Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 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 poem on the opposite page. The poet describes being on the roof at night.

How does the poet memorably convey her joy at being on the roof?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she describes her interest in being alone on the roof
- how she responds to her partner's actions and words
- the significance of this experience for her.

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Up on the Roof

You wonder why it is they write of it, sing of it,
till suddenly you're there, nearest you can get
to flying or jumping and you're alone, at last,
the air bright. Remembering this, I go
with my too-light jacket up to the sixth floor,
out onto the roof and I freeze under the stars
till he comes with my too-heavy jacket, heavier
and heavier, as he tries to muffle my foolishness.
A blanket on a fire (he says) and it's true
I am left black, bruised a little, smouldering.

You can sit with a book up there and reel in[1]
life with someone else's bait. You can let your eyes
skim the river, bridges, banks, a seagull's parabola[2].
At night, you can watch the sky, those strange galaxies
like so many cracks in the ceiling spilling secrets
from the flat above. You can breathe. You can dream.

But he turns to me, as you'd coax a child
in the back of a stuffy car: *we could play I-Spy*[3]*?*
I look at the black and blue above and the only
letter I find is 'S'. I cannot name
the dust of starlight, the pinheaded planets,
but I can join the dots to make a farming tool,
the belt of a god: all any of us needs is work,
mystery, a little time alone up on the roof.

1 *reel in*: (fishing term) wind in
2 *parabola*: curved flight
3 *I Spy*: a children's game in which a player gives a clue of what object they see by stating its first letter.

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OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Frances has recently joined her husband who is working in a foreign country. She is leaving their apartment for the first time to take a walk. Yasmin is her neighbour and Shams is Yasmin's maid.

How does the writer vividly portray Frances's discomfort in her new surroundings?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- Frances's physical sensations on her walk
- her disturbing encounter with the truck driver
- the uncomfortable conversation with Yasmin.

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By the time she reached the street corner she realized that it was far hotter than she had thought. The air felt wet, full of the clinging unsavoury fragrance of the sea. A trickle of sweat ran between her shoulder blades and down the backs of her legs. On her right stood a row of half-built shops, wires snaking from the brickwork. She stuck close to the wall; she had reached a main road. The dark fronds of shrubs spiked the air over the central reservation. A hot-dog van trundled past. A skip full of builder's rubble forced her into the road again. From out of the dazzling sunlight, moving slowly towards her, came two fellow pedestrians, two women in long zigzagged gowns, in African headcloths of vivid stripes; their blue-black flesh rolled towards her, and she saw their large spread feet, pale grey with dust, planted on the hot concrete. Smiling dazedly, hardly seeming to know that she was there, they parted to let her slip between them. Yasmin had told her of the West African hajjis, the pilgrims on their way to Mecca, who dropped their garments on to the shingle of the Corniche[1] and ran naked into the waves. These women had stayed on, washed up in the city. They left behind them the scent of their passage; onions, the hot pepper smell of their skin and hair.

Frances turned back into the smaller streets, between apartment blocks, to cut back on herself. Over to her right, cranes and derricks[2] split the sky. On her left a wall had been built, enclosing nothing; a gate gave access to nothing but a tract of muddy churned-up ground and some stagnant pools.

She stopped for a moment, unsure of where she was. Her sense of direction had almost never failed her. She steadied herself, her hand against a burning wall. Her own block of flats was ahead of her, seeming to shimmer a little in the heat; in the two first-floor apartments the wooden blinds were drawn down securely over the balcony windows, and the building had a desolate, uninhabited air.

A man in a Mercedes truck slowed to a crawl beside her. 'I give you lift, madam?' She ignored him. Quickened her step. 'Tell me where you want to go, madam. Just jump right in.' He leaned across, as if to open the near door. Frances turned and stared into his face; her own face bony, white, suffused with a narrow European rage. The man laughed. He waved a hand, dismissively, as if he were knocking off a fly, and drove away.

Inside the hallway, Yasmin stood by her front door. Her face was agitated. 'Frances, Frances, Shams was looking out and saw you just now in the street. Where have you been?'

'I went for a walk.'

'Come in, come in.' With a flapping motion of her arm, Yasmin drew her inside. Her bracelets clanked together. 'Sit, please sit. I will fetch you a cold drink.'

