



Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

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Paper 3 Set Text

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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 two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **11** printed pages, **1** blank page and **1** Insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

‘Is it true, Maiguru?’ I asked later that afternoon when I went to the verandah to read and found my aunt marking her books there. ‘Do you really have a Master’s Degree?’

Maiguru was flattered. ‘Didn’t you know?’ she smiled at me over the top of her glasses. How could I have known? No one had ever mentioned it to me. 5

‘But Maiguru,’ I answered immediately, emboldened by the thought of my aunt obtaining a Master’s Degree, ‘did you ever say?’

‘Did you ever ask?’ she countered, and continued, ‘Yes, we both studied, your uncle and I, in South Africa for our Bachelor’s Degrees and in England for our Master’s.’

‘I thought you went to look after Babamukuru,’ I said. ‘That’s all people ever say.’ 10

Maiguru snorted. ‘And what do you expect? Why should a woman go all that way and put up with all those problems if not to look after her husband?’

Maiguru was more serious than she had ever been before. Her seriousness changed her from a sweet, soft dove to something more like a wasp. ‘That’s what they like to think I did,’ she continued sourly. The lower half of her face, and only the lower half, because it did not quite reach the eyes, set itself into sullen lines of discontent. She bent over her books to hide them, and to prove that she was not unhappy at all she made a chuckling sound, I think she thought gaily, but sounding pained. ‘Whatever they thought’, she said, ‘much good did it do them! I still studied for that degree and got it in spite of all of them – your uncle, your grandparents and the rest of your family. Can you tell me now that they aren’t pleased that I did, even if they don’t admit it? No! Your uncle wouldn’t be able to do half the things he does if I didn’t work as well!’ 15

‘You must earn a lot of money,’ I breathed in awe. My aunt laughed and said she never received her salary. I was aghast.

‘What happens to your money?’ I asked. ‘The money that you earn. Does the Government take it?’ For I was beginning to understand that our Government was not a good one. 20

‘You could say that,’ my aunt laughed, forcing herself to be merry again but not succeeding. She gave up, took off her glasses and leaned back in her seat, staring wistfully through the verandah’s arches to the mountains and beyond. ‘What it is,’ she sighed, ‘to have to choose between self and security. When I was in England I glimpsed for a little while the things I could have been, the things I could have done if – if – if things were – different – But there was Babawa Chido and the children and the family. And does anyone realise, does anyone appreciate, what sacrifices were made? As for me, no one even thinks about the things I gave up.’ She collected herself. ‘But that’s how it goes, Sisi Tambu! And when you have a good man and lovely children, it makes it all worth while.’ 30

Personally, I thought it was a great shame that Maiguru had been deprived of the opportunity to make the most of herself, even if she had accepted that deprivation. I was all for people being given opportunities.

I did not tell Nyasha about this conversation because I guessed she had heard it herself many times and would say irritatingly, ‘I told you so.’ Besides, the things Maiguru had talked of were reasonable; they did not mean she was always complaining. I felt sorry for Maiguru because she could not use the money she earned for her own purposes and had been prevented by marriage from doing the things she wanted to do. But it was 40

not so simple, because she had been married by my Babamukuru, which defined her situation as good. If it was necessary to efface yourself, as Maiguru did so well that you couldn't be sure that she didn't enjoy it, if it was necessary to efface yourself in order to preserve his sense of identity and value, then, I was sure, Maiguru had taken the correct decisions. 45

How does Dangarembga make this such a memorable and significant moment in the novel?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

