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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/22**

Paper 2: Unseen

**May/June 2016**

**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, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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

**EITHER**

- 1 Read carefully the poem on the opposite page which describes the morning newspaper being delivered to the poet's apartment.

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

To help you answer, you might consider:

- her description of the newspaper and its contents
- how she portrays the man who delivers the newspaper
- how she conveys the effect the news has on her.

*The Man Who Delivers My Paper*

In the half light, while one world  
is tearing away from another,  
he comes down the hall, laboriously,  
as if knee-deep in water.

He leaves at my door the one  
gift he can give:  
the weather, stock reports,  
the death of a stranger,  
a child tossed into the rapids,  
assassins, rumors,  
rumblings in Santiago,  
a woman who had one too many,  
a man who missed by a hair.

He sets it down gently  
as if it were a newborn  
or a thing he made with his hands  
like a bomb.

Something passes over my dreams  
dropping its shadow.  
He goes with a lighter step than before.  
It's as if he's clearing his conscience.  
With each paper he leaves  
he grows sweeter, more pure.

When I open the door there it is —  
indisputably mine.  
I could nudge it with my foot  
to another door, but what good would that do?  
One way or the other  
news keeps reaching me.  
I could shut myself in, but my phone  
would never stop ringing.  
Voices would whisper their secrets,  
their guilty desires.

So I take it in my hands,  
unstring and read it,  
my catalog of last night's crimes.  
You see? Just when you think you've lost  
the last of your innocence,  
you lose more.

OR

- 2 Read carefully the following passage. A young boy, Juanito, has gone to the colmado (the local store) to fetch groceries.

**How does the writer build up an atmosphere of tension in the passage?**

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of Juanito's arrival outside the colmado
- how the writing conveys Juanito's thoughts and feelings inside the colmado
- how the writing conveys the menace of Scipio.

When he finally arrived at the colmado, the boy dismounted and hitched Lucero to a post in front of the store. He saw other horses there – fine, impressive beasts with twitching flesh and flaring nostrils. The colmado was a modest structure: four walls of oaken boards, shuttered windows and a gabled roof made of zinc. The boards had been painted lime green, but the paint had since peeled, the roof red from rust.

Juanito liked to come here, either on errands or to buy candy.

He placed his foot on the front steps of the colmado and stopped. Coming from inside he heard booming laughter and voices like thunder. He recognized one voice, clearly above the rest: a deep, guttural basso<sup>1</sup> – Scipio's voice. The boy hesitated. He had never seen the big man up close, remaining content to gaze at him from a distance, admiring the way Scipio cut cane, observant of every scythe-like swoosh and measured stroke of his machete.<sup>2</sup>

Always Juanito had imagined the man looming as tall as a mountain, sweat-stained, imposing, dangerous. Someone to reckon with, consider and fear. More than a match for anyone, especially the cane cutters of La Cuchilla.

Inside the colmado the revelry increased like a crescendo. Juanito thought about returning home – now. But if he did, what could he tell Josué?

His mother needed the groceries to prepare the Sunday meal. That was a fact. She would surely punish him, for if Juanito failed to do this simple task, then the boy's father must go to the colmado. Josué would accept no excuses. And another fact, equally as important: Josué would not accept cowardice.

Hands shaking, the boy gritted his teeth and entered. He spotted the counter in front, the ceiling low, the gloom inside encroaching like an oppressive blanket. As if to strengthen his resolve, Juanito seized upon the odors of hanging smoked hams and beef, salted codfish and poultry feed in barrels. He saw pickled eggs in a huge open jar. And then an overpowering sensation of smells accosted him: cigar smoke and illegal rum. The latter – sweet, pungent – clung to his nostrils like sealing tar.

As the boy walked, the sawdust on the floor stuck to the soles of his bare feet, adding to his discomfort.

He counted four men in the colmado, smoking and drinking, their elbows leaning on the counter. The fifth man, wire-thin and hunched, labored wearily behind it. Juanito shuffled to the counter, clutching the coins in one hand as he grasped the waist of his pants with the other.