Frances perched on the edge of one of the heavy brocade armchairs. She felt dirty. She took a tissue from a box and wiped her hands. Yasmin hurried back with a little silver tray: a glass of Pepsi-Cola, a dish of ice, a saucer of sliced limes. She produced a spindle-legged table from its nest, placed the tray at Frances's elbow. She hovered above her, speaking not out of curiosity, but in proprietorial wrath. 'What made you do it?'

'I just wanted to see how I would get on.'

'But it is so hot, Frances. And men will shout at you from cars.'

'Yes. I know that now.'

'I could have told you and saved you the trouble. Frances, could not your husband's company give you a driver?'

1 *Corniche*: a road along the sea-front
2 *derricks*: lifting machinery

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Surname	StemUp Model Solution
Answer booklet	Write the question number in the left-hand margin at the start of each answer.

Question number

1

The poet's joy on the roof is memorable because it is so fiercely defended. "Up on the Roof" is less a simple celebration of a view than a quiet assertion of the right to be alone, to be "foolish", and to make meaning for oneself. The roof becomes a space of freedom set against a partner whose kindness, however well meant, threatens to smother it, and the poem's final line turns that private joy into something almost universal.

The opening stanza begins with a puzzle that the experience itself solves. The conversational "You wonder why it is they write of it, sing of it" glances at the long tradition of rooftop songs, and the doubled verbs suggest the poet's initial scepticism. Then the enjambment carries us "till suddenly you're there", and the sudden arrival is felt in the rhythm itself. I find the phrase "nearest you can get / to flying or jumping" especially striking: the line break leaves us hanging in mid air, and the pairing of "flying" with "jumping" admits that this exhilaration has an edge of risk. The delayed "alone, at last" is the true climax of the sentence, the commas slowing us down so that solitude is savoured, while "the air bright" is simple and clean, as though the world has been rinsed.

Her joy is then tested by the partner. The parallel between "my too-light jacket" and "my too-heavy jacket" is gently comic, yet it captures a real conflict: she is happy to "freeze under the stars", accepting discomfort as the price of freedom, while he brings protection she has not asked for. The repetition of "heavier / and heavier" makes the jacket grow into a burden, and the verb "muffle" is telling, since it implies silencing as much as warming. He wants to dampen her "foolishness", a word she seems to borrow from him with a wry smile. His own

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metaphor, "A blanket on a fire", is placed in brackets, as if his voice intrudes on hers, and she turns it against him. Agreeing "it's true", she pictures herself "black, bruised a little, smouldering". The image is wonderfully double: she has been put out, but "smouldering" insists that the fire is still alive underneath. Her delight survives his care.

The third stanza shows what the roof truly offers, and the anaphora of "You can" builds a litany of freedoms. She can "reel in / life with someone else's bait", a playful fishing metaphor for reading, where a book lets her catch other lives without leaving her own. Her eyes "skim the river, bridges, banks", the alliteration and list moving as lightly as the gaze itself, and the "seagull's parabola" gives her the flight she imagined in the first stanza. At night the sky is domesticated in a delightful way: galaxies become "cracks in the ceiling spilling secrets / from the flat above". The sibilance has a whispering quality, and the city flat and the cosmos merge, as if the universe were simply the next storey up. The stanza closes with short, emphatic sentences, "You can breathe. You can dream.", whose simplicity conveys release after the cramped air of indoor life.

The final stanza returns to the partner, whose suggestion of I-Spy is compared to how "you'd coax a child / in the back of a stuffy car". The simile is pointed: he treats her as someone to be distracted and managed, and "stuffy" recalls the very confinement the roof lets her escape. Yet she plays the game on her own terms. Looking at "the black and blue above", a phrase that echoes her earlier bruising and transforms it into the colours of the night, she finds only the letter "S", for stars, for sky, perhaps for solitude. She admits she "cannot name / the dust of starlight, the pinheaded planets", and this humility is part of her joy: she does not need scientific names. Instead she "can join the dots" to find the Plough, "a farming tool", and Orion, "the belt of a god", turning the sky into a child's puzzle

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of her own making.

The ending is memorable because it gathers everything into a quiet credo. The colon after "a god" opens out into "all any of us needs is work, / mystery, a little time alone", and each element is mirrored in the constellations: the plough is work, the god is mystery, and the roof itself is time alone. The shift from "I" to "any of us" widens her private experience into a claim about human need, while the modest "a little" makes it sound reasonable rather than selfish. Ending on "up on the roof" returns us to the title and the songs she wondered about at the start. She has discovered why people "write of it, sing of it", and in writing this poem she joins them.

