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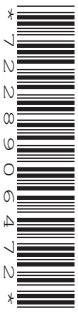
Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2021**

1 hour 15 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **one** question: **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

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

EITHER

1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page. The poet has recently moved into an old house. He is in the attic trying to fix the electrical wiring and starts to think about the house and the people who have lived there before him.

How does the poet vividly convey his thoughts and feelings while in the attic?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he portrays the attic as an uncomfortable place
- how he conveys his feelings about the house
- his thoughts about its past inhabitants and the effect these thoughts have on him.

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The House

I lie across the rafters of the loft[1]
Holding the torch. From the junction box
Wires twist into darkness, a crumbling
Skein[2] of red and black under sackcloth
Of webs. For three stifling hours

In the attic's heat I have cursed
This challenge, frustrated by
Electricity – the merciless current
That will not come. And the silence
Of the house offers no clue. Matching

Myself against its fifty years,
The solid rooms and gables[3] of this redbrick
Terrace[4], I must establish my own
Permanence. For territory is not
Bought or sold but fought over: it is

The first instinct, the small, unremarkable
Warfare of our lives. Yet crouched in this
Hot attic room my sweat has turned to ice.
The torchbeam's yellow cylinder
Identifies the dust, shapes from life

That have served their time and been abandoned
By the house. And I stare, fascinated,
At the dead. The faces of those who once called
This house home. Like them, like this frail
Blade of light, the house has swallowed me.

[1] *loft*: attic
[2] *skein*: tangle of threads
[3] *gables*: walls
[4] *terrace*: a type of house

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Perowne is driving his brand new Mercedes sports car down a side street to avoid a political protest march. Without warning, a BMW car pulls out and the wing mirrors of the two cars hit each other.

How does the writing make this passage so tense for you?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer conveys Perowne's first reactions to the situation
- how the writer makes the situation increasingly tense
- how the setting and the march add to the feeling of suspense.

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The car is a series five BMW, a vehicle Perowne associates for no good reason with criminality, drug-dealing. And there are three men, not one. The shortest is in the front passenger's seat, and the door on that side is opening as he watches, followed immediately by the driver's, and then the rear offside door. Perowne, who does not intend to be trapped into talking from a sitting position, gets out of his car. The half-minute's pause has given the situation a game-like quality in which calculations have already been made. The three men have their own reasons for holding back and discussing their next move. It's important, Perowne thinks as he goes round to the front of his car, to remember that he's in the right, and that he's angry. He also has to be careful. But these contradictory notions aren't helpful, and he decides he'll be better off feeling his way into the confrontation, rather than troubling himself with ground rules. His impulse then is to ignore the men, walk away from them, round the front of the Mercedes to get a better view of the damaged side. But even as he stands, with hands on hips, in a pose of proprietorial[1] outrage, he keeps the men, now advancing as a group, on the edge of vision.

At a glance, there seems to be no damage at all. The wing mirror is intact, there are no dents in the panels; amazingly, the metallic silver paintwork is clean. He leans forward to catch the light at a different angle. With fingers splayed, he runs a hand lightly over the bodywork, as if he really knew what he's about. There is nothing. Not a blemish. In immediate, tactical terms, this seems to leave him at a disadvantage. He has nothing to show for his anger. If there's any damage at all, it is out of sight, between the front wheels.

The men have stopped to look at something in the road. The short fellow in the black suit touches with the tip of his shoe the BMW's shorn-off wing mirror, turning it over the way one might a dead animal. One of the others, a tall young man with the long mournful face of a horse, picks it up, cradling it in both hands. They stare down at it together and then, at a remark from the short man, they turn their faces towards Perowne simultaneously, with abrupt curiosity, like deer disturbed in a forest. For the first time, it occurs to him that he might be in some kind of danger. Officially closed off at both ends, the street is completely deserted. Behind the men, on the Tottenham Court Road, a broken file of protesters is making its way south to join the main body. Perowne glances over his shoulder. There, behind him on Gower Street, the march proper has begun. Thousands packed in a single dense column are making for Piccadilly, their banners angled forwards heroically, as in a revolutionary poster. From their faces, hands and clothes they emanate the rich colour, almost like warmth, peculiar to compacted humanity. For dramatic effect, they're walking in silence to the funereal beat of marching drums.

The three men resume their approach.

[1] *proprietorial*: relating to the owner

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