



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

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Paper 3: Set Text

May/June 2015

1 hour 30 minutes

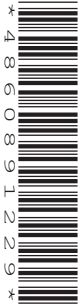
No Additional Materials are required.

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

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:

<i>Creon</i>	[<i>twisting her arm</i>]: I order you to be silent!	
<i>Antigone</i> :	You order me, scullion? Do you imagine you can give me orders?	
<i>Creon</i> :	The ante-room's full of people. They'll hear you. Do you want to destroy yourself?	
<i>Antigone</i> :	Open the door! Let them hear!	5
<i>Creon</i>	[<i>putting his hand over her mouth</i>]: Quiet, for God's sake.	
<i>Antigone</i>	[<i>struggling</i>]: Quick! Quick, scullion! Call your guards! [<i>The door opens. Enter ISMENE.</i>]	
<i>Ismene</i> :	Antigone!	
<i>Antigone</i> :	You as well? What do you want with me, then?	10
<i>Ismene</i> :	Creon! Creon! If you kill her, you'll have to kill me too! [<i>To ANTIGONE.</i>] Forgive me, Antigone. But I am brave now. I'll go with you.	
<i>Antigone</i> :	Oh no! Not now! I'm on my own now. Don't you think you can just muscle in and die with me now! It'd be too easy!	
<i>Ismene</i> :	But I don't want to live if you die! I don't want to stay on without you!	15
<i>Antigone</i> :	You've chosen life. I've chosen death. Leave me alone, you and your lamentations. What you ought to have done was go this morning, on all fours, in the dark ... grub up the earth with your nails, under the noses of the guards ... be grabbed by them like a thief. That's what you ought to have done!	20
<i>Ismene</i> :	All right, Antigone – all right! I'll go tomorrow!	
<i>Antigone</i> :	Hear that, Creon? Her too! And how do you know it won't spread to others when they hear me? What are you waiting for? Why don't you call your guards to silence me? Come on now, Creon, be brave – it won't take long! Come on, scullion! You have no choice – get it over with!	25
<i>Creon</i>	[<i>sudden shout</i>]: Guards! [<i>The GUARDS appear immediately.</i>] Take her away!	
<i>Antigone</i>	[<i>crying out: relieved</i>]: At last, Creon! At last!	30
<i>Binns</i>	[<i>roughly</i>]: Come on! This way! [<i>The GUARDS seize her and take her off. ISMENE follows, crying out.</i>]	
<i>Ismene</i> :	Antigone! Antigone! [<i>Enter CHORUS.</i>]	
<i>Chorus</i> :	You're mad, Creon. What have you done?	35
<i>Creon</i>	[<i>staring ahead of him</i>]: She had to die.	
<i>Chorus</i> :	Don't let her die, Creon! We'll all bear the scar for thousands of years!	

Creon: It was her choice. She wanted to die! None of us was strong enough to persuade her to live. I understand now. She was born to die. She may not have known it herself, but Polynices was only an excuse. And when that excuse wouldn't work any more she chose another. All that mattered to her was to refuse everything and to die.

40

Chorus: She's only a child, Creon.

Creon: What do you want me to do? Condemn her to live?

How does Anouilh's writing create a powerful climax here?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

'So, are you weeping tears of joy?' I said.

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'Did you hear something, Ma?' we heard Four-Eyes ask.

