



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE**0408/33**

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2020**1 hour 30 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Your questions may be on **one** set text or on **two** set texts.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **12** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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:

We fetched the dresses a week before the wedding and they were beautiful. I tried one on. It fitted me perfectly. Nyasha told me I looked gorgeous in it. 'Go-o-o-orgeous!' she said, so that I knew exactly what she meant. Nyasha was delighted, with the dresses, with the effect I created when I put mine on, with the whole idea of the wedding. She thought it was quaint.

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'You'll look so sweet,' she teased, 'all flowery and flowing for your mother's wedding. Really!' she chuckled, 'I can't wait. I won't see anything so sweet again in a long time.'

Sweet. Sweet enough to bring a smile and a chuckle. That was what Nyasha thought about my parents' wedding and it hurt. It hurt even though I knew she was being kind to call it sweet when the truth was much worse than that, when in fact the whole performance was ridiculous. The whole business reduced my parents to the level of the stars of a comic show, the entertainers. I did not want to see them brought down like that and I certainly did not want to be part of it. So I could not approve of the wedding. This I acknowledged with half of my mind, but in the other half the black square of sin reappeared and grew to an alarming size. I could not ignore it. With the preparations in full swing and people talking about nothing else but the wedding, there was no way of pretending that it was not going to happen. I had to think about it, about the fact that I did not want to go to that wedding. A wedding that made a mockery of the people I belonged to and placed doubt on my legitimate existence in this world. I knew I had to come to a decision, take some sort of action, but I was not like Nyasha: I couldn't simply go up to Babamukuru and tell him what I thought. So I pretended to myself that the wedding was a wonderful plan, just what my parents needed. I told myself that my parents had been deprived of the pomp and ceremony of a wedding in their youth and that now Babamukuru's generosity was making it up to them. It was necessary to exaggerate quite wildly to try to convince myself. I even insisted, very strictly, that my parents were eagerly looking forward to the occasion, but it was no use. I simply did not believe these lies. My father always enjoyed a bit of play-acting, a chance to make a show, so he would be all right. He would have a marvellous time playing the part of the groom and would carry it off too, but my mother's case was entirely different. She had tiredly told me that it did not matter one way or the other, and even Lucia was uncharacteristically unpassionate about it. 'It is happening,' she said, 'so we make it good. Otherwise people will laugh. They won't fail. So we make it good, isn't it?'

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Lucia's was a sensible attitude, one I tried to adopt. But the advantages and disadvantages of white lace and vows and veils at this late stage battled about in my head so furiously that I could not sleep for nights on end. Yet I said nothing, not even to Nyasha, who would have told me to make up my mind and stick to my principles, and would have called me feeble when I confessed I could not. There was no way out. The dresses were made, the shoes and stockings, real stockings to make our high-heeled peach sandals look even more elegant, all these things were ready and waiting. My role in the comedy had been confirmed and rehearsed, but I still did not want to take part. It was all right for the others, I grumbled to myself; they were not my parents' daughter. I watched Nyasha, who remained amused, and Maiguru, who had gone back to being solicitous, bustling about with her share of the preparations so that the wedding would

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be a success and, she said, her Daddy-sweet would not be disappointed. I watched the day draw nearer and still I said nothing. 45

'Er, Tambudzai,' Babamukuru said to me at supper on the Thursday before the wedding, 'I shall take you home tomorrow, in the afternoon, with Lucia, so that you can help with the preparations over there.'

'Do not take me at all. I don't want to be in your stupid wedding,' I wanted to shout. Instead I said quietly and politely, 'Very well, Babamukuru. That will make things much easier for everybody.' 50

There was definitely something wrong with me, otherwise I would have had something to say for myself. I knew I had not taken a stand on many issues since coming to the mission, but all along I had been thinking that it was because there had been no reason to, that when the time came I would be able to do it. 55

How does Dangarembga make this extract such a revealing moment in the novel?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

