

**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/02**

Paper 2: Unseen

**May/June 2014**

**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, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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

**EITHER**

1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page.

**How does the poet convey to you the difficulties and hopes of being in love?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the contrasts and the images the poet creates in the first two stanzas (lines 1–18)
- the effect of the poem's rhythm and structure
- the impact the final stanza (lines 19–22) makes on you.

*Black Monday Lovesong*

In love's dances, in love's dances  
One retreats and one advances.  
One grows warmer and one colder,  
One more hesitant, one bolder.  
One gives what the other needed  
Once, or will need, now unheeded.  
One is clenched, compact, ingrowing  
While the other's melting, flowing.  
One is smiling and concealing  
While the other's asking, kneeling.  
One is arguing or sleeping  
While the other's weeping, weeping.

And the question finds no answer  
And the tune misleads the dancer  
And the lost look finds no other  
And the lost hand finds no brother  
And the word is left unspoken  
Till the theme and thread are broken.

When shall these divisions alter?  
Echo's answer seems to falter:  
'Oh the unperplexed, unvexed time  
Next time ... one day ... one day ... next time!'

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following passage. It is from the opening of a novel set in East Africa in the early years of the twentieth century.

**How does the writing capture your interest in Yusuf and his experiences?**

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- the writer's description of the drought season which Yusuf remembers
- his portrayal of the two Europeans and their effect on Yusuf
- his portrayal of Yusuf's life at home.

The boy first. His name was Yusuf, and he left his home suddenly during his twelfth year. He remembered it was the season of drought, when every day was the same as the last. Unexpected flowers bloomed and died. Strange insects scuttled from under rocks and writhed to their deaths in the burning light. The sun made distant trees tremble in the air and made the houses shudder and heave for breath. Clouds of dust puffed up at every tramping footfall and a hard-edged stillness lay over the daylight hours.

He saw two Europeans on the railway platform at that time, the first he had ever seen. He was not frightened, not at first. He went to the station often, to watch the trains come noisily and gracefully in, and then to wait for them to haul themselves out again, marshalled by the scowling Indian signalman with his pennants and whistle. Often Yusuf waited hours for a train to arrive. The two Europeans were also waiting, standing under a canvas awning with their luggage and important-looking goods neatly piled a few feet away. The man was large, so tall that he had to lower his head to avoid touching the canvas under which he sheltered from the sun. The woman stood further back in the shade, her glistening face partly obscured by two hats. Her frilled white blouse was buttoned up at the neck and wrists, and her long skirt brushed her shoes. She was tall and large too, but differently. Where she looked lumpy and malleable,<sup>1</sup> as if capable of taking another shape, he appeared carved out of a single piece of wood. They stared in different directions, as if they did not know each other. As he watched, Yusuf saw the woman run her handkerchief over her lips, casually rubbing off flakes of dry skin. The man's face was mottled with red, and as his eyes moved slowly over the cramped landscape of the station, taking in the locked wooden storehouses and the huge yellow flag with its picture of a glaring black bird, Yusuf was able to take a long look at him. Then he turned and saw Yusuf staring. The man glanced away at first and then looked back at Yusuf for a long moment. Yusuf could not tear his eyes away. Suddenly the man bared his teeth in an involuntary snarl, curling his fingers in an inexplicable way. Yusuf heeded the warning and fled, muttering the words he had been taught to say when he required sudden and unexpected help from God.

That year he left his home was also the year the woodworm infested the posts in the back porch. His father smacked the posts angrily whenever he passed them, letting them know he knew what game they were up to. The woodworm left trails on the beams that were like the turned-up earth which marked the animal tunnels in the bed of the dry stream. The posts sounded soft and hollow whenever Yusuf hit them, and emitted tiny grainy spores of rot. When he grumbled for food his mother told him to eat the worms.

'I'm hungry,' he wailed at her, in an untutored litany<sup>2</sup> he had been reciting with increasing gruffness with each passing year.

'Eat the woodworm,' his mother suggested, and then laughed at his exaggerated look of disgusted anguish. 'Go on, stuff yourself with it any time you want. Don't let me stop you.'

He sighed in a world-weary way he was experimenting with to show her how pathetic her joke was. Sometimes they ate bones, which his mother boiled up to make a thin soup whose surface glistened with colour and grease, and in whose depths lurked lumps of black spongy marrow. At worst, there was only okra stew, but however hungry he was Yusuf could not swallow the slimy sauce.

<sup>1</sup> *malleable*: easy to mould into shape

<sup>2</sup> *litany*: a monotonous speech (like a type of prayer)





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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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