Cambridge Assessment International Education

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LITERATURE IN ENGLISH **0475/41**

Paper 4 Unseen **October/November 2023**

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 gives a voice to the feelings of a passionate fourteen-year-old girl.

How does the poet convey the girl's emotions?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet conveys the girl's frustrations
- how she imagines the girl's desires
- the effect of the girl's unanswered questions.

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Hanging Fire

I am fourteen

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with the door closed.

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Or

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel which is set in the time of the mythical war between the Ancient Greeks and the Trojans. Achilles, the greatest hero of the Greeks and the son of a goddess, is refusing to fight and is preparing to sail home. His friend, Patroclus, is now on the battlefield in his place and is violently killed by Hector, the Trojan leader. The passage shows Achilles' reaction.

How does the writer make this such a dramatic moment?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer portrays the death of Patroclus
- how she conveys Achilles' attempts to deny what he has heard
- the impact of the silence at the end of the passage.

On the battlefield, Patroclus hears Achilles calling his name and for a second his concentration falters. A second, but long enough, because suddenly there's Hector straight in front of him. He tries to raise Achilles' sword but already it's too late. Hector drives the spear hard into his side – it goes in so easily – and suddenly he's on the ground, thrashing like a fish in a pool that's drying out. Dark shapes of Trojan fighters crowd in, blocking off the light. 'Achilles!' he shouts. And again, as the red blood spurts out of him and his spirit begins to slip away into the dark: '*Achilles.* . .'

A mile away, Achilles lifts his head. Just for a moment there he'd thought he heard Patroclus calling his name. Patroclus? Well, no, it can't be. A man's voice, though, which is strange because the men are all out there fighting. There are only women left in the camp. The bitterness of that realization bites into him.

He knows whose voice it was, but he's afraid to let himself think what that could mean. So he tells himself, *No, it was a gull*. Their cries sound amazingly human sometimes. . .

Lifting his gaze to the rafters, he tries to pray, but prayer never comes easily to him – he's his mother's son, he knows too much about the gods – and after a few stumbling words he abandons the attempt. No point sitting here. Time he was back on the ship, though if the advance continues at that rate, they'll soon be out of sight.

He's barely reached the door when he hears his name being called again, and this time there's no mistaking it. So they are back! Somehow or other – god knows how – *they're back*.

He throws the door open and steps on to the veranda, expecting to see the yard teeming with men and horses, but there's nobody there. Only silence, and somewhere in the distance a door banging loose on its hinges.

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Back on to the ship, see what's happening. Halfway up the rope ladder, he stops, because something's caught his eye. A movement. And then he sees it: a chariot being driven hard and fast, the horses emerging from a cloud of dust. Somehow – and he knows this immediately – he has to stop that chariot getting here, because when it does, he's going to hear the worst words he's ever heard. And so he exerts the full force of his will to push it back, but not even his power can stop time or solidify air.

He takes a deep breath, lets himself drop to the ground and walks into the centre of the yard to wait for what he knows is coming. Nothing moves in the huts around him. Not a breath of wind stirs.

White sun. Black shadows, knife-edged. Silence.

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