<i>Nora:</i>	When you had got over your fright—and you weren't concerned about me but only about what might happen to you—and when all danger was past, you acted as though nothing had happened. I was your little sky-lark again, your little doll, exactly as before; except you would have to protect it twice as carefully as before, now that it had shown itself to be so weak and fragile. [<i>Rises.</i>] Torvald, that was the moment I realised that for eight years I'd been living with a stranger, and had borne him three children. ... Oh, I can't bear to think about it! I could tear myself to shreds.	5
<i>Helmer</i>	[<i>sadly</i>]: I see. I see. There is a tremendous gulf dividing us. But, Nora, is there no way we might bridge it?	10
<i>Nora:</i>	As I am now, I am no wife for you.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	I still have it in me to change.	
<i>Nora:</i>	Perhaps ... if you have your doll taken away.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	And be separated from you! No, no, Nora, the very thought of it is inconceivable.	15
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>goes into the room, right</i>]: All the more reason why it must be done. [<i>She comes back with her outdoor things and a small travelling bag which she puts on the chair beside the table.</i>]	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till the morning.	20
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>putting on her coat</i>]: I can't spend the night in a strange man's room.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Couldn't we go on living here like brother and sister. ...?	
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>tying on her hat</i>]: You know very well that wouldn't last. [<i>She draws the shawl round her.</i>] Goodbye, Torvald. I don't want to see the children. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I am now, I can never be anything to them.	25
<i>Helmer:</i>	But some day, Nora, some day ...?	
<i>Nora:</i>	How should I know? I've no idea what I might turn out to be.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	But you are my wife, whatever you are.	
<i>Nora:</i>	Listen, Torvald, from what I've heard, when a wife leaves her husband's house as I am doing now, he is absolved by law of all responsibility for her. I can at any rate free you from all responsibility. You must not feel in any way bound, any more than I shall. There must be full freedom on both sides. Look, here's your ring back. Give me mine.	30
<i>Helmer:</i>	That too?	35
<i>Nora:</i>	That too.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	There it is.	
<i>Nora:</i>	Well, that's the end of that. I'll put the keys down here. The maids know where everything is in the house—better than I do, in fact. Kristine will come in the morning after I've left to pack up the few things I brought with me from home. I want them sent on.	40
<i>Helmer:</i>	The end! Nora, will you never think of me?	
<i>Nora:</i>	I dare say I'll often think about you and the children and this house.	

<i>Helmer:</i>	May I write to you, Nora?	45
<i>Nora:</i>	No, never. I won't let you.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	But surely I can send you ...	
<i>Nora:</i>	Nothing, nothing.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Can't I help you if ever you need it?	
<i>Nora:</i>	I said 'no'. I don't accept things from strangers.	50
<i>Helmer:</i>	Nora, can I never be anything more to you than a stranger?	
<i>Nora</i>	<i>[takes her bag]:</i> Ah, Torvald, only by a miracle of miracles. ...	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Name it, this miracle of miracles!	
<i>Nora:</i>	Both you and I would have to change to the point where ... Oh, Torvald, I don't believe in miracles any more.	55
<i>Helmer:</i>	But I <i>will</i> believe. Name it! Change to the point where ...?	
<i>Nora:</i>	Where we could make a real marriage of our lives together. Goodbye! <i>[She goes out through the hall door.]</i>	
<i>Helmer</i>	<i>[sinks down on a chair near the door, and covers his face with his hands]:</i> Nora! Nora! <i>[He rises and looks round.]</i> Empty! She's gone! <i>[With sudden hope.]</i> The miracle of miracles ...? <i>[The heavy sound of a door being slammed is heard from below.]</i>	60

How far do you think Ibsen makes this a satisfying ending to the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

The girl stood, pale and silly-looking, and stared at Mr Strachey, much as a rabbit stares at the snake that is about to eat it. She was a very ugly girl of fourteen, with a pasty face, and lank hair that dangled to her shoulders. Her mouth had fallen half open through fear, and she did not shut it all the time she was on view.

