



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**WORLD LITERATURE**

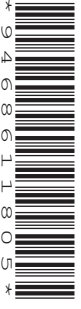
**0408/03**

Paper 3: Set Text

**May/June 2013**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper



**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone*

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

*Set without historical or geographical implications. Three identical doors. At curtain rise all the characters are onstage, chatting, knitting, playing cards, and so on. The Prologue emerges from the rest and comes forward to speak.*

- Prologue:* The people gathered here are about to act the story of Antigone. The one who's going to play the lead is the thin girl sitting there silent. Staring in front of her. Thinking. She's thinking that soon she's going to be Antigone. That she'll suddenly stop being the thin dark girl whose family didn't take her seriously, and rise up alone against everyone. Against Creon, her uncle . . . the king. She's thinking she's going to die . . . though she's still young, and like everyone else would have preferred to live. 5
- But there's nothing to be done. Her name is Antigone, and she's going to have to play her part right through to the end.
- Ever since the play started she has felt herself hurtling further and further away from her sister Ismene. (That's her, chatting and laughing with a young man over there.) Further and further away from all the rest of us, who are just here to watch, and haven't got to die in a few hours' time. 10
- The young man talking to Ismene – fair-haired, beautiful, happy Ismene – is Haemon, son of Creon. He is Antigone's fiancé. Everything combined to attract him to Ismene – his love of dancing and sport, of happiness and success. His senses too, for Ismene is much prettier than Antigone. And then one evening, when there was a ball and he'd been dancing every dance with Ismene, dazzling in a new gown, he went and sought out Antigone where she sat dreaming in a corner, as she is now, with her arms clasped round her knees. And he asked her to be his wife. She looked up at him with those sober eyes of hers, unsurprised, smiled a sad little smile . . . and said 'yes'. The orchestra struck up again, Ismene was there across the room, in peals of laughter among the young men . . . and now he, Haemon, was going to be Antigone's husband. He didn't know that never in this world would there be such a person as Antigone's husband. That all this princely title conferred on him was the right to die. 15
- The vigorous grey-haired man deep in thought, his young page beside him, is Creon, the king. He is wrinkled, tired. He is playing a difficult game: he has become a leader of men. Before, in the reign of Oedipus, when Creon was only the most influential man at court, he loved music and fine buildings, would spend hours prowling round Thebes's little antique shops. But Oedipus and his sons are dead. And Creon, forsaking his books and his collector's pieces, has rolled up his sleeves and taken their place. Sometimes, in the evening, when he's worn out, he wonders whether it's not pointless, being a leader of men. Whether it's not a sordid business 20
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that ought to be left to others less . . . sensitive than himself. Then, next morning, he's faced with particular problems to be solved, and he just gets up without more ado, like a labourer starting a day's work.

In what ways does Anouilh make this a striking opening to the play?

**ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories***

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

One would have thought he had never seen a melon before. All through the meal his eyes remained fixed on the plate in the centre of the table with its big button of a yellow melon. He left most of his rice and pulses on his plate, to her indignation. While she scolded, he reached out to touch the melon that so captivated him. With one finger he stroked the coarse grain of its rind, rough with the upraised criss-cross of pale veins. Then he ran his fingers up and down the green streaks that divided it into even quarters as by green silk threads, so tenderly. She was clearing away the plates and did not notice till she came back from the kitchen.

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'Aren't you going to cut it for us?' she asked, pushing the knife across to him.

He gave her a reproachful look as he picked up the knife and went about dividing the melon into quarter-moon portions with sighs that showed how it pained him.

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'Come on, come on,' she said, roughly, 'the boys have to get back to school.'

He handed them their portions and watched them scoop out the icy orange flesh with a fearful expression on his face – as though he were observing cannibals at a feast. She had not the time to pay any attention to it then but later described it as horror. And he did not eat his own slice. When the boys rushed away, he bowed his head over his plate and regarded it.

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'Are you going to fall asleep?' she cried, a little frightened.

'Oh no,' he said, in that low mumble that always exasperated her – it seemed a sign to her of evasiveness and pusillanimity, this mumble – 'Oh no, no.' Yet he did not object when she seized the plate and carried it off to the kitchen, merely picked up the knife that was left behind and, picking a flat melon seed off its edge where it had remained stuck, he held it between two fingers, fondling it delicately. Continuing to do this, he left the house.

