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**WORLD LITERATURE**

Paper 2 Unseen

**0408/22**

**May/June 2019**

**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 someone looking at a photograph taken when he was much younger.

**How does the writer movingly convey his thoughts and feelings in this poem?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- his description of the river and the weather in the photograph
- how he portrays the people in the photograph
- how he conveys the effect the photograph has on him.

*A Found Photo*

One day the three of us out in this boat.  
The day black and white but clearly summer  
For in the wavy-edged photo the trees  
Stand full-leafed on the bank; and they're all but  
Naked, this trio, each with a paddle.  
The air was hot, the light carefree, and where  
The river's now grey and inert<sup>1</sup>, a breeze  
Must have quickened its flow to a dazzle.  
Kneeling astern<sup>2</sup>, back arched and already  
Womanly in the clasp of a swimsuit  
There you are, Janine. And innocently  
In love one boy looks cast in bronze, robust,  
The other (me) a scrawny pale-faced kid.  
Fifty years the scene has held unmoving  
Though each day swept us further off. But I'd  
Say they're still aboard the skiff and drifting  
On the spot, these three, radiant in the dull  
Print where they squint against the sun and see,  
On the other side, only my shadow  
Through thickening time that has distanced me  
So as to let this delight even now  
Live on.

<sup>1</sup>*inert*: still

<sup>2</sup>*astern*: at the rear of the boat

**OR**

- 2** Read carefully the following extract in which a group of boys are attempting to climb a very high water tank.

**Explore how the writing powerfully conveys the challenges faced by the boys.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the early stages of the climb
- the portrayal of Ralph and Olaf during the climb
- how the writer conveys the increasing tension.

Olaf cupped his hands together to form a holster for Ralph's foot. Ralph scattered the rest of his rocks across the sand, looked up again at the tank, then walked over to prop his foot in Olaf's palm. With a grunt Ralph hoisted himself up onto the log and leaned over to grip the ladder. He started to climb.

Salt air pushed open Olaf's lungs. His fingers were raw. He wanted to cheer on his friend. Ralph climbed a few more rungs, then Olaf reached for the ladder. He scrambled until he had his feet on it, and then he peered down at Knut who would have to climb up with no one underneath to help.

He'd been up ladders before. The first forty feet<sup>1</sup> were easy. He felt a burst of energy as his boots pattered from rung to rung with a hollow clang, the ground receding beneath him. Olaf knew his father could walk up this thing easier than walking into his own kitchen.

But halfway up, the surge tank flared like a goblet, the top wider than the bottom, the sides jutting out at a thirty degree angle over the beach. Olaf had to climb not just up, but out. With his arms stretched above him, his back hung parallel to the dark sea that crashed on the shore a hundred feet<sup>2</sup> below.

The weight of his body pulled at his hands. He glanced down at the water. The view swayed too fast, lurching forward then retreating as his stomach turned. He clenched his eyes shut. His left foot slipped from the ladder and flailed. This leg suddenly felt longer than the other, heavier, the muscle pulling as the foot dangled in the air. He swung forward to hook the wayward heel over the rung, found his footing, pressed his face against the ladder's cold metal edge. He breathed. He could hear Knut breathing below. The rung of the ladder felt good under his boots.

If Greta were with him, she'd want to go down.

Someone up above was laughing. At first Olaf thought one of the boys was laughing at him. Ralph had almost reached the section of the ladder where it became perpendicular again. But he was clinging to the ladder without moving. It was Ralph who was laughing, only it didn't sound like Ralph; the laugh was high-pitched and fast, and it echoed off the surge tank's metal walls.

There was something wrong with Ralph. The laugh got sharper and sharper. Ralph screeched like a crow. Olaf's arms started to shake as if he were the one laughing. A ripple of air moved through his chest.

He wouldn't laugh. He was not going to laugh.

Ralph's arms were going to loosen. Laughter would slacken his muscles.

'Keep going,' Knut shouted from below.

'I can't. It's not me,' Olaf said. 'Ralph has stopped. It's not me.'

When Olaf looked up he saw that Ralph had swung to the side of the ladder to let him pass. Ralph was still laughing, but more quietly now. His feet were jammed tight together and he was hanging on with one arm. His body swayed out like a cupboard door.

Olaf clawed his fingers around the ladder's rungs, one hand over the next until he was sharing a rung with Ralph. He could keep only one boot on the ladder, tucking the other as close to the rung as he could. His left hand began to spasm. He could see the bottom of Igmar's, Joel's and Karl's boots moving higher then vanishing as the ladder straightened. A few more feet and Olaf and Ralph would reach the section where the ladder ran vertical. The ascent would be easier from there. Olaf opened his mouth to explain this, but something about Ralph's laugh made him stop. He wanted to climb away from it.

'Wait here,' Olaf said. 'Wait and we'll get you on the way down.'

He climbed ahead. Looking down, he saw that Ralph was gripping the ladder again with both hands. Olaf felt lighter. The laugh coming out of Ralph faded. He knew he'd make it to the top.

<sup>1</sup>*forty feet*: approximately twelve metres  
<sup>2</sup>*a hundred feet*: approximately thirty metres

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