



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/02

Paper 2: Unseen

May/June 2013

1 hour 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes reading the question paper and planning your answer.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page. It describes a time when the poet felt he was alone.

How does the poet vividly convey his experience to you?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- how the poet conveys his feelings of isolation
- the images he uses to express his fear
- the effect of the final eight lines.

Alone

One evening in February I came near to dying here.
The car skidded sideways on the ice, out
on the wrong side of the road. The approaching cars –
their lights – closed in.

My name, my girls, my job
broke free and were left silently behind
further and further away. I was anonymous
like a boy in a playground surrounded by enemies.

The approaching traffic had huge lights.
They shone on me while I pulled at the wheel
in a transparent terror that floated like egg white.
The seconds grew – there was space in them –
they grew as big as hospital buildings.

You could almost pause
and breathe out for a while
before being crushed.

Then something caught: a helping grain of sand
or a wonderful gust of wind. The car broke free
and scuttled smartly right over the road.
A post shot up and cracked – a sharp clang – it
flew away in the darkness.

Then – stillness. I sat back in my seat-belt
and saw someone coming through the whirling snow
to see what had become of me.

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel.

Laurence (the daughter of a wealthy family) and Harry (who comes from a very different country) have been meeting secretly for some time. This is because Laurence's parents have forbidden her to see Harry.

How does the writing vividly convey the contrasts between the emotions of Laurence and Harry at this crucial moment in their lives?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- how the writer portrays Laurence's character in the first two paragraphs
- how the writing shows the different feelings of Harry and Laurence
- the significance of Laurence's thoughts about her father.

Two years later, Harry was waiting for Laurence at the corner of the street where she lived. Laurence would come out alone; no one suspected their meetings, which, although innocent, filled her with remorse. Each guilty step she took was hampered by an innate hesitation which meant she was unable to enjoy anything that was not strictly permissible. As a child, she had never taken delight in being disobedient. She could only live and breathe in a world where everything was precise, clear and well defined, with no grey areas and no guilty pleasures. In spite of that, she agreed to keep seeing Harry. She loved him.

For a long time, she had feared this love. It was not in her nature to allow her heart to be filled by an emotion that was so overwhelming and so passionate without mistrusting it. The excessive, romantic, dramatic side of such passion, which she would smile and call 'like the Capulets and Montagues',* seemed to her, if not actually ridiculous, at least strange. And, like her father, she disliked anything that seemed, at first glance, strange, foreign. No, she didn't welcome this love, as the dried-up land soaks in the rain, but rather with insight, discernment and reserve: just as certain beautiful roses in the gardens of France can be drenched by a storm and still not lose a single leaf or petal. The driving rain covers them in huge drops that only penetrate them gradually, gently, until they reach the rose's heart. In his mind, Harry had often compared Laurence to those fresh, hardy roses, their petals tightly furled. It had not been easy working his way into her secretly rebellious heart, but he had accomplished it now, and he reigned there. It was his reward for his long fidelity, his passionate love. He loved her so much. He walked beside her down the empty street (it was barely nine o'clock in the morning, there was no danger of being seen; she was going to classes), and the expression on his face was so tortured, so strange that Laurence murmured:

'Don't look at me like that.'

'Why not? There's not a soul in sight.'

'You sometimes look at me in a way that makes me feel ashamed.'

He knew that her modesty was not feigned. He also knew that it was not coldness, but rather the sign of a passion so burning and alive that she feared its force. He took her hand and squeezed it, sliding his fingers between her glove and bare skin.

'Harry,' she said, pulling away, 'I've spoken to my father again.'

He stopped, turning pale. Never had she seen a human face express so many nuances of sadness, from fear to wounded pride, yet he possessed neither words nor gestures when it came to joy. She felt sorry for him; she wanted to see him radiant, childlike, if possible, but his serious, tortured face always made him look older than he was. He stood anxious and incredulous as she spoke:

'He's given his consent, Harry.'

A second later, flames suddenly rose to his pale cheeks, as if he finally understood, as if the words had seeped right down to his heart, extinguishing within him an unquenchable anguish.

'This is a great victory,' he said very quietly.

If he suffered more than others, he also knew how to enjoy his triumphs better. Only the strange joy of a conscious, fierce exhilaration was able to wipe away all those years of unhappiness. For he had been very unhappy because of her, because of his secret, scorned love ... Now, at last, she was accepting him, she loved him. He would have happily died for her.

'Is it true? How did it happen? What did he say?'

She didn't reply. She couldn't repeat what he'd said. She and her parents had fought continuously for two years. Her father had been the first to be worn down. She had wished for that moment for so long, and now, she almost regretted it because it was poisoned by pity and remorse. She had never noticed how her father had aged in those two years, but, last night, when he had said, still shaking with anger, 'Very well! On your head be it, but don't come looking to me, don't come complaining to me later on', it was only then that she had seen his deep wrinkles, his sagging jaw, the thinness of his neck where his Adam's apple jutted out, as if up until that moment her love had blinded her in the most literal sense of the word. And Harry, how triumphant he looked now! A victory, he'd called it. She could feel her father's defeat right down to her very core.

But could she tell Harry what he had said? All the pointless, unfair, harsh words ... Harry seemed to guess. The joyful expression on his face disappeared.

'I can imagine what he must have said,' he replied bitterly.

He fell silent, while there, in the darkness of the car they had got into, with tenderness, pity and a strange feeling of resentment, she kissed him for the very first time.

* *Capulets and Montagues*: the rival families of the lovers in the play *Romeo and Juliet*

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