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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/42**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2021**

1 hour 15 minutes

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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.

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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 following poem. The poet is observing a half-sunken and abandoned fishing boat (trawler). It rests on the beach when the tide goes out and fills with water at high tide.

How does the poet strikingly convey his thoughts and feelings about the wrecked boat?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet describes what the boat looks like
- how he presents the boat's ability to survive
- how he conveys what the boat's survival means to him.

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Wreck

This drowned trawler's
    rested comfortably
        on the tide flats for years,

filled and emptied
    like some legendary storehouse.
        High tide, up close,

you can see from the wharf
    red portholes looming up –
        windows observing us

from another, less mortal element?
    It's the shadowy heart,
        today, of a triangle

of white boats, sun-lashed
    and nodding; its broken profile
        lends depth to their lightness,

substance to their grace.
    This boat's pickled in salt,
        but preserved, I think,

by sheer persistence;
    some things have such a will
        to be themselves

they don't take to decay,
    even wave-beaten and scoured
        by seekers of salvage[1]

and souvenir. I love this evidence.
    Ghost, it is more stubborn
        than live things. Ruin,

it lasts, though the bay's
    huge indifference laves[2] what might,
        should, at any moment, cave in,

dissolve – what must, in any tempest,
    scatter the shore in unrecognisable
        fragments. It doesn't, hasn't,

I want to say won't:
    something must hold,
        some chambered wreck

must fill and empty daily,
    seawater pouring like the future
        – I need this evidence –

into the hulk[3] which admits
    and releases and keeps
        its grip on the shore.

[1] *salvage*: materials from wrecks
[2] *laves*: washes
[3] *hulk*: wreck

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[Turn over

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Juliet and Cyril are working for MI5 – military intelligence – during a war. Juliet has befriended Dolly, a traitor. They are using the flat next door to record Dolly's conversations. Lily and Dib are both dogs.

How does the writer make this such a dramatic moment?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how Juliet remembers the moments before Dolly discovers them
- the drama of Dib and Dolly's arrival
- how Dolly reacts to being betrayed.

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Afterwards – and there was a long afterwards – Juliet could never be sure how it happened. Perhaps they had grown careless, at ease with the routine of their work, their vigilance blunted by the commonplace. Or perhaps it was the heat that made them drowsily inattentive. Perhaps the clock was slow, although Juliet checked it later and there was nothing wrong with it. Perhaps it was Dolly's watch that was out of step with time. However it happened, the fact was that they were caught completely off-guard.

Juliet had taken her tea through to drink it in Cyril's room, where he was busy taking something apart and putting it back together again (his favourite occupation). 'Biscuit interval?' she said. They both laughed – it had become one of their shared jokes.

They ate the last three biscuits – one each and one for Lily, who had woken up. They chatted about Cyril's sister, who was trying to arrange a special licence so that she could get married before her fiancé was shipped off to an Army training camp. Cyril was wondering if Perry[1] might be able to help in some way when Lily suddenly began to growl. It was not her usual growl, which was little more than a playful grumble – a protest when they played tug of war with one of her knitted toys. This was an angry, frightened rumble deep in her throat, a trace of the ancestral wolf.

She was staring fixedly at the door to the living room and Juliet left her tea to find out what was upsetting the little dog so.

An intruder! Dib – Dolly's decrepit poodle.

'Dib?' Juliet puzzled to the dog. He acknowledged his name with a dismissive twitch of an ear. 'What are you doing here?'

'How do you know my dog's name?'

Dolly!

'Bloody hell,' Juliet heard Cyril murmur behind her. 'We're for it now.'

Dolly was standing on the threshold of the living room. Juliet could see that the front door was ajar – it must have come unlatched somehow, and Dib had come in to investigate and Dolly had pursued him in order to retrieve him.

Dolly entered the living room cautiously, a wild animal stepping into a clearing. She gazed around the room in bewilderment.

Juliet found herself seeing the flat through Dolly's eyes – the filing cabinet, the big Imperial typewriter and the two desks, all the paraphernalia that constituted an office. Other people in Dolphin Square worked in their flats – including Godfrey himself – so in itself it wasn't peculiar, was it? On the other hand, other people didn't have a room that was full of what was – quite clearly – recording equipment. Nor did they have playback machines and headphones, and, most incriminating of all, files lying around announcing themselves to belong to 'MI5' or folders that had 'Top Secret' stencilled across them in large red capitals.

Dolly regarded all of this in dumbstruck silence. Juliet could almost see the wheels of her brain turning.

'Dolly,' Juliet said in a conciliatory voice, desperately trying to think of a reasonable explanation, but all she managed to come up with was a feeble, 'You're early.'

Dolly frowned. 'Early? *Early?* You know what *time* I'm due?'

All the cogs finally ratcheted into place. Dolly glared viciously at Cyril, who had taken up a rather pugilistic[2] stance in front of Perry's roll-top[3]. 'You're MI5,' Dolly said, her voice coloured with disgust. 'You've been listening to everything we say.'

[1] *Perry*: Juliet and Cyril's boss
[2] *pugilistic*: like a fist fighter
[3] *roll-top*: desk

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