- Nora:* I don't believe it. Isn't a daughter entitled to try and save her father from worry and anxiety on his deathbed? Isn't a wife entitled to save her husband's life? I might not know very much about the law, but I feel sure of one thing: it must say somewhere that things like this are allowed. You mean to say you don't know that—you, when it's your job? You must be a rotten lawyer, Mr. Krogstad. 5
- Krogstad:* That may be. But when it comes to business transactions—like the sort between us two—perhaps you'll admit I know something about *them*? Good. Now you must please yourself. But I tell you this: if I'm pitched out a second time, you are going to keep me company. 10
[*He bows and goes out through the hall.*]
- Nora* [*stands thoughtfully for a moment, then tosses her head*]: Rubbish! He's just trying to scare me. I'm not such a fool as all that. [*Begins gathering up the children's clothes; after a moment she stops.*] Yet...? No, it's impossible! I did it for love, didn't I? 15
- The Children* [*in the doorway, left*]: Mummy, the gentleman's just gone out of the gate.
- Nora:* Yes, I know. But you mustn't say anything to anybody about that gentleman. You hear? Not even to Daddy!
- The Children:* All right, Mummy. Are you going to play again?
- Nora:* No, not just now. 20
- The Children:* But Mummy, you promised!
- Nora:* Yes, but I can't just now. Off you go now, I have a lot to do. Off you go, my darlings. [*She herds them carefully into the other room and shuts the door behind them. She sits down on the sofa, picks up her embroidery and works a few stitches, but soon stops.*] No! [*She flings her work down, stands up, goes to the hall door and calls out.*] Helene! Fetch the tree in for me, please. [*She walks across to the table, left, and opens the drawer; again pauses.*] No, really, it's quite impossible! 25
- Maid* [*with the Christmas tree*]: Where shall I put it, ma'am?
- Nora:* On the floor there, in the middle. 30
- Maid:* Anything else you want me to bring?
- Nora:* No, thank you. I've got what I want.
[*The maid has put the tree down and goes out.*]
- Nora* [*busy decorating the tree*]: Candles here ... and flowers here.—Revolting man! It's all nonsense! There's nothing to worry about. We'll have a lovely Christmas tree. And I'll do anything you want me to, Torvald; I'll sing for you, dance for you. ... 35
[*HELMER, with a bundle of documents under his arm, comes in by the hall door.*]
- Nora:* Ah, back again already? 40
- Helmer:* Yes. Anybody been?
- Nora:* Here? No.
- Helmer:* That's funny. I just saw Krogstad leave the house.
- Nora:* Oh? O yes, that's right. Krogstad was here a minute.

<i>Helmer:</i>	Nora, I can tell by your face he's been asking you to put a good word in for him.	45
<i>Nora:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	And you were to pretend it was your own idea? You were to keep quiet about his having been here. He asked you to do that as well, didn't he?	
<i>Nora:</i>	Yes, Torvald. But ...	50
<i>Helmer:</i>	Nora, Nora, what possessed you to do a thing like that? Talking to a person like him, making him promises? And then on top of everything, to tell me a lie!	
<i>Nora:</i>	A lie ...?	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Didn't you say that nobody had been here? [<i>Wagging his finger at her.</i>] Never again must my little song-bird do a thing like that! Little song-birds must keep their pretty little beaks out of mischief; no chirruping out of tune! [<i>Puts his arm round her waist.</i>] Isn't that the way we want things to be? Yes, of course it is. [<i>Lets her go.</i>] So let's say no more about it. [<i>Sits down by the stove.</i>] Ah, nice and cosy here!	55 60

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

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

‘Oh, Laura!’ began Pin, growing tearful, both at words and tone. ‘Why, Laura, you’re not ashamed of it, are you?—that mother does sewing?’—and Pin opened her lobelia-blue eyes to their widest, showing what very big eyes they would be, were they not always swollen with crying.

‘Of course I’m not!’ said Laura tartly. ‘But I’m blessed if I see what it’s got to do with old Anne.’ 5

‘But she asked me ... what Mother was working at—and if she’d got any new customers. She just loves Mother.’

‘Like her cheek!’ snapped Laura. ‘Poking her ugly old nose into what doesn’t concern her. You should just have said you didn’t know.’ 10

‘But that would have been a story, Laura!’ cried Pin, horrified. ‘I did know—quite well.’

‘Goodness gracious, Pin, you—’

‘I’ve never told a story in my life!’ said Pin hotly. ‘And I’m not going to either, for you or anyone. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself.’ 15

‘Hold your silly tongue!’

‘I shan’t, Laura. And I think you’re very wicked. You’re not a bit like what you used to be. It’s all that going to school that’s done it—Mother always says it is.’

‘Oh, don’t be such a blooming ass!’ and Laura, stung to the quick, retaliated by taunting Pin with the change that had come to pass in her appearance. To her surprise, she found Pin grown inordinately touchy about her looks: at Laura’s brutal statement of the truth, she cried bitterly. 20

‘I’m not, no, I’m not! I haven’t got a full moon for a face! It’s no fatter than yours. Sarah said last time you were home how fat you were getting.’

‘I’m sure I’m not!’ said Laura, indignant in her turn. 25

‘Yes, you are,’ sobbed Pin. ‘But you only think other people are ugly, not yourself. I’ll tell Mother what you’ve said as soon as ever I get home. And I’ll tell her, too, you want to make me tell stories. And that I’m sure you’ve done something naughty at school, ’cause you won’t ever talk about it. And how you’re always saying bad words like blooming and gosh and golly—yes, I will!’ 30

‘You were always a sneak and a telltale!’

