Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

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 recalls a time when she found her husband collapsed in the bathroom.

How does the poet vividly portray this event?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she portrays the bathroom
- how she portrays her husband's experience
- how she conveys a feeling of mystery.

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The Fall

Last weekend I fell in love with the bathroom,
its clean white tiles, the towels hanging like flags
in a tiny hot country, this place that caught you,
that stopped you falling from the earth.

Blank-faced, it tells no tales, won't give up
the secret of how you went from standing
to stretched across the floor, your feet
at its northern border, your head to the south,

your eyes rolling, wild as a horse, your body
an empty house abandoned to the wind and rain.
When I lift your head, there's no resistance.
It moves like water at the bottom of a tilted bowl.

Was it my shouting that made you surface?
Slowly, slowly you returned, the bath (faithful
creature) in the same position as when you left,
the sounds you made so far from words.

You brought another language back with you,
the hotel quiet as a church, you didn't know
the body you were in was yours, blood leaked
from your mouth and gathered on your chin,

the sink and toilet impassive and standing guard.
You remembered nothing of your journey,
minutes of your life deleted and only this room
to witness your passing. I can only guess

which loving object tried to catch you, which voice
pulled me from my sleep. I kick the bath. It answers
in a low familiar tone. I stamp. The floor bellows
its reply. The room beneath echoes like a drum.

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[Turn over

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from the opening of a novel. It describes breakfast-time with a housewife, Erica, and her children, Jeffrey and Matilda or 'Muffy'.

How does the writer memorably portray Erica's thoughts and feelings?
To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer portrays Erica's feelings about her children
- how she portrays Erica's response to the bulldozer
- how she conveys Erica's changes of mood during the passage.

March 20. A cold spring morning. It rained last night, perforating the crusted snow of the Tates' front lawn, and everything is wet and glitters: the fine gravel of the drive, the ice in the ditch beside it, the bare elm twigs outside the bathroom window. The sun shines sideways at the house, brilliantly, impartially. Seeing it through the kitchen window when she comes down to make breakfast, Erica Tate feels her emotional temperature, which has been unnaturally low of late, rise several degrees.

'Tomorrow's the beginning of spring,' she says to Jeffrey Tate, aged fifteen, as he stumbles into the room fastening his shirt.

'What's for breakfast?'

'Eggs, toast, jam –'

'Any sausages?'

'No, not today.' Erica tries to keep her voice cheerful.

'There's never anything to eat in this house,' Jeffrey complains, falling heavily into his chair.

Suppressing several possible answers to this remark, Erica sets a plate before her son and turns towards the stairs. 'Matilda! It's twenty minutes to eight.'

'All right! I heard you the first time.'

'Look at that sun,' Erica says to her daughter a few minutes later. 'Tomorrow's the first day of spring.'

No reply. Erica sets a plate in front of Matilda, who will be thirteen next month.

'I can't eat this stuff. It's fattening.'

'It's not fattening, it's just an ordinary breakfast, eggs, toast – Anyhow, you're not fat.'

'Everything has gobs of butter on it. It's all soaked in grease.'

'Aw, shut up, Muffy, you'll make me sick.'

Again Erica suppresses several rejoinders. 'Would you like me to make you a piece of toast without butter?' she asks rather thinly.

'Okay. If you can do it fast.'

The sun continues to shine into the kitchen. Standing by the toaster, Erica contemplates her children, whom she once thought the most beautiful beings on earth. Jeffrey's streaked blond hair hangs tangled and unwashed over his eyes in front and his collar in back; he hunches awkwardly above the table, cramming fried egg into his mouth and chewing noisily. Matilda, who is wearing a peevish expression and an orange tie-dyed jersey which looks as if it had been spat on, is stripping the crusts off her toast with her fingers. Chomp, crunch, scratch.

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The noises sound loud in Erica's head; louder still, as if amplified: CHOMP, CRUNCH, SCRATCH – No. That is coming from outside. She goes to the window. In the field beyond the orchard, something yellow is moving.

'Hey, the bulldozer's back,' Jeffrey exclaims.

'I guess they're going to put up another ranch-house[1],' his sister says.

The tone of both these remarks is neutral, even conversational; yet they strike Erica as more coarse and cold than anything that has yet been said this morning. 'You don't care what's happening to our road!' she cries. 'How can you be so selfish, so unfeeling? You don't really mind at all, either of you!'

Her children go on eating. It is evident that they do not.

Chomp; smash. The hands of the clock over the sink move towards eight. Jeffrey and Matilda rise, grumbling, grab their coats and books, and leave to catch the bus for junior high school. Alone in the kitchen, Erica clears the table. She pours herself a cup of coffee, puts the buttered toast Matilda refused on a clean plate, and sits down. She starts to reach for the sugar bowl, and stops. Then she puts her head down on the table beside a splash of milk and some blobs of cherry jam, and weeps painfully. Tears run sideways across her small, slightly worn, delicate features, and into her crisp dark hair.

[1]*ranch-house*: large, wide-fronted suburban house

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