Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2020**

1 hour 15 minutes

2192943902

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. The poet observes two lovers in the street. He comments to them and to us on the progress of their relationship.

How does the poet powerfully express his feelings about love?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet speaks to the lovers
- how he invites us to think about the lovers
- how he conveys his views about the lovers' past and future.

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On Seeing Two Lovers in the Street

You do not know
What is done with you,
Do not fear
What's done or undone:
You are not here,
You are not two
Any more, but one.

Pity these two
Who all have lost,
Envy these two
Who have paid their cost
To gain this soul
That dazzling hovered
Between them whole
There they are lost

And their tracks are covered;
Nothing can find them
Until they awake
In themselves or take
New selves to bind them.

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract which is the beginning of a short story. Dorotea's father is moving with his family to a coastal town in the hope of a better life.

How does the writer convey Dorotea's developing thoughts and feelings about moving?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- Dorotea's thoughts about the plan to move
- the different responses of her parents
- how the writing conveys Dorotea's excitement as they arrive at their destination.

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Dorotea San Juan, a fourteen year old in a brown cardigan. The janitor's[1] daughter. Walks with her head down, wears cheap sneakers, never lipstick. Picks at salads during lunch. Tacks maps to her bedroom walls. Holds her breath when she gets nervous. Years of being the janitor's daughter teach her to blend in, look down, be nobody. Who's that? Nobody.

Dorotea's dad is fond of saying this: A man only gets so many chances. He says it now, after dark, in Youngstown, Ohio, as he sits on Dorotea's bed. And says this also: This is a real opportunity for us. His hands open and close. He grabs at air. Dorotea wonders about "us."

Shipbuilding, he says. A man only gets so many chances, he says. We're moving. To the sea. To Maine. Place called Harpswell. Soon as school's out.

Shipbuilding? Dorotea asks.

Mama's all for it, he says. Least I think she is. Who wouldn't be all for it?

Dorotea watches the door shut behind him and thinks that her mother's never been all for anything. That her father has never once owned, rented or mentioned any kind of boat.

She snatches up her world atlas. Studies the markless blue that means Atlantic Ocean. Her eye traces ragged coastlines. Harpswell: a tiny green finger pointing at blue. She tries to imagine ocean and conjures petal-blue water packed with fish gill-to-gill. Imagines herself transformed into Maine Dorotea, barefoot girl with a coconut necklace. New house, new town, new life. Nueva[2] Dorotea. New Dorothy. She holds her breath, counts to twenty.

*

Dorotea tells nobody and nobody asks. They leave on the last day of school. That afternoon. Like sneaking out of town. The wood-paneled Wagoneer[3] splashes across wet asphalt: Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, into New Hampshire. Her father drives empty-eyed, knuckles white on the wheel. Her mother sits stern and sleepless behind tracking wipers, lips curled above her chin like two rain-drowned earthworms, her small frame tensed as if bound in a hundred iron bands. As if crushing rocks in her bony fists. Slicing a pepper on her lap. Passing back dry tortillas painfully bound in plastic.

They see Portland at sunrise, after miles of pine bending over blacktop[4]. The sun leers up behind slabs of cloud the color of salmon fillets.

Dorotea trembles at the idea of ocean nearing. Fidgets in her seat. The energy of a caged fourteen-year-old piling up like marbles on a dinner plate. Finally the highway bends and Casco Bay shines before them. From across the bay the sun flings a trail of spangles to her. She lowers her nose to the window frame, feels certain there will be porpoises. Watches the glitter carefully for fins, flukes[5].

She glances at the back of her mother's neck to see if she notices, if she feels it too, to see if her mother can be touched by a shimmering expanse of sea. Her mother who hid under onions for four days in a train car to Ohio. Who met her husband in a city built over a swamp, cracked sidewalks, train whistles, slushy winter. Her mother who made a home, who never left it. Who must be boiling at the sight of unbounded water. Dorotea sees no sign that it is so.

[1] *janitor*: school caretaker
[2] *nueva*: (Spanish) new
[3] *Wagoneer*: make of car
[4] *blacktop*: asphalt or bitumen road surface
[5] *flukes*: parts of a whale's tail

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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 feelings about love are powerfully mixed. He seems to regard the lovers with something close to awe, because love has fused them into a single being, yet he also sees that this state is a kind of enchantment that cannot last. Love, for him, is both a gain and a loss: something to "Envy" and something to "Pity" at once. What makes the poem so powerful is the way its tight, spell-like form holds these contradictory feelings together without ever fully resolving them.

The poem opens by speaking directly to the lovers, and the second person "You" creates an intimacy that is slightly unsettling, since the lovers, absorbed in each other, cannot hear him. The first line, "You do not know", is a statement of their innocence, and the passive construction "What is done with you" suggests that love is not something they do but something done to them, as though they are in the grip of a force larger than themselves. The poet's tone here is almost protective: "Do not fear / What's done or undone". The pairing of "done" and "undone" is interesting, because "undone" carries a hint of ruin, so even while reassuring them he quietly allows the possibility of damage. The stanza builds towards the paradox "You are not two / Any more, but one". The line break after "two" makes us pause on their separate identities before the final, isolated "but one" closes the stanza on unity. "You are not here" adds a further strangeness: although they are physically in the street, in spirit they have left the ordinary world altogether.

In the second stanza the poet turns from the lovers to us. The shift from "You" to "these two" places us beside him as observers, and the parallel imperatives "Pity these two" and "Envy these two" invite us to feel two opposite things at the same moment. I find this balance the emotional heart of the poem. We are asked to

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pity them because they "all have lost", which suggests they have surrendered their independence and perhaps the rest of their lives, yet to envy them because they "have paid their cost / To gain this soul". The commercial language of paying a "cost" to "gain" implies that love is a bargain, and that the poet thinks it worth the price, even if the price is everything. The "soul" they have gained is not either lover's but something shared, and the image of it as having "dazzling hovered / Between them whole" is the most radiant moment in the poem. "Dazzling" conveys brilliance that almost blinds, while "hovered" makes the shared soul seem delicate and suspended, as if it could drift away. "Whole" again stresses completeness, linking back to "but one".