How does Dai Sijie make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

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

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

- Willie:* Is bad. Is all all bad in here now.
- Hally* [*Books into his school case, raincoat on*]: Willie ... [*It is difficult to speak*] Will you lock up for me and look after the keys?
- Willie:* Okay.
[*SAM returns. HALLY goes behind the counter and collects the few coins in the cash register. As he starts to leave ...*] 5
- Sam:* Don't forget the comic books.
[*HALLY returns to the counter and puts them in his case. He starts to leave again*]
- Sam* [*To the retreating back of the boy*]: Stop ... Hally ... 10
[*HALLY stops, but doesn't turn to face him*]
Hally ... I've got no right to tell you what being a man means if I don't behave like one myself, and I'm not doing so well at that this afternoon. Should we try again, Hally?
- Hally:* Try what? 15
- Sam:* Fly another kite, I suppose. It worked once, and this time I need it as much as you do.
- Hally:* It's still raining, Sam. You can't fly kites on rainy days, remember.
- Sam:* So what do we do? Hope for better weather tomorrow?
- Hally* [*Helpless gesture*]: I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. 20
- Sam:* You sure of that, Hally? Because it would be pretty hopeless if that was true. It would mean nothing has been learnt in here this afternoon, and there was a hell of a lot of teaching going on ... one way or the other. But anyway, I don't believe you. I reckon there's one thing you know. You don't *have* to sit up there by yourself. You know what that bench means now, and you can leave it any time you choose. All you've got to do is stand up and walk away from it. 25
[*HALLY leaves. WILLIE goes up quietly to SAM*]
- Willie:* Is okay, Boet Sam. You see. Is ... [*He can't find any better words*] ... *is* going to be okay tomorrow. [*Changing his tone*] Hey, Boet Sam! [*He is trying hard*] You right. I think about it and you right. Tonight I find Hilda and say sorry. And make promise I won't beat her no more. You hear me, Boet Sam? 30
- Sam:* I hear you, Willie.
- Willie:* And when we practice I relax and romance with her from beginning to end. Non-stop! You watch! Two weeks' time: "First prize for promising newcomers: Mr. Willie Malopo and Miss Hilda Samuels." [*Sudden impulse*] To hell with it! I walk home. [*He goes to the jukebox, puts in a coin and selects a record. The machine comes to life in the gray twilight, blushing its way through a spectrum of soft, romantic colors*] How did you say it, Boet Sam? Let's dream. [*WILLIE sways with the music and gestures for SAM to dance*] 40

[Sarah Vaughan sings]

“Little man you’re crying,
I know why you’re blue, 45
Someone took your kiddy car away;
Better go to sleep now,
Little man you’ve had a busy day.” [etc. etc.]

You lead. I follow.

[The men dance together] 50

“Johnny won your marbles,
Tell you what we’ll do;
Dad will get you new ones right away;
Better go to sleep now,
Little man you’ve had a busy day.” 55

How does Fugard’s writing make this such a memorable ending to the play?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

[TESMAN and MRS. ELVSTED go into the inner room. She removes her hat and coat. They both sit at the table under the hanging lamp, and immerse themselves in an eager examination of the papers. HEDDA goes across to the stove and sits in the armchair. After a while MR. BRACK joins her.]

5

Hedda [softly]: Ah, Mr. Brack ... what a sense of release it gives, this affair of Ejlert Lövborg.

Brack: Release, my lady? Well, of course, for him it's a release. ...

Hedda: I mean, for me. It's a liberation to know that an act of spontaneous courage is yet possible in this world. An act that has something of unconditional beauty.

10

Brack [smiles]: Hm ... my very dear lady ...

Hedda: Oh, I know what you're going to say. Because you're something of an academic too, in your own line, like ... well!

Brack [looks at her steadily]: Ejlert Lövborg was more to you perhaps than you are willing to admit, even to yourself. Or am I mistaken?

15

Hedda: I don't answer that kind of question. I just know that Ejlert Lövborg had the courage to live his life in his own fashion. And then now ... this! This beautiful act. That he had the courage to take his leave of life ... so early.

Brack: It pains me, my lady ... but I am compelled to disabuse you of a beautiful illusion.

20

Hedda: Illusion?

Brack: Which you would in any case have been deprived of fairly soon.

Hedda: And what might that be?

Brack: He didn't shoot himself ... intentionally.

25

Hedda: Not intentionally!

Brack: No. This business with Ejlert Lövborg didn't happen quite as I described it.

Hedda [in suspense]: Did you keep something back? What is it?

Brack: For the sake of that poor Mrs. Elvsted I made use of a few circumlocutions.

Hedda: What, then?

30

Brack: In the first place, he is already dead.

Hedda: At the hospital?

Brack: Yes. Without recovering consciousness.

Hedda: And what else?

Brack: That the affair did not take place at his lodgings.

35

Hedda: Well, that doesn't really make any difference.

Brack: Does it not? Because as it happens ... Ejlert Lövborg was found shot in ... in Mademoiselle Diana's boudoir.

Hedda [is about to jump up, but sinks back again]: No, that's impossible, Mr. Brack! He can't have gone there again today!

40

Brack: He went there this afternoon. He wanted to recover something that he said they'd taken. He was talking wildly about a child that had been lost. ...

