



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

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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/02**

Paper 2: Unseen

**October/November 2015**

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

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

**EITHER**

1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page.

The poet addresses parents about the duty they have to support and help their children.

**How does the poet strikingly convey her thoughts and feelings?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the words and images the poet uses to portray children
- the words and images she uses to portray parents
- the striking ways in which she addresses parents about their duties.

*Ode on the Whole Duty of Parents*

The spirits of children are remote and wise,  
 They must go free  
 Like fishes in the sea  
 Or starlings in the skies,  
 Whilst you remain  
 The shore where casually they come again.  
 But when there falls the stalking shade of fear,  
 You must be suddenly near,  
 You, the unstable, must become a tree  
 In whose unending heights of flowering green  
 Hangs every fruit that grows, with silver bells;  
 Where heart-distracting magic birds are seen  
 And all the things a fairy-story tells;  
 Though still you should possess  
 Roots that go deep in ordinary earth,  
 And strong consoling bark  
 To love and to caress.

Last, when at dark  
 Safe on the pillow lies an up-gazing head  
 And drinking holy eyes  
 Are fixed on you,  
 When, from behind them, questions come to birth  
 Insistently,  
 On all the things that you have ever said  
 Of suns and snakes and parallelograms and flies,  
 Then for a while you'll need to be no more  
 That sheltering shore  
 Or legendary tree in safety spread,  
 No, then you must put on  
 The robes of Solomon<sup>1</sup>,  
 Or simply be  
 Sir Isaac Newton<sup>2</sup> sitting on the bed.

<sup>1</sup> *Solomon*: a king famous for his wisdom

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Isaac Newton*: a scientist famous for many discoveries

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a short story about a thief stealing a necklace from a young woman in the street.

**How does the writer make this passage so shocking and surprising?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the way the writer describes the thief's appearance and actions
- how she portrays the woman's reaction to the theft
- how the portrayal of the onlookers contributes to the impact of the passage.

She saw him coming towards her, whistling and humming. He stopped in front of her to ask politely if she knew the way to Poppy Street. Not for a moment did she imagine that he would use the second she took to think to snatch her gold necklace and take to his heels.

He had come down the same side of the street that she had been walking on, absorbed in her thoughts. Nothing in his appearance suggested any need for doubt or caution; rather, his elegance aroused respect, peace of mind and even suggested he was well-off.

His hand struck her and she felt as if her breastbone had been shaken loose. For a moment she was paralysed, but quickly recovered from the shock and turned to him, screaming furiously, 'Stop, thief! My necklace, my necklace!'

Fuelled by rage, she started after him, all the while continuing her anguished cry. People came out from the shops, houses and workshops that lined the street. They stood there not moving, watching the scene in dismay.

She was quicker than he could have imagined and in just a few moments was able to catch up with him and hinder his way. Perhaps he had not calculated that a woman could chase a thief with such persistence.

He began to zigzag. The sun came out and blazed down on people's heads. The light cascaded over his sweating face, making the necklace wrapped round his crooked fingers glitter. It had a dangling gold plaque, with the Tower of Babel on one side and the Dome of the Rock<sup>1</sup> on the other. Throughout her life she had repeatedly mislaid her jewellery without being sad for long, or even concerned about the value of what she had lost. This time, however, she felt as if her soul had suddenly been wrenched from her body.

Teeth clenched, she caught up with the thief and stretched out her hand towards him, her fingers almost managing to grab him. He turned to her, his body spiralling, but his right leg bent behind him, making him lose his balance and enabling her to grab the hem of his shirt. She seized hold of him, thwarting his movements as the shirt rode up across his dark back. He tried to escape her powerful grasp but was unable to do so.

People swarmed around them like bees, but no one made a move to help her. They stood there dazed as if they had lost their minds. She broke into another wave of anguished cries, as if imploring help: 'Thief! Let me have my necklace!'

Suddenly he drew a knife from a hidden pocket in his trousers and turned towards her, brandishing it in her face. She became aware of the scuffle of feet as people backed away. Voices raised around her, warning her what to do:

'Move back – he's armed!'

'Fool! He'll slash your face!'

'You're weaker. How do you dare?'

'Stubborn woman!'

Her face became more hard-set, as if some mighty devil dwelled in the depths

of that young woman who always seemed so calm. She possessed great courage. Not for an instant did she experience real fear. Nor was she going to back down.

A youth from one of the workshops came to help her, but the men held him back, saying in a tone that revealed more violence than wisdom, 'Do you want to die? Leave her to it. She and no one else is responsible for her stubbornness.'

Their peevish voices, full of fear, insinuated their way into her heart and wounded her. Again, she became aware of them hopping around her like little birds. 'There's no point in resisting: the man has a deadly weapon!' said some, in their defeatism.

Their submissiveness only increased her stubbornness. A blind ferocity exploded inside her. She attempted to make her fingernails a force equal to the knife he was waving before her. She moved them deftly around, seeking an opening through which to get at his face, at the same time whispering determinedly under her breath, 'Had he all the weapons of the world, I would not give up my necklace!'

In that instant he turned towards her glaring, his lips drawn back with malice. She saw her tense face reflected in the pupils of his yellow eyes as he snarled through clenched white teeth, 'You stubborn little savage!'

He took her by surprise with a number of brutal punches aimed at her temples and face. She lost her balance and her body slid under his. The punches continued, causing her grip on his shirt to slacken, and finally he managed to free himself. The pig then kicked her in full view of all who stood there, terror gnawing at their faces, paralysed in their cowardice. He kicked her once more, violently, then ran off.

Immediately she gathered herself together and got up to continue the chase, her hair dishevelled, blood running from her nose and her clothes covered in dust.

With all her strength she ran, screaming, 'My necklace!'

<sup>1</sup> *Tower of Babel ... Dome of the Rock*: religious symbols





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