



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/03**

Paper 3: Set Text

**October/November 2015**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

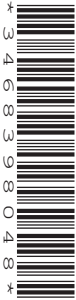
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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

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 **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.



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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:

- Antigone:* Oh Haemon, you did love me that evening, didn't you?
- Haemon:* (*gently*). Which evening?
- Antigone:* You are sure, aren't you, that when you came and found me at the dance, you didn't pick the wrong girl? You're sure you've never regretted it, never thought – even deep down, even once – that you ought really to have asked Ismene? 5
- Haemon:* Don't be silly!
- Antigone:* You do love me, don't you? Your arms don't lie, nor the smell of you, nor this heavenly warmth, nor the confidence that fills me when I lean my head on your shoulder? 10
- Haemon:* Yes, Antigone. I love you.
- Antigone:* I'm so dark and thin. Ismene's pink and gold like an apricot.
- Haemon:* (*low*). Antigone...
- Antigone:* Oh, I'm making myself blush. But this morning I must know. When you think how I'm going to be yours, do you feel a great void growing inside you, as if something were dying? 15
- Haemon:* Yes.
- Antigone:* So do I. And I want you to know I'd have been proud to be your wife, the one whose shoulder you'd have patted absent-mindedly as you sat down in the evening, as if you were patting something that was truly yours. (*She moves away from him and speaks in a different tone of voice.*) So. Now two things. And when you've heard them you must go away without asking any questions. Even if they seem strange. Even if they give you pain. 20
- Haemon:* But what can they be? 25
- Antigone:* Promise you'll go without even a backward glance. If you love me, promise. (*She looks at his shocked, pitiful expression.*) It's the last foolishness you'll have to forgive me.
- Pause.*
- Haemon:* I promise. 30
- Antigone:* Thank you. Well, to go back to yesterday first. You asked me just now why I was wearing Ismene's dress, her perfume and make-up. Well, I was a fool – I wasn't sure it was me you really wanted, and I was trying to make you want me by being more like the other girls.
- Haemon:* So that was it! 35
- Antigone:* Yes. And you laughed, and we quarrelled. My bad temper got the better of me and I flounced off. (*Pause. Lower.*) But I really came to see you yesterday evening so that you might make love to me – so that I might be your wife already. Before... (*He draws back and is about to speak, but she cries out.*) You promised not to ask! (*Humbly.*) Please... (*Turning* 40

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*away; harshly.*) Anyway, let me explain. I wanted to become your wife because that's how I love you... And because – forgive me for hurting you, my darling – because I can never marry you.

*He is dumbfounded. She runs over to the window and cries out.*

Haemon, you promised! Go now. If you speak, or take one step towards me I'll jump out of this window. I swear it on the head of the son we had in our dreams. The only son I'll ever have. Go now, quickly. You'll understand tomorrow. Soon. (*She sounds so despairing that HAEMON does as she says.*) That's right, Haemon, leave me. It's the only thing you can do now to show that you love me.

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What does Anouilh make you feel about Antigone's words and behaviour here?

**DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress***

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

'It's bound to be painful,' Luo said. 'Do you realise the speed of an electric drill in a proper hospital? It's hundreds of rotations per second. The slower it turns, the more painful it is.'

'Try again,' the headman said resolutely, adjusting his cap. 'I've gone without sleep and food for a whole week already. Better to deal with this once and for all.'

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He shut his eyes to avoid seeing the needle enter his mouth, but the result was the same as before. The excruciating pain propelled him off the bed with the needle still stuck in his tooth.

His violent reaction almost upset the oil lamp, over which I was softening the lump of tin on a spoon.

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It was an absurd situation, but no one dared to laugh, for fear of raising the subject of my arrest.

Luo retrieved the needle, wiped it, inspected it closely, then suggested the patient rinse his mouth with a glass of water. The headman complied, and spat out the liquid onto the floor next to his cap, which had slipped off his head. The water was pink.

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The old tailor seemed astonished. 'You're bleeding,' he said.

'If you want me to fix your tooth,' Luo said, reaching for the fallen cap and replacing it on the headman's rumpled hair, 'I can't see any other way than to tie you to the bed.'

