



Cambridge IGCSE™

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 4 Unseen

0475/42

October/November 2022

1 hour 15 minutes

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. Any blank pages are indicated.



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 reflects on trying to teach her child at home during lockdown. Her child has found it hard to learn to read.

How does the poet convey how lockdown has made her think about the ways we communicate?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- her thoughts about her relationship with her child
- how she remembers her child's difficulties in communicating
- the effect of what the child says to her in the final lines.

Home-Schooling Week Two, Lie-Ins Increasing

This morning I was lying late in bed again,

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pages to be turning?

Or

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel based on the life of a real composer. He has been asked to present himself for interview at the Big House, the headquarters of the secret police of his country's harsh ruler. The ruler disapproves of the composer's music. Nita is the nickname of the composer's wife, and Galya is his daughter.

How does the writer convey an atmosphere of terror in this passage?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the composer's reactions to the threat to him
- how Power has silenced his defiance
- how the writer presents the composer's visit to the Big House.

When the threats against him had first begun, he told friends: 'Even if they cut off both my hands, I shall continue to write music with a pen in my mouth.' They had been words of defiance intended to keep up everyone's spirits, his own included. But they did not want to cut off his hands, his small, 'non-pianistic' hands. They might want to torture him, and he would agree to everything they said immediately, as he had no capacity for bearing pain. Names would be put in front of him, and he would implicate all of them. No, he would say briefly, which would quickly change to Yes, Yes, Yes and Yes. Yes, I was there at the time in the Marshal's apartment; Yes I heard him say whatever you suggest he might have said; Yes this general and that politician were involved in the plot, I saw and heard it for myself. But there would be no melodramatic cutting-off of his hands just a businesslike bullet to the back of the head.

Those words of his had been at best a foolish boast, at worst a mere figure of speech. And Power had no interest in figures of speech. Power knew only facts, and its language consisted of phrases and euphemisms designed either to publicise or to conceal those facts. There were no composers writing with a pen between their teeth in Stalin's Russia. From now on there would be only two types of composer: those who were alive and frightened; and those who were dead.

How recently he had sensed within him youth's indestructibility. More than that – its incorruptibility. And beyond that, beneath it all, a conviction of the rightness and truth of whatever talent he had, and whatever music he had written. All this was not in any way undermined. It was just, now, completely irrelevant.

On the Saturday night, and again on the Sunday night, he drank himself to sleep. It was not a complicated matter. He had a light head, and a couple of glasses of vodka would often make him need to lie down. This weakness was also an advantage. Drink, and then rest, while others carried on drinking. This left you fresher the next morning, better able to work.

Anapa¹ had been famous as a centre of the Grape Cure². He had once joked to Tanya that he preferred the Vodka Cure. And so, now, on perhaps the last two nights of his life, he took the cure.

On that Monday morning he kissed Nita, held Galya one last time, and caught the bus to the dismal grey building on Liteiny Prospekt. He was always punctual, and would go to his death being punctual. He gazed briefly at the River Neva, which would outlast them all. At the Big House he presented himself to the guard at reception. The soldier looked through his roster but could not find the name. He was asked to repeat it. He did so. The soldier went down the list again.

‘What is your business? Who have you come to see?’

‘Interrogator Zakrevsky.’

The soldier nodded slowly. Then, without looking up, said, ‘Well, you can go home. You are not on the list. Zakrevsky isn’t coming in today, so there is nobody to receive you.’

Thus ended his First Conversation with Power.

¹**Anapa**: a spa resort on the Black Sea where people went for cures for illnesses

²**Grape Cure**: the use of grapes for the treatment of various illnesses

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