
ENGLISH LITERATURE

0477/03

Paper 3 Unseen Comparison

May/June 2019

1 hour 30 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 **one** question, **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

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

A maximum of 40 marks are available, of which 33 are for the response to the question and 7 are for spelling, punctuation and grammar.



This syllabus is regulated for use in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 IGCSE (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** Insert.

Answer **one** question, **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

Either 1 Read carefully Poem A and Poem B, both war poems.

Compare the ways in which the poets memorably portray the experience of being in the front line of war.

In your answer you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form and how contexts are suggested by the writing.

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how both poets describe thoughts while waiting for an attack
- the effects of the portrayal of the rat and of the devils
- ways in which both convey the desperate nature of their situations.

POEM A

In the following poem, the poet describes a soldier's experience of dawn from inside the trenches.

Break of Day in the Trenches

The darkness crumbles away.
 It is the same old druid Time as ever,
 Only a live thing leaps my hand,
 A queer sardonic¹ rat,
 As I pull the parapet's² poppy 5
 To stick behind my ear.
 Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
 Your cosmopolitan sympathies.
 Now you have touched this English hand
 You will do the same to a German 10
 Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
 To cross the sleeping green between.
 It seems you inwardly grin as you pass
 Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,
 Less chanced than you for life, 15
 Bonds to the whims of murder,
 Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
 The torn fields of France.
 What do you see in our eyes
 At the shrieking iron and flame 20
 Hurlled through still heavens?
 What quaver—what heart aghast?
 Poppies whose roots are in man's veins
 Drop, and are ever dropping;
 But mine in my ear is safe— 25
 Just a little white with the dust.

¹ *sardonic*: mocking or sarcastic

² *parapet's*: edge of the trench's

POEM B

In the following poem, the poet presents the experience of being in an armoured vehicle in the desert, vulnerable to attack from the air and from his own thoughts.

Devils

My mind's silence is not that of a wood warm and full of the sun's patience, who peers through the leaves waiting perhaps the arrival of a god, silence I welcomed when I could:	5
but this deceptive quiet is the fastening of a soundproof trap whose idiot crew must not escape. Only within they make their noise; all night, against my sleep, their cries.	10
Outside the usual crowd of devils are flying in the clouds, are running on the earth, imperceptibly spinning through the black air alive with evils and turning, diving in the wind's channels.	15
Inside the unsubstantial wall these idiots of the mind can't hear the demons talking in the air who think my mind void. That's all; there'll be an alliance of devils if it fall.	20

[Total: **40 marks**, including **7 marks** for spelling, punctuation and grammar.]

- Or 2 Read carefully prose extract A and prose extract B, both extracts from the end of short novels.

Compare the ways in which both passages convey experiences of entrapment and freedom.

In your answer you should comment closely on the effects of language, style and form and how contexts are suggested by the writing.

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writers convey the two women's emotions
- ways in which both women express feelings of being trapped
- how the writing conveys thoughts of freedom.

PROSE EXTRACT A

In the following extract, Edna is trapped in an unhappy marriage. She has gone back to the holiday beach where she used to meet her lover, Robert, who has just ended their relationship.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach. 5

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water. 10 15

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her. 20

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known. 25

PROSE EXTRACT B

In the following extract, Antoinette is kept hidden away at the top of a large house by her husband. He brought her to England and has since abandoned her because of her unstable mental state. She is looked after by a woman named Grace.

There is one window high up – you cannot see out of it. My bed had doors but they have been taken away. There is not much else in the room. Her bed, a black press¹, the table in the middle and two black chairs carved with fruit and flowers. They have high backs and no arms. The dressing-room is very small, the room next to this one is hung with tapestry. Looking at the tapestry one day I recognized my mother dressed in an evening gown but with bare feet. She looked away from me, over my head just as she used to do. I wouldn't tell Grace this. Her name oughtn't to be Grace. Names matter, like when he wouldn't call me Antoinette, and I saw Antoinette drifting out of the window with her scents, her pretty clothes and her looking-glass. 5

There is no looking-glass here and I don't know what I am like now. I remember watching myself brush my hair and how my eyes looked back at me. The girl I saw was myself yet not quite myself. Long ago when I was a child and very lonely I tried to kiss her. But the glass was between us – hard, cold and misted over with my breath. Now they have taken everything away. What am I doing in this place and who am I? 10

The door of the tapestry room is kept locked. It leads, I know, into a passage. That is where Grace stands and talks to another woman whom I have never seen. Her name is Leah. I listen but I cannot understand what they say. 15

So there is still the sound of whispering that I have heard all my life, but these are different voices. 20

When night comes, and she has had several drinks and sleeps, it is easy to take the keys. I know now where she keeps them. Then I open the door and walk into their world. It is, as I always knew, made of cardboard. I have seen it before somewhere, this cardboard world where everything is coloured brown or dark red or yellow that has no light in it. As I walk along the passages I wish I could see what is behind the cardboard. They tell me I am in England but I don't believe them. We lost our way to England. When? Where? I don't remember, but we lost it. 25

¹ *press*: a large cupboard

[Total: **40 marks**, including **7 marks** for spelling, punctuation and grammar.]

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