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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/43**

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 following poem. It describes an owl, a nocturnal bird of prey.

How does the poet strikingly present his admiration of the owl?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet conveys the sounds the owl makes
- the different ways in which he presents the appearance of the owl
- how he presents the owl as a hunter.

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Owl

is my favourite. Who flies
like a nothing through the night,
who-whoing[1]. Is a feather
duster in leafy corners ring-a-rosy-ing[2]
boles of mice. Twice

you hear him call. Who
is he looking for? You hear
him hoovering over the floor
of the wood. O would you be gold
rings in the driving skull

if you could? Hooded and
vulnerable by the winter suns
owl looks. Is the grain of bark
in the dark. Round beaks are at
work in the pellety nest,

resting. Owl is an eye
in the barn. For a hole
in the trunk owl's blood
is to blame. Black talons in the
petrified fur! Cold walnut hands

on the case of the brain! In the reign
of the chicken owl comes like
a god. Is a goad in
the rain to the pink eyes,
dripping. For a meal in the day

flew, killed, on the moor. Six
mouths are the seed of his
arc in the season. Torn meat
from the sky. Owl lives
by the claws of his brain. On the branch

in the sever of the hand's
twigs owl is a backward look.
Flown wind in the skin. Fine
rain in the bones. Owl breaks
like the day. Am an owl, am an owl.

[1] *who-whoing*: the sound an owl makes
[2] *ring-a-rosy-ing*: playing children's games with

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel set in the past. Jahan, an architect's apprentice, is watching the opening of a mosque that he helped to build. He has promised Captain Gareth, a sea captain, that he will steal valuables for him. Mihrimah is a girl Jahan is in love with.

How does the writer vividly present Jahan's changing feelings as the passage develops?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- Jahan's response to the crowd at the opening of the mosque
- Jahan's thoughts about the gems he has stolen
- how the writer shows that Jahan's feelings have changed after he has entered the mosque.

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Jahan wormed his way through the crowd, determined to make the most of this day. Encircling him on all sides were the wealthiest men in the empire. Gems shone on their fingers, pouches bulged from under their elegant robes. To his left he saw a figure of ample proportions, a kadi[1] from Rumelia, talking fervently with another officer. A deep crimson rosary dangled from the man's hand, his prayers made of rubies.

As they poured towards the entrance, Jahan propelled himself against the man, wearing a contrite look as if being helplessly shoved in the commotion.

'*Effendi*[2], I beg your pardon.'

The kadi glowered, looking over Jahan's shoulder. He was swirled with the others through the door, unaware that the young man had snatched his rosary[3]. To avoid encountering him again, Jahan moved in the opposite direction, allowing people to pass him by. He waited to one side for a while. Thus it was some time before he entered the Suleimaniye Mosque. By then most of the guests had left the mosque itself and were touring the complex.

Feeling the gems under his fingers, Jahan walked into the mosque. His buoyant mood changed to dismay when he remembered Captain Gareth. The man was away on another voyage that would take at least a couple of months. Jahan had to keep his booty somewhere safe and give it to him upon his return. Even so, he wondered if he could sell the rosary and buy a gift for Mihrimah. Perhaps a haircomb made of mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell. Secretly, he had been working on her sketches, over and over again, unsatisfied with the results. He had never expected it to be so hard to put on paper an image that was already etched indelibly in his mind.

With these thoughts he stepped over the threshold and stopped. Inside, a strange rainbow spilled from the windows. Crimson, cobalt-blue, vermilion[4]. He remembered, suddenly, how as a boy he would lie under birch trees and stare up, as though in search of heaven. Should the sky fall down the trees would hold it up, he would reassure himself. He had done this many times but once had an odd experience. On that day the sky was lurid[5], the clouds so close he could reach out and tickle one. As he looked up, the green of the leaves had melted into the blue beyond. The feeling was so remarkable it had almost choked him up. It had lasted no longer than the blink of an eye, but he still remembered, after all these years, the taste of that elation.

Now, as he stood admiring the dome they had built on four giant piers, seeing it for the thousandth time but almost seeing it anew, he felt the same thing. The dome had blended with the firmament[6] above. He fell on his knees, without a care as to who might be watching him. He lay down on the carpet, eyes closed, arms and legs open wide, once again that boy under the birch trees. Alone in the mosque, only a dot in this vast expanse, Jahan could think only of the world as an enormous building site. While the master and the apprentices had been raising this mosque, the universe had been constructing their fate. Never before had he thought of God as an architect. Christians, Jews, Muslims, Zoroastrians and people of myriad faiths and creeds lived under the same invisible dome. For the eye that could see, architecture was everywhere.

Hence, with a stolen rosary in his hand and an inexplicable gratitude in his heart, full of conflicts and confusions, under the majestic dome of the Suleimaniye Mosque, Jahan stood, a most intelligent animal-tamer and a most perplexed apprentice. Time, too, stopped with him. It seemed to him that in that instant he had, unknowingly, come a step closer to the centre of the universe.

[1] *kadi*: judge
[2] *effendi*: (Turkish) sir
[3] *rosary*: prayer beads
[4] *vermilion*: vivid orange-red
[5] *lurid*: bright coloured
[6] *firmament*: sky or heaven

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