



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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**WORLD LITERATURE****0408/31**

Paper 3 Set Text

**May/June 2021****1 hour 30 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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**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.

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This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

Shinji continued climbing. He paused to look at the broken flagpole out a third-story window—and this time he was certain he heard the sound of someone’s sobbing. He gave a start and ran lightly on up to the roof on sneaker-clad feet.

The one who was really startled was the girl on the roof, having a boy suddenly appear before her out of nowhere, without so much as a footfall. She was wearing wooden clogs and was weeping, but now she ceased her sobbing and stood petrified with fear. It was Hatsue. 5

As for the boy, he had never dreamed of such a fortunate meeting and could not believe his eyes.

So the two of them simply stood there, startled, like animals that come suddenly face to face in the forest, looking into each other’s eyes, their emotions wavering between caution and curiosity. 10

Finally Shinji spoke:

“You’re Hatsue-san, aren’t you?”

Hatsue nodded involuntarily and then looked surprised at his knowing her name. But something about the black, serious eyes of this boy who was making such an effort to put up a bold front seemed to remind her of a young face that had gazed at her fixedly on the beach the other day. 15

“It was you crying, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, it was me.” 20

“Why were you crying?” Shinji sounded like a policeman.

Her reply came with unexpected promptness. The mistress of the lighthouse gave lessons in etiquette and homemaking for the girls of the village who were interested, and today Hatsue was going to attend for the first time. But, coming too early, she had decided to climb the mountain behind the lighthouse and had lost her way. 25

Just then the shadow of a bird swept over their heads. It was a peregrine. Shinji took this for a lucky sign. Thereupon his tangled tongue came unloose and, recovering his usual air of manliness, he told her that he passed the lighthouse on his way home and would go that far with her.

Hatsue smiled, making not the slightest effort to wipe away the tears that had flowed down her cheeks. It was as though the sun had come shining through rain. She was wearing a red sweater, blue-serge slacks, and red-velvet socks—the split-toed kind worn with clogs. 30

Hatsue leaned over the concrete parapet at the edge of the roof and looked down at the sea. 35

“What’s this building?” she asked.

Shinji too went to the parapet, but at a little distance from the girl.

“It used to be a target-observation tower,” he answered. “They watched from here to see where the cannon shells landed.” 40

Here on the south side of the island, screened by the mountain, there was no wind. The sunlit expanse of the Pacific stretched away beneath their eyes. The pine-clad cliff dropped abruptly to the sea, its jutting rocks stained white with cormorant droppings, and

the water near the base of the cliff was black-brown from the seaweed growing on the ocean floor.

Shinji pointed to a tall rock just offshore where the surging waves were striking, sending up clouds of spray. 45

“That’s called Black Isle,” he explained. “It’s where Policeman Suzuki was fishing when the waves washed him away and drowned him.”

Shinji was thoroughly happy. But the time was drawing near when Hatsue was due at the lighthouse. Straightening up from the concrete parapet, she turned toward Shinji. 50

“I’ll be going now,” she said.

Shinji made no answer and a surprised look came over his face. He had caught sight of a black streak that ran straight across the front of her red sweater.

Hatsue followed his gaze and saw the dirty smudge, just in the spot where she had been leaning her breast against the concrete parapet. Bending her head, she started slapping her breast with her open hands. Beneath her sweater, which all but seemed to be concealing some firm supports, two gently swelling mounds were set to trembling ever so slightly by the brisk brushing of her hands. 55

Shinji stared in wonder. Struck by her hands, the breasts seemed more like two small, playful animals. The boy was deeply stirred by the resilient softness of their movement. 60

The streak of dirt was finally brushed out.

Shinji went first down the concrete steps and Hatsue followed, her clogs making very clear, light sounds which echoed from the four walls of the ruins. But the sounds behind Shinji’s back came to a stop as they were reaching the first floor. 65

Shinji looked back. The girl was standing there, laughing.

In what ways does Mishima make this moment in the novel so memorable?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

[MARIA stands with her head bowed. YERMA gets up and looks at her in astonishment.]

Yerma: It's only been five months!

Maria: I know.

Yerma: Are you quite sure?

5

Maria: Of course!

Yerma [with curiosity]: So how do you feel?

Maria: I don't know. Anxious.