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The melon might have been the apple of knowledge for Harish – so deadly its poison that he did not even need to bite into it to imbibe it: that long, devoted look had been enough. As he walked back to his office which issued ration cards to the population of their town, he looked about him vaguely but with hunger, his eyes resting not on the things on which people's eyes normally rest – signboards, the traffic, the number of an approaching bus – but on such things, normally considered nondescript and unimportant, as the paving stones on which their feet momentarily pressed, the length of wire in a railing at the side of the road, a pattern of grime on the windowpane of a disused printing press . . . Amongst such things his eyes roved and hunted and, when he was seated at his desk in the office, his eyes continued to slide about – that was Sheila's phrase later: 'slide about' – in a musing, calculating way, over the surface of the crowded desk, about the corners of the room, even across the ceiling. He seemed unable to focus them on a file or a card long enough to put to them his signature – they lay unsigned and the people in the queue outside went for another day without rice and sugar and kerosene for their lamps and Janta cookers. Harish searched – slid about, hunted, gazed – and at last found sufficiently interesting a thick book of rules that lay beneath a stack of files. Then his hand reached out – not to pull the book to him or open it, but to run the ball of his thumb across the edge of the pages. In their large number and irregular cut, so closely laid out like some crisp palimpsest, his eyes seemed to find something of riveting interest and his thumb of tactile wonder. All afternoon he massaged the cut edges of the book's seven hundred odd pages – tenderly, wonderingly. All afternoon his eyes gazed upon them with strange devotion.

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In what ways does Desai vividly capture Harish's obsession with surface textures here?

ATHOL FUGARD: *'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys*

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

*Hally:* (To the telephone) Hello, Mom . . . No, everything is okay here. Just doing my homework. . . . What's your news? . . . You've what? . . . (Pause. He takes the receiver away from his ear for a few seconds. In the course of Hally's telephone conversation, Sam and Willie position the stacked tables and chairs. Hally places the receiver back to his ear) Yes, I'm still here. Oh, well, I give up now. Why did you do it, Mom? . . . Well, I just hope you know what you've let us in for. . . . (Loudly) I said I hope you know what you've let us in for! It's the end of the peace and quiet we've been having. (Softly) Where is he? (Normal voice) He can't hear us from in there. But for God's sake, Mom, what happened? I told you to be firm with him. . . . Then you and the nurses should have held him down, taken his crutches away. . . . I know only too well he's my father! . . . I'm not being disrespectful, but I'm sick and tired of emptying stinking chamberpots full of phlegm and piss. . . . Yes, I do! When you're not there, he asks *me* to do it. . . . If you really want to know the truth, that's why I've got no appetite for my food. . . . Yes! There's a lot of things you don't know about. For your information, I still haven't got that science textbook I need. And you know why? He borrowed the money you gave me for it. . . . Because I didn't want to start another fight between you two. . . . He says that every time. . . . All right, Mom! (Viciously) Then just remember to start hiding your bag away again, because he'll be at your purse before long for money for booze. And when he's well enough to come down here, you better keep an eye on the till as well, because that is also going to develop a leak. . . . Then don't complain to me when he starts his old tricks. . . . Yes, you do. I get it from you on one side and from him on the other, and it makes life hell for me. I'm not going to be the peacemaker anymore. I'm warning you now: when the two of you start fighting again, I'm leaving home. . . . Mom, if you start crying, I'm going to put down the receiver. . . . Okay . . . (Lowering his voice to a vicious whisper) Okay, Mom. I heard you. (Desperate) No. . . . Because I don't want to. I'll see him when I get home! Mom! . . . (Pause. When he speaks again, his tone changes completely. It is not simply pretense. We sense a genuine emotional conflict) Welcome home, chum! . . . What's that? . . . Don't be silly, Dad. You being home is just about the best news in the world. . . . I bet you are. Bloody depressing there with everybody going on about their ailments, hey! . . . How you feeling? . . . Good . . . Here as well, pal. Coming down cats and dogs. . . . That's right. Just the day for a kip and a toss in your old Uncle Ned. . . . Everything's just hunkydory on my side, Dad. . . . Well, to start with, there's a nice pile of comics for you on the counter. . . . Yes, old Kemple brought them in. *Batman and Robin, Submariner* . . . just your cup of tea . . . I will. . . . Yes, we'll spin a few yarns tonight. . . . Okay, chum, see you in a little while. . . . No, I promise. I'll come straight home. . . . (Pause – his mother comes back on the phone) Mom? Okay. I'll lock up now. . . . What? . . . Oh, the brandy . . . Yes, I'll remember! . . . I'll put it in my suitcase now, for God's sake. I know well enough what will happen if he doesn't get it. . . . (Places a bottle of brandy on the counter) I was kind to him, Mom. I didn't say anything nasty! . . . All right. Bye. (End of telephone conversation. A desolate Hally doesn't move. A strained silence)

How does Fugard's writing here dramatically reveal Hally's feelings about his mother and father?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

