



WORLD LITERATURE

0408/33

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2019

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

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 **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
Your questions may be on one set text or on two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages, **4** blank pages and **1** Insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

1 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

‘Today I am going to teach you a lesson,’ he told her. ‘How can you go about disgracing me? Me! Like that! No, you cannot do it. I am respected at this mission. I cannot have a daughter who behaves like a whore.’

Nyasha was capable of pointing out that by his own definition that was exactly what he had, but she did not. ‘Don’t hit me, Daddy,’ she said backing away from him. ‘I wasn’t doing anything wrong. Don’t hit me.’

‘Yuwi, yuwi, yuwi!’ Maiguru moaned. ‘Babawa Chido, do you want to kill me with your anger? She is only a child, Babawa Chido, a child.’

‘You must learn to be obedient,’ Babamukuru told Nyasha and struck her again.

‘I told you not to hit me,’ said Nyasha, punching him in the eye.

Babamukuru bellowed and snorted that if Nyasha was going to behave like a man, then by his mother who was at rest in her grave he would fight her like one. They went down on to the floor, Babamukuru alternately punching Nyasha’s head and banging it against the floor, screaming or trying to scream but only squeaking, because his throat had seized up with fury, that he would kill her with his bare hands; Nyasha, screaming and wriggling and doing what damage she could. Maiguru and Chido could not stay out of it any longer. They had to hold him.

‘No, Babawa Chido, kani,’ pleaded Maiguru. ‘If you must kill somebody, kill me. But my daughter, no, leave her alone. Please, I beg you, leave her alone.’

Babamukuru insisted he would kill Nyasha and then hang himself. ‘She has dared,’ he said, sweat pouring off him, his chest heaving with the grossness of the thought, ‘to raise her fist against me. She has dared to challenge me. Me! Her father. I am telling you,’ and he began to struggle again, ‘today she will not live. We cannot have two men in this house. Not even Chido, you hear that Nyasha? Not even your brother there dares to challenge my authority. Do you hear what I am saying, do you hear? Your salvation lies in going away from my house. Forever. Otherwise,’ he spat in her face because, still securely held, he could not strike her, ‘otherwise I-will-kill-you.’ He spat again. Nyasha rose from the floor, walked out of the room. ‘She walks! She just walks away. She is proud. That is her problem. She is proud. Pthu! Sis! She is not my daughter.’

‘Ya, Baba, we have heard,’ soothed Maiguru. Chido said nothing but made sure that he held on to his father.

‘Nyasha,’ I said as she walked past me, but she did not answer. I followed her to the servants’ quarters, where we sat, she smoking a cigarette held between shaking fingers and I feeling bad for her and thinking how dreadfully familiar that scene had been, with Babamukuru condemning Nyasha to whoredom, making her a victim of her femaleness, just as I had felt victimised at home in the days when Nhamo went to school and I grew my maize. The victimisation, I saw, was universal. It didn’t depend on poverty, on lack of education or on tradition. It didn’t depend on any of the things I had thought it depended on. Men took it everywhere with them. Even heroes like Babamukuru did it. And that was the problem. You had to admit that Nyasha had no tact. You had to admit she was altogether too volatile and strong-willed. You couldn’t ignore the fact that she had no respect for Babamukuru when she ought to have had lots of it. But what I didn’t like

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was the way all the conflicts came back to this question of femaleness. Femaleness as opposed and inferior to maleness.