Yerma: Anxious! [Gripping her.] When did it happen? Tell me! Were you surprised?

10

Maria: I think so, yes.

Yerma: You must have been singing. But I sing too. Tell me ...

Maria: Don't ask. Have you ever held a live bird?

Yerma: Yes.

Maria: That's what it's like. But deep inside ... in your blood.

15

Yerma: Such a beautiful thing! [She looks at her as if transported.]

Maria: I'm so confused. I don't know anything.

Yerma: About what?

Maria: About what to do. I'll talk to my mother.

Yerma: What for? She's far too old. She'll have forgotten it all. You shouldn't be on your feet too much, and when you breathe, breathe softly, as if you were holding a rose in your mouth.

20

Maria: They say that later on he kicks you gently with his little feet.

Yerma: That's when you really start to love him ... when you say to yourself: this is *my* child!

25

Maria: Even so, I feel embarrassed.

Yerma: What's your husband say?

Maria: Nothing really.

Yerma: Does he love you?

Maria: He never says so, but when he comes close, his eyes tremble like two green leaves.

30

Yerma: So did he know that ...?

Maria: Of course!

Yerma: But how?

Maria: I'm not sure. On our wedding night he kept talking to me, and his mouth was pressed against my cheek. Sometimes I think the baby's a bright dove he slipped in my ear.

35

Yerma: You are so lucky!

Maria: But you know so much more than me.

Yerma: For all the good it does!

40

Maria: But why is that? You married along with the rest, but you are the only

- one ...
- Yerma:* Yes, but there's still time. Elena waited for three years, and some of the older women from my mother's time, even longer. But, yes, two years and twenty days ... it's far too long! It's not fair to be wasting away. Some nights I go out to the patio in my bare feet just to feel the earth. I don't know why. If I go on like this, I'll make myself ill. 45
- Maria:* Come here to me! You talk as if you were old already. As far as I can see, there's not much point complaining. One of my mother's sisters waited fourteen years. The boy was perfect! 50
- Yerma* [*eagerly*]: Tell me!
- Maria:* He cried as loud as a young bull, like a thousand crickets singing at once, and he'd pee on us and pull our hair. By the time he was four months old, he used to scratch our faces.
- Yerma* [*laughing*]: Things like that don't hurt. 55
- Maria:* Believe me!
- Yerma:* Look! I've watched my sister feeding her child, and her breast was scratched and sore. But the pain she felt was fresh and good and healthy.
- Maria:* People say that children ruin your life.
- Yerma:* Not true! Only weak, complaining women say such things. I can't think why they have them. It's not like getting a bunch of roses. We have to suffer to see them grow up. They draw half our blood from us. But it's good and healthy and beautiful. We women have blood for four or five children. But when they don't come, it turns to poison, like mine's doing now. 60
- Maria:* I don't know what's wrong with me.
- Yerma:* It's a well-known fact. First-time mothers are always frightened.
- Maria* [*timidly*]: I was wondering... You sew so well...
- Yerma* [*takes the bundle from her*]: I'll make two little suits. What's this?
- Maria:* Oh, that's for nappies. 70
- Yerma:* Right. [*She sits down.*]
- Maria:* I'd best be going.  
[*She goes up to YERMA and YERMA lovingly runs her hands over MARIA's belly.*]

Explore the ways in which Lorca makes this conversation between Yerma and Maria so revealing.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

From among these long, glossy curls, she now cut one of the longest and most spiral, cut it off close to the roots, and, with it, bound the flowers together. Mother should see that she did know how to give up something she cared for, and was not as selfish as she was commonly supposed to be.

'Oh...h...h!' said both little boys in a breath, then doubled up in noisy mirth. Laura was constantly doing something to set their young blood in amazement: they looked upon her as the personification of all that was startling and unexpected. But Pin, returning with the reel of thread, opened her eyes in a different way.

'Oh, Laura...!' she began, tearful at once.

'Now, res'vor!' retorted Laura scornfully—'res'vor' was Sarah's name for Pin, on account of her perpetual wateriness. 'Be a cry-baby, do!' But she was not damped: she was lost in the pleasure of self-sacrifice.