‘And you were always a greedy, selfish, deceitful thing!’

‘You don’t know anything about me, you numbskull, you!’

‘I don’t want to! I know you’re a bad, wicked girl!’

After this exchange of home truths, they did not speak to each other for two days: Pin had a temper that smouldered and could not easily forgive. So she stayed at old Anne’s side, helping to bake scones and leather-jackets; or trotted after the boys, who had dropped into the way of saying: ‘Come on, little Pin!’ as they never said: ‘Come on, Laura!’—and Laura retired in lonely dudgeon to the beach. 35

She took the estrangement so much to heart that she eased her feelings by abusing Pin in thought; Pin was a pig-headed little ignoramus, as timid as ever of setting one foot before the other. 40

How does Richardson vividly convey Laura’s relationship with Pin at this moment in the novel?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

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

A Long Journey

Through decades that ran like rivers
endless rivers of endless woes
through pick and shovel sjambok and jail
O such a long long journey

When the motor-car came
the sledge and the ox-cart began to die
but for a while the bicycle made in Britain
was the dream of every village boy

With the arrival of the bus
the city was brought into the village
and we began to yearn for the place behind the horizons

Such a long travail it was
a long journey from bush to concrete

And now I am haunted by the cave dwelling
hidden behind eighteen ninety
threatening my new-found luxury
in this the capital city of my mother country
I fight in nightmarish vain
but my road runs and turns into dusty gravel
into over-beaten foot tracks that lead
to a plastic hut and soon to a mud-grass dwelling
threatened by wind and rain and cold

We have fled from witches and wizards
on a long long road to the city
but behind the halo of tower lights
I hear the cry from human blood
and wicked bones rattling around me

We moved into the lights
but from the dark periphery behind
an almighty hand reaches for our shirts.

(Musaemura Zimunya)

In what ways does Zimunya vividly convey the 'long journey from bush to concrete' in this poem?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Oedipus:</i>	<p>O power— wealth and empire, skill outstripping skill in the heady rivalries of life, what envy lurks inside you! Just for this, the crown the city gave me—I never sought it, they laid it in my hands—for this alone, Creon, the soul of trust, my loyal friend from the start steals against me ... so hungry to overthrow me he sets this wizard on me, this scheming quack, this fortune-teller peddling lies, eyes peeled for his own profit—seer blind in his craft!</p>	5 10
	<p>Come here, you pious fraud. Tell me, when did you ever prove yourself a prophet? When the Sphinx, that chanting Fury kept her deathwatch here, why silent then, not a word to set our people free? There was a riddle, not for some passer-by to solve— it cried out for a prophet. Where were you? Did you rise to the crisis? Not a word, you and your birds, your gods—nothing. No, but I came by, Oedipus the ignorant, I stopped the Sphinx! With no help from the birds, the flight of my own intelligence hit the mark.</p>	15 20
	<p>And this is the man you'd try to overthrow? You think you'll stand by Creon when he's king? You and the great mastermind— you'll pay in tears, I promise you, for this, this witch-hunt. If you didn't look so senile the lash would teach you what your scheming means!</p>	25
<i>Leader:</i>	<p>I would suggest his words were spoken in anger, Oedipus ... yours too, and it isn't what we need. The best solution to the oracle, the riddle posed by god—we should look for that.</p>	30
<i>Tiresias:</i>	<p>You are the king no doubt, but in one respect, at least, I am your equal: the right to reply. I claim that privilege too. I am not your slave. I serve Apollo. I don't need Creon to speak for me in public.</p>	35
	<p style="text-align: right;">So,</p> <p>you mock my blindness? Let me tell you this. You with your precious eyes, you're blind to the corruption of your life, to the house you live in, those you live with— who <i>are</i> your parents? Do you know? All unknowing you are the scourge of your own flesh and blood, the dead below the earth and the living here above, and the double lash of your mother and your father's curse will whip you from this land one day, their footfall treading you down in terror, darkness shrouding</p>	40 45

your eyes that now can see the light!

Soon, soon 50

you'll scream aloud—what haven won't reverberate?
 What rock of Cithaeron won't scream back in echo?
 That day you learn the truth about your marriage,
 the wedding-march that sang you into your halls,
 the lusty voyage home to the fatal harbor! 55
 And a crowd of other horrors you'd never dream
 will level you with yourself and all your children.

