Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/42**

Paper 4 Unseen **February/March 2020**

1 hour 15 minutes

6480586039

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. 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 following poem.

How does the poet memorably convey her experience of swimming in the sea?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet describes the sea
- how she portrays herself whilst swimming
- how she describes her thoughts and feelings in the final stanza.

Bathing Off Roseland

The sea, that turns old bottles into gems,
Has made of me a bird.
Now with all four wings outspread
I dip and hover, vacillate[1], recover,
Lulled and directionless,
Who on the cliff with conscious tread
Moved to some purpose.

It is a firmament[2] that curves below,
A clear capsicum[3] green
And purple bloom of aubergine[4];
Wayward and flippant I am in my element,
Feeling the speed
Of the wheeling world and the sails careening[5]
Above my head.

I am sustained by powers not my own,
As on the tide of prayer
Another's love can sway me toward
Some good that of myself I would not:
Powerful, hidden to me,
As the purpose which drives these great ships forward
Parting the sea.

[1] *vacillate*: hesitate
[2] *firmament*: dome of the sky
[3] *capsicum*: bell pepper
[4] *aubergine*: brinjal or eggplant
[5] *careening*: tilting

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Or

2 Read carefully the following extract from a memoir. The writer recalls when she was a young girl growing up abroad. Marta is a family servant.

How does the writer vividly portray her memories of early childhood?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer portrays being a small child surrounded by grown-ups
- how she describes riding with her father and swimming in the baths
- how the writer's memories differ from her mother's.

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A tiny thing among trampling, knocking careless giants who smell, who lean down towards you with great ugly hairy faces, showing big dirty teeth. A foot you keep an eye on, while trying to watch all the other dangers as well, is almost as big as you are. The hands they use to grip you can squeeze the breath half out of you. The rooms you run about in, the furniture you move among, windows, doors, are vast, nothing is your size, but one day you will grow tall enough to reach the handle of the door, or the knob on a cupboard. These are the real childhood memories and any that have you level with grown-ups are later inventions. An intense physicality, that is the truth of childhood.

My first memory is before I was two, and it is of an enormous dangerous horse towering up, up, and on it my father still higher, his head and shoulders somewhere in the sky. There he sits with his wooden leg[1] always there under his trousers, a big hard slippery hidden thing. I am trying not to cry, while being lifted up in tight squeezing hands, and put in front of my father's body, told to grip the front of the saddle, a hard jutting edge I must stretch my fingers to hold. I am inside the heat of horse, the smell of horse, the smell of my father, all hot pungent smells. When the horse moves it is a jerking jolting motion and I lean back my head and shoulders into my father's stomach and feel there the hard straps of the wooden-leg harness. My stomach is reeling because of the swoop up from the ground now so far below me. Now, that is a real memory, violent, smelly – physical.

'Daddy used to put you in front of him on the horse when he rode to the Bank, and Marta waited at the gate to bring you back. You absolutely loved it.' And perhaps I did, perhaps it was only the first ride, which I did not love, that has stayed in my memory. The gate is in a photograph, a graceful arch, and I have added it to the real memory. Of being lifted down into the hands of Marta, whom I disliked, there is nothing in my mind. Those rides had to be in Kermanshah, and I was two and a half when we left.

Sharp steep stone steps, like boulders on a mountainside; they are in a photograph, too, but the memory is of dangerous descent, threatened by sharp edges.

Another memory, a real one, not what was told me, or what is in the photograph album. A swimming bath, a large tank, full of great naked pallid people shouting and laughing and splashing me with hard slaps of cold water. The naked bodies were my mother, rowdy and noisy, enjoying herself, my father holding on to the edge of the tank, because that pitiful shrunken stump of a leg with its shrapnel scars, waving or jerking about in the water, made it hard for him to swim. And others, for the tank seems crowded with people. They are not naked, for they wear the serious swimming costumes of the time, but if adults are always dressed in the daytime, and then wear long-sleeved clothes in bed, when in bathing costumes they seem all pale flesh and unpleasant revelation. Loose bulging breasts. Whiskers of hair under arms, matting or streaming water like sweat. Sometimes snot[2] on a face that is grinning and shouting with pleasure. Snot running into the water that already has dying or rotting leaves in it, as well as the broken reflections of clouds, down here, not up there in the sky. Small children are always trying to keep things in their proper places, their world is always coming apart, things in it move about, deceive, lie. 'We used to swim every afternoon in the summer. And we had swimming parties at the weekend. Oh they were such fun. You always loved it when we had parties.' Thus spoke my mother, mourning the best years of her life, in Persia[3].

[1] *wooden leg*: her father has a wooden leg after being wounded in a war
[2] *snot*: nasal mucus
[3] *Persia*: modern-day Iran

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