Pin looked after her as she danced off, then moved submissively in her wake, to be near at hand should intercession be needed. Laura was so unsuspecting, and Mother would be so cross. In her dim, childish way, Pin longed to see these, her two nearest, at peace; she understood them both so well, and they had little or no understanding for each other—so she crept to the house at her sister's heels.

Laura did not go indoors; hiding against the wall of the flagged verandah, she threw her bouquet in at the window, meaning it to fall on Mother's lap.

But Mother had dropped her needle, and was just lifting her face, flushed with stooping, when the flowers hit her a thwack on the head. She groped again, impatiently, to find what had struck her, recognised the peace-offering, and thought of the surprise cake that was to go into Laura's box, on the morrow. Then she saw the curl, and her face darkened. Was there ever such a tiresome child! What in all the world would she do next?

'Laura, come here, directly!'

Laura had moved away; she was not expecting recognition. If Mother were pleased, she would call Pin to put the flowers in water for her, and that would be the end of it. The idea of a word of thanks would have made Laura feel uncomfortable. Now, however, at the tone of Mother's voice, her mouth set stubbornly. She went indoors, as she was bidden, but was already up in arms again.

'You're a very naughty girl, indeed!' began Mother as soon as she appeared. 'How dare you cut off your hair! Upon my word, if it weren't your last night at home, I'd send you to bed without any supper!'—an unheard-of threat on the part of Mother, who punished her children in any way but that of denying them their food. 'It's a very good thing you're leaving home tomorrow, for you'd soon be setting the others at defiance, too, and I should have four naughty children on my hands instead of one. But I'd be ashamed to go to school such a fright if I were you. Turn round, at once, and let me see you!'

Laura turned, with a sinking heart. Pin cried softly in a corner.

'She thought it would please you, mother,' she sobbed.

'I *will* not have you interfering, Pin, when I'm speaking to Laura. She's old enough by now to know what I like and what I don't,' said Mother, who was vexed at the thought of the child going among strangers, thus disfigured. 'And now, get away, and don't let me see you again. You're a perfect sight.'

'Oh, Laura, you do look funny!' said Leppie and Frank in weak chorus, as she passed them in the passage.

'Well, yer 'ave made a guy o' yerself this time, Miss Laura, and no mistake!' said Sarah, who had heard the above.

Laura went into her own room and locked the door, a thing Mother did not allow. Then she threw herself on the bed and cried. Mother had not understood in the least; and she had made a fright of herself into the bargain. She refused to open the door, though

one after another rattled the handle, and though Sarah threatened to turn the hose in at the window. So they left her alone, and she spent the evening in a watery dudgeon on her pillow. But before she undressed for the night, she stealthily made a chink, and took in the slice of cake Pin had left on the doormat. Her natural buoyancy of spirit was beginning to reassert itself. By brushing her hair well to one side, she could cover up the gap, she found; and, after all, there was something rather pleasant in knowing that you were misunderstood. It made you feel different from everyone else. 55

Mother, sewing hard, after even the busy Sarah had retired, smiled a stern little smile of amusement to herself; and, before going to bed, laid the curl in an old leather case, where certain other treasures were hoarded up: a small nugget of gold, Laura's first letter, a lock of fair hair streaked with grey. 60

How does Richardson make this moment in the novel both entertaining and moving at the same time?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Leader:</i>	Oh poor man, the misery— has he any rest from pain now? [ <i>A voice within, in torment.</i> ]	
<i>Messenger:</i>	He's shouting, "Loose the bolts, someone, show me to all of Thebes! My father's murderer, my mother's—" No, I can't repeat it, it's unholy. Now he'll tear himself from his native earth, not linger, curse the house with his own curse. But he needs strength, and a guide to lead him on. This is sickness more than he can bear. [ <i>The palace doors open.</i> ]	5           10
	Look, he'll show you himself. The great doors are opening— you are about to see a sight, a horror even his mortal enemy would pity. [ <i>Enter OEDIPUS, blinded, led by a boy. He stands at the palace steps, as if surveying his people once again.</i> ]	15
<i>Chorus:</i>	O the terror— the suffering, for all the world to see, the worst terror that ever met my eyes. What madness swept over you? What god, what dark power leapt beyond all bounds, beyond belief, to crush your wretched life?— godforsaken, cursed by the gods! I pity you but I can't bear to look. I've much to ask, so much to learn, so much fascinates my eyes, but you ... I shudder at the sight.	20           25
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Oh, Ohh— the agony! I am agony— where am I going? where on earth? where does all this agony hurl me? where's my voice?— winging, swept away on a dark tide— My destiny, my dark power, what a leap you made!	30        35
<i>Chorus:</i>	To the depths of terror, too dark to hear, to see.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Dark, horror of darkness <i>my</i> darkness, drowning, swirling around me crashing wave on wave—unspeakable, irresistible headwind, fatal harbor! Oh again, the misery, all at once, over and over the stabbing daggers, stab of memory raking me insane.	40
<i>Chorus:</i>	No wonder you suffer twice over, the pain of your wounds, the lasting grief of pain.	45



