



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

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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/33**

Paper 3 Set Text

**October/November 2018**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.  
Your questions may be on one set text or two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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This document consists of **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** Insert.

## SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle***

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

<i>Grusha:</i>	I won't give him away. I've brought him up, and he knows me. [Enter SHAUVA with the child.]	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	It's in rags!	
<i>Grusha:</i>	That's not true. I wasn't given the time to put on his good shirt.	5
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	It's been in a pig-sty.	
<i>Grusha</i>	[ <i>furious</i> ]: I'm no pig, but there are others who are. Where did you leave your child?	
<i>The Governor's Wife:</i>	I'll let you have it, you vulgar person. [ <i>She is about to throw herself on GRUSHA, but is restrained by her lawyers.</i> ] She's a criminal! She must be flogged! Right away!	10
<i>The Second Lawyer</i>	[ <i>holding his hand over her mouth</i> ]: Most gracious Natella Abashvili, you promised ... Your Worship, the plaintiff's nerves ...	15
<i>Azdak:</i>	Plaintiff and defendant! The Court has listened to your case, and has come to no decision as to who the real mother of this child is. I as Judge have the duty of choosing a mother for the child. I'll make a test. Shauva, get a piece of chalk and draw a circle on the floor. [SHAUVA <i>does so.</i> ] Now place the child in the centre. [SHAUVA <i>puts</i> MICHAEL, <i>who smiles at GRUSHA, in the centre of the circle.</i> ] Plaintiff and defendant, stand near the circle, both of you. [THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE <i>and</i> GRUSHA <i>step up to the circle.</i> ] Now each of you take the child by a hand. The true mother is she who has the strength to pull the child out of the circle, towards herself.	20
<i>The Second Lawyer</i>	[ <i>quickly</i> ]: High Court of Justice, I protest! I object that the fate of the great Abashvili estates, which are bound up with the child as the heir, should be made dependent on such a doubtful wrestling match. Moreover, my client does not command the same physical strength as this person, who is accustomed to physical work.	25
<i>Azdak:</i>	She looks pretty well fed to me. Pull!	
	[THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE <i>pulls the child out of the circle to her side.</i> GRUSHA <i>has let it go and stands aghast.</i> ]	30
<i>The First Lawyer</i>	[ <i>congratulating</i> THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE]: What did I say! The bonds of blood!	35

Azdak	[to GRUSHA]: What's the matter with you? You didn't pull!	
Grusha:	I didn't hold on to him. [ <i>She runs to AZDAK.</i> ] Your Worship, I take back everything I said against you. I ask your forgiveness. If I could just keep him until he can speak properly. He knows only a few words.	40
Azdak:	Don't influence the Court! I bet you know only twenty yourself. All right, I'll do the test once more, to make certain. [ <i>The two women take up positions again.</i> ]	45
Azdak:	Pull! [ <i>Again GRUSHA lets go of the child.</i> ]	
Grusha	[ <i>in despair</i> ]: I've brought him up! Am I to tear him to pieces? I can't do it!	50
Azdak	[ <i>rising</i> ]: And in this manner the Court has established the true mother. [ <i>To GRUSHA</i> ]: Take your child and be off with it. I advise you not to stay in town with him. [ <i>To THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE</i> ]: And you disappear before I fine you for fraud. Your estates fall to the city. A playground for children will be made out of them. They need one, and I have decided it shall be called after me—The Garden of Azdak.	55
	[ <i>THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE has fainted and is carried out by the Adjutant. Her lawyers have preceded her. GRUSHA stands motionless. SHAUVA leads the child towards her.</i> ]	60

How does Brecht make this moment in the play so powerful?

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

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

‘All I wanted to say,’ Nyasha replied apologetically, ‘was that when I can’t sleep usually what I need is a good read. Really! Sometimes I have to read until one o’clock, but after that I usually drop off.’

‘Then that’s what you should have said,’ said my aunt.

‘Talking about books,’ Nyasha went on, ‘I could have sworn I brought that D H Lawrence in here. Have you seen it, Mum?’

‘I don’t see it anywhere.’

‘But I’m pretty positive I brought it in here,’ insisted Nyasha, wrinkling her forehead and forgetting to eat in her effort to remember where she had put her book. ‘Gosh! If I didn’t bring it in I’m getting awfully absent-minded.’ She took a mouthful of food, then pushed her chair back. ‘It’s bugging me. Just let me check in the bedroom.’

‘Sit down, Nyasha,’ Maiguru told her. ‘For God’s sake don’t carry on about that book. I told you I don’t want you reading books like that.’

Nyasha froze half-way out of her chair and then stood up and confronted her mother. ‘You haven’t taken it, have you?’ she asked, and then answered herself. ‘Sorry, Mum, I know you wouldn’t do anything like that.’