Laura could not take her eyes off the scene: they travelled, burning with curiosity, from Annie Johns to Mr Strachey, and back again to the miserable thief. When, after a few introductory remarks on crime in general, the Principal passed on to the present case, and described it in detail, Laura was fascinated by his oratory, and gazed full at him. He made it all live vividly before her; she hung on his lips, appreciating his points, the skilful way in which he worked up his climaxes. But then, she herself knew what it was to be poor—as Annie Johns had been. She understood what it would mean to lack your tram fare, on a rainy morning—according to Mr Strachey, this was the motor-origin of the thefts—because a lolly shop had stretched out its octopus arms after you. She could imagine, too, with a shiver, how easy it would be, the loss of the first pennies having remained undiscovered, to go on to threepenny bits, and from these to sixpences. More particularly since the money had been taken, without exception, from pockets in which there was plenty. Not, Laura felt sure, in order to avoid detection, as Mr Strachey supposed, but because to those who had so much a few odd coins could not matter. She wondered if everyone else agreed with him on this point. How did the teachers feel about it?—and she ran her eyes over the row, to learn their opinions from their faces. But these were as stolid as ever. Only good old Chapman, she thought, looked a little sorry, and Miss Zielinski—yes, Miss Zielinski was crying! This discovery thrilled Laura—just as, at the play, the fact of one spectator being moved to tears intensifies his neighbour's enjoyment. But when Mr Strachey left the field of personal narration and went on to the moral aspects of the affair, Laura ceased to be gripped by him, and turned anew to study the pale, dogged face of the accused, though she had to crane her neck to do it. Before such a stony mask as this, she was driven to imagine what must be going on behind it; and while thus engrossed, she felt her arm angrily tweaked. It was Tilly.

'You *are* a beast to stare like that!'

'I'm not staring.'

She turned her eyes away at once, more than half believing her own words; and then, for some seconds, she tried to do what was expected of her: to feel a decent unconcern. At her back, Bertha's purry crying went steadily on. What on earth did she cry for! She had certainly not heard a word Mr Strachey said. Laura fidgeted in her seat, and stole a side-glance at Tilly's profile. She could not, really could not, miss the last scene of all, when, in masterly fashion, the Principal was gathering the threads together. And so, feeling rather like a 'Peeping Tom', she cautiously raised her eyes again, and this time managed to use them without turning her head.

All other eyes were still charitably lowered.

Explore how Richardson makes this such a dramatic moment in the novel.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

Messenger: By her own hand. But you are spared the worst,
you never had to watch ... I saw it all,
and with all the memory that's in me
you will learn what that poor woman suffered.

Once she'd broken in through the gates, 5
dashing past us, frantic, whipped to fury,
ripping her hair out with both hands—
straight to her rooms she rushed, flinging herself
across the bridal-bed, doors slamming behind her—
once inside, she wailed for Laius, dead so long, 10
remembering how she bore his child long ago,
the life that rose up to destroy him, leaving
its mother to mother living creatures
with the very son she'd borne.
Oh how she wept, mourning the marriage-bed 15
where she let loose that double brood—monsters—
husband by her husband, children by her child.
And then—
but how she died is more than I can say. Suddenly
Oedipus burst in, screaming, he stunned us so 20
we couldn't watch her agony to the end,
our eyes were fixed on him. Circling
like a maddened beast, stalking, here, there,
crying out to us—
Give him a sword! His wife, 25
no wife, his mother, where can he find the mother earth
that cropped two crops at once, himself and all his children?
He was raging—one of the dark powers pointing the way,
none of us mortals crowding around him, no,
with a great shattering cry—someone, something leading him on— 30
he hurled at the twin doors and bending the bolts back
out of their sockets, crashed through the chamber.
And there we saw the woman hanging by the neck,
cradled high in a woven noose, spinning,
swinging back and forth. And when he saw her, 35
giving a low, wrenching sob that broke our hearts,
slipping the halter from her throat, he eased her down,
in a slow embrace he laid her down, poor thing ...
then, what came next, what horror we beheld!

Explore how Sophocles makes this such a powerful moment in the play.

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

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

The Old Familiar Faces

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

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I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her –
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

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Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

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Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

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(Charles Lamb)

How does Lamb make *The Old Familiar Faces* so moving?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Lady in the Looking-Glass: A Reflection* (by Virginia Woolf), and then answer the question that follows:

