

# **Cambridge IGCSE**<sup>™</sup>

#### LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

0475/43

Paper 4 Unseen

May/June 2025

1 hour 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

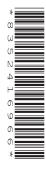
You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

#### **INSTRUCTIONS**

- Answer one question: either Question 1 or Question 2.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

#### **INFORMATION**

- The total mark for this paper is 25.
- All questions are worth equal marks.



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

## Answer either Question 1 or Question 2.

## **Either**

1 Read carefully the poem on page 3. The poet is speaking to someone he loves.

# How does the poet memorably present himself?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how he portrays his feelings
- the imagery he uses to convey what he has to offer
- the different ways he compares himself to a child on the beach.

As	the	Child

Just as the child on the North Sea beach

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Just as the child on the North Sea beach.

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Aaron is visiting another country. Looking from his hotel window, he watches an anti-government demonstration. The protesters have taken down any national flags which they find.

## How does the writer vividly portray the events which Aaron observes?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer portrays the young man's climb up the building
- the crowd's response to his climb
- how the writer conveys the drama of the last two paragraphs.

Only one flag remained flying – the big tricolour that floated from the top storey of the house opposite Aaron's hotel. The ground floor of this house consisted of shop-premises – now closed. There was no sign of any occupant. The flag floated inert aloft.

The crowd, nonplussed<sup>1</sup>, now began to argue and shout and whistle. The voices rose in pitch and derision. Steam was getting up. There hung the gaudy flag. The procession crowded forward and filled the street in a mass below. All the rest of the street was empty and shut up. And still hung the showy rag, red and white and green, up aloft.

Suddenly there was a lull – then shouts, half-encouraging, half-derisive. And Aaron saw a smallish-black figure of a youth, fair-haired, not more than seventeen years old, clinging like a monkey to the front of the house, and by the help of the heavy drain-pipe and the stone-work ornamentation climbing up to the stone ledge that ran under ground-floor windows, up like a sudden cat on to the projecting footing. He did not stop there, but continued his race like some frantic lizard running up the great wall-front, working away from the noise below, as if in sheer fright. It was one unending wriggling movement, sheer up the front of the impassive, heavy stone house.

The flag hung from a pole under one of the windows of the top storey – the third floor. Up went the wriggling figure of the possessed<sup>2</sup> youth. The cries of the crowd below were now wild, ragged ejaculations<sup>3</sup> of excitement and encouragement. The youth seemed to be lifted up, almost magically on the intense upreaching excitement of the massed men below. He passed the ledge of the first floor, like a lizard he wriggled up and passed the ledge or coping of the second floor, and there he was, like an upward-climbing shadow, scrambling on to the coping of the third floor. The crowd was for a second electrically still as the boy rose there erect, cleaving<sup>4</sup> to the wall with the tips of his fingers.

But he did not hesitate for one breath. He was on his feet and running along the narrow coping that went across the house under the third floor windows, running there on that narrow footing away above the street, straight to the flag. He had got it – he had clutched it in his hand, a handful of it. Exactly like a great flame rose the simultaneous yell of the crowd as the boy jerked and got the flag loose. He had torn it down. A tremendous prolonged yell, touched with a snarl of triumph, and searing like a puff of flame, sounded as the boy remained for one moment with the flag in his hand looking down at the crowd below. His face was odd and elated and still. Then with the slightest gesture he threw the flag from him, and Aaron watched the gaudy remnant falling towards the many faces, whilst the noise of yelling rose up unheard.

There was a great clutch and hiss in the crowd. The boy still stood unmoved, holding by one hand behind him, looking down from above, from his dangerous elevation, in a sort of abstraction<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *nonplussed*: confused

Promptussed: confused
possessed: as if in a trance
ejaculations: shouts
cleaving: holding onto
abstraction: being lost in thought

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