The poet's view of their present and future, however, is shadowed. "There they are lost / And their tracks are covered" sounds like a fairy tale of children lost in a forest, and the repetition of "lost" from earlier in the stanza deepens the ambiguity: they are lost in rapture, but also lost to the world, and no one can follow them. The covered "tracks" suggest that their past selves have been erased. The final stanza moves into the future with "Nothing can find them / Until they awake". The word "awake" reveals that the poet sees love as a dream or trance, beautiful but temporary. When they wake, they will either return "In themselves", separate again, or "take / New selves to bind them". The verb "bind" is beautifully ambiguous: it could suggest the binding commitment of marriage, a new and lasting union, or it could suggest constraint and the loss of freedom. The poet does not tell us which, and this uncertainty feels like his honest judgement on love.

The form reinforces these feelings. The lines are very short, often only two stresses, and the rhymes are close and insistent, such as "fear" and "here", "lost" and "cost", "awake" and "take". This gives the poem the quality of an incantation

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or charm, as if the poet were casting a spell to match the spell the lovers are under. The last stanza is framed by "find them" and "bind them", so the poem closes with a click of rhyme on the idea of being held fast.

Overall, the poet expresses love as something wondrous and complete, but also as a surrender that removes the lovers from themselves. His feelings are tender, admiring and a little melancholy, and the poem's power lies in the fact that he refuses to choose between pity and envy, leaving us to feel both.

2 The writer traces Dorotea's feelings as they move from quiet doubt, through private fantasy, to a trembling excitement that she cannot share. What gives this development its poignancy is that her growing hope is always set against her parents: a father whose confidence sounds hollow and a mother whose silence suggests dread. By the end of the extract Dorotea is more alive than at the start, yet also more alone.

The opening presents Dorotea before the move as someone who has learned to disappear. The fragmented, verbless sentences, such as "The janitor's daughter" and "Walks with her head down", read like an inventory, as though she is a list of small, drab facts rather than a person. Details like the "brown cardigan" and "cheap sneakers" suggest poverty and a wish not to be noticed, and the brutal little exchange "Who's that? Nobody." shows how fully she has absorbed this sense of insignificance. Yet one detail hints at what is to come: she "Tacks maps to her bedroom walls". Even before the plan is announced, she longs for elsewhere, so the move speaks to a desire already in her.

Her first response to the plan is sceptical. Her father's repeated phrase "A man

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only gets so many chances" sounds like something he is trying to convince himself of, and his restless gestures, "His hands open and close. He grabs at air", suggest desperation rather than certainty. Grabbing "at air" is an apt image for a dream with nothing solid behind it. Dorotea "wonders about 'us'", which shows her quiet intelligence: she suspects this is really his chance, not the family's. Her single question, "Shipbuilding?", is flat with disbelief, and her reflection that her father has "never once owned, rented or mentioned any kind of boat" is gently comic, exposing how unrealistic the scheme is. His uneasy aside, "Least I think she is", reveals that he has not truly consulted his wife either.

Once she is alone, though, Dorotea's feelings change, and the writer shows imagination taking over from doubt. She "snatches up" her atlas, a verb full of eagerness, and the map becomes a place of possibility. Harpswell is "a tiny green finger pointing at blue", an image that seems to beckon her onward. Her fantasy of "petal-blue water packed with fish gill-to-gill" is lush and childlike, and her vision of a "barefoot girl with a coconut necklace" is a romantic, almost tropical picture that has little to do with Maine. The writer lets us smile at her naivety while sympathising with it. The rising rhythm of "New house, new town, new life" and the shift into Spanish and then English, "Nueva Dorotea. New Dorothy", suggest she imagines remaking even her name and identity. Significantly, she still "holds her breath", the nervous habit mentioned at the start, so the fantasy is mixed with anxiety.

The journey itself is narrated through her parents' tension. The list of states, "Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York", conveys the length of the drive, while "Like sneaking out of town" hints at shame or secrecy. Her father drives "empty-eyed, knuckles white on the wheel", the physical detail betraying fear beneath his talk of opportunity. Her mother is described with startling, almost grotesque images:

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lips like "two rain-drowned earthworms" and a body "bound in a hundred iron bands". These metaphors present her as rigid with suppressed feeling, perhaps anger, perhaps grief, and the image of her "crushing rocks in her bony fists" suggests fierce endurance. Dorotea's excitement grows in direct contrast to this gloom.

As they arrive, the writing becomes vivid and energetic. Even the sun "leers up", an ominous verb that keeps a note of unease, but then the "energy of a caged fourteen-year-old" is described as "piling up like marbles on a dinner plate", a simile that captures restless, precarious excitement on the verge of spilling over. When "Casco Bay shines before them", the sun "flings a trail of spangles to her", and the personal "to her" makes the moment feel like a gift meant for Dorotea alone. Her certainty that "there will be porpoises" shows her childlike hope at its height.

The ending, however, turns back to her mother. Dorotea looks to see if she "can be touched" by the sea, and the writer recalls her mother's past: hiding "under onions for four days" on a train, and making a home in a place of "cracked sidewalks" and "slushy winter". Dorotea imagines she "must be boiling" inside, but "sees no sign that it is so". This final, flat sentence is deeply moving. Dorotea's excitement is real, but it is solitary, and the writer leaves us uncertain whether this new life will truly free her or simply repeat the old pattern of hope and disappointment.