He recognized the tallest man there. No doubt about it, his sheer size gave him away. Scipio Armenteros.

From behind wire-rimmed glasses, the grocer leaned over the counter and said, "What do you want, Juanito?"

Head bowed, the boy said, "I w-want ..."

He stammered, unable to complete the statement, and sweat scurried down his neck and back.

"Speak up," the grocer insisted.

"I—I want a p-pound of ..."

“Say, Rosendo!” The grating voice of one of the men. “Serve us another round here. We’re as thirsty as a dry well. Hurry up, hombre.<sup>3</sup> Move that worthless old carcass.”

The men drank straight rum out of tall glasses. Juanito guessed they would get drunk soon, if they weren’t drunk already.

“In a minute,” the grocer said. He turned to the boy. “Tell me what you want. You can see I’m busy today.”

Juanito gulped, took a deep breath and mentioned quickly and without stammering the four grocery items Josué had asked him to get and in the exact amounts.

The grocer said, “You’re such a smart boy. I’ll have the groceries for you right away.”

Though Rosendo said it with a crooked smile, Juanito didn’t smile, his lips pursed and hands sweaty. He kept thinking that if he were to look up, where he wasn’t invited, something bad might happen. What exactly he dared not guess. Just something ... unexpected.

Juanito waited. He bit his lower lip and felt like a bird trapped in a cage, eager for escape or release. He stared at the floor and grasped the coins tighter, until his palm ached. In spite of the tension he sensed in the hollow of his stomach, he craved a closer look at Scipio Armenteros. To see for himself what all the brag was about. He dared not look or make a sound, however, for fear of what these men – especially Scipio – might say or do. Just let the sweat collect upon his nose and upper lip and scurry like mice down his neck and the middle of his back.

Rosendo hurried with the groceries, which he brought in a paper bag. Juanito took the bag and paid. The grocer gave him change.

“Gracias,”<sup>4</sup> Juanito said, and started on his way.

“Boy. Yes, you.”

Though they had been spoken normally, with no hint of aggression or meanness, the words exploded in Juanito’s ears like thunderclaps. No mistaking it. Scipio Armenteros had uttered those words, his voice undeniably menacing.

“Turn around. Come here. I want a word with you.”

Juanito turned. Though his legs felt like tree stumps, he dared not disobey. He moved.

“I’ve seen you around. You’re Josué Villafuerte’s son, aren’t you?”

“S-sí,”<sup>5</sup> Juanito said, his voice a flutter.

“I want you to tell your papa you met me in town. Know who I am, boy?”

“S—Scipio A—Armenteros.” He pronounced the name, head bowed.

“True. Tell your papa the cane cutters have told me about his reputation. Tell him I am good with the machete. The best. Tell him I want to see him, and that if he doesn’t come to the colmado today, I’ll tell the men he is a coward.” Scipio leaned closer, his breath a pungent mix of cigar smoke and rum. “Understand, boy? A coward.”

“S-sí,” Juanito blurted. “I understand.”

“Look at me, boy. I won’t bite.”

Silence. The boy raised his head and gazed squarely, without flinching, upon Scipio’s brooding face.

“That’s better. Am I so ugly that you can’t bear the sight of me?”

“No, señor.”<sup>6</sup>

“Good. You look like a smart boy. Go tell Josué Villafuerte what I said. Every word. I’ll wait for him here.”

Juanito breathed, turned and ran. He almost dropped the bag of groceries as he bolted past the door and out.

<sup>1</sup> *guttural basso*: harsh-sounding deep voice

<sup>2</sup> *machete*: large knife used for cutting sugar cane

<sup>3</sup> *hombre*: man (Spanish)

<sup>4</sup> *Gracias*: thank you (Spanish)

<sup>5</sup> *sí*: yes (Spanish)

<sup>6</sup> *señor*: sir (Spanish)





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