<i>Oedipus:</i>	Dear friend, still here? Standing by me, still with a care for me, the blind man? Such compassion, loyal to the last. Oh it's you, I know you're here, dark as it is I'd know you anywhere, your voice— it's yours, clearly yours.	50
<i>Chorus:</i>	Dreadful, what you've done ... how could you bear it, gouging out your eyes? What superhuman power drove you on?	55
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Apollo, friends, Apollo— he ordained my agonies—these, my pains on pains! But the hand that struck my eyes was mine, mine alone—no one else— I did it all myself! What good were eyes to me? Nothing I could see could bring me joy.	60
<i>Chorus:</i>	No, no, exactly as you say.	65
<i>Oedipus:</i>	What can I ever see? What love, what call of the heart can touch my ears with joy? Nothing, friends. Take me away, far, far from Thebes, quickly, cast me away, my friends— this great murderous ruin, this man cursed to heaven, the man the deathless gods hate most of all!	70
<i>Chorus:</i>	Pitiful, you suffer so, you understand so much ... I wish you had never known.	

In what ways does Sophocles make 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:

*Storyteller*

she sat down  
at the scoured table  
in the swept kitchen  
beside the dresser with its cracked delft.  
And every last crumb of daylight was salted away. 5

No one could say the stories were useless  
for as the tongue clacked  
five or forty fingers stitched  
corn was grated from the husk  
patchwork was pieced 10  
or the darning done.

Never the one to slander her shiftless,  
Daily sloven or spotless no matter whether  
dishwater or tasty was her soup.  
To tell the stories was her work. 15  
It was like spinning,  
gathering thin air to the singlest strongest  
thread. Night in  
she'd have us waiting, held  
breath, for the ending we knew by heart. 20

And at first light  
as the women stirred themselves to build the fire  
as the peasant's feet felt for clogs  
as thin grey washed over flat fields  
the stories dissolved in the whorl of the ear 25  
but they  
hung themselves upside down  
in the sleeping heads of the children  
till they flew again  
in the storytellers night. 30

*Liz Lochhead*

How does Lochhead create such a memorable portrait of the storyteller in this poem?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

## From STORIES OF OURSELVES

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

It disturbed me more than it should have. After all, I'd never had it in mind to try for the melon, had I? 'I don't believe it,' I said flatly. 'He wouldn't kill anybody over a watermelon. Even a seed melon like that one.'

'Old Man Wills would,' J.D. said.

Freddy Gray was still watching me. 'What's got you into such a swivet?' he said. 'You weren't planning on going after that melon yourself?' 5

'Well, yes,' I said. 'As a matter of fact, I was.'

There was a moment of respectful silence. Even from me. I hadn't known I was going to say those words. To this day I don't know why I said them. It was all mixed up with Willadean and the rumour of Mr Wills having his gun loaded with double-ought buckshot and the boys still thinking of me as an outsider. It surged up out of me – not the idea of making my name for years to come by such a deed, but the feeling that there was a rightness in defying the world and Mr Wills. 10

Mixed up with it all there came into my mouth the taste of watermelon. I could taste the sweet red juices oozing over my tongue, feel the delicate threaded redness of the heart as I squeezed the juices out of it. 15

I stood up. 'As a matter of fact,' I said. 'I'm going after it right now.'

'Wait a minute,' J.D. said in alarm. 'You can't do it on a moonlight night like this. It's 200 yards from the creek-bank to that melon. He'll see you for sure.'