‘And what if I have?’ Maiguru asked.

‘But you wouldn’t, would you? Not without telling me, would you?’ asked Nyasha in consternation. Maiguru looked so unhappy you could not blame Nyasha for thinking her mother had taken her book. ‘But, Mum! How could you? Without even telling me. That’s – that’s – I mean, you shouldn’t – you’ve no *right* to –’

‘Er, Nyasha,’ said Babamukuru to his food, ‘I don’t want to hear you talk to your mother like that.’

‘But, Dad,’ persisted the daughter incautiously, ‘I’d expect, really, I’d expect –’  
‘I expect you to do as I say. Now sit down and eat your food.’

Sulkily Nyasha sat down and took a couple of mouthfuls. ‘Excuse me,’ she said. She rose from the table, her food unfinished.

‘Now where are you going?’ Babamukuru demanded.

‘To my bedroom,’ replied Nyasha.

‘What did you say?’ cried Babamukuru, his voice cracking in disbelief. ‘Didn’t you hear me tell you I don’t want to hear you answer back? Didn’t you hear me tell you that just now? Now sit down and eat that food. All of it. I want to see you eat all of it.’

‘I’ve had enough,’ explained Nyasha. ‘Really, I’m full.’ Her foot began to tap. Instead of sitting down she walked out of the dining-room.

Babamukuru started after her, which made it necessary for Maiguru to restrain him. ‘Don’t take her seriously, Babawa Chido. She’s overexcited because Tambudzai is here,’ soothed the wife.

‘I don’t know what’s wrong with her,’ muttered the father, allowing himself to be pacified. ‘But there’s something wrong with her, something very wrong. A good child doesn’t behave like that. I tell you, Ma’Chido, sometimes I don’t sleep, thinking about the way that daughter of mine has turned out.’

‘She was asking about her book,’ smiled my aunt sweetly. ‘After all, you did take it, and so she was asking.’

Perhaps Maiguru thought Babamukuru had calmed down enough to be able to be objective about the matter. Perhaps she was fed up with taking the blame for my uncle’s actions. I didn’t know, nor did I want to find out. Shovelling the last morsel of

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*sadza* into my mouth, I thanked my aunt for the meal and retreated. 50  
‘Will you come with me?’ asked Nyasha as I walked into the bedroom.  
‘Where to?’  
‘To smoke a cigarette.’  
‘You smoke cigarettes!’ I was aghast. Babamukuru was right! His daughter was  
beyond redemption. 55

In what ways does Dangarembga vividly convey tensions between the characters at this moment in the novel?

**MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career***

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

Tonight is one of the times when the littleness—the abject littleness—of all things in life comes home to me.

After all, what is there in vain ambition? King or slave, we all must die, and when death knocks at our door, will it matter whether our life has been great or small, fast or slow, so long as it has been true—true with the truth that will bring rest to the soul? 5

But the toughest lives are brittle, and the bravest and the best lightly fall—it matters little; Now I only long for rest.

To weary hearts throbbing slowly in hopeless breasts the sweetest thing is rest.

And my heart is weary. Oh, how it aches tonight—not with the ache of a young heart passionately crying out for battle, but with the slow, dead ache of an old heart returning vanquished and defeated! 10

Enough of pessimistic snarling and grumbling! Enough! Enough! Now for a lilt of another theme:

I am proud that I am an Australian, a daughter of the Southern Cross, a child of the mighty bush. I am thankful I am a peasant, a part of the bone and muscle of my nation, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, as man was meant to do. I rejoice I was not born a parasite, one of the bloodsuckers who loll on velvet and satin, crushed from the proceeds of human sweat and blood and souls. 15

Ah, my sunburnt brothers!—sons of toil and of Australia! I love and respect you well, for you are brave and good and true. I have seen not only those of you with youth and hope strong in your veins, but those with pathetic streaks of gray in your hair, large families to support, and with half a century sitting upon your work-laden shoulders. I have seen you struggle uncomplainingly against flood, fire, disease in stock, pests, drought, trade depression, and sickness, and yet have time to extend your hands and hearts in true sympathy to a brother in misfortune, and spirits to laugh and joke and be cheerful. 20

And for my sisters a great love and pity fills my heart. Daughters of toil, who scrub and wash and mend and cook, who are dressmakers, paperhangers, milkmaids, gardeners, and candlemakers all in one, and yet have time to be cheerful and tasty in your homes, and make the best of the few oases to be found along the narrow, dusty track of your existence. Would that I were more worthy to be one of you—more a typical Australian peasant—cheerful, honest, brave! 25