Hedda: Oh ... so that was why ...

- Brack:* I imagined that he might have been referring to his manuscript. But that he apparently destroyed himself. So it must have been his pocket-book, then. 45
- Hedda:* I suppose so. ... And so ... he was found there.
- Brack:* Yes, there. With a discharged pistol in his breast pocket. The bullet had wounded him fatally.
- Hedda:* In the breast. 50
- Brack:* No ... he was shot in the abdomen.
- Hedda* [*looks up with an expression of revulsion*]: That as well! Oh. ... Everything I touch seems destined to turn into something mean and farcical.
- Brack:* There is a further detail, my lady. Another circumstance that might be classified as somewhat distasteful. 55
- Hedda:* And what's that?
- Brack:* The pistol that was found on his body ...
- Hedda* [*holding her breath*]: Well! What about it!
- Brack:* It must have been stolen.
- Hedda* [*jumps up*]: Stolen! No! That isn't true! 60
- Brack:* There is no possible alternative. He must have stolen it. ... Sh!

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

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *Real Time* (by Amit Chaudhuri), and then answer the question that follows it:

On their way to the house, Mr Mitra said he didn't know if they should buy flowers. They were very near Jogu Bazaar; and Mr Mitra suddenly raised one hand and said:

'Abdul, slowly!'

The driver eased the pressure on the accelerator and brought the Ambassador almost to a standstill. Not looking into the rearview mirror, he studied two boys with baskets playing on the pavement on his left. 5

'Well, what should we do?' Mr Mitra's face, as he turned to look at his wife, was pained, as if he was annoyed she hadn't immediately come up with the answer.

'Do what you want to do quickly,' she said, dabbing her cheek with her sari. 'We're already late.' She looked at the small dial of her watch. He sighed; his wife never satisfied him when he needed her most; and quite probably it was the same story the other way round. Abdul, who, by sitting on the front seat, claimed to be removed to a sphere too distant for the words at the back to be audible, continued to stare at the children while keeping the engine running. 10

'But I'm not sure,' said the husband, like a distraught child, 'given the circumstances.'

She spoke then in a voice of sanity she chose to speak in only occasionally. 15

'Do what you'd do in a normal case of bereavement,' she said. 'This is no different.'

He was relieved at her answer, but regretted that he had to go out of the car into the market. He was wearing a white cotton shirt and terycotton trousers because of the heat, and shoes; he now regretted the shoes. He remembered he hadn't been able to find his sandals in the cupboard. His feet, swathed in socks, were perspiring. 20

He came back after about ten minutes, holding half a dozen tuberose against his chest, cradling them with one arm; a boy was running after him. 'Babu, should I wipe the car, should I wipe the car ...' he was saying, and Mr Mitra looked intent, like a man who has an appointment. He didn't acknowledge the boy; inside the car, Mrs Mitra, who was used to these inescapable periods of waiting, moved a little. He placed the tuberose in the front, next to Abdul, where they smeared the seat with their moisture. Mr Mitra had wasted some time bargaining, bringing down the price from sixteen to fourteen rupees, after which the vendor had expertly tied a thread round the lower half of the flowers. 25

'Why did she do it?' he asked in an offhand way, as the car proceeded once more on its way. Going down Ashutosh Mukherjee Road, they turned left into Southern Avenue. 30

Naturally, they didn't have the answer. They passed an apartment building they knew, Shanti Nivas, its windows open but dark and remote. Probably they'd been a little harsh with her, her parents. Her marriage, sixteen years ago, had been seen to be appropriate. Usually, it's said, Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, and Saraswati, of learning, two sisters, don't bless the same house; but certainly that wasn't true of the Poddars, who had two bars-at-law in the generation preceding this one, and a social reformer in the lineage, and also a white four-storeyed mansion on a property near Salt Lake where they used to have garden parties. Anjali had married Gautam Poddar very soon after taking her M.A. in history from Calcutta University. 35

As they passed a petrol pump, Mr Mitra wondered what view traditional theology took of this matter, and how the rites accommodated an event such as this – she had jumped from a third-floor balcony – which couldn't, after all, be altogether uncommon. Perhaps there was no ceremony. In his mind's eye, when he tried to imagine the priest, or the long rows of tables at which people were fed, he saw a blank. But Abdul couldn't identify the lane. 40

'Bhai, is this Rai Bahadur R.C. Mullick Road?' he asked a loiterer somewhat contemptuously. 45

The man leaned into a window and looked with interest at the couple in the back, as if unwilling to forgo this opportunity to view Mr and Mrs Mitra. Then, examining the 50

driver's face again, he pointed to a lane before them, going off to the right, next to a sari shop that was closed.