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'Strap me down?' the headman cried indignantly. 'You forget that I've got the commune leader's mandate.'

'But as your body is refusing to collaborate, I'm afraid we'll have to take extreme measures.'

I was flabbergasted. How could this tyrant, this political and economic despot, this police chief, ever resign himself to being restrained in this way, which was not only humiliating but also made him look utterly ridiculous? What the devil had got into him? I had no time to ponder the question then, and even today it confounds me. As it was, Luo quickly strapped him down on to the bed, and the tailor, charged with the awesome task of gripping the patient's head with both hands to keep it still, indicated that I should take his place working the treadle.

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This new responsibility filled me with trepidation. I took my shoes off, placed the ball of my foot on the treadle and braced myself.

At a sign from Luo I set the drive wheel in motion, and soon my feet were pedalling away to the relentless rhythm of the machine. I accelerated, feeling like a cyclist racing at full tilt; the needle juddered, trembled, made contact once more with the treacherous tooth, whereupon a dreadful gurgling noise rose from the throat of the immobilised headman. Not only was he lashed to the bed with a length of strong rope, like a bad guy in a film about to get his comeuppance, but his head was clamped in the old tailor's vice-like grip. His face was deathly pale and he was foaming at the mouth.

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Suddenly, I felt the stirrings of an uncontrollably sadistic impulse, like a volcano about to erupt. I thought about all the miseries of re-education, and slowed down the pace of the treadle.

Luo shot me a glance of complicity.

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I pedalled even more slowly, this time to punish him for threatening to take me into custody. It was as if the drill were about to break down. It was barely moving now, making just one rotation per second, maybe two – who knows? Eventually, having penetrated the decay, the steel point made a final tremor and came to a complete standstill as I lifted my feet off the treadle altogether like a cyclist freewheeling downhill. For a moment the suspense was agonising. I put on an air of innocent,

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calm deliberation to disguise the hatred smouldering in my eyes, and bent down in a pretence of checking whether the belt was still properly laid over the drive wheel. Then I replaced my feet on the treadle and the needle began to turn again, slowly and shakily, as if the cyclist were struggling up a steep slope. It became a chisel, cutting into a ghastly prehistoric rock face and releasing little puffs of greasy yellow dust. I had turned into a sadist – an out-and-out sadist.

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Explore the ways in which Dai Sijie makes this such a powerful moment in the novel.

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

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

*Sam:* We're still together.

*Hally:* That's true. It's just that life felt the right size in there... not too big and not too small. Wasn't so hard to work up a bit of courage. It's got so bloody complicated since then.

*(The telephone rings. SAM answers it.)*

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*Sam:* St. George's Park Tea Room... Hello, Madam... Yes, Madam, he's here... Hally, it's your mother.

*Hally:* Where is she phoning from?

*Sam:* Sounds like the hospital. It's a public telephone.

*Hally:* *(Relieved)* You see! I told you. *(The telephone)* Hello, Mom... Yes... Yes no fine. Everything's under control here. How's things with poor old Dad?... Has he had a bad turn?... What?... Oh, God!... Yes, Sam told me, but I was sure he'd made a mistake. But what's this all about, Mom? He didn't look at all good last night. How can he get better so quickly?... Then very obviously you must say no. Be firm with him. You're the boss... You know what it's going to be like if he comes home.... Well then, don't blame me when I fail my exams at the end of the year.... Yes! How am I expected to be fresh for school when I spend half the night massaging his gammy leg?... So am I!... So tell him a white lie. Say Dr. Colley wants more X-rays of his stump. Or bribe him. We'll sneak in double tots of brandy in future.... What?... Order him to get back into bed at once! If he's going to behave like a child, treat him like one.... All right, Mom! I was just trying to... I'm sorry.... I said I'm sorry.... Quick, give me your number. I'll phone you back. *(He hangs up and waits a few seconds.)* Here we go again! *(He dials.)* I'm sorry, Mom.... Okay... But now listen to me carefully. All it needs is for you to put your foot down. Don't take no for an answer.... Did you hear me? And whatever you do, don't discuss it with him.... Because I'm frightened you'll give in to him.... Yes, Sam gave me lunch.... I ate all of it!... No, Mom not a soul. It's still raining here.... Right, I'll tell them. I'll just do some homework and then lock up.... But remember now, Mom. Don't listen to anything he says. And phone me back and let me know what happens.... Okay. Bye, Mom. *(He hangs up. The men are staring at him.)* My Mom says that when you're finished with the floors you must do the windows. *(Pause)* Don't misunderstand me, chaps. All I want is for him to get better. And if he was, I'd be the first person to say: "Bring him home." But he's not, and we can't give him the medical care and attention he needs at home. That's what hospitals are there for. *(Brusquely)* So don't just stand there! Get on with it!

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*(SAM clears HALLY'S table)*

In what ways does Fugard's writing make this such a tense moment in the play?

**Turn over for Question 4**

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

- Tesman:* (*jumps up in alarm*). Has something happened to delay it? Eh?
- Brack:* The appointment to the professorship might conceivably be contested by another candidate....
- Tesman:* Another candidate! Think of that, Hedda!
- Hedda:* (*leans further back in her chair*). Ah, yes... yes! 5
- Tesman:* But who on earth! Surely not...?
- Brack:* Quite correct. Ejlert Lövborg.
- Tesman:* (*clasps his hands together*). No, no... this is quite unthinkable! Quite impossible! Eh?
- Brack:* Hm... we may very well find it happening, all the same. 10
- Tesman:* Oh but my dear sir... but that would be quite incredibly inconsiderate of him! (*He flings his arms about.*) Yes, because... just think... I'm a married man! We got married on our expectations, Hedda and I. Been and borrowed vast sums. We're in debt to Auntie Julle, too! Because, good God... the post was as good as promised to me. Eh? 15
- Brack:* Come, come, come... you'll most probably get it, too. But only after a bit of competition.
- Hedda:* (*immobile in her chair*). Just think, Tesman... it'll be quite a sporting event.
- Tesman:* But my dearest Hedda, how can you take it all so calmly! 20
- Hedda:* (*as before*). Oh, I don't at all. I await the result with breathless expectation.
- Brack:* Well, anyway, Mrs. Tesman, it's as well that you should know how matters stand. I mean... before you embark on those little purchases you apparently threaten to make. 25
- Hedda:* This can't change anything so far as that's concerned.
- Brack:* No? Well, that's all right, then. I'll say goodbye! (*To TESMAN.*) When I take my constitutional this afternoon I'll step in and fetch you, shall I?
- Tesman:* Oh yes, yes... I hardly know where I am.
- Hedda:* (*reclining, stretching out her hand*). Goodbye, Mr. Brack! We look forward to your return. 30
- Brack:* Many thanks. Goodbye, goodbye.
- Tesman:* (*escorting him to the door*). Goodbye, my dear Mr. Brack! You really must excuse all this...  
(*BRACK goes out at the hall door.*) 35
- Tesman:* (*trails across the floor*). Ah, Hedda... one should never go building castles in the air. Eh?
- Hedda:* (*looks at him and smiles*). And do you?
- Tesman:* Yes... it can't be denied... it was idiotically romantic to go and get married, and buy a house, just on expectations alone. 40
- Hedda:* You may be right about that.
- Tesman:* Well... at least we have got our lovely house, Hedda! Just think... the house we'd both set our hearts on. Our dream house, I might almost



	call it. Eh?	
<i>Hedda:</i>	<i>(rises slowly and tiredly)</i> . The agreement was that we were to live a social life. Entertain.	45
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, oh Heavens... I was so looking forward to it! Just think, to see you as the hostess... presiding over a select group of friends! Eh?... Well, well, well... for the time being we'll just have to be the two of us, Hedda. Just see Aunt Julle once in a while... Oh, for you everything should have been so very... very different...!	50
<i>Hedda:</i>	And I suppose I won't get my footman just yet awhile.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Oh no... a manservant, you must see that that's quite out of the question.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	And the saddle-horse I was to have had...	55
<i>Tesman:</i>	<i>(appalled)</i> . The saddle-horse!	
<i>Hedda:</i>	... I suppose I daren't even think of that, now.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	No, God preserve us... that goes without saying!	
<i>Hedda:</i>	<i>(moving across)</i> . Oh, well... I've got one thing at least that I can pass the time with.	60
<i>Tesman:</i>	<i>(ecstatic)</i> . Oh, thank the good Lord for that! And what might that be, Hedda? Eh?	
<i>Hedda:</i>	<i>(at the centre doorway, looking at him with concealed contempt)</i> . My pistols... Jörgen.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	<i>(alarmed)</i> . Pistols!	65
<i>Hedda:</i>	<i>(with cold eyes)</i> . General Gabler's pistols. <i>(She goes out to the left through the back room.)</i>	
<i>Tesman:</i>	<i>(runs to the doorway and shouts after her)</i> . No, for the love of God, my darling Hedda... don't touch those dangerous contraptions! For my sake, Hedda! Eh?	70

In what ways does Ibsen vividly reveal the relationship between Hedda and her husband at this moment in the play?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal), and then answer the question that follows it:

We were all afraid of Mr Wills.

Mr Wills was a big man. He had bright, fierce eyes under heavy brows and, when he looked down at you, you just withered. The idea of having him directly and immediately angry at one of us was enough to shrivel the soul. All that summer Willadean walked up and down the high road or sat on their front porch in a rocking chair, her dress flared out around her, and not one of us dared do more than say good morning to her.

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Mr Wills was the best farmer in the community. My father said he could drive a stick into the ground and grow a tree out of it. But it wasn't an easy thing with him; Mr Wills fought the earth when he worked it. When he ploughed his fields, you could hear him yelling for a mile. It was as though he dared the earth not to yield him its sustenance.

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Above all, Mr Wills could raise watermelons. Now, watermelons are curious things. Some men can send off for the best watermelon seed, they can plant it in the best ground they own, they can hoe it and tend it with the greatest of care, and they can't raise a melon bigger than your two fists. Other men, like Mr Wills, can throw seed on the ground, scuff dirt over it, walk off and leave it and have a crop of the prettiest, biggest melons you ever saw.

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Mr Wills always planted the little field directly behind his barn with watermelons. It ran from the barn to the creek, a good piece of land with just the right sandy soil for melon raising. And it seemed as though the melons just bulged up out of the ground for him.

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But they were Mr Wills's melons; he didn't have any idea of sharing them with the boys of the neighbourhood. He was fiercer about his melons than anything else; if you just happened to walk close to his melon patch, you'd see Mr Wills standing and watching you with a glower on his face. And likely as not he'd have his gun under his arm.

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Everybody expected to lose a certain quantity of their watermelons to terrapins (tortoises) and a certain quantity to boys. It wasn't considered stealing to sneak into a man's melon patch and judiciously borrow a sample of his raising. You might get a load of salt in the seat of your pants, if you were seen, but that was part of the game. You'd be looked down on only if you got malicious and stamped a lot of melons into the ground while you were about it. But Mr Wills didn't think that way.

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That summer I was sixteen Mr Wills raised the greatest watermelon ever seen in that country. It grew in the very middle of his patch, three times as big as any melon anybody had ever seen. Men came from miles around to look at it. Mr Wills wouldn't let them go into the melon patch. They had to stand around the edge.

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Just like all other daredevil boys in that country, I guess, Freddy Gray and J.D. and I had talked idly about stealing that giant watermelon. But we all knew that it was just talk. Not only were we afraid of Mr Wills and his rages but we knew that Mr Wills sat in the hayloft window of his barn every night with his shotgun, guarding the melon. It was his seed melon. He meant to plant next year's crop out of that great one and maybe raise a whole field of them. Mr Wills was in a frenzy of fear that somebody would steal it. Why, he would rather you stole Willadean than his melon. At least, he didn't guard Willadean with his shotgun.

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Every night I could sit on our front porch and see Mr Wills sitting up there in the window of his hayloft, looking fiercely out over his melon patch. I'd sit there by the hour and watch him, the shotgun cradled in his arm, and feel the tremors of fear and excitement chasing up and down my spine.

'Look at him,' my father would say. 'Scared to death somebody will steal his

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seed melon. Wouldn't anybody steal a man's seed melon.'

'He ought to be in the house taking care of that wife of his,' my mother would say tartly. 'She's been poorly all year.'

You hardly ever saw Mrs Wills. She was a wraith of a woman, pale as a butter bean. Sometimes she would sit for an hour or two on their porch in the cool of the day. They didn't visit back and forth with anybody though.

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How does Deal make this passage so striking?

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

The sunshine outdoors was so brilliant that it made the room seem dark. On the alcove wall there hung a calligraphic scroll done by the last-governor-but-one of Mie Prefecture, and beneath it, gleaming with a luster like that of wax, there were an ornamental rooster and its hen, their bodies carved out of a knotty and gnarled root of a tree and their tails and combs formed from the natural growth of the slender shoots. 5

The mistress of the lighthouse sat at this side of the bare rosewood table. The other five women, having mislaid somewhere their courage of a little while before, now sat primly just in front of the bamboo blind hanging in the entrance to the room, as though they were giving an exhibit of housedresses. 10

Terukichi continued looking out the window and did not open his mouth.

The sultry silence of a summer afternoon came upon them, broken only by the buzzing of several large bluebottle flies that were flying about the room.

The mistress of the lighthouse wiped the sweat from her face several times. At long last she began to speak: 15

“Well, what I want to talk to you about is your Hatsue-san and the Kubo family’s Shinji-san, and...”

Terukichi was still looking out the window. After a long pause he spoke, seeming to spit out the words:

“Hatsue and Shinji?” 20

“Yes...”

Now for the first time Terukichi turned his face toward her, and then he spoke, without so much as a sign of a smile:

“If that’s all you have to talk about, it’s all already settled. Shinji’s the one I’m adopting for Hatsue’s husband.” 25

There was a stir among the women as though a dam had burst. But Terukichi went right on speaking, paying not the slightest heed to his visitors’ reaction:

“But in any case they’re still too young, so for the time being I’ve decided to leave it at an engagement, and then, after Shinji comes of age, we’ll have a proper ceremony. I hear his old lady isn’t having too easy a time of it, so I’ll be willing to take both her and the younger brother in, or, depending upon how it’s finally decided, help them out with some money each month. I haven’t said anything to anybody about all this yet, though. 30

“I was angry at first, but then, after I made them stop seeing each other, Hatsue became so out of sorts that I decided things couldn’t go on that way. So I decided on a plan. I gave Shinji and Yasuo berths on my ship and told the captain to watch and see which one of them made the best showing. I let the captain tell all this to Jukichi as a secret, and I don’t suppose Jukichi has told Shinji even yet. Well, anyway, to make a short story of it, the captain really fell in love with Shinji and decided I’d never be able to find a better husband for Hatsue. And then when Shinji did that great thing at Okinawa—well, I changed my mind too and decided he was the one for my girl. The only thing that really counts...” 35

Here Terukichi raised his voice emphatically.

“The only thing that really counts in a man is his get-up-and-go. If he’s got get-up-and-go he’s a real man, and those are the kind of men we need here on Uta-jima. Family and money are all secondary. Don’t you think so, Mistress Lighthouse-Keeper? And that’s what he’s got—Shinji—get-up-and-go.” 40

How does Mishima’s writing make this such an entertaining and satisfying 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 How does Anouilh strikingly portray the contrasting opinions of Antigone and Creon?

**DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress***

- 8 How does Dai Sijie make the Little Seamstress such a memorable character for you?

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

- 9 To what extent does Fugard encourage you to feel optimistic about the future of the relationship between 'Master Harold' and 'the boys'?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler***

- 10 Explore the ways in which Ibsen strikingly portrays Hedda's control over Thea Elvsted.

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 11 In what ways does La Guma make the events in *The Lemon Orchard* so disturbing for you?

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

- 12 What do you find striking about Mishima's portrayal of the relationships between parents and children in the novel?





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