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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/42**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2020**

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.

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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 feels he is being watched.

How does the poet create such a disturbing atmosphere in this poem?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the effects created by the night-time setting
- how the poet portrays 'the watcher'
- how the writing suggests that there is no escape from 'the watcher'.

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The Watcher in the Square

I wake in the night with a start.
A log settles in the grate[1]
And what was that?
A cat? A rat?
I hate them both with all my heart.
What business have they being up so late?

And what about that man
On the dark side of the square?
What harm has he
In mind for me?
What dark malevolent plan?
What business has he standing watching there?

The night is on the tiles.
A mood settles on the moon.
It gives the faintest of all watery smiles.
It will be gone soon.

But when the smile is gone
And darkness has its day
The watcher at my window will watch on.
He will not slip away.

The lovers hurry by
The watcher in the square.
They seem so busy in their ecstasy.
Hatred has time to spare.

Hatred knows no land,
No hearth, no wife, no brood,
And time lies heavy on the hater's hand
And cold as the moon's mood.

Though I take the forest track
Or ride the mountain trail
I'll never shake the watcher off my back,
The wizard off my tail.

In the stable lantern's soot,
In the soft step on the stair,
I shall glimpse the eye, I shall waken to the foot
Of the watcher in the square.

[1] *grate*: fireplace

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. The narrator is a famous photographer called Harry Beech. He is remembering a childhood moment when he found a photograph of his late mother hidden in his father's desk.

How does the writer vividly convey the significance of this moment for Harry?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the writer's description of the photograph and Harry's response to it
- how he portrays Harry's relationship with his father
- how the writing conveys Harry's growing fascination with photography.

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The desk was unlocked – for once, negligently unlocked – and when I took from the top left-hand drawer that single sepia[1] photograph, that colour brown, most familiar and companionable of colours, became all at once foreign and strange, the colour of things lost.

She is standing in front of some porch or verandah, in a long dress with a tight waist. And though the photographer was plainly no professional (but I knew that), you must give him his due. She is clutching in one hand a wide-brimmed summer hat which would have cast her face into deep shade were it on her head. The photographer has told her to take off the hat, and she has only just removed it. Her hair is slightly disarranged. She is trying to hold a pose, but it is clear that – because the photographer has not given her time or because of something he has said – it has slipped. Her eyes are wide in happy surprise, her lips are just parted.

Fact or phantom? Truth or mirage? I used to believe – to profess, in my professional days – that a photo is truth positive, fact incarnate and incontrovertible. And yet: explain to me that glimpse into unreality.

How can it be? How can it be that an instant which occurs once and once only, remains permanently visible? How could it be that a woman whom I had never known or seen before – though I had no doubt who she was – could be staring up at me from the brown surface of a piece of paper?

From a time before I existed. From a time before, perhaps, she had even thought of me and when she was undoubtedly ignorant of what I would mean to her.

I was nine years old. It was half-term. November 1927. Through the window – when I dared risk being seen myself – I could see my father standing in a corner of the orchard, talking to the gardener (Davis?) who was prodding with a rake a sullenly burning heap of leaves. He is not yet thirty, but he has the bearing of a gruff, grizzled dignitary[2]. He would surely have thrashed me – a fierce, left-handed thrashing – if he had known I had seen that photograph. Just as he would have chastised himself if he had known he had forgotten to lock his desk. As he had never forgotten, not for a single day in nine years, to lock up himself.

I put the photograph carefully back in the drawer, not daring to pry further. There was no way I could ask to look at it again without disclosing I had looked already. No way of knowing if that drawer would ever be left unlocked again.

Why locked away? Till I was fifteen years old and summoned the nerve to ask him, he never told me where she was buried.

The leaves on the trees in the orchard, like the leaves on the bonfire, were brown, and even the thick, reluctant smoke, trailing across a background of brown woodland, had an amber tinge to it. So that that scene, framed in the study window, was almost, itself, like an old, lost photograph. My father, caught unawares, as if I had him squarely in my sights. Talking to the gardener. Stepping back to avoid coils of autumnal smoke.

That Christmas I asked for a camera. Four years later he bought me one.

[1] *sepia*: the brown tint of an old photograph
[2] *dignitary*: a person holding high rank

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