Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **May/June 2023**

1 hour 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

2064030896

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 imagines a future in which there is a global release of meltwater from glaciers and ice caps. Here the water speaks directly to the reader.

How does the poet vividly portray the water and its actions?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how she makes the water seem alive to you
- how the water grows in power and effect
- the ways in which the poet warns you about the future.

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Meltwater

my time is coming, smell it on the wind
watch raindrops winnowing[1] down glass

touch ice-cube to your lips and tongue
feel the cool chemistry of meltwater.

see me submerge fields and swallow crops
spill out of wells to infiltrate your graves

raising the dead. firm ground will swamp
to ooze and squelch and slip, mud-symphony.

hear gurgles, trickles, runnels[2] in your sleep
reach for the drifting flotsam[3] of your dreams.

sweep river-sludge and sewage from the rug
swell my boundaries with your salt tears

heave seas, wide breaths to rear up hills
waves come to claim their lost inheritance

listen to the future: rain-rocked, lake-like
nothing divides the waters from the waters.

[1]*winnowing*: separating from each other
[2]*runnels*: streams
[3]*flotsam*: wreckage floating on the sea

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Or

2 Read carefully the following short story. It is about a woman, Marion, who has been widowed. She is on a day out at the beach with her two young children, Michael and Lucy. Harry was the name of her husband.

How does the writer make you feel about Marion's life at this moment?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the setting affects her thoughts and feelings
- how seeing the couple in the middle distance makes her reflect on her own life
- how the writer's final paragraphs make this moment so significant.

There was one yacht's sail out in the bay, sickled with wind stress, a cipher[1] of all the journeys she would never make.

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She clung to her lonely vision even as it faded, a primitive painting she had made herself from colours that couldn't survive the corroding salt sea air, mixed crudely on some palette of the heart.

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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 makes the water vivid by giving it a voice that is patient, intimate and finally overwhelming. It speaks to us as though it already knows us, starting with tiny sensations we can test on our own bodies and swelling, stanza by stanza, into a force that undoes the shape of the world. What makes the poem so unsettling to me is that the water never shouts: it simply tells us, calmly, that it is winning.

From the first line the water seems alive because it has a personal history and a sense of destiny. "my time is coming" is the language of someone who has been waiting, perhaps resentfully, for a long time, and the lower case "my" at the very start suggests a voice that has no interest in our conventions of grammar or order. Throughout the poem there are no capital letters, as if the water seeps past the rules that structure human writing just as it will seep past our boundaries. The first stanza is built on commands to the senses: "smell", "watch", "touch", "feel". The water draws us close, almost seductively, inviting us to "touch ice-cube to your lips and tongue". This is a startlingly domestic image, and it makes the threat feel already present in our kitchens. The phrase "the cool chemistry of meltwater" is cleverly double: "cool" is soothing and pleasant, yet "chemistry" hints at an impersonal, unstoppable process that we cannot argue with.

In the second stanza the water's power grows and its verbs become predatory. It will "submerge fields and swallow crops", and the alliteration of "submerge" and "swallow" makes it sound like a hungry creature consuming our food supply. The most chilling moment for me is "spill out of wells to infiltrate your graves / raising the dead". "infiltrate" is a military or criminal word, implying stealth and intention, and the enjambment across the line ending lets the water spill into the next line

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just as it spills into the earth. "raising the dead" is a grotesque parody of resurrection: nothing is safe, not even the past we have buried. The certainty of "firm ground will swamp" overturns our most basic idea of security, and the onomatopoeic "ooze and squelch and slip" piles up sounds with repeated "and" so that the ground seems to give way under the words themselves. Calling this a "mud-symphony" is darkly ironic: the water hears beauty and music in the collapse of our world, which shows how alien its perspective is to ours.

The third stanza moves the water inside our homes and even our minds. It warns that we will "hear gurgles, trickles, runnels in your sleep", a list of small, soft sounds that become nightmarish because they are inescapable. We "reach for the drifting flotsam of your dreams", so that our hopes are reduced to wreckage floating out of our grasp. The command to "sweep river-sludge and sewage from the rug" is bathetic and pitiful: humanity is left doing housework against a global flood. Most disturbingly, the water tells us to "swell my boundaries with your salt tears". Our grief does not resist the water; it adds to it. The poet suggests that we are complicit, that human beings have fed the very force that is drowning them.

The final stanza reaches its full, oceanic scale. "heave seas, wide breaths to rear up hills" gives the sea lungs and a body, as if it is a giant rising to its feet, and "rear" suggests a horse or wild animal lifting itself to strike. The line "waves come to claim their lost inheritance" is a powerful warning because it reframes the flood as justice rather than disaster: the land was always the water's, and we were only temporary tenants. The last command, "listen to the future", turns the whole poem into a prophecy, and the compound adjectives "rain-rocked, lake-like" picture a world with no solid features left. The final line, "nothing divides the waters from the waters", echoes the language of creation, where the waters were separated to

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make the world. Here that act is reversed, and the poem ends by imagining the undoing of creation itself.

The poet therefore portrays the water as a living, patient and almost vengeful presence, and her strongest warning lies in its calm, conversational tone. Because it speaks directly to "you", the reader cannot remain a spectator: we are the ones whose fields, graves, dreams and tears are being claimed.