'That one there.'

They went down for about five minutes, past two-storeyed houses with small but spacious courtyards, each quite unlike the others, till they had to stop again and ask an adolescent standing by a gate where Nishant Apartments was. The boy scratched his arm and claimed there was no such place over here. As they looked at him disbelievingly, he said, 'It may be on *that* side,' pointing to the direction they'd just come from.

55

'That side?' Mr Mitra looked helpless; he'd given up trying to arrive on time.

In what ways does Chaudhuri engage your interest in this opening to the story?

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

The window, which faced the wall of the next-door neighbor's storehouse, slowly turned gray. Shinji looked up at the pouring rain, beating upon the eaves and spreading wetly across the windowpanes. Before, he had hated days when there was no fishing, days that robbed him both of the pleasure of working and of income, but now the prospect of such a day seemed the most wonderful of festival days to him. It was a festival made glorious, not with blue skies and flags waving from poles topped with golden balls, but with a storm, raging seas, and a wind that shrieked as it came tearing through the prostrate treetops. 5

Finding it unbearable to wait, the boy leaped from bed and jerked on a pair of trousers and a black, crew-neck sweater full of holes. 10

A moment later his mother awakened to see the dark shadow of a man against the window, faintly lit with dawn.

"Hey! Who's there?" she shouted.

"Me."

"Oh ... don't scare me so! Today, in weather like this, you're going fishing?" 15

"The boats won't be going out, but ..."

"Well, then, why not sleep a little longer? Why, I thought it was some stranger at the window!"

The mother was not far wrong in the first thought she had had upon opening her eyes: her son did indeed seem a stranger this morning. Here he was, this Shinji who almost never opened his mouth, singing at the top of his voice and making a show of gymnastics by swinging from the door-lintel. 20

Not knowing the reason for her son's strange behavior and fearing he would pull the house down, his mother grumbled:

"If it's a storm outside, what else is it we've got right here inside the house?" 25

Countless times Shinji went to peer up at the sooty clock on the wall. With a heart unaccustomed to doubting, he never wondered for an instant whether the girl would brave such a storm to keep their rendezvous. He knew nothing of that melancholy and all-too-effective way of passing time by magnifying and complicating his feelings, whether of happiness or uneasiness, through the exercise of the imagination. 30

When he could no longer bear the thought of waiting, Shinji flung on a rubber raincoat and went down to meet the sea. It seemed to him that only the sea would be kind enough to answer his wordless conversation.

Raging waves rose high above the breakwater, set up a tremendous roar, and then rushed on down. Because of the previous evening's storm-warning, every last boat had been pulled up much higher on the beach than usual. When the giant waves receded, the surface of the water tilted steeply; it almost seemed as if the bottom of the sea inside the harbor-works would be exposed to view. 35

Spray from the waves, mixed with the driving rain, struck Shinji full in the face. The sharp, fresh saltiness ran down his flushed cheeks, down the lines of his nose, and Shinji recalled the taste of Hatsue's lips. 40

How does Mishima vividly convey Shinji's feelings to you at this moment in the novel?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone*

- 7 Explore the ways in which Anouilh portrays Antigone and Haemon as children who choose to die because they do not want to grow up.

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 8 Explore the ways in which Dai Sijie vividly depicts life in the village where Luo and the narrator are sent for re-education.

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

- 9 Explore **two** moments in the play where Fugard makes you feel particularly angry about the way black people are treated by white people.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 10 What different impressions of Tesman does Ibsen create for you in the course of the play?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 11 How does the writer memorably depict the life of the narrator in **ONE** of the following stories?

The Enemy (by V.S. Naipaul)
My Greatest Ambition (by Morris Lurie)
Sandpiper (by Ahdaf Soueif)

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 12 To what extent do you think Mishima portrays Uta-Jima as an ideal place for the people who live there?

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