There. Now smear us with insults—Creon, myself
 and every word I've said. No man will ever
 be rooted from the earth as brutally as you. 60

Oedipus: Enough! Such filth from him? Insufferable—
 what, still alive? Get out—
 faster, back where you came from—vanish!

How does Sophocles make the relationship between Oedipus and Tiresias so dramatically compelling at this moment in the play?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri), and then answer the question that follows it:

I like to think of that moment in Mrs Croft's parlor as the moment when the distance between Mala and me began to lessen. Although we were not yet fully in love, I like to think of the months that followed as a honeymoon of sorts. Together we explored the city and met other Bengalis, some of whom are still friends today. We discovered that a man named Bill sold fresh fish on Prospect Street, and that a shop in Harvard Square called Cardullo's sold bay leaves and cloves. In the evenings we walked to the Charles River to watch sailboats drift across the water, or had ice cream cones in Harvard Yard. We bought an Instamatic camera with which to document our life together, and I took pictures of her posing in front of the Prudential building, so that she could send them to her parents. At night we kissed, shy at first but quickly bold, and discovered pleasure and solace in each other's arms. I told her about my voyage on the SS *Roma*, and about Finsbury Park and the YMCA, and my evenings on the bench with Mrs Croft. When I told her stories about my mother, she wept. It was Mala who consoled me when, reading the *Globe* one evening, I came across Mrs Croft's obituary. I had not thought of her in several months – by then those six weeks of the summer were already a remote interlude in my past – but when I learned of her death I was stricken, so much so that when Mala looked up from her knitting she found me staring at the wall, the newspaper neglected in my lap, unable to speak. Mrs Croft's was the first death I mourned in America, for hers was the first life I had admired; she had left this world at last, ancient and alone, never to return.

As for me, I have not strayed much farther. Mala and I live in a town about twenty miles from Boston, on a tree-lined street much like Mrs Croft's, in a house we own, with a garden that saves us from buying tomatoes in summer, and room for guests. We are American citizens now, so that we can collect social security when it is time. Though we visit Calcutta every few years, and bring back more drawstring pajamas and Darjeeling tea, we have decided to grow old here. I work in a small college library. We have a son who attends Harvard University. Mala no longer drapes the end of her sari over her head, or weeps at night for her parents, but occasionally she weeps for our son. So we drive to Cambridge to visit him, or bring him home for a weekend, so that he can eat rice with us with his hands, and speak in Bengali, things we sometimes worry he will no longer do after we die.

Whenever we make that drive, I always make it a point to take Massachusetts Avenue, in spite of the traffic. I barely recognise the buildings now, but each time I am there I return instantly to those six weeks as if they were only the other day, and I slow down and point to Mrs Croft's street, saying to my son, here was my first home in America, where I lived with a woman who was 103. 'Remember?' Mala says, and smiles, amazed, as I am, that there was ever a time that we were strangers. My son always expresses his astonishment, not at Mrs Croft's age, but at how little I paid in rent, a fact nearly as inconceivable to him as a flag on the moon was to a woman born in 1866. In my son's eyes I see the ambition that had first hurled me across the world. In a few years he will graduate and pave his way, alone and unprotected. But I remind myself that he has a father who is still living, a mother who is happy and strong. Whenever he is discouraged, I tell him that if I can survive on three continents, then there is no obstacle he cannot conquer. While the astronauts, heroes forever, spent mere hours on the moon, I have remained in this new world for nearly thirty years. I know that my achievement is quite ordinary. I am not the only man to seek his fortune far from home, and certainly I am not the first. Still, there are times I am bewildered by each mile I have traveled, each meal I have eaten, each person I have known, each room in which I have slept. As ordinary as it all appears, there are times when it is beyond my imagination.

How far does Lahiri's writing make this a satisfying ending to *The Third and Final Continent*?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 Explore the ways in which Dangarembga powerfully conveys Tambu's rebellious nature.

Do **not** use the extract in Question 1 when answering this question.

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 Explore the ways in which Ibsen dramatically portrays the unequal relationship between Nora and Torvald Helmer.

Do **not** use the extract in Question 2 when answering this question.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 In what ways does Richardson strikingly convey the pain of growing up?

Do **not** use the extract in Question 3 when answering this question.

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

- 10 How do the poets vividly portray children in *an afternoon nap* (by Arthur Yap) **and** *Children of Wealth* (by Elizabeth Daryush)?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 11 Explore the ways in which Sophocles dramatically presents the downfall of Oedipus.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 In what ways does Winton memorably convey injustice in *On Her Knees*?

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