

# Cambridge IGCSE<sup>™</sup>(9-1)

## LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

Paper 4 Unseen

0992/42 October/November 2024 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.

## How does the poet convey the man's thoughts and feelings at night?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the poet conveys the effect of night on the man's senses
- what the man sees and feels at the window
- his feelings about the world outside.

#### Clockwork

Shadows come to power – night settles in. An absence of light defied by streetlamps and signage.

The window is closed, every sound silenced by the soft-edged stench of bleach, mopped floors and sterile sheets.

Then, in her sleep, she turns. He unlocks his fingers from hers. Moves to pull the curtains. He wants to press his face

against the glass, feel a cold shock blaze across his cheek, watch his breath mist and spread, some important part of him,

visible in front of the world. Outside, there's still the clockwork of taillights, and above, travelling inexorably<sup>1</sup>,

the hulking forms of clouds, the blind weight of all that air.

<sup>1</sup>*inexorably*: without stopping

2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. Lucy, the narrator, works in a boarding school abroad where she has heard rumours of a ghost. She is out at night, thinking about her past life, present problems and possible changes in the future. She has a mysterious encounter.

#### How does the writer convey the effect on Lucy of this unsettling experience?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the writer describes the unusual atmosphere that night
- how she conveys Lucy's thoughts about her life
- how the writing makes the encounter with the veiled figure so dramatic.

The air of the night was very still, but dim with a peculiar mist, which changed the moonlight into a luminous haze. In this air, or this mist, there was some quality – electrical, perhaps – which acted in strange sort upon me. I felt then as I had felt a year ago in England – on a night when the aurora borealis<sup>1</sup> was streaming and sweeping round heaven, when, belated in lonely fields, I had paused to watch that mustering<sup>2</sup> of an army with banners – that quivering of serried<sup>3</sup> lances – that swift ascent of messengers from below the north star to the dark, high keystone of heaven's arch. I felt, not happy, far otherwise, but strong with reinforced strength.

If life be a war, it seemed my destiny to conduct it single-handed. I pondered now how to break up my winter-quarters – to leave an encampment where food and forage<sup>4</sup> failed. Perhaps, to effect this change, another pitched battle must be fought with fortune; if so, I had a mind to the encounter: too poor to lose, God might destine me to gain. But what road was open? – what plan available?

On this question I was still pausing, when the moon, so dim hitherto, seemed to shine out somewhat brighter: a ray gleamed even white before me, and a shadow became distinct and marked. I looked more narrowly, to make out the cause of this well-defined contrast appearing a little suddenly in the obscure alley: whiter and blacker it grew on my eye: it took shape with instantaneous transformation. I stood about three yards from a tall, sable-robed<sup>5</sup>, snowy-veiled woman.

Five minutes passed. I neither fled nor shrieked. She was there still. I spoke. 'Who are you? and why do you come to me?'

She stood mute. She had no face – no features: all below her brow was masked with a white cloth; but she had eyes, and they viewed me.

4

Or

I felt, if not brave, yet a little desperate; and desperation will often suffice to fill the post and do the work of courage. I advanced one step. I stretched out my hand, for I meant to touch her. She seemed to recede. I drew nearer: her recession<sup>6</sup>, still silent, became swift. A mass of shrubs, full-leaved evergreens, laurel and dense yew, intervened between me and what I followed. Having passed that obstacle, I looked and saw nothing. I waited. I said, – 'If you have any errand to men, come back and deliver it.' Nothing spoke or reappeared.

<sup>1</sup>*aurora borealis*: a natural electrical storm of lights

<sup>2</sup>*mustering*: gathering together (military term)

<sup>3</sup>serried: close packed

<sup>4</sup>*forage*: search for food (military term)

<sup>5</sup>*sable-robed*: dressed in black

<sup>6</sup>*recession*: retreat or return

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