How does Dangarembga make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

2 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

<i>Krogstad</i>	[<i>taking a pace towards her</i>]: Listen, Mrs. Helmer, either you haven't a very good memory, or else you don't understand much about business. I'd better make the position a little bit clearer for you.	
<i>Nora</i> :	How do you mean?	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	When your husband was ill, you came to me for the loan of twelve hundred dollars.	5
<i>Nora</i> :	I didn't know of anybody else.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	I promised to find you the money ...	
<i>Nora</i> :	And you did find it.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	I promised to find you the money on certain conditions. At the time you were so concerned about your husband's illness, and so anxious to get the money for going away with, that I don't think you paid very much attention to all the incidentals. So there is perhaps some point in reminding you of them. Well, I promised to find you the money against an IOU which I drew up for you.	10
<i>Nora</i> :	Yes, and which I signed.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Very good. But below that I added a few lines, by which your father was to stand security. This your father was to sign.	
<i>Nora</i> :	Was to ...? He did sign it.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	I had left the date blank. The idea was that your father was to add the date himself when he signed it. Remember?	20
<i>Nora</i> :	Yes, I think ...	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	I then gave you the IOU to post to your father. Wasn't that so?	
<i>Nora</i> :	Yes.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Which of course you did at once. Because only about five or six days later you brought it back to me with your father's signature. I then paid out the money.	25
<i>Nora</i> :	Well? Haven't I paid the instalments regularly?	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Yes, fairly. But ... coming back to what we were talking about ... that was a pretty bad period you were going through then, Mrs. Helmer.	30
<i>Nora</i> :	Yes, it was.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Your father was seriously ill, I believe.	
<i>Nora</i> :	He was very near the end.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	And died shortly afterwards?	
<i>Nora</i> :	Yes.	35
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Tell me, Mrs. Helmer, do you happen to remember which day your father died? The exact date, I mean.	
<i>Nora</i> :	Daddy died on 29 September.	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	Quite correct. I made some inquiries. Which brings up a rather curious point [<i>takes out a paper</i>] which I simply cannot explain.	40
<i>Nora</i> :	Curious ...? I don't know ...	
<i>Krogstad</i> :	The curious thing is, Mrs. Helmer, that your father signed this document three days after his death.	

- Nora:* What? I don't understand ...
- Krogstad:* Your father died on 29 September. But look here. Your father has dated his signature 2 October. Isn't that rather curious, Mrs. Helmer? [NORA *remains silent.*] It's also remarkable that the words '2 October' and the year are not in your father's handwriting, but in a handwriting I rather think I recognize. Well, perhaps that could be explained. Your father might have forgotten to date his signature, and then somebody else might have made a guess at the date later, before the fact of your father's death was known. There is nothing wrong in that. What really matters is the signature. And *that* is of course genuine, Mrs. Helmer? It really was your father who wrote his name here?
- Nora* [*after a moment's silence, throws her head back and looks at him defiantly*]: No, it wasn't. It was me who signed father's name.

Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom***3** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Fifty-five heads turned as if by clockwork, and fifty-five pairs of eyes were levelled at the small girl in the white apron, who meekly followed Mrs Gurley down the length of the dining room. Laura crimsoned under the unexpected ordeal, and tried to fix her attention on the flouncing of Mrs Gurley's dress. The room seemed hundreds of feet long, and not a single person at the tea tables but took stock of her. The girls made no scruple of leaning backwards and forwards, behind and before their neighbours, in order to see her better, and even the governesses were not above having a look. All were standing. On Mrs Gurley assigning Laura a place at her own right hand, Laura covered herself with confusion by taking her seat at once, before grace had been said, and before the fifty-five had drawn in their chairs, with the noise of a cavalry brigade on charge. She stood up again, at once, but it was too late; an audible titter whizzed round the table: the new girl had sat down. For minutes after, Laura was lost in the pattern on her plate; and not till tongues were loosened and dishes being passed, did she venture to steal a glance round.

There were four tables, with a governess at the head and foot of each, to pour out tea. It was more of a hall than a room, and had high, church-like windows down one side. At both ends were scores of pigeonholes. There was a piano in it and a fireplace; it had pale blue walls, and only strips of carpet on the floor. At present it was darkish, for the windows did not catch the sun.

Laura was roused by a voice at her side; turning, she found her neighbour offering her a plate of bread.

