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**WORLD LITERATURE**

Paper 2 Unseen

**0408/22**

**May/June 2017**

**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 a house which has been hit by a bomb.

**Explore how the poet vividly conveys the destruction caused by the bomb.**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the inside of the house
- the use of comparisons in stanzas 7 to 9 (lines 19–27)
- the impact on you of the final four stanzas (lines 28–39).

*Building with Its Face Blown Off*

How suddenly the private  
is revealed in a bombed-out city,  
how the blue and white striped wallpaper  
of a second-storey bedroom is now  
exposed to the lightly falling snow  
as if the room had answered the explosion  
wearing only its striped pajamas.  
Some neighbours and soldiers  
poke around in the rubble below  
and stare up at the hanging staircase,  
the portrait of a grandfather,  
a door dangling from a single hinge.

And the bathroom looks almost embarrassed  
by its uncovered ochre walls,  
the twisted mess of its plumbing,  
the sink sinking to its knees,  
the ripped shower curtain,  
the torn goldfish trailing bubbles.

It's like a dollhouse view  
as if a child on its knees could reach in  
and pick up the bureau, straighten a picture.

Or it might be a room on a stage  
in a play with no characters,  
no dialogue or audience,  
no beginning, middle and end –  
just the broken furniture in the street,  
a shoe among the cinder blocks,  
a light snow still falling  
on a distant steeple, and people  
crossing a bridge that still stands.

And beyond that – crows in a tree,  
the statue of a leader on a horse,  
and clouds that look like smoke,  
and even farther on, in another country  
on a blanket under a shade tree,  
a man pouring wine into two glasses  
and a woman sliding out  
the wooden pegs of a wicker hamper  
filled with bread, cheese, and several kinds of olives.

**OR**

- 2 Read carefully the following extract from a novel. The narrator, David Martín, has come to meet Señor Corelli at an isolated house on the outskirts of the city.

**How does the writing effectively create tension for you in this passage?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the portrayal of David Martín's encounter with the dogs
- the words and images used to describe the house and its interior
- how the references to sound contribute to the atmosphere.

The murmur of the taxi disappeared down the hill and I was left alone with the echo of the wind among the trees. Dead leaves trailed about the entrance to the park and swirled round my feet. I went up to the gates, which were closed with rusty chains, and scanned the grounds on the other side. Moonlight licked the outline of the dragon that presided over the staircase. A dark shape came slowly down the steps, watching me with eyes that shone like pearls under water. It was a black dog. The animal stopped at the foot of the steps and only then did I realise it was not alone. Two more animals were watching me. One of them had crept through the shadow cast by the guard's house, which stood at one side of the entrance. The other, the largest of the three, had climbed onto the wall and was looking down at me from barely two metres away, steaming breath pouring out between its bared fangs. I drew away very slowly, without taking my eyes off it and without turning round. Step by step I reached the pavement opposite the entrance. Another of the dogs had scrambled up the wall and was following me with its eyes. I quickly surveyed the ground in search of a stick or a stone to use in self-defence if they decided to attack, but all I could see were dry leaves. I knew that if I looked away and started to run, the animals would chase me and I wouldn't have got more than twenty metres before they caught me and tore me to pieces. The largest dog advanced a few steps along the wall and I was sure it was going to pounce on me. The third one, the only one I had seen at first and which had probably acted as a decoy, was beginning to climb the lower part of the wall to join the other two. I'm done for, I thought.

At that moment, a flash lit up the wolfish faces of the three animals, and they stopped in their tracks. I looked over my shoulder and saw the mound that rose about fifty metres from the entrance to the park. The lights in the house had been turned on, the only lights on the entire hillside. One of the animals gave a muffled groan and disappeared back into the park. The others followed it a few moments later.

Without thinking twice, I began to walk towards the house. Just as Corelli had pointed out in his invitation, the building stood on the corner of Calle Olot and Calle San José de la Montaña. It was a slender, angular, three-storey structure shaped like a tower, its roof crowned with sharp gables, that looked down like a sentinel over the city with the ghostly park at its feet.

The house was at the top of a steep slope, with steps leading up to the front door. The large windows exhaled golden haloes of light. As I climbed the stone steps I thought I noticed the outline of a figure leaning on one of the balustrades on the second floor, as still as a spider waiting in its web. I climbed the last step and stopped to recover my breath. The main door was ajar and a sheet of light stretched out towards my feet. I

approached slowly and stopped on the threshold. A smell of dead flowers emanated from within. I knocked gently on the door and it opened slightly. Before me was an entrance hall and a long corridor leading into the house. I heard a dry, repetitive sound, like that of a shutter banging against a window in the wind; it came from somewhere inside the house and reminded me of a heart beating. Advancing a few steps into the hall I saw a staircase on my left that led to the upper floors. I thought I heard light footsteps, a child's footsteps, climbing somewhere high above.

'Good evening?' I called out.

Before the echo of my voice had lost itself down the corridor, the percussive sound that was beating somewhere in the house stopped. Total silence now fell all around me and an icy draught kissed my cheek.

'Señor Corelli? It's Martín. David Martín.'

I got no reply, so I ventured forward. The walls were covered with framed photographs of different sizes. From the poses and the clothes worn by the subjects I assumed they were all at least twenty or thirty years old. At the bottom of each frame was a small silver plaque with the name of the person in the photograph and the year it was taken. I studied the faces that were observing me from another time. Children and old people, ladies and gentlemen. They all bore the same shadow of sadness in their eyes, the same silent cry. They stared at the camera with a longing that chilled my blood.

'Does photography interest you, Martín, my friend?' said a voice next to me.

Startled, I turned round. Andreas Corelli was gazing at the photographs next to me with a smile tinged with melancholy. I hadn't seen or heard him approach, and when he smiled at me I felt a shiver down my spine.

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