



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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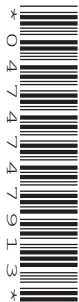
**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**0475/43**

Paper 4 Unseen

**May/June 2020**

**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.

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This document has **8** pages. 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 the opposite page. The poet is travelling to visit an ancient monument.

**How does the poet make this experience so memorable for you?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet describes his journey to the monument
- how he vividly portrays the monument itself
- how the writing conveys the disturbing nature of this experience for him.

*A Heap of Stones*

I asked directions  
at a farmhouse door:  
they pointed to a field  
high on the hillside  
where they said  
the Giant's Grave  
stood, and waited,  
watching by their gate,  
an old man  
and his wife, watching  
till I turned the road,  
wondering perhaps why  
a man would climb  
half a mountain to see  
a heap of stones.

Over the ditch and through  
the rising bog spotted  
with tiny spits of wild cotton  
I moved, a mile  
an hour, until the land  
below became a mood,  
long shadows sweeping  
inland, eating light ...

Armed with bright pictures  
of club and claw  
I searched until suddenly  
it grinned at me:  
filling the hole in a crazy hedge  
it overflowed into the field –  
great tables impaled  
upon a pencil of stone;  
a tabernacle<sup>1</sup> of ancient death  
dug deep as an evil eye  
in the skull of the hill.  
I banished urgent images  
from my downward path and one  
by one unclenched  
the stone cold fingers round my brain.

<sup>1</sup> *tabernacle*: place of worship

Or

- 2 Read carefully the following extract which is the opening to a novel. Its main character, the man in the red waistcoat, we later discover is called Jack Maggs. He has been travelling on a horse-drawn coach to London.

**How does the writer make this such a striking introduction to Jack?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer creates a sense of mystery around Jack in the first two paragraphs
- what Jack looks like and the impression he makes on his fellow passengers
- what you find unsettling about the way he talks and behaves when he gets off the coach.

It was a Saturday night when the man with the red waistcoat arrived in London. It was, to be precise, six of the clock on the fifteenth of April in the year of 1837 that those hooded eyes looked out the window of the Dover<sup>1</sup> coach and beheld, in the bright aura of gas light, a golden bull and an overgrown mouth opening to devour him – the sign of his inn, the Golden Ox.

The *Rocket* (as his coach was aptly named) rattled in through the archway to the inn's yard and the passengers, who had hitherto found the stranger so taciturn, now noted the silver-capped cane<sup>2</sup> – which had begun to tap the floor at Westminster Bridge – commence a veritable tattoo<sup>3</sup>.

He was a tall man in his forties, so big in the chest and broad in the shoulder that his fellows on the bench seat had felt the strain of his presence, but what his occupation was, or what he planned to do in London, they had not the least idea. One privately imagined him a book-maker<sup>4</sup>, another a gentleman farmer and a third, seeing the excellent quality of his waistcoat, imagined him an upper servant wearing his master's cast-off clothing.

His face did not deny the possibility of any of these occupations; indeed he would have been a singular example of any one of them. His brows pushed down hard upon the eyes, and his cheeks shone as if life had scrubbed at him and rubbed until the very bones beneath his flesh had been burnished in the process. His nose was large, hawkish, and high-bridged. His eyes were dark, inquiring, and yet there was a bruised, even belligerent quality which had kept his fellow passengers at their distance all through that long journey up from Dover.

No sooner had they heard the coachman's *Whoa-up* than he had the door open and was out into the night without having said a single word.

The first of the passengers to alight after him saw the stranger take the porter, a famously insolent individual, firmly by the shoulder blade. He held him there for a good moment, and it was obvious from the look which appeared on that sandy-haired individual's face, that he held him very hard indeed.

'Now pay attention to me, Sir Reverence<sup>5</sup>.'

The porter was roughly escorted to the side of the coach.

'You comprennay-voo?'<sup>6</sup> The stranger pointed with his cane to a large trunk on the roof. 'The blue item. If it would not inconvenience your Lordship<sup>7</sup>.'

The porter made it clear that it would not inconvenience him in the least. Then some money changed hands and the man with the red waistcoat set off into the night, his cane tapping on the cobblestones, and straight up into the Haymarket, his chin up and the orbs of his eyes everywhere reflecting an unearthly flare and glare.

<sup>1</sup> *Dover*: a port on the south coast of England

<sup>2</sup> *cane*: a walking stick

<sup>3</sup> *tattoo*: musical performance

<sup>4</sup> *book-maker*: person who makes a business of accepting bets

<sup>5</sup> *Sir Reverence*: sarcastic form of address to a servant

<sup>6</sup> '*comprennay-voo?*': sarcastic use of French for 'Do you understand?'

<sup>7</sup> *your Lordship*: sarcastic form of address to a servant





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