'No, thank you,' she said impulsively; for the bread was cut in chunks, and did not look inviting.

But the girl nudged her on the sly. 'You'd better take some,' she whispered.

Laura then saw that there was nothing else. But she saw, too, the smiles and signs that again flew round: the new girl had said no.

Humbly she accepted the butter and the cup of tea, which were passed to her in their turn, and as humbly ate the piece of rather stale bread. She felt forlornly miserable under the fire of all these unkind eyes, which took a delight in marking her slips; at the smallest further mischance, she might disgrace herself by bursting out crying. Just at this moment, however, something impelled her to look up. Her vis-a-vis, whom she had as yet scarcely noticed, was staring hard. And now, to her great surprise, this girl winked at her, winked slowly and deliberately, with the right eye. Laura was so discomposed that she looked away again at once, and some seconds elapsed before she was brave enough to take another peep. The wink was repeated.

It was a black-haired girl this time, a girl with small blue eyes, a pale, freckled skin, and large white teeth. What most impressed Laura, though, was her extraordinary gravity: she chewed away, with a face as solemn as a parson's; and then, just when you were least expecting it, came the wink. Laura was fascinated: she lay in wait for it beforehand, and was doubtful whether to feel offended by it or to laugh at it. But it at least made her forget her mishaps, and did away with the temptation to cry.

How does Richardson strikingly capture Laura's experience in this extract?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

- 4 Read this poem, and then answer the question that follows it:

Boxes

Her balcony bears an orchid smuggled in a duffle bag
 from Singapore. Its roots cling to air. For two hours
 every morning the harsh October sun turns tender
 at its leaves. Nine steps from door to balcony and
 already she is a giant insect fretting in a jar. 5

On one side of her one-room home, a stove, where she
 cooks dal in an iron pan. The smell of food is good.
 Through the window bars the sing-song of voices high
 then low in steady arcs. With his back to the wall,
 a husband, and a giant stack of quilts, threatening to fall. 10

Sleeping room only, a note on the door should have read,
 readying you for cramp. Fall in and kick off your shoes.
 Right-angled to this corridor with a bed, trains make tracks
 to unfamiliar sounding places. Unhidden by her curtains,
 two giant black pigs lie dead, or asleep, on a dump. 15

Every day the city grows taller, trampling underfoot
 students wives lovers babies. The boxes grow smaller.
 The sea becomes a distant memory of lashing wave
 and neon, siren to seven islands, once. The sky strides
 inland on giant stilts, unstoppable, shutting out the light. 20

(Sampurna Chattarji)

How does Chattarji vividly convey life in the city in *Boxes*?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

5 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Time and Scene: The royal house of Thebes. Double doors dominate the façade; a stone altar stands at the center of the stage.

Many years have passed since OEDIPUS solved the riddle of the Sphinx and ascended the throne of Thebes, and now a plague has struck the city. A procession of priests enters; suppliants, broken and despondent, they carry branches wound in wool and lay them on the altar.

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The doors open. Guards assemble. OEDIPUS comes forward, majestic but for a telltale limp, and slowly views the condition of his people.

Oedipus: Oh my children, the new blood of ancient Thebes,
why are you here? Huddling at my altar,
praying before me, your branches wound in wool.
Our city reeks with the smoke of burning incense,
rings with cries for the Healer and wailing for the dead.
I thought it wrong, my children, to hear the truth
from others, messengers. Here I am myself—
you all know me, the world knows my fame:
I am Oedipus.

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[Helping a Priest to his feet.]

Speak up, old man. Your years,
your dignity—you should speak for the others.
Why here and kneeling, what preys upon you so?
Some sudden fear? some strong desire?
You can trust me. I am ready to help,
I'll do anything. I would be blind to misery
not to pity my people kneeling at my feet.