'Yeah,' Freddy Gray said, 'wait until a dark night. Wait until—'

'Anybody could steal it on a dark night,' I said scornfully. 'I'm going to take it right out from under his nose. Tonight.' 20

I began putting on my clothes. My heart was thudding in my chest. I didn't taste watermelon any more. I tasted fear. But it was too late to stop now. Besides, I didn't want to stop. 25

We dressed silently, and I led the way up the creek-bank. We came opposite the watermelon patch and ducked down the bank. We pushed through the willows on the other side and looked toward the barn. We could see Mr Wills very plainly. The gun was cradled in his arms, glinting from the moonlight.

'You'll never make it,' J.D. said in a quiet, fateful voice. 'He'll see you before you're six steps away from the creek.' 30

'You don't think I mean to walk, do you?' I said.

I pushed myself out away from them, on my belly in the grass that grew up around the watermelon hills. I was absolutely flat, closer to the earth than I thought it was possible to get. I looked back once, to see their white faces watching me out of the willows. 35

I went on, stopping once in a while to look cautiously up towards the barn. He was still there, still quiet. I met a terrapin taking a bite out of a small melon. Terrapins love watermelons, better than boys do. I touched him on the shell and whispered, 'Hello, brother,' but he didn't acknowledge my greeting. He just drew into his shell. I went on, wishing I was equipped like a terrapin for the job, outside as well as inside. 40

It seemed to take for ever to reach the great melon in the middle of the field. With every move, I expected Mr Wills to see me. Fortunately the grass was high enough to cover me. At last the melon loomed up before me, deep green in the moonlight, and I gasped at the size of it. I'd never seen it so close. 45

I lay still for a moment, panting. I didn't have the faintest idea how to get it out of the field. Even if I'd stood up, I couldn't have lifted it by myself. A melon is the slipperiest, most cumbersome object in the world. And this was the largest I'd ever seen. It was not a long melon, but a fat round one. Besides, I didn't dare stand up.

For five minutes I didn't move. I lay there, my nostrils breathing up the smell of the 50

earth and the musty smell of the watermelon vines, and I wondered why I was out here in the middle of all that moonlight on such a venture. There was more to it than just bravado. I was proving something to myself – and to Mr Wills and Willadean.

I thought of a tempting way out then, I would carve my name into the deep greenness of the melon. Mr Wills would see it the next morning when he inspected the melon, and he would know that I could have stolen it if I had wanted to. But no – crawling to the melon wasn't the same thing as actually taking it. 55

I reached one hand around the melon and found the stem. I broke the tough stem off close against the smooth roundness, and I was committed. I looked toward the barn again. All quiet. I saw Mr Wills stretch and yawn, and his teeth glistened; the moon was that bright and I was that close. 60

I struggled around behind the melon and shoved at it. It rolled over sluggishly, and I pushed it again. It was hard work, pushing it down the trough my body had made through the grass. Dust rose up around me, and I wanted to sneeze. My spine was crawling with the expectation of a shot. Surely he'd see that the melon was gone out of its accustomed space. 65

It took about a hundred years to push that melon out of the field. I say that advisedly, because I felt that much older when I finally reached the edge. With the last of my strength I shoved it into the willows and collapsed. I was still lying in the edge of the field. 70

'Come on,' Freddy Gray said, his voice pleading. 'He's—'

I couldn't move. I turned my head. He was standing up to stretch and yawn to his content, and then he sat down again. By then I was rested enough to move again. I snaked into the willows and they grabbed me.

'You did it!' they said. 'By golly, you did it!'

Explore how Deal makes this moment in *The Taste of Watermelon* so dramatic.

**SECTION B**

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

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

- 7 How does Mishima's portrayal of Chiyoko contribute strikingly to the impact of the novel?

**FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma***

- 8 Explore the ways in which Lorca memorably portrays Juan.

**HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom***

- 9 How far does Richardson's portrayal of Laura at college encourage you to feel sorry for her?

**SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King***

- 10 How does Sophocles dramatically convey Oedipus's growing awareness of his past?

**SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3**

- 11 How do the poets powerfully convey feelings of loss in *The Old Familiar Faces* (by Charles Lamb) **and** *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy)?

**From STORIES OF OURSELVES**

- 12 In what ways does Geok-Lin Lim convey powerful emotions in her story *Journey*?



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