



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

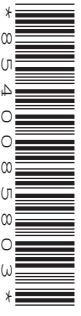
0408/02

Paper 2: Unseen

October/November 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.

The poet and others who had been held captive far from home have just been released from prison.

How does the poet vividly convey to you their feelings of delight at being set free?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- his response to the sights at the fishmarket
- his descriptions of the women and the surroundings
- the ways he expresses their thoughts about going home.

Bright and early we went down to the fishmarket
To wash stale eyes alive. The fish were
Scarlet, green, silver, color of the sea.
The sea was shining, all scales of silver,
But the fish were brighter. We thought of home.

Beautiful too the women, with jars on their heads,
Olive green, and molded like their hips,
Softly rounded. We thought of our women,
How they talk and laugh and walk down the street.
We all laughed. Out at sea, it was raining.

In vineyards, along ravines, grapes and leaves
Glisten with rain. The sky is ruddy*
With scattered clouds, colored with sun
And pleasure. On earth, smells; in the sky,
Colors. We were on our own; unguarded.

We thought of home, the way a man thinks
Of morning after a sleepless night. The sea
Smelled musty, and we reveled in freshness,
In the moistness of the fruit and the colors of the fish.
We were drunk on the news: we were going home!

* *ruddy*: coloured red or pink

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel.

The narrator is looking back to when he was 15 and spent a summer in the country with his father.

He and his friend Jon have been talking about 'stealing' horses. In fact, they just pretend they are horse thieves.

Explore the ways in which the writing creates such a fascinating introduction to Jon's personality and his relationship with the narrator.

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the portrayal of Jon's unusual behaviour and the activities he suggests
- how the narrator's father and Jon respond to each other
- how Jon makes the narrator feel.

Jon came often to our door, at all hours, wanting me to go out with him: shooting hares, walking through the forest in the pale moonlight right up to the top of the ridge when it was perfectly quiet, fishing for trout in the river, balancing on the shining yellow logs that still sailed the current close to our cabin long after the clearing of the river was done. It was risky, but I never said no and never said anything to my father about what we were up to. We could see a stretch of the river from the kitchen window, but it was not there that we did our balancing acts. We always started further down, nearly a kilometre, and sometimes we went so far and so fast on the logs that it took us an hour to walk back through the forest when at last we had scrambled onto the bank, soaking wet and shivering.

Jon wanted no company but mine. He had two younger brothers, but he and I were the same age. I do not know who he was with for the rest of the year, when I was in Oslo. He never talked about that, and I never told him what I did in the city.

He never knocked, just came quietly up the path from the river where his little boat was tied up, and waited at the door until I became aware that he was there. It never took long. Even in the morning early when I was still asleep, I might feel a restlessness far into my dream, as if I needed to pee and struggled to wake up before it was too late, and then when I opened my eyes and knew it wasn't *that*, I went directly to the door and opened it, and there he was. He smiled his little smile and squinted as he always did.

'Are you coming?' he said. 'We're going out stealing horses.'

It turned out that *we* meant only him and me as usual, and if I had not gone with him he would have gone alone, and that would have been no fun. Besides, it was hard to steal horses alone. Impossible, in fact.

'Have you been waiting long?' I said.

'I just got here.'

That's what he always said, and I never knew if it was true. I stood on the doorstep in only my underpants and looked over his shoulder. It was already light. There were wisps of mist on the river, and it was a little cold. It would soon warm up, but now I felt goose pimples spread over my thighs and stomach. Yet I stood there looking down to the river, watching it coming from round the bend a little further up, shining and soft from under the mist, and flow past. I knew it by heart. I had dreamt about it all winter.

'Which horses?' I said.

'Barkald's horses. He keeps them in the paddock in the forest, behind the farm.'

'I know. Come inside while I get dressed.'

'I'll wait here,' he said.

He never would come inside, maybe because of my father. He never spoke to my father. Never said hello to him. Just looked down when they passed each other on the way to the shop. Then my father would stop and turn round to look at him and say:

'Wasn't that Jon?'

'Yes,' I said.

'What's wrong with him?' said my father every time, as if embarrassed, and each time I said:

'I don't know.'

And in fact I did not, and I never thought to ask. Now Jon stood on the doorstep that was only a flagstone, gazing down at the river while I fetched my clothes from the back of one of the tree-trunk chairs, and pulled them on as quickly as I could. I did not like him having to stand there waiting, even though the door was open so he could see me the whole time.

Clearly I ought to have understood there was something special about that July morning, something to do with the fog on the river and the mist over the ridge perhaps, something about the white light in the sky, something in the way Jon said what he had to say or the way he moved or stood there stock still at the door. But I was only fifteen, and the only thing I noticed was that he did not carry the gun he always had with him in case a hare should cross our path, and that was not so strange, it would only have been in the way rustling horses. We weren't going to shoot the horses, after all. As far as I could see, he was the same as he always was: calm and intense at one and the same time with his eyes squinting, concentrating on what we were going to do, with no sign of impatience. That suited me well, for it was no secret that compared with him I was a slowcoach in most of our exploits. He had years of training behind him. The only thing I was good at was riding logs down the river, I had a built-in balance, a natural talent, Jon thought, though that was not how he would have put it.

What he had taught me was to be reckless, taught me that if I let myself go, did not slow myself down by thinking so much beforehand I could achieve many things I would never have dreamt possible.

'OK. Ready, steady, go,' I said.

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- Question 2 © Per Petterson; *Out Stealing Horses*; Published by Vintage. Reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd; 2006.

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