



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

Paper 2 Unseen

0408/22

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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 **4** pages.



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

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the poem below.

Explore how the poet strikingly portrays relationships between fathers and sons.

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the way the poet describes his son
- the way the poet describes his feelings
- the impact the final stanza has on you (from 'And I stare...').

Imitations

In this house, in this afternoon room,
my son and I. The other side of the glass
snowflakes whitewash the shed roof and the grass
this surprised April. My son is 16,
an approximate man. He is my chameleon¹,
my soft diamond, my deciduous evergreen.

Eyes half closed, he listens to pop forgeries
of music – how hard it is to know – and perhaps
dreams of some school Juliet I don't know.
Meanwhile, beyond the bending window,
gusting suddenly, despite a sky half blue,
a blur of white blossom, whiter snow.

And I stare, oh immortal springtime, till
I'm elsewhere and the age my cool son is,
my father alive again (I, his duplicate)
his high breath, my low breath, sticking to the glass
while two butterflies stumble, held each
to each, as if by elastic, and pass.

¹ *chameleon*: a lizard that can change its skin colour

OR

- 2** Read carefully the following extract. It is a description of a narrow passageway in Paris in the nineteenth century.

How does the writer vividly convey the atmosphere of the passageway?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the descriptions of the passageway and shops
- the descriptions of the people
- the way the evening is described in the final paragraph (from 'In the evening, the arcade...').

At the end of the Rue Guénégaud, if you follow it away from the river, you find the Passage du Pont-Neuf, a sort of dark, narrow corridor linking the Rue Mazarine to the Rue de Seine. This passageway is, at most, thirty paces long and two wide, paved with yellowish, worn stones, which have come loose and constantly give off an acrid dampness. The glass roof, sloping at a right angle, is black with grime.

On fair summer days, when the sun burns down heavily on the streets, a whitish light penetrates the dirty panes of glass and lurks miserably about the arcade. On foul winter days, on a foggy morning, the glass roof casts only shadows over the slimy paving: mean, soiled shadows.

Built into the left wall are low, flattened shops, which exhale the damp air of cellars. There are secondhand booksellers, toy shops and paper merchants whose displays sleep dimly in the shades, grey with dust. The little square panes of the shop windows cast strange, greenish reflections on the goods inside. Behind them, the shops are full of darkness, gloomy holes in which weird figures move around.

On the right, along the whole length of the passageway, there is a wall, against which the shopkeepers opposite have set up narrow cupboards; nameless objects, goods forgotten for twenty years, lie there on narrow shelves painted a repellent shade of brown. A woman selling costume jewellery¹ does business from one of the cupboards, offering rings at fifteen sous, delicately placed on a bed of blue velvet at the bottom of a mahogany box.

This Passage du Pont-Neuf is not a place for strolling. People use it to avoid making a detour, to gain a few minutes. Down it walk busy folk whose only thought is to march briskly straight ahead. You can see apprentices in their aprons, seamstresses delivering their unfinished work, and men and women with parcels under their arms. You can also see old men lurking in the dreary light of the glass roof, and gangs of little children who come running here after school to kick up a row, banging their clogs on the pavement. The crisp, hurried sound of footsteps on stone rings out all day long with irritating regularity. No one speaks, no one stops; all these people are speeding past on their business, walking quickly along with downcast eyes, without sparing a single glance for the displays of goods. The shopkeepers look suspiciously at any passer-by who by a miracle happens to pause in front of their windows.

In the evening, the arcade is lit by three gaslights enclosed in heavy, square lanterns. These hang down from the glass roof, on which they cast patches of yellowish light, spreading pale circles of luminescence around them that shimmer and appear to vanish from time to time. The passageway looks as though it might really be a hiding place for cutthroats²; great shadows spread across the paving and damp draughts blow in from the street. The shopkeepers make do with nothing more than the meagre illumination that the gas lamps cast on their windows. Inside the shops, they merely set up a lamp with a shade on the corner of the counter, which allows passers-by to detect what

is lurking at the back of these holes where darkness inhabits even in daytime. Along the dingy line of windows, that of a paper merchant shines out: the yellow flames of two shale-oil lamps burn into the blackness. And on the opposite side, a candle stuck into the glass mantle of an oil lamp puts glimmering stars in a box of costume jewellery. The woman who owns the shop is dozing at the back of her cupboard with her hands wrapped in a shawl.

¹ *costume jewellery*: cheap jewellery

² *cutthroats*: murderers

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