



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**WORLD LITERATURE**

Paper 2 Unseen

**0408/22**

**May/June 2018**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.

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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.

It describes a boy preparing for a job interview. His sister is helping him.

**How does the poet create vivid impressions of the brother and sister and the life they lead?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- how the poet describes the surroundings
- how she portrays the relationship between the boy and his sister
- how her writing makes you feel about their life.

*Boy With His Hair Cut Short*

Sunday shuts down on this twentieth-century evening.  
 The L<sup>1</sup> passes. Twilight and bulb define  
 the brown room, the overstuffed plum sofa,  
 the boy, and the girl's thin hands above his head.  
 A neighbour radio sings stocks<sup>2</sup>, news, serenade.

He sits at the table, head down, the young clear neck exposed,  
 watching the drugstore sign from the tail of his eye;  
 tattoo, neon, until the eye blears, while his  
 solicitous<sup>3</sup> tall sister, simple in blue, bending  
 behind him, cuts his hair with her cheap shears.

The arrow's electric red always reaches its mark,  
 successful neon! He coughs, impressed by that precision.  
 His child's forehead, forever protected by his cap,  
 is bleached against the lamplight as he turns head  
 and steadies to let the snippets drop.

Erasing the failure of weeks with level fingers,  
 she sleeks the fine hair, combing: 'You'll look fine tomorrow!  
 You'll surely find something, they can't keep turning you down;  
 the finest gentleman's not so trim as you!' Smiling, he raises  
 the adolescent forehead wrinkling ironic now.

He sees his decent suit laid out, new-pressed,  
 his carfare on the shelf. He lets his head fall, meeting  
 her earnest hopeless look, seeing the sharp blades splitting,  
 the darkened room, the impersonal sign, her motion,  
 the blue vein, bright on her temple, pitifully beating.

<sup>1</sup> *The L*: Chicago's high-level railway  
<sup>2</sup> *stocks*: financial investments  
<sup>3</sup> *solicitous*: caring

OR

2 Read carefully the following extract.

The writer and his family are trespassing on a private estate on their way to their holiday cottage.

**How does the writer make this moment so strikingly dramatic?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- how the writer builds up to the arrival of the man in uniform
- how he describes the man and his dog
- how he creates tension in the passage as a whole.

The long distance was covered without hindrance, if not without anguish, and at last we arrived at the ultimate door, the door that would open onto the summer holidays. My father turned to my mother, laughing:

‘Well ... what about your premonition?’

‘Open it quickly, I beg of you ... Quickly ... quickly ...’

‘Don’t be so nervous,’ he said. ‘You can see it’s all over!’

He turned the key in the keyhole and pulled. The door resisted. He suddenly said in a toneless voice:

‘Someone’s put on a chain and a padlock!’

‘I knew it!’ my mother said. ‘Can’t you wrench it off?’

I had a look and saw that the chain went through two ringbolts: one of them was screwed into the door, the other to the door-jamb, the wood of which, I thought, looked mouldy.

‘Of course we can wrench it off!’ I said.

But my father gripped my wrist and said in a low voice:

‘Stop it! That would be trespassing with damage!’

‘Trespassing!’ a rasping voice suddenly shouted. ‘Just so: trespass with damage! And that can mean three months in jail!’

From a tangle of bushes near the door, a man of medium height but enormous girth emerged. He was wearing a green uniform and a képi<sup>1</sup>. From his belt hung a black leather holster from which protruded the grip of a regulation revolver. On a leash, at the end of a chain, he was holding a horrible dog, the very one that we had dreaded for so long.

It was a big, bovine beast with a bull-dog’s head.

On his short hair, which was dirty yellow in colour, mange<sup>2</sup> had left big pink blotches, which looked like maps. His left hind leg, which twitched convulsively, was permanently off the ground; his thick chops drooped heavily and threads of slobber hanging from them made them seem even longer. On either side of his horrible snout two fangs stood out, ready to murder the innocent. Lastly, the monster had one dull glassy eye, while the other, abnormally dilated, glinted with a yellow menace. A snorting, hissing breath issued at intervals from his dripping nostrils.

The man’s face was just as terrifying. His nose was pitted with holes like a strawberry; his moustache, off-white at one end, was rusty-red at the other, and the lower rims of his eyes were studded with hairy little pimples.

My mother gave a moan of anguish, and hid her face in the trembling roses. My little sister began to cry. My father, his face drained of all colour, did not move: Paul hid behind his back, and I swallowed hard...

The man was staring at us without a word; one could hear the mastiff snarling.

'Monsieur<sup>3</sup> ...,' my father said.

'What are you doing here?' the brute suddenly yelled. 'Who's allowed you to trespass on the Baron's land? Are you his guests, perhaps, or his relatives?'

He glared at each one of us in turn, with his popping, gleaming eyes. Each time he spoke, his paunch shuddered, jerking the revolver upwards. He took a step towards my father.

'To begin with, what's your name?'

I quickly said: 'Esménard, Victor.'

'Be quiet,' said Joseph<sup>4</sup>. 'This is no time for playing the fool.'

With great difficulty, laden as he was, he pulled out his wallet and handed over his card.

The brute looked at it, then turned to me:

'He's been well trained, that one has! He's got a false name ready on his tongue!'

He looked at the card again, and cried:

'A public schoolteacher! That caps it! A schoolmaster who trespasses by stealth on other people's property! A schoolmaster! Anyway, that may not be true. If the children give a false name, the father may easily produce a false card!'

<sup>1</sup> *képi*: military cap

<sup>2</sup> *mange*: skin disease

<sup>3</sup> *Monsieur*: Sir

<sup>4</sup> *Joseph*: the father's name

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