GradeMax

Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/42**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2022**

1 hour 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

7282524053

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.

© UCLES 2022

[Turn over

GradeMax

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 on page 3. The poet recalls when the family house on the harbour was threatened with being flooded by sea water.

How does the poet vividly convey the experience?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she portrays the scene in the harbour
- how she portrays the house and the feelings of the family inside
- how she portrays the water in the cellar.

© UCLES 2022

GradeMax

House at Sea

How high the tide's been hoisted –
inside the chandlers' shop[1] on Broad Street,
across the whaler-builders' yard –
swirling rotted rope and scales about
the harbour, milky as an oyster.
Stew-brown tarpaulin drips,
the caul[2] of what lies long in dry dock.

Sea tugs at the mooring of our house,
which turns away its blinkered bay front
from the Solent[3]. We must sit out the winter
behind salt-swollen doors, curtains smouldering
with damp, stiff in a cummerbund[4] of fog
while – in the passage, underneath the boards –
we hear waves stomp and smack the cellar wall.

My father lifts the hatch. I watch the dark
green creature claw the bottom step
and mount. Eyes and 'o's of diesel,
winking, double on the swell. Uneasy
in the light the water rears, recoils
and lunges, spitting at the lantern
swinging from my father's hand.

[1]*chandlers'shop*: store selling ships' provisions and equipment

[2]*caul*: fetal membrane

[3]*the Solent*: a strait or narrow area of sea

[4]*cummerbund*: broad sash worn around the waist

© UCLES 2022

[Turn over

GradeMax

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from the opening of a novel. The man is a sailor who is attempting to enter a country illegally by swimming to shore.

How does the writer memorably create a sense of interest and excitement for the reader?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she portrays the man before he gets into the water
- how she portrays the sea and its currents taking hold of the man
- how she conveys the man's thoughts and sensations at the end of the extract.

He believed he was safe. He stood at the railing of H.M.S. *Stor Konigsgaarten* and sucked in great gulps of air, his heart pounding in sweet expectation as he stared at the harbor. Queen of France[1] blushed a little in the lessening light and lowered her lashes before his gaze. Seven girlish white cruisers bobbed in the harbor but a mile or so down current was a deserted pier. Carefully casual, he went below to the quarters he shared with the others, who had gone on shore leave, and since he had no things to gather—no book of postage stamps, no razor blade or key to any door—he merely folded more tightly the blanket corners under the mattress of his bunk. He took off his shoes and knotted the laces of each one through the belt hoop of his pants. Then, after a leisurely look around, he ducked through the passageway and returned to the top deck. He swung one leg over the railing, hesitated and considered diving headfirst, but, trusting what his feet could tell him more than what his hands could, changed his mind and simply stepped away from the ship. The water was so soft and warm that it was up to his armpits before he realized he was in it. Quickly he brought his knees to his chest and shot forward. He swam well. At each fourth stroke he turned skyward and lifted his head to make sure his course was parallel to the shore but away. Although his skin blended well with the dark waters, he was careful not to lift his arms too high above the waves. He gained on the pier and was gratified that his shoes still knocked softly against his hips.

After a while he thought it was time to head inland—toward the pier. As he scissored his legs for the turn, a bracelet of water circled them and yanked him into a wide, empty tunnel. He struggled to rise out of it and was turned three times. Just before the urge to breathe water became unmanageable, he was tossed up into the velvet air and laid smoothly down on the surface of the sea. He trod water for several minutes while he regulated his breathing, then he struck out once more for the pier. Again the bracelet tightened around his ankles and the wet throat swallowed him. He went down, down, and found himself not at the bottom of the sea, as he expected, but whirling in a vortex. He thought nothing except, I am going counterclock-wise. No sooner had he completed the thought than the sea flattened and he was riding its top.

© UCLES 2022

GradeMax

Again he trod water, coughed, spat and shook his head to free his ears of water. When he'd rested he decided to swim butterfly and protect his feet from the sucking that had approached him both times from his right side. But when he tore open the water in front of him, he felt a gentle but firm pressure along his chest, stomach, and down his thighs. Like the hand of an insistent woman it pushed him. He fought hard to break through, but couldn't. The hand was forcing him away from the shore. The man turned his head to see what lay behind him. All he saw was water, blood- tinted by a sun sliding into it like a fresh heart. Far away to his right was *Stor Konigsgaarten*, lit fore and aft[2].

His strength was leaving him and he knew he should not waste it fighting the current. He decided to let it carry him for a while. Perhaps it would disappear. In any case, it would give him time to regain strength. He floated as best he could in water that heaved and pulsed in the ammonia-scented air and was getting darker all the time. He knew he was in a part of the world that had never known and would never know twilight and that very soon he might be zooming toward the horizon in a pitch-black sea. Queen of France was already showing lights scattered like teardrops from a sky pierced to weeping by the blade tip of an early star. Still the water-lady cupped him in the palm of her hand, and nudged him out to sea.

[1]*Queen of France*: a coastal town

[2]*fore and aft*: at the front and the rear

© UCLES 2022

GradeMax

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2022

GradeMax

BLANK PAGE

© UCLES 2022

GradeMax

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of Cambridge Assessment. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is a department of the University of Cambridge.

© UCLES 2022