest of him. He came into the room with hollow joviality, a dockside manner: he had long pointed polished shoes which caught the light. Everything about him, from his breeziness to his morning coat, was brand new, except himself and that had aged in many law courts, with many victories more damaging than defeats. He had acquired the habit of not listening: innumerable rebukes from the bench had taught him that. He was deprecating<sup>2</sup>, discreet, sympathetic and as tough as leather.

The Boy nodded to him without getting up, sitting on the bed. 'Evening, Mr Prewitt,' and Mr Prewitt smiled sympathetically, put his portfolio on the floor, and sat down on the hard chair by the dressing-table. 'It's a lovely night,' he said. 'O dear, O dear, you've been in the wars.' The sympathy didn't belong; it could be peeled off his eyes like an auction ticket from an ancient flint instrument.

'It's not *that* I want to see you about,' the Boy said. 'You needn't be scared. I just want information.'

'No trouble, I hope?' Mr Prewitt asked.

'I want to avoid trouble. If I wanted to get married, what'd I do?'

'Wait a few years,' Mr Prewitt said promptly, as if he were calling a hand in cards.

'Next week,' the Boy said.

'The trouble is,' Mr Prewitt thoughtfully remarked, 'you're under age.'

'That's why I've called *you* in.'

'There are cases,' Mr Prewitt said, 'of people who give their ages wrong. I'm not suggesting it, mind you. What age is the girl?'

'Sixteen.'

'You're sure of that? Because if she was under sixteen you could be married in Canterbury Cathedral by the Archbishop himself, and it wouldn't be legal.'

'That's all right,' the Boy said. 'But if we give our ages wrong, are we married all right—legally?'

'Hard and fast.'

'The police wouldn't be able to call the girl—'

'In evidence against you? Not without her consent. Of course you'd have committed a misdemeanour<sup>3</sup>. You could be sent to prison. And then—there are other difficulties.' Mr Prewitt leant back against the washstand, his grey neat legal hair brushing the ewer<sup>4</sup> and eyed the Boy.

'You know I pay,' the Boy said.

'First,' Mr Prewitt said, 'you've got to remember it takes time.'

'It mustn't take long.'

'Do you want to be married in a church?'

‘Of course I don’t,’ the Boy said. ‘This won’t be a real marriage.’

‘Real enough.’

‘Not real like when the priest says it.’

‘Your religious feelings do you credit,’ Mr Prewitt said. ‘This I take it then will be a civil marriage. You could get a licence—fifteen days’ residence—you qualify for that—and one day’s notice. As far as that’s concerned you could be married the day after tomorrow—in your own district. Then comes the next difficulty. A marriage of a minor’s not easy.’

‘Go on. I’ll pay.’

‘It’s no good just saying you’re twenty-one. No one would believe you. But if you said you were eighteen you could be married provided you had your parents’ or your guardian’s consent. Are your parents alive?’

‘No.’

‘Who’s your guardian?’

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

Mr Prewitt said thoughtfully, ‘We might arrange a guardian. It’s risky though. It might be better if you’d lost touch. He’d gone to South Africa and left you. We might make quite a good thing out of that,’ Mr Prewitt added softly. ‘Flung on the world at an early age you’ve bravely made your own way.’ His eyes shifted from bedball to bedball<sup>5</sup>. ‘We’d ask for the discretion of the registrar.’

‘I never knew it was all that difficult,’ the Boy said. ‘Maybe I can manage some other way.’

‘Given time,’ Mr Prewitt said, ‘anything can be managed.’ He showed his tartar-coated teeth in a fatherly smile. ‘Give the word, my boy, and I’ll see you married.’

<sup>1</sup> *wangle* (slang): trick

<sup>2</sup> *deprecating*: disapproving

<sup>3</sup> *misdemeanour*: minor criminal offence

<sup>4</sup> *ewer*: water jug

<sup>5</sup> *bedball*: top of bedpost

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