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Priest: Oh Oedipus, king of the land, our greatest power!
You see us before you now, men of all ages
clinging to your altars. Here are boys,
still too weak to fly from the nest,
and here the old, bowed down with the years,
the holy ones—a priest of Zeus myself—and here
the picked, unmarried men, the young hope of Thebes.
And all the rest, your great family gathers now,
branches wreathed, massing in the squares,
kneeling before the two temples of queen Athena
or the river-shrine where the embers glow and die
and Apollo sees the future in the ashes.

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Our city—
look around you, see with your own eyes—
our ship pitches wildly, cannot lift her head
from the depths, the red waves of death ...
Thebes is dying. A blight on the fresh crops
and the rich pastures, cattle sicken and die,
and the women die in labor, children stillborn,
and the plague, the fiery god of fever hurls down
on the city, his lightning slashing through us—
raging plague in all its vengeance, devastating
the house of Cadmus! And black Death luxuriates
in the raw, wailing miseries of Thebes.
Now we pray to you. You cannot equal the gods,

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your children know that, bending at your altar.
 But we do rate you first of men,
 both in the common crises of our lives
 and face-to-face encounters with the gods.

You freed us from the Sphinx, you came to Thebes 55
 and cut us loose from the bloody tribute we had paid
 that harsh, brutal singer. We taught you nothing,
 no skill, no extra knowledge, still you triumphed.
 A god was with you, so they say, and we believe it—
 you lifted up our lives. 60

So now again,
 Oedipus, king, we bend to you, your power—
 we implore you, all of us on our knees:
 find us strength, rescue! Perhaps you've heard
 the voice of a god or something from other men, 65
 Oedipus ... what do you know?
 The man of experience—you see it every day—
 his plans will work in a crisis, his first of all.

Act now—we beg you, best of men, raise up our city!
 Act, defend yourself, your former glory! 70
 Your country calls you savior now
 for your zeal, your action years ago.

In what ways does Sophocles make this a powerful introduction to the play?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *Her First Ball* (by Katherine Mansfield), and then answer the question that follows it:

Exactly when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit: and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees. 5

'Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird—' cried the Sheridan girls.

'Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles,' said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan.

Oh dear, how hard it was to be indifferent like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting ... Meg's tuberoses, Jose's long loop of amber, Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow. She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee. 10

'Look here, darling' he said. 'The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?'

Oh, how marvellous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child and no brother had ever said 'Twig?' to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg said to Jose that moment, 'I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has tonight!' 15

But, of course, there was not time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds. 20

'Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost,' said Laura.

'Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it,' said Laurie.

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked 'Ladies'. Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end. 25

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling. 30

Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodies, smoothing marble-white gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely. 35

'Aren't there any invisible hairpins?' cried a voice. 'How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hairpin.'

'Powder my back, there's a darling,' cried someone else.

'But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill,' wailed a third. 40

Then, 'Pass them along, pass them along!' The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask someone, 'Am I meant to have one too?' but she had just time to read: 'Waltz 3. *Two, Two in a Canoe*. Polka 4. *Making the Feathers Fly*', when Meg cried, 'Ready, Leila?' and 45

they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all. And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying 'More pork' in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, 'How heavenly; how simply heavenly!'

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How does Mansfield make this such a vivid introduction to Leila?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 Explore the ways in which Dangarembga strikingly conveys different attitudes towards education.
Do **not** use the extract in Question 1 when answering this question.

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 Explore **two** moments where Ibsen makes you feel particularly sorry for Nora.
Do **not** use the extract in Question 2 when answering this question.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Richardson makes Mrs Gurley such a memorable character.
Do **not** use the extract in Question 3 when answering this question.

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

- 10 What memorable impressions of people do the poets create in *The Migrant* (by A L Hendriks) **and** *The Enemies* (by Elizabeth Jennings)?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 11 How does Sophocles make Jocasta such a striking character?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 Explore the ways in which the writers vividly portray suffering in **two** of the stories you have studied in this selection.

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