



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/21

Paper 2 Unseen

October/November 2018

1 hour 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

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

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

Both questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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



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

EITHER

- 1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page. It describes a day near the end of 1991 on a beach in Australia.

How does the poet vividly convey the impact of this day on him?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the poet's description of what he sees when he is on the beach
- how he conveys the experience of being on the beach
- how he conveys his thoughts and feelings about the next year.

Red Rock

At Red Rock beach the waves come in.
 The oystercatchers flap away.
 The sun sinks into sand and skin
 At four o'clock on Boxing Day¹.
 The bass thump of a volleyball
 Resounds below a skua's call.

The toddlers flap like little seals
 Towards the magnet of the ocean,
 Ignoring piteous appeals
 From mothers bright with suntan lotion.
 I drink a bitter and a stout²,
 Swim for a bit, and come back out.

The curved creek-current thrusts us through
 Towards the sea, then back to shore.
 To close the ring of gold and blue
 We walk across the sand once more
 And float along the current's length,
 Resisting nothing but our strength.

And there – beyond the surf – a fin!
 A curved back – and another – three!
 Three dolphins ballet in the din
 In bottle-nosed felicity.
 How beautiful! They turn to greet us.
 We love them, since they cannot eat us.

Ah, may it always be like this –
 But '92's another year,
 And an unkind antithesis³
 Lurks in a colder hemisphere.
 Advance, advance, Australia Fair⁴ –
 Next year I'll freeze, though God knows where.

In Shimla, fingernumbed and scowling,
 In New York on a chilblained⁵ street,
 In London with the north wind howling
 Or vile Vienna in the sleet.
 Yet I'll be warm wherever I go
 If Red Rock burns beneath the snow.

¹*Boxing Day*: a public holiday, the day after Christmas Day

²*a bitter and a stout*: alcoholic drinks

³*antithesis*: opposite

⁴*Advance Australia Fair*: National Anthem of Australia

⁵*chilblained*: skin swollen by the cold

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel.

It describes Guylain Vignolles's morning routine working on a machine called the Zerstor 500 ('the Thing') at a factory.

Explore how the writing vividly conveys Guylain's experiences of working at the recycling factory.

To help you answer, you might consider:

- Guylain's impressions of his boss, Kowalski
- how the writing conveys Guylain's thoughts and feelings about work
- the description of the Zerstor 500.

'Vignolles, start it up! What are you waiting for? The rain to stop?'

Kowalski, who had spotted him from the top of his ivory tower, had burst out of his office to come and screech at him in his falsetto voice. His glazed eyrie¹ was almost ten metres up in the air, suspended beneath the roof. From up there, Kowalski could see everything, like a little god keeping watch over his dominion. The slightest alert, the tiniest slip-up, and he'd come rushing out onto the bridge to yell his orders or to unleash a torrent of abuse. And if he felt that was not enough, as in this instance, he would come clattering down the thirty or so metal stairs which groaned under the weight of his mass of lard.

'Get a move on, Vignolles, damn it! There are already three lorries waiting outside.'

Felix Kowalski didn't speak; he barked, yelled, bellowed, cursed and roared, but he had never been able to talk in a normal voice. He couldn't help it. He never began his day without directing a volley of abuse at the first person to come within earshot, as if the rancour that had built up inside him overnight had to escape from his mouth before it choked him. That first person was often Guylain. Brunner, who was stupid but not blind or deaf, had quickly twigged² the boss's game and generally stayed out of sight behind the Zerstor's control cabinet. Kowalski's tirades didn't bother Guylain one way or the other. They rarely lasted more than a minute. You just had to let them wash over you and wait until the tsunami was over. Pull your head in and wait until Kowalski had finished belching abuse in a cloud of sour sweat.

Guylain opened his metal locker. The inscription in flocked white lettering on the back of his boiler suit glowed fluorescent in the dark. TERN. When he talked about it, Brunner always referred to it as the TERN treatment and recycling company. He felt that sounded classier. The logo was a magnificent arctic tern³, a creature that spent most of its time in search of summer, on the wing for nearly eight months of the year in its permanent quest for the sun, never taking the time to break its journey. Brunner, who knew as much about ornithology⁴ as he did about theology, insisted this bird shape was a swallow. Guylain had never wanted to argue with him. He zipped his fifty-eight kilos into the boiler suit, closed his locker door and took a deep breath. The Thing was waiting to be fed.

Guylain was loath to lift the lid of the Zerstor 500's control cabinet. Inexplicably, he felt the unpleasant sensation of the sheet metal vibrating beneath his fingers as he often did, as if the Thing were well and truly alive, juddering with impatience at the thought of beginning a new day. At those times, he went into autopilot.

Confining himself to his role as chief operator for which he was paid the generous sum of 1,840 euros each month, including his bonus for having lunch on the premises. He read out every item on the checklist while Brunner went from one checkpoint to the next, twirling around as Guylain named each part. Before releasing the trapdoor that shut off the bottom of the funnel, Guylain glanced over at the gaping mouth, just to check that no intrepid animal had stupidly taken it into its head to venture inside. Rats had become a real problem. The smell drove them wild. The funnel attracted them the way the fragrant lobes of a Venus flytrap lure flies. And it was not unusual to find one that was greedier than the others stuck at the bottom of the hole. When he came across one, Guylain would go and fetch the scoop from the cloakrooms and fish the creature out from the tight spot it had got itself into. And without further ado, it would scamper off towards the back of the plant and vanish from sight. Guylain was not particularly fond of rodents. He was motivated essentially by the wish to deprive the Zerstor of a hunk of meat. It loved meat, he was certain of it, loved those screeching, wriggling little bodies that it crunched like a mere snack when it managed to nab one. And he was convinced that, given the chance, it would gobble up his hands without any qualms. Since Giuseppe's accident, it had been clear to Guylain that rat meat was not always enough to satisfy the Thing.

- ¹*eyrie*: nest of a bird of prey
²*twigged*: realised
³*tern*: a graceful seabird
⁴*ornithology*: the study of birds

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