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

- Mrs. Stockmann:* Oh yes, right – right. What is the use of having right on your side if you have not got might?
- Petra:* Oh, mother! – how can you say such a thing!
- Dr. Stockmann:* Do you imagine that in a free country it is no use having right on your side? You are absurd, Katherine. Besides, haven't I got the liberal-minded, independent press to lead the way, and the compact majority behind me? That is might enough, I should think! 5
- Mrs. Stockmann:* But, good heavens, Thomas, you don't mean to?
- Dr. Stockmann:* Don't mean to what? 10
- Mrs. Stockmann:* To set yourself up in opposition to your brother.
- Dr. Stockmann:* In God's name, what else do you suppose I should do but take my stand on right and truth?
- Petra:* Yes, I was just going to say that.
- Mrs. Stockmann:* But it won't do you any earthly good. If they won't do it, they won't. 15
- Dr. Stockmann:* Oho, Katherine! Just give me time, and you will see how I will carry the war into their camp.
- Mrs. Stockmann:* Yes, you carry the war into their camp, and you get your dismissal – that is what you will do.
- Dr. Stockmann:* In any case I shall have done my duty towards the public – towards the community, I, who am called its enemy! 20
- Mrs. Stockmann:* But towards your family, Thomas? Towards your own home! Do you think that is doing your duty towards those you have to provide for?
- Petra:* Ah, don't think always first of us, mother. 25
- Mrs. Stockmann:* Oh, it is easy for you to talk; you are able to shift for yourself, if need be. But remember the boys, Thomas; and think a little of yourself too, and of me –
- Dr. Stockmann:* I think you are out of your senses, Katherine! If I were to be such a miserable coward as to go on my knees to Peter and his damned crew, do you suppose I should ever know an hour's peace of mind all my life afterwards? 30
- Mrs. Stockmann:* I don't know anything about that; but God preserve us from the peace of mind we shall have, all the same, if you go on defying him! You will find yourself again without the means of subsistence, with no income to count upon. I should think we had had enough of that in the old days. Remember that, Thomas; think what that means. 35
- Dr. Stockmann:* (*collecting himself with a struggle and clenching his fists*) And this is what this slavery can bring upon a free, honourable man! Isn't it horrible, Katherine? 40
- Mrs. Stockmann:* Yes, it is sinful to treat you so, it is perfectly true. But, good heavens, one has to put up with so much injustice in this world. There are the boys, Thomas! Look at them! What is to become of them? Oh, no, no, you can never have the heart – . (*Ejlif and* 45

*Morten have come in, while she was speaking, with their school books in their hands.)*

*Dr. Stockmann:* The boys – I (*Recovers himself suddenly.*) No, even if the whole world goes to pieces, I will never bow my neck to this yoke! (*Goes towards his room.*)

*Mrs. Stockmann:* (*following him*) Thomas – what are you going to do!

*Dr. Stockmann:* (*at his door*) I mean to have the right to look my sons in the face when they are grown men. (*Goes into his room.*)

*Mrs. Stockmann:* (*bursting into tears*) God help us all!

*Petra:* Father is splendid! He will not give in.

*(The boys look on in amazement; Petra signs to them not to speak.)*

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

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

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

The day the child disappeared, the fog came up early and by midday it seemed as if the Forest was covered in a thick white cloud. Elias van Rooyen put down his axe and went to sit in the shed on the pile of yellowwood beams that had already been finished. It was no good working when the fog was that thick – the wood got damp and would not yield to the axe. And besides, he did not believe in a man working himself to death, as the woodcutters did. He believed in a good plan and a bit of luck, although luck was rare in the Forest.

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'Barta!' he called towards the house, 'bring me some coffee, I'm done for!'

The fog was really thick. He could only just make out the house from the shed; just enough to see that he would have to fix the roof before the coming winter, before the whole lot collapsed on top of them. Somehow he would have to get hold of a few second-hand sheets of corrugated iron. The winter before Barta had kept on moaning about the children sniffing and coughing because of the damp in the wooden house.

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Of the four families that had built houses on Barnard's Island, he was the only one who was not a woodcutter. And he was the only one that earned real money instead of having to barter for everything with the two wood buyers in the village. Not that he thought himself much better off than the woodcutters for the money he made from the beams he cut was only just enough to live on if he trapped the meat for his pot himself. But making beams was far easier than cutting wood and it also meant that you could sleep in your own bed every night instead of in a shack somewhere in the Forest.

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When he heard Barta coming with the coffee, he quickly grabbed the hatchet and examined the handle so as to look busy. Barta could never understand that you sometimes had to sit down quietly in order to think properly.

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'Elias, isn't Lukas with you?' she asked, standing at the open end of the shed with the coffee and looking worried.