Isabella did not wish to be known – but she should no longer escape. It was absurd, it was monstrous. If she concealed so much and knew so much one must prize her open with the first tool that came to hand – the imagination. One must fix one’s mind upon her at that very moment. One must fasten her down there. One must refuse to be put off any longer with sayings and doings such as the moment brought forth – with dinners and visits and polite conversations. One must put oneself in her shoes. If one took the phrase literally, it was easy to see the shoes in which she stood, down in the lower garden, at this moment. They were very narrow and long and fashionable – they were made of the softest and most flexible leather. Like everything she wore, they were exquisite. And she would be standing under the high hedge in the lower part of the garden, raising the scissors that were tied to her waist to cut some dead flower, some overgrown branch. The sun would beat down on her face, into her eyes; but no, at the critical moment a veil of cloud covered the sun, making the expression of her eyes doubtful – was it mocking or tender, brilliant or dull? One could only see the indeterminate outline of her rather faded, fine face looking at the sky. She was thinking, perhaps, that she must order a new net for the strawberries; that she must send flowers to Johnson’s widow; that it was time she drove over to see the Hipposleys in their new house. Those were the things she talked about at dinner certainly. But one was tired of the things that she talked about at dinner. It was her profounder state of being that one wanted to catch and turn to words, the state that is to the mind what breathing is to the body, what one calls happiness or unhappiness. At the mention of those words it became obvious, surely, that she must be happy. She was rich; she was distinguished; she had many friends; she travelled – she bought rugs in Turkey and blue pots in Persia. Avenues of pleasure radiated this way and that from where she stood with her scissors raised to cut the trembling branches while the lacy clouds veiled her face.

Here with a quick movement of her scissors she snipped the spray of traveller’s joy and it fell to the ground. As it fell, surely some light came in too, surely one could penetrate a little farther into her being. Her mind then was filled with tenderness and regret ... To cut an overgrown branch saddened her because it had once lived, and life was dear to her. Yes, and at the same time the fall of the branch would suggest to her how she must die herself and all the futility and evanescence of things. And then again quickly catching this thought up, with her instant good sense, she thought life had treated her well; even if fall she must, it was to lie on the earth and moulder sweetly into the roots of violets. So she stood thinking. Without making any thought precise – for she was one of those reticent people whose minds hold their thoughts enmeshed in clouds of silence – she was filled with thoughts. Her mind was like her room, in which lights advanced and retreated, came pirouetting and stepping delicately, spread their tails, pecked their way; and then her whole being was suffused, like the room again, with a cloud of some profound knowledge, some unspoken regret, and then she was full of locked drawers, stuffed with letters, like her cabinets. To talk of ‘prizing her open’ as if she were an oyster, to use any but the finest and subtlest and most pliable tools upon her was impious and absurd. One must imagine – here was she in the looking-glass. It made one start.

She was so far off at first that one could not see her clearly. She came lingering and pausing, here straightening a rose, there lifting a pink to smell it, but she never stopped; and all the time she became larger and larger in the looking-glass, more and more completely the person into whose mind one had been trying to penetrate. One verified her by degrees – fitted the qualities one had discovered into this visible body. There were her grey-green dress, and her long shoes, her basket, and something sparkling at her throat. She came so gradually that she did not seem to derange the pattern in the glass, but only to bring in some new element which gently moved and altered the other

objects as if asking them, courteously, to make room for her. And the letters and the table and the grass walk and the sunflowers which had been waiting in the looking-glass separated and opened out so that she might be received among them. At last there she was, in the hall. She stopped dead. She stood by the table. She stood perfectly still. At once the looking-glass began to pour over her a light that seemed to fix her; that seemed like some acid to bite off the unessential and superficial and to leave only the truth. It was an enthralling spectacle. Everything dropped from her – clouds, dress, basket, diamond – all that one had called the creeper and convolvulus. Here was the hard wall beneath. Here was the woman herself. She stood naked in that pitiless light. And there was nothing. Isabella was perfectly empty. She had no thoughts. She had no friends. She cared for nobody. As for her letters, they were all bills. Look, as she stood there, old and angular, veined and lined, with her high nose and her wrinkled neck, she did not even trouble to open them.

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People should not leave looking-glasses hanging in their rooms.

What striking impressions of Isabella does Woolf create for you in this ending to the story?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 'Tambu challenges traditional ideas of her culture.'

Explore how Dangarembga persuades you to agree with this view.

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

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 What does Ibsen's portrayal of Dr Rank contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore how Richardson strikingly contrasts Laura's relationships with Evelyn and Chinky.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 What does Sophocles' presentation of the Chorus contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 How does Curnow strikingly convey ideas about time in his poem *Time*?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 In what ways does Deal strikingly portray Mr Wills in *The Taste of Watermelon*?

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