Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2021**

1 hour 15 minutes

5248194273

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.

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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[Turn over

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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