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Cambridge Assessment International Education

# Cambridge IGCSE™

**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH** **0475/43**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2024**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

*6387614603*

**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 remembers a time when a hurricane hit his community and how the children reacted to it.

**How does the poet vividly convey the impact of the hurricane?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he conveys the force of the hurricane
- how he portrays the fears of the children
- how he conveys his thoughts and feelings about what has happened to the community.

*Hurricane*

A storm roared over the Bay of Bengal,
a glass bull charging with its horns.
It pounded throughout the long night
as we children huddled together

inside our fatherless bungalow.
We watched our tin roof rip off.
First from its tie beams
then the ceiling joists. One by one

the rest of the house vanished
as we covered our heads with our hands
and saw our possessions take flight –
The *Koran*, *War and Peace*, *Gitanjali*[1],

the clothes in the alna[2], shoes and sandals,
sisters' dolls and brothers' cricket bats.
We children couldn't understand
what sins we'd committed,

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but we asked God's forgiveness.
We thought the worst was over.
Then came the giant waves
one after the other snatching us

from the arms of our mother,
tossing us like cheap wood.
Trees fell, exposing their great roots.
Cats and cattle lay dead on the ground.

Our bodies shrivelled with water,
shuddered like old engines.
Teeth rattled to the point of rapture.
The sun came very late that day,

found us trapped in a wind-sheared tree.
We couldn't hear the birds singing
or the muezzin[3] calling for prayer. Silence,
the new disease, swept across our land.

[1] *The Koran, War and Peace, Gitanjali*: famous texts

[2] *alna*: piece of furniture used for hanging and storing clothes

[3] *muezzin*: person who calls Muslims to prayer

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**Or**

**2** Read carefully the following extract from a short story set in the early twentieth century. It describes a first encounter between Henry, an idealistic young man, and Edna, a young working woman. Henry has boarded the wrong part of the train having left his portfolio and hat in another compartment.

**How does the writer make this encounter so entertaining?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she portrays Henry's thoughts and how he speaks to the girl
- how she portrays the girl's reactions
- how the writing conveys rising tension towards the end of the passage.

The train had flung behind the roofs and chimneys. They were swinging into the country, past little black woods and fading fields and pools of water shining under an apricot evening sky. Henry's heart began to thump and beat to the beat of the train. He couldn't leave it like that. She sat so quiet, hidden in her fallen hair. He felt that it was absolutely necessary that she should look up and understand him – understand him at least. He leant forward and clasped his hands round his knees.

'You see I'd just put all my things – a portfolio – into a third-class "smoker[1]" and was having a look at the book-stall,' he explained.

As he told the story she raised her head. He saw her grey eyes under the shadow of her hat and her eyebrows like two gold feathers. Her lips were faintly parted. Almost unconsciously he seemed to absorb the fact that she was wearing a bunch of primroses and that her throat was white – the shape of her face wonderfully delicate against all that burning hair. 'How beautiful she is! How simply beautiful she is!' sang Henry's heart, and swelled with the words, bigger and bigger and trembling like a marvellous bubble – so that he was afraid to breathe for fear of breaking it.

'I hope there was nothing valuable in the portfolio,' said she, very grave.

'Oh, only some silly drawings that I was taking back from the office,' answered Henry airily. 'And – I was rather glad to lose my hat. It had been hurting me all day.'

'Yes,' she said, 'it's left a mark,' and she nearly smiled.

Why on earth should those words have made Henry feel so free suddenly and so happy and so madly excited? What was happening between them? They said nothing, but to Henry their silence was alive and warm. It covered him from his head to his feet in a trembling wave. Her marvellous words, 'It's made a mark,' had in some mysterious fashion established a bond between them. They could not be utter strangers to each other if she spoke so simply and so naturally. And now she was really smiling. The smile danced in her eyes, crept over her cheeks to her lips and stayed there. He leant back. The words flew from him – 'Isn't life wonderful!'

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At that moment the train dashed into a tunnel. He heard her voice raised against the noise. She leant forward.

'I don't think so. But then I've been a fatalist[2] for a long time now' – a pause – 'months.'

They were shattering through the dark. 'Why?' called Henry.

'Oh . . .'

Then she shrugged, and smiled and shook her head, meaning she could not speak against the noise. He nodded and leant back. They came out of the tunnel into a sprinkle of lights and houses. He waited for her to explain. But she got up and buttoned her coat and put her hands to her hat, swaying a little. 'I get out here,' she said. That seemed quite impossible to Henry.

The train slowed down and the lights outside grew brighter. She moved towards his end of the carriage.

'Look here!' he stammered. 'Shan't I see you again?' He got up too, and leant against the rack with one hand. 'I *must* see you again.' The train was stopping.

She said breathlessly, 'I come down from London every evening.'

'You – you – you do – really?' His eagerness frightened her. He was quick to curb it. Shall we or shall we not shake hands? raced through his brain. One hand was on the door-handle, the other held the little bag. The train stopped. Without another word or glance she was gone.

[1]*smoker*: carriage where smoking was permitted

[2]*fatalist*: someone who believes all events are subject to fate

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