'No. You can put the coffee down on the block there, I've got my hands full.'

She was still good-looking, he thought to himself as she walked slowly away – she would have to get some shoes.

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Perhaps he should get Krisjan Small's eldest boy from Lily Valley Bush to come and help him at the beams so that he could produce more. Krisjan's boy was used to working for coffee and sugar and meal and might as well earn them from him. On the other hand it meant putting him up and the house was too small as it was. The children were getting big and before long he would have to get some planks and add a third room. Krisjan's boy could not walk from Lily Valley Bush every day – he would only get to work at sun down.

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He started thinking further ahead; the only way a man could make himself a decent bit of extra in the Forest was to buy a gun and shoot elephants. Bigfeet. For the tusks. But how did you find money for a gun, powder and shot? And how did you get past the wood buyers in the village to get the tusks to the ships to sell them? The ships paid well for ivory but according to the buyers *they* were the only ones with licences to deliver anything to them. Martiens Willemse had told him it was a bloody lie, for the wood buyers had to smuggle the elephant tusks to the ships too.

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'Pa . . .' Willem, the eldest of his four children, came in under the shed. 'Pa, ma says Lukas is not in the house.'

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How does Matthee make this such an effective opening to the novel?



YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

All the time the luminous watch of which Yasuo was so proud, strapped above the hand with which he was holding onto the branch of the beech tree, was giving off its phosphorescent glow, faintly but distinctly ticking away the seconds. This aroused a swarm of hornets in the nest fastened to this same branch and greatly excited their curiosity.

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One of the hornets came flying timidly toward the wrist watch, only to find that this strange beetle that emitted a shimmering light and chirruped methodically was protected within slippery, cold armour of glass. Perhaps out of disappointment, the hornet turned its stinger toward the skin at Yasuo's wrist—and drove it in with all its might.

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Yasuo gave a shout.

Hatsue straightened up and turned in his direction, but she did not even so much as scream. Instead, in a flash she had the ropes off the carrying pole and, holding the pole slantwise across her body, took up a posture of defense.

Even Yasuo had to admit he must have been a sorry sight in Hatsue's eyes. She retreated a step or two before him, keeping the same defensive posture.

15

Yasuo decided it would be better to turn it all off as a joke. He broke into foolish laughter and said:

"Hey! I guess I scared you. You thought I was a hobgoblin, didn't you?"

"Why, it's Brother Yasuo!"

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"I thought I'd hide here and give you a scare."

"But—at this time of night?"

The girl did not yet realize how very attractive she was. Perhaps she might have if she had thought about it deeply enough, but just now she accepted Yasuo's explanation that he had actually hidden here for no other reason than to frighten her.

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In an instant, taking advantage of her trustfulness, Yasuo snatched the pole away from her and caught her by the right wrist. The leather of Yasuo's jacket was making creaking sounds.

Yasuo had finally recovered his poise. He stood glaring at Hatsue. Now he was quite self-possessed and, intending to win the girl fairly, he fell unconsciously into an imitation of the open and aboveboard manner he imagined Shinji must have used on a similar occasion.

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"All right," he said reasonably, "now will you listen to what I've got to say? You'll be sorry if you don't. So you'd better listen—unless you want everybody to know about you and Shinji."

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Hatsue's face was flushed and she was breathing hard. "Let go of my arm! What do you mean—about me and Shinji?"

"Don't act so innocent. As though you haven't been playing around with Shinji! You really put one over on me."

"Don't say such ridiculous things. I haven't done any such thing."

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"Me. I know all about it. What was it you did with Shinji up on the mountain the other day in the storm? . . . Hey! just look at her blush! . . . So now you're going to do the same thing with me. Come on! Come on!"

"Get away! Get away from me!" Hatsue struggled, trying to escape.

Yasuo would not let her go. She would be sure to tell her father if she got away now before anything happened. But afterwards—then she wouldn't tell a soul.

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How does Mishima make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

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**SECTION B**

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone***

- 7 To what extent does Anouilh encourage you to sympathise with Antigone?

**ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories***

- 8 Explore the ways in which Desai memorably conveys Suno's feelings in *Studies in the Park*.

**ATHOL FUGARD: *'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys***

- 9 Do you think that Fugard portrays Sam and Willie as Hally's servants or as Hally's friends?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People***

- 10 "Ibsen makes Hovstad a totally unpleasant character."

How far do you agree with this view?

**DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child***

- 11 In what ways does Matthee strikingly convey Nina's independent nature during her time in the Forest?

**YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves***

- 12 What, for you, makes Mishima's portrayal of Shinji's relationship with the sea such a striking feature of the novel?



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