



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

**WORLD LITERATURE**

Paper 2 Unseen

**0408/21**

**May/June 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 **4** printed pages and **4** blank pages.



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

**EITHER**

1 Read carefully the following poem. It describes how the poet enjoys sitting under a lemon tree.

**Explore how the poet memorably conveys the importance of the lemon tree.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the mother's feelings about the lemon tree
- the words and images used to portray the tree
- how the poet's thoughts and feelings develop throughout the poem.

*Under the Lemon Tree*

Not rain, but fine mist  
falls from my lemon tree,  
a balm of droplets in green shadow.

Six years now my mother gone to earth<sup>1</sup>.  
This dew, light as footsteps of the dead.  
She often walked out here, craned her neck,  
considered the fruit, hundreds of globes  
in their leathery hides, figuring on  
custard and pudding, meringue and  
hollandaise.

But her plans didn't work out.

The tree goes on unceasingly – lemons fall  
and fold into earth and begin again –  
me, I come here as a salve against heat,  
come to languish, to let the soft bursts –  
essence of citrus, summer's distillate<sup>2</sup> –  
drift into my face and settle. Water and gold  
brew in the quiet deeps at the far end  
of the season. Leaves swallow the body  
of light and the breath of water brims over.

My hands cup each other the way hers did.

<sup>1</sup>*gone to earth*: died

<sup>2</sup>*summer's distillate*: essence of summer

**Turn to page 4 for Question 2.**

OR

2 Read carefully the following short story.

It describes how a young couple spend their time together looking at an album of picture cards, collected by the young man when he was a boy.

**Explore the ways in which the writer vividly conveys the impact of the album on the couple's relationship.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the first time the young man shows the album to the young woman
- some of the words and images used to describe the different cards
- the effect on the couple of finishing the album.

They hurried into the café and sat down. Their eyes were bright with impatience as they placed the package on the table. She had barely taken her place there when she began to open the package, gazing lovingly first at the red ribbon used to tie up the package and then, with a kind of protective, expectant pride, at his face.

'What can I get you?' asked the waiter.

'I'll have a white coffee. What about you?'

'The same.'

On the table, in its navy-blue covers, like someone's Sunday-best suit of clothes, was the album of picture cards. This was a great day. They had talked about it as one might talk about the birth of a child. The album represented the young man's childhood tenacity, which had collected one picture card after another until all the landscapeless windows of that difficult book were filled. His schoolmates – he recalled – had left empty spaces of indifference and idleness in their albums. His, resplendent on the table, revealed the devotion, in its day, of a careful man, who had remained faithful all his life to his most innocent joys, to the object of his most insignificant enthusiasm. For his girlfriend, that blue album symbolised perseverance and constancy. There, on the table, was the white coffee of their humble love, but there, too, inside the book, were all the marvels of the universe, from which they began slowly, lovingly, to pull off the petals, as if their happiness, a Yes or a No, depended upon the answer.

'No,' she said gleefully, 'not *The Butterflies* today. And we've done *The Great Inventions*.'

Each page drew them closer together day after day.

On the day of *The Butterflies*, she had fluttered her eyelashes at a young man sitting opposite, and he – the boyfriend – had felt jealous. But she hadn't, in fact, even looked at that other man; she had simply wanted to flutter her own fine eyelashes like a butterfly. On the day of *Domestic Birds*, they imagined the home they would have along with an orange canary sitting bright and almost transparent in the sunny window: 'White would be better,' he suggested. 'No, it has to be orange,' she said firmly, screwing up her eyes as if wincing at the bird's bittersweet plumage. The *Exotic Birds* page placed a daring little hat of gaudy feathers gently on her head, on an afternoon in which the world would be full of laughter, champagne and confetti. On the day of *Flowers for Giving*, he gave her a bouquet of twelve tulips so that she would not forget a shared moment. When they reached *Prehistoric Animals*, she felt afraid and they moved still closer. He was keen to spend a few more days studying those *Prehistoric Animals*, but she refused and hurried on to the glittering pages of *Precious Stones*, which, instinctively, filled him with unease and suspicion. He saw in her eyes a certain courtly brazenness, certain boundless ambitions, which made him feel uncomfortable all afternoon and placed between them a clammy, amphibian coldness. When they came to *Algae*, they entwined fingers, hands, arms, looks and words. They had a splendid time with *The Evolution of the Motorcar*, bouncing up and down on their seats and juddering to a halt. She identified so

closely with the *Wild Animals* that her eyes filled up with predatory instinct and he felt like a tragic lion-tamer who might perish at any moment. With *Fauna of the Sea*, the sweet, idle, gentle fishes of love swam back and forth from her eyes to his and continued to do so, meekly, humbly, the whole afternoon. When they came to *Fruit*, she blushed and placed one hand over the apples to stop in their tracks any progressive Adam-like thoughts.

They finished the album and were left tanned and exhilarated as after a long journey. It was as if they had returned with the same shared memories from a respectful honeymoon. She waited every day – especially the last one – for him to say: ‘Here, take it, this album is for you.’ But he didn’t. Filling that album with picture cards had been his childhood joy; it had made him a prize exhibit whenever they had visitors. And so he took his album and kept it. If he had given it to her, she would have returned his gift in words full of understanding and colour, in experience of the world, in botanical beauties and ocean deeps. But the afternoons grew colder and both of them grew bored; they choked on their now broken words. And one day, she – who had fallen in love with the album – said goodbye. When the time comes, he will have to get the album out again, but without ever daring to give it away.

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