2 The writer portrays Frances's discomfort as something that grows from the body outwards: what begins as physical unease in the heat becomes disorientation, then threat, and finally a humiliating sense of being watched and reprimanded. The walk, meant as a small act of independence, ends by showing her that in this city she is neither free nor at home.

The opening sentence sets up a gap between expectation and reality: "far hotter than she had thought". The heat is not merely high but oppressive and intimate. The air "felt wet", and the phrase "clinging unsavoury fragrance of the sea" twists something usually refreshing into something sticky and unpleasant, the oxymoronic pairing of "unsavoury" with "fragrance" capturing her distaste. The "trickle of sweat" running "between her shoulder blades and down the backs of her legs" is uncomfortably precise, making the reader feel her body as she does. The cityscape is equally hostile: "wires snaking from the brickwork" suggests danger and something serpentine, while shrubs "spiked the air". Even ordinary obstacles push

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her about, as a skip "forced her into the road again", and the passive way she is moved conveys her lack of control.

Her encounter with the two women deepens the sense that she is an outsider. They emerge "From out of the dazzling sunlight", almost like a vision, and the writer filters them entirely through Frances's overwhelmed senses: vivid stripes, "large spread feet", the "scent of their passage". The description is intensely physical, perhaps uncomfortably so, and I think the writer lets us see how Frances's gaze, unsettled and over-alert, turns people into a rush of sensations. Tellingly, the women are at ease, "Smiling dazedly, hardly seeming to know that she was there". It is Frances who is self-conscious, slipping "between them" as though she has no right to the space. The phrase "washed up in the city" may also hint at her own situation: she too has drifted here and stayed.

Structurally, the walk loses its shape. She turns "to cut back on herself", and the landscape becomes unsettling and meaningless: a wall "enclosing nothing", a gate giving "access to nothing", "stagnant pools". The repetition of "nothing" creates an eerie emptiness, as if the city is a stage set without purpose. Her confidence collapses in the short sentence "She stopped for a moment, unsure of where she was", made sharper by the reminder that her "sense of direction had almost never failed her". Steadying herself against "a burning wall", she finds that even support hurts. Her own building seems "to shimmer" and has a "desolate, uninhabited air", so that home itself looks unreal and unwelcoming.

The truck driver makes her discomfort explicit and threatening. His slowing "to a crawl" beside her is predatory, and his repeated offers, "Just jump right in", sound casual but menacing because he will not take silence for an answer. The writer conveys her fear through clipped syntax: "She ignored him. Quickened her step."

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The second sentence lacks a subject, as if fear has stripped her language down. When she finally confronts him, her face is "bony, white, suffused with a narrow European rage". "Narrow" is a brilliant choice: it suggests that her anger, though justified, is also brittle and confined, a reaction of someone who does not understand where she is. His response is perhaps the worst humiliation of all. He "laughed" and waved her off "as if he were knocking off a fly", a simile that reduces her to an insignificant irritation.

The conversation with Yasmin should offer relief, but it extends her discomfort. Yasmin's agitation and the revelation that "Shams was looking out and saw you" show that Frances has been observed all along, and her privacy has gone. Yasmin "drew her inside" with a "flapping motion", and the clanking bracelets add to a sense of fussy noise. Frances "perched on the edge" of a "heavy brocade" armchair, the verb conveying her unease amid opulent, unfamiliar furniture, and the plain statement "She felt dirty" reveals her shame. Yasmin's hospitality is lavish, the silver tray and sliced limes, yet she "hovered above her", speaking "in proprietorial wrath". This phrase is crucial: Yasmin treats Frances almost as a possession or a child who has misbehaved. Frances's replies are short and defeated, especially "Yes. I know that now.", while Yasmin's "I could have told you and saved you the trouble" turns her experiment into foolishness. The suggestion of a driver closes the extract by implying that Frances will be kept from walking alone at all.

Ultimately the writer makes Frances's discomfort vivid by layering it: the body suffers, the mind loses its bearings, a stranger mocks her, and a neighbour scolds her. The extract leaves me feeling that the city's heat is less stifling than the realisation that her freedom here will be carefully, if kindly, contained.