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Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/43**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2022**

1 hour 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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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 page 3. The poet is remembering when her daughter was a young girl having a swimming lesson.

How does the poet vividly portray her memory of this event?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she portrays the atmosphere in the swimming pool
- how she portrays her daughter
- how she suggests her feelings about these memories.

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Girl in the Blue Pool

Years back and full of echoes.
Chlorine, urine, raucous[1]
Cuff[2] of voices on broken surface.
A boy on the edge rowdily teeters
And you, knees flexed, arms back
Are on the pulse of your stroke. Suppose
It is you, now, in the pink bikini, close
To making five hundred metres
As the ceiling splinters with echoes.

Suppose you touch the tiles on the turn
And vanish. The churn
Of bubbles streams at your heels
While you shake water out of your ears
To catch the voice of your instructor
Who paces you, outpaces you
On the blue-wet tiles. How her voice echoes.
You should not be wearing a bikini
And you were slow on the turn.

I am years back and full of echoes.
The silver stream where you swim
Has long ago been swallowed,
But at your temples the lovely hollows
Play in June light. Suppose
There is one length left in you, knees flexed
Arms back. Chlorine, urine, raucous
Voices on shattered surface. If that boy topples
You too will go down.

[1]*raucous*: noisy, rowdy
[2]*Cuff*: slap or punch

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a memoir about a girl growing up in a different country. She is thirteen years old and has been invited for the first time into the home of a poorer family.

How does the writer memorably convey the awkwardness of this occasion?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she depicts the young girl with the basin of water
- the family's behaviour towards her
- how the writing conveys her own response to the situation.

A girl child comes into the hut, tottering under the sloshing weight of the basin of water that she balances, clearly straining, on her head. She stops when she sees me and looks likely to drop her burden and run.

The father laughs and points to me.

The girl hesitates. The father encourages.

The girl lowers the basin from her head and holds it in front of me. I see that I am to wash my hands. I rinse my hands in the water, shake the drops at my feet and smile at the little girl, but still she stands there, the muscles in her thin, knobbly arms jumping under the pressure. Water and sweat have mixed on her face. Large drops quake on her eyebrow and threaten to spill at any moment.

'Thank you.' I smile again.

The whole family is watching me. '*Zikomo kwambiri*[1],' I try, smiling in general at everyone, for lack of knowing what else to do. The smell of the food and the heat it is giving off while cooking makes me sweat. I point at the little girl. 'Your daughter, too?'

The father beams and nods.

'How old?'

He tells me.

The mother hands me a plate (enamelled but rusted on the edges). She spoons food.

'Thanks,' I say when the plate is just covered, making a gesture of sufficiency, half ducking the plate out of reach.

Her large spoon hovers between her pot and my plate.

'No, really,' I say, 'I had a late breakfast.'

The mother glances at her husband. He nods, barely, and she lets spoon drop back into the pot. Carefully she covers the leftover food.

'Isn't anyone else going to eat?'

The father shakes his head. 'No, please ... Thank you.'

The *nshima*[2] is surrounded by a grey sea of barbel[3] and oil. 'This smells very good.'

The children are watching me hungrily. The disabled youth has stopped patting dust fairies[4] and is staring at me. A trembling, nervous cord of saliva runs from the corner of his mouth to his chin.

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The toddler has started to cry, weakly, plaintively, like a small goat. The mother absently pats the boy, nurses the baby, rocks and rocks, staring at me. The father swallows. 'Eat,' he says. He sounds desperate. I sense that it is only through the greatest exertion of will that my spectators don't fall on the food on my plate in a frenzy of hunger.

'It looks delicious.'

I make a ball of *nshima* with the fingers of my right hand, the way I had been taught to do as a small child by my nannies. I insert my thumb into the ball, deep enough to make a dent in the dense hot yellow porridge. Onto the dent, as if onto a spoon, I scoop up a mouthful of the fish stew.

Almost before my mouth can close around the food, the young girl (who has not left my side and whose arms still strain at the ends of the bowl) offers me the water and I see that I must wash my hands again. I am conscious of the little girl's breath-catching effort to hold the basin, and of the groaning, sometimes audible hunger pangs that ripple through the hut. The food, which is sharp and oily in my mouth, has been eagerly anticipated by everyone except for me. I know that I am eating part of a meal intended for (I glance up) five bellies.

There are bones in the fish, which I try to manoeuvre around to the front of my mouth. I spit the bones into my hand and carefully wipe them on the side of the plate. I stare at the food. A fish eye stares balefully[5] back at me from the oily pool of gravy. I have a long meal ahead of me.

[1]*Zikomo kwambiri*: Thank you very much
[2]*nshima*: cornmeal porridge
[3]*barbel*: a fish
[4]*dust fairies*: dust particles in the air
[5]*balefully*: menacingly or sadly

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