I love you, I love you. Bravely you jog along with the rope of class distinction drawing closer, closer, tighter, tighter around you: a few more generations and you will be as enslaved as were ever the muzhiks of Russia. I see it and know it, but I cannot help you. My ineffective life will be trod out in the same round of toil—I am only one of yourselves, I am only an unnecessary, little, bush commoner, I am only a—woman! 30

The great sun is sinking in the west, grinning and winking knowingly as he goes, upon the starving stock and drought-smitten wastes of land. Nearer he draws to the gum-tree-scrubby horizon, turns the clouds to orange, scarlet, silver flame, gold! Down, down he goes. The gorgeous, garish splendor of sunset pageantry flames out; the long shadows eagerly cover all; the kookaburras laugh their merry, mocking good-night; the clouds fade to turquoise, green, and gray; the stars peep shyly out; the soft call of the mopoke arises in the gullies! With much love and good wishes to all—Good night! Good-bye! 35

AMEN. 40

How far do you agree that Franklin makes this an effective ending to the novel? 45

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4**

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

- Helmer:* I have persuaded the retiring manager to give me authority to make any changes in organization or personnel I think necessary. I have to work on it over the Christmas week. I want everything straight by the New Year.
- Nora:* So that was why that poor Krogstad...
- Helmer:* Hm! 5
- Nora* [*still leaning against the back of the chair, running her fingers through his hair*]: If you hadn't been so busy, Torvald, I'd have asked you to do me an awfully big favour.
- Helmer:* Let me hear it. What's it to be?
- Nora:* Nobody's got such good taste as you. And the thing is I do so want to look my best at the fancy dress ball. Torvald, couldn't you give me some advice and tell me what you think I ought to go as, and how I should arrange my costume? 10
- Helmer:* Aha! So my impulsive little woman is asking for somebody to come to her rescue, eh? 15
- Nora:* Please, Torvald, I never get anywhere without your help.
- Helmer:* Very well, I'll think about it. We'll find something.
- Nora:* That's sweet of you. [*She goes across to the tree again; pause.*] How pretty these red flowers look.—Tell me, was it really something terribly wrong this man Krogstad did? 20
- Helmer:* Forgery. Have you any idea what that means?
- Nora:* Perhaps circumstances left him no choice?
- Helmer:* Maybe. Or perhaps, like so many others, he just didn't think. I am not so heartless that I would necessarily want to condemn a man for a single mistake like that. 25
- Nora:* Oh no, Torvald, of course not!
- Helmer:* Many a man might be able to redeem himself, if he honestly confessed his guilt and took his punishment.
- Nora:* Punishment?
- Helmer:* But that wasn't the way Krogstad chose. He dodged what was due to him by a cunning trick. And that's what has been the cause of his corruption. 30
- Nora:* Do you think it would ...?
- Helmer:* Just think how a man with a thing like that on his conscience will always be having to lie and cheat and dissemble; he can never drop the mask, not even with his own wife and children. And the children—*that's* the most terrible part of it, Nora. 35
- Nora:* Why?
- Helmer:* A fog of lies like that in a household, and it spreads disease and infection to every part of it. Every breath the children take in that kind of house is reeking with evil germs. 40
- Nora* [*closer behind him*]: Are you sure of that?
- Helmer:* My dear Nora, as a lawyer I know what I'm talking about. Practically all juvenile delinquents come from homes where the mother is dishonest.



<i>Nora:</i>	Why mothers particularly?	45
<i>Helmer:</i>	It's generally traceable to the mothers, but of course fathers can have the same influence. Every lawyer knows that only too well. And yet there's Krogstad been poisoning his own children for years with lies and deceit. That's the reason I call him morally depraved. [ <i>Holds out his hands to her.</i> ] That's why my sweet little Nora must promise me not to try putting in any more good words for him. Shake hands on it. Well? What's this? Give me your hand. There now! That's settled. I assure you I would have found it impossible to work with him. I quite literally feel physically sick in the presence of such people.	50
<i>Nora</i>	[ <i>draws her hand away and walks over to the other side of the Christmas tree</i> ]: How hot it is in here! And I still have such a lot to do.	55
<i>Helmer</i>	[ <i>stands up and collects his papers together</i> ]: Yes, I'd better think of getting some of this read before dinner. I must also think about your costume. And I might even be able to lay my hands on something to wrap in gold paper and hang on the Christmas tree. [ <i>He lays his hand on her head.</i> ] My precious little singing bird. [ <i>He goes into his study and shuts the door behind him.</i> ]	60

In what ways does Ibsen make this such a memorable and significant 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:

*To a Millionaire*

Lord of our world, take off your velvet  
mask. Remove your gentle glove, disclose  
the claw-like hand, the dried blood under the nails,  
the murder print that never shows.

We have spotted your guilt before the final 5  
bloodstained page of our modern super-thriller;  
ignoring the views of the bum police detective  
we have identified the killer

We have explored your paