



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2017

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 answers may be on one set text or two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **10** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** Insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

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

<i>The Guests</i>	[<i>resuming their conversation while GRUSHA remains with her forehead bent to the ground</i>]: Persian saddles can be bought from soldiers, but some exchange them for crutches.—Only one side’s bigwigs can win, but the soldiers on both sides are the losers.—At least the war’s over now. It’s something that they can’t call you up any more.—[<i>The dying man sits bolt upright in bed. He listens.</i>]—What we need most are two weeks of good weather.—There’s hardly a pear on our trees this year.	5
<i>The Mother-In-Law</i>	[<i>offering the cakes</i>]: Have some more cake. And enjoy it. There’s more to come. [<i>THE MOTHER-IN-LAW goes to the bedroom with empty trays. Unaware of the dying man, she bends down to pick up some more cakes, when he begins to talk in a hoarse voice.</i>]	10 15
<i>Yussup:</i>	How many more cakes are you going to stuff down their throats? D’you think I can shit money? [<i>THE MOTHER-IN-LAW starts, and stares at him aghast, while he puts his head out from behind the mosquito-net.</i>] Did they say the war was over?	20
<i>First Woman</i>	[<i>talking kindly to GRUSHA in the next room</i>]: Has the young woman someone in the war?	
<i>The Man:</i>	That’s good news that they’re on their way home, eh?	
<i>Yussup:</i>	Don’t stare so! Where’s the wife you’ve foisted on me? [<i>Receiving no answer, he climbs out of bed and in his nightshirt staggers past his mother into the other room. Trembling, she follows him with the cake tray.</i>]	25
<i>The Guests</i>	[<i>seeing him and shrieking</i>]: Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Yussup! [<i>Everyone leaps up in alarm. The women rush to the door. GRUSHA, still on her knees, turns round and stares at the man.</i>]	30
<i>Yussup:</i>	The funeral supper! That’s what you’d like! Get out before I kick you out! [<i>THE GUESTS stampede from the house.</i>]	35
<i>Yussup</i>	[<i>grumpily to GRUSHA</i>]: That puts a spoke in your wheel, eh? [<i>Receiving no answer, he turns round and takes a cake from the tray which his mother holds.</i>]	

<i>The Singer:</i>	Oh, confusion! The wife discovers that she has a husband! By day there's the child, by night there's the man. The lover is on his way day and night. The married couple are looking at each other. The chamber is narrow.	40
	[YUSSUP <i>sits naked in a high wooden bathtub. His mother pours water from a jug. Next door in the bedroom GRUSHA squats with MICHAEL, who is playing at mending a straw mat.</i>]	45
<i>Yussup:</i>	That's her business, not yours. Where's she hiding now?	
<i>The Mother-In-Law</i>	[<i>calling</i>]: Grusha! The peasant wants you!	50
<i>Grusha</i>	[<i>to MICHAEL</i>]: There are still two holes to mend.	
<i>Yussup</i>	[<i>as GRUSHA enters</i>]: Scrub my back!	
<i>Grusha:</i>	Can't the peasant do that himself?	
<i>Yussup:</i>	'Can't the peasant do that himself?' Get the brush! To hell with you! Are you the wife or are you a stranger? [<i>To THE MOTHER-IN-LAW</i>]: Too cold!	55
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	I'll run and get some more hot water.	
<i>Grusha:</i>	Let me do it.	
<i>Yussup:</i>	You stay here. [<i>THE MOTHER-IN-LAW goes out.</i>] Rub harder. And don't make such a fuss. You've seen a naked man before. That child of yours can't have come out of thin air.	60
<i>Grusha:</i>	The child was not conceived in joy, if that's what the peasant means.	
<i>Yussup</i>	[<i>turning and grinning</i>]: A likely story! [<i>GRUSHA stops scrubbing him and starts back. Enter THE MOTHER-IN- LAW.</i>] This is a nice thing you've saddled me with here! A cold-fish for a wife!	65
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	She isn't willing.	
<i>Yussup:</i>	Pour—but go easy! Ow! Go easy, I said. [<i>To GRUSHA</i>]: I'd be surprised if you hadn't been up to something in the city. What else would you be here for? But I won't say anything about that. I also haven't said anything about the bastard you brought into my house. But my patience with you is coming to an end. It's against nature. [<i>To THE MOTHER- IN-LAW</i>]: More! [<i>To GRUSHA</i>]: And even if your soldier does return, you're married.	70 75

In what ways does Brecht make this moment in the play both entertaining and powerful?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

“Mr. Hawden has complained of your conduct. It grieves me that any young man should have to speak to me of the behaviour of my own granddaughter. He says you have been flirting with him. Sybylla, I scarcely thought you would be so immodest and unwomanly.”

On hearing this my thoughts of Frank Hawden were the reverse of flattering. He had persecuted me beyond measure, yet I had not deigned to complain of him to either Uncle, Grannie, or Auntie, as I might reasonably have done, and have obtained immediate redress. He had been the one to blame in the case, yet for the rebuffs he had brought upon himself, went tattling to my grandmother.

“Is that all you have to say, Grannie?”

“No. He wants to marry you, and has asked my consent. I told him it all rested with yourself and parents. What do you say?”

“Say,” I exclaimed, “Grannie, you are only joking, are you not?”

“No, my child, this is not a matter to joke about.”

“Marry that creature! A boy!” I uttered in consternation.

“He is no boy. He has attained his majority some months. He is as old as your grandfather was when we married. In three years you will be almost twenty, and by that time he will be in possession of his property which is very good—in fact, he will be quite rich. If you care for him there is nothing against him as I can see. He is healthy, has a good character, and comes of a high family. Being a bit wild won’t matter. Very often, after they sow their wild oats, some of those scampy young fellows settle down and marry a nice young girl and turn out very good husbands.”

“It is disgusting, and you ought to be downright ashamed of yourself, Grannie! A man can live a life of bestiality and then be considered a fit husband for the youngest and purest girl! It is shameful! Frank Hawden is not wild, he hasn’t got enough in him to be so. I hate him. No, he hasn’t enough in him to hate. I loathe and despise him. I would not marry him or any one like him though he were King of England. The idea of marriage even with the best man in the world seems to me a lowering thing,” I raged; “but with him it would be pollution—the lowest degradation that could be heaped upon me! I will never come down to marry any one—” Here I fell a victim to a flood of excited tears.

I felt there was no good in the world, especially in men—the hateful creatures!—and never would be while it was not expected of them, even by rigidly pure, true Christians such as my grandmother. Grannie, dear old Grannie, thought I should marry any man who, from a financial point of view, was a good match for me. That is where the sting came in. No, I would never marry. I would procure some occupation in which I could tread my life out, independent of the degradation of marriage.

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

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

That's the story. Now for the ending. There is just time for you to hear the sound of six matches being struck on a winter's night.

It was three months since the Little Seamstress had had the abortion. The night was dark, and the soft murmur of the wind mingled with the grunts coming from the pigsty. It was also three months since Luo had returned to the mountain. 5

There was frost in the air. The dry, rasping crack of a striking match broke the silence. The black shadow of our house on stilts looming a few paces away was weakened in the yellow glow and shivered against the backdrop of night.

The match spluttered, was almost snuffed out in its own black smoke, then flared up again as it approached *Père Goriot*. The book was lying on the ground with the others, in front of our house. The flame licked the pages, making them twist and stick together while the words disappeared into the wind. The poor somnambulant French girl was roused by the conflagration, she tried to flee, but it was too late: before she could be reunited with her beloved cousin she too was engulfed in the flames, along with the money-grubbers, her suitors, and the legacy of millions – all went up in smoke. 10

The next three matches made a funeral pyre of *Cousin Pons*, *Colonel Chabert* and *Eugénie Grandet* respectively. Then it was time for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, with Quasimodo hobbling across the flagstones with Esmeralda on his back. The sixth match dealt with *Madame Bovary*. But the flame refused to set fire to the page where Emma lies in bed with her lover in the hotel at Rouen, smoking a cigarette and murmuring 'you'll leave me ...'. This final match was more selective in its fury, choosing to attack the end of the book, where Emma, in the agony of death, fancies she hears a blind man singing: 15

*The heat of the sun of a summer day
Warms a young girl in an amorous way.*

A violin struck up a mournful tune, and at the same instant a sudden gust of wind assailed the bonfire of books, scattering Emma's fresh ashes and mingling them with those of her carbonised compatriots as they were wafted up into the air. 20

A dusting of ashes clung to the bow as it slid across the gleaming metal strings in which the firelight was reflected. The instrument was mine, and I was the player.

Luo the arsonist, the son of the famous dentist, the romantic lover who had crawled to his beloved on all fours, the admirer of Balzac — Luo was drunk. He sat hunched over the fire, mesmerised by the flames consuming all the stories and characters we had grown to love so dearly. He was crying and laughing by turns. 25

There were no witnesses to the scene. The villagers, accustomed to the sound of my violin, no doubt preferred to stay in their warm beds. We would have loved to have our old friend, the miller, with us to play his three-stringed instrument and sing his bawdy old songs while he made the crinkled folds of his stomach roll and ripple. But he was sick: two days earlier, when we visited him, he had come down with the flu. 30

The auto-da-fé continued. The famous Count of Monte Cristo, who had escaped from the dungeon of a castle on an island in the sea, was likewise fed to the flames of Luo's madness. Nor was there reprieve for any of the other characters, male and female alike, who once inhabited Four-Eyes's suitcase. 35

Not even the sudden appearance of the village headman would have made us pause in our frenzy. In fact, we were so drunk that we might well have taken him for a character in a novel and burnt him alive. 40

As it was, the place was deserted. The Little Seamstress had gone, never to return. Her departure, as dramatic as it was sudden, had taken us completely by surprise. 45

How does Sijie make this moment in the novel so powerful?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

<i>Tesman:</i>	A new hat and a new parasol! Think of that, Hedda!	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Yes, really charming.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, aren't they just? Eh? But Aunt, take a good look at Hedda before you go! Charming's the word for her, eh?	
<i>Miss Tesman:</i>	Oh my dear, that's nothing new. Hedda's been lovely all her life.	5
	<i>[She nods and starts across to the right.]</i>	
<i>Tesman</i>	<i>[following her]:</i> Yes, but have you noticed how well and bonny she looks? I declare she's filled out beautifully on the trip.	
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[moves irritably]:</i> Oh, do you have to ...!	
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	<i>[has stopped and turned]:</i> Filled out?	10
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, Aunt Julle, you don't notice it so much when she's wearing that dress. But I ... well, I have occasion to... .	
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[at the verandah door, impatiently]:</i> Oh, you don't have occasion for anything!	
<i>Tesman:</i>	It must be the mountain air in the Tyrol... .	15
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[curtly interrupting]:</i> I'm exactly the same as I was when we left.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, that's what you say. But you aren't, you know. Can't you see it too, Auntie?	
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	<i>[she has folded her hands and gazes at HEDDA]:</i> Lovely ... lovely ... lovely Hedda. <i>[She goes to HEDDA, takes her head and inclines it towards her with both hands, and kisses her hair.]</i> God bless you and keep you, Hedda Tesman. For Jørgen's sake.	20
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[frees herself]:</i> Oh ...! Leave me be!	
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	<i>[in quiet rapture]:</i> Every single day I'll come and visit you both.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, Auntie, that'll be wonderful! Eh?	25
<i>Miss Tesman:</i>	Goodbye ... goodbye!	
	<i>[She goes out at the hall door. TESMAN follows her out. The door stays half open, and we hear TESMAN repeating his message of love to AUNT RINA, and thanking again for the slippers.</i>	
	<i>While this is going on HEDDA walks about the room, raises her arms and clenches her fists as though in a frenzy. Then she draws the curtains back from the verandah door, stands there and looks out.</i>	30
	<i>After a while TESMAN comes back and shuts the door behind him.]</i>	
<i>Tesman</i>	<i>[picking up the slippers from the floor]:</i> What are you looking at, Hedda?	35
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[calm and collected once more]:</i> I'm just looking at the leaves on the trees. They're so yellow. And so withered.	
<i>Tesman</i>	<i>[rewraps the slippers and lays them on the table]:</i> Yes, well, it's September now, you know.	40
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[ill at ease again]:</i> Why yes ... already it's ... it's September.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Don't you think Aunt Julle was odd, dear? Almost affected? What can have got into her, do you think? Eh?	

<i>Hedda:</i>	Well, I hardly know her. Isn't she usually like that?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Why, no, not like she was just now.	45
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[leaving the window]</i> : Do you think she was very put out about that hat business?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Oh, not so particularly. Perhaps a little just for a moment... .	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Well, what manner of behaviour is that, anyway, flinging her hat just anywhere in the drawing-room! It's not done.	50
<i>Tesman:</i>	Well, you may be quite sure that Aunt Julle won't do it again.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Oh, never mind. I'll propitiate her.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Oh my dear, sweet Hedda, if only you would!	
<i>Hedda:</i>	When you go down there later you can invite her over for this evening.	55
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, certainly I will. And there's another thing, Hedda, that would make her so very happy.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Well?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Couldn't you bring yourself to give her a kiss when you meet? For my sake, Hedda? Eh?	60

What striking impressions of the characters does Ibsen create for you at this moment in the play?

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3*

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

Song

for Helen Suzman

*Nothing happens until something does.
Everything remains just as it was
And all you hear is the distant buzz
Of nothing happening till something does.*

A lot of small hands in a monstrous hall 5
can make the air vibrate
and even shake the wall;
a voice can break a plate
or glass, and one pale feather tip
the balance on a sinking ship. 10

It's the very same tune that has been sung
time and again by those
whose heavy fate has hung
on the weight that they oppose,
the weight by which are crushed 15
the broken voices of the hushed.

But give certain people a place to stand
a lever, a fulcrum, a weight,
however small the hand,
the object however great, 20
it is possible to prove
that even Earth may be made to move.

*Nothing happens until something does,
and hands, however small,
fill the air so the buzz* 25
*of the broken fills the hall
as levers and fulcrums shift
and the heart like a weight begins to lift.*

Nothing happens until something does.
Everything remains just as it was 30
*And all you hear is the distant buzz
Of nothing happening. Then something does.*

(George Szirtes)

In what ways does Szirtes make this poem so memorable for you?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *Journey* (by Shirley Geok-Lin Lim), and then answer the question that follows it:

Last night, she had dreamt she was shut away in a subterranean world; she had wandered in labyrinths of a thick brown claustrophobia. So dense was the air that her ears felt clogged with cotton-wool, and her feet trod slippery over ground strewn with skulls. This dense silence was her holding her breath, conscious of malevolent eyes in the darkness, watching. Skulls smiled without friendship, then began moving around her, in slow monotony, circling formally, one after the other, as in a ritual dance. She knew then that if she could not open her eyes she would never find her way back. She would have to stay in that labyrinthine world, separated from that breathing body which was hers, but which lay apart, secure in bed and lost. She tried to cry out. Only her mouth twisted soundlessly. She concentrated on opening her eyes, counting one two three, pitching her muscles for the effort, but it was a long time before she succeeded. Night was blacker than the dream twilight. It walled up and pressed into her eyes, a pleasant sensation recalling her from the trembling sweet terror into which she had tumbled. 5

Now she sat in the half-empty bus. It jolted to a halt at every stop, but no one got in, nor did anyone get off. She was caught up in its reckless rush as it butted stubbornly against the road curb, swung around corners with a wounded shriek, shaking its whole frame in a frenzy of movement, unthinking, self-absorbed, down the straight roads past the housing estates. On either side, the rows of houses started up, then fell back, enshrouded in the greying evening. Now they put on their lights, dusky yellow, blue and dim, smoky red, futile stabs in the twilight which invaded the interior of the bus with a deeper gloom. Stars and moon had not yet shown themselves, perhaps would not appear tonight. The passengers were as dull as the sky. Each sat shut in by whatever thoughts bred in his mind with the coming night, eyes marshalled inwards, only flickering to the doorway in anticipation at every violent thrust of the brakes. But no one passed through the doorway, either going down or coming up. The one woman appeared as well-worn as her *samfoo*, exhausted and faded by having had too many children, too much labour done, too many years lived. The collars of the men decapitated their heads from their shirts, so that they hung in the dusk, with cropped hair, thickened ears, dancing at every shudder of the engine. Only she defied the drab company in her bright uniform, fidgeting with her bag, gnawing her underlip, constantly peering out of the dusty window into the dustier evening to watch the roads whizz under. 10 15 20 25 30

She was glad to climb down from the bus, yet there was a curious uncertainty as to where she was to go, a strong reluctance to move away from the stand. She thought if she stood there long enough, the bus would surely return on its journey back and bring her home. She did not have to go anyway. Or she could take a walk, pretending she was going home to her family. There were numerous lanes branching off the little junction, numerous houses sitting under fat protective trees, hiding behind fences and shut gates. There was the pleasant joy of choosing your own little lane, your own snug house. 35

Still, she could not imagine herself belonging to any of these houses. Windows framed squares of light, curtains drawn to keep them in. 40

How does Lim make this opening to the story so powerful?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

- 7 What does Brecht's portrayal of Grusha lead you to feel about her?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 How does Franklin strikingly contrast Possum Gully and Caddagat in the novel?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Sijie depicts friendship in the novel.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 10 How does Ibsen make Hedda such a dramatically compelling character?

NB: Do not use the extract in Question 4 in answering this question.

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3*

- 11 In what ways do the poets strikingly convey life in cities in *Boxes* (by Sampurna Chattarji) and *The Capital* (by W H Auden)?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 In what ways does Narayan make *A Horse and Two Goats* both touching and amusing?

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