



---

**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/21**

Paper 2 Unseen

**October/November 2019**

**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.

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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page in which the poet reflects on time spent with her father.

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

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the descriptions of the things she used to do with her father
- how the poet uses words and images to reveal different emotions
- how the poem is organised.

*Bored*

All those times I was bored  
 out of my mind. Holding the log  
 while he sawed it. Holding  
 the string while he measured, boards,  
 distances between things, or pounded  
 stakes into the ground for rows and rows  
 of lettuces and beets, which I then (bored)  
 weeded. Or sat in the back  
 of the car, or sat still in boats,  
 sat, sat, while at the prow, stern, wheel  
 wasn't even boredom, it was looking,  
 looking hard and up close at the small  
 details. Myopia<sup>1</sup>. The worn gunwales<sup>2</sup>,  
 the intricate twill of the seat  
 cover. The acid crumbs of loam<sup>3</sup>, the granular  
 pink rock, its igneous<sup>4</sup> veins, the sea-fans  
 of dry moss, the blackish and then the graying  
 bristles on the back of his neck.  
 Sometimes he would whistle, sometimes  
 I would. The boring rhythm of doing  
 things over and over, carrying  
 the wood, drying  
 the dishes. Such minutiae. It's what  
 the animals spend most of their time at,  
 ferrying the sand, grain by grain, from their tunnels,  
 shuffling the leaves in their burrows. He pointed  
 such things out, and I would look  
 at the whorled texture of his square finger, earth under  
 the nail. Why do I remember it as sunnier  
 all the time then, although it more often  
 rained, and more birdsong?  
 I could hardly wait to get  
 the hell out of there to  
 anywhere else. Perhaps though  
 boredom is happier. It is for dogs or  
 groundhogs. Now I wouldn't be bored.  
 Now I would know too much.  
 Now I would know.

<sup>1</sup>*Myopia*: Short-sightedness  
<sup>2</sup>*gunwales*: the top edge of a boat  
<sup>3</sup>*loam*: fertile soil  
<sup>4</sup>*igneous*: volcanic

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following extract. Lifi, an old woman, has become separated from the other women while they were collecting *madora*, edible caterpillars, in the forest.

**How does the writer vividly depict Lifi's experiences in the forest?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the forest and its creatures
- how the writer presents Lifi's responses to her experiences
- the impact of the writer's use of sound.

The forest was on a gently rolling slope with no hills, boulders or crests to indicate direction. Lifi thought the sun was strangely out of place. Nothing seemed familiar. In the latter part of the afternoon, in desperation, Lifi started walking towards the setting sun. Little did she know what this mistake would cost her. Had she remained where she was for a little longer, she would have heard the drums of the party that had gone to look for her.

She was still walking when the sun set. The forest showed no sign of thinning out. No familiar stream appeared. She sat against the trunk of a big tree and felt hungry for the first time that day.

She ate some half-ripe fleshy brown berries. They had a sweet sickly taste but she wanted the water in them. By the time she had finished her meagre supper the darkness had descended. She pulled her cloth over her head and tried to sleep.

Sleep did not come quickly. Where was her daughter? Perhaps no one would find her and she would sleep in the bushes and catch a cold from the dew. A snake might strike her. Lifi shivered at the thought of snakes. She gathered her cloth around her. The crickets cried and the bats flapped among the trees and far away an owl hooted. Now a frog croaked. Eventually she fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

The birds were chirping and the sun shining when she woke up. The sun was warm and cheerful and she felt happy. She let the dew dry. Her *madora* were still alive in the bucket after the night and she started squeezing them.

After the dew dried she started walking again, this time towards the east. Had the other women gone home, she wondered, or had they got lost too? Why didn't someone come to look for her? Or didn't anyone care? She ululated<sup>1</sup>. Her voice rang through the forest and died away. She walked on – and on.

That night she slept under a tree again, feeling very hungry. She was sitting with her head bent over her chest in contemplation when she sensed a movement close to her in the moonlight. She lifted her head in alarm and the curious buck<sup>2</sup> galloped away, crashing through the bushes in fright. She dreamt that the search party was passing a short distance ahead of her. She hailed them and ran to meet them. She tripped, fell, rose and fell again, shouting. The party did not seem to hear her. They disappeared into the forest, beating their drums.

At last morning came and Lifi woke up. She had been crying. She ate green berries and started walking. She felt an urge to walk; she knew that if she remained in one place hunger and thirst and

despair would drive her mad. It would be better to die where human beings could find her before the vultures and hyenas came to finish her off. She limped on, tired, hot and constantly thirsty.

Towards sunset, the forest started thinning out. Lifi suddenly found herself entering a vast grass plain. Right before her two boys sat weaving cattle whips out of strips of bark.

Her mouth opened but no sound came out. She stumbled towards the boys holding out her hand as if to prevent the scene melting away. Her bucket fell from her head and clanked noisily on to a log. The green *madora* scattered everywhere. She hurried on.

The two boys raised their heads at the noise and looked with a mixture of surprise and dread at the unexpected woman. Lifi asked for milk. Her voice was cracked and dry. For two days she had not talked to anyone. The two boys gave her milk and took her to their home. The people there gave her a proper meal and listened in amazed sympathy to her story. Old as she was, she had walked forty miles from her village with only the berries to eat, narrowly escaping the hyenas that roam the forests at night.

<sup>1</sup>*ululated*: made a long, high-pitched sound  
<sup>2</sup>*buck*: a male deer

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

---

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at [www.cambridgeinternational.org](http://www.cambridgeinternational.org) after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which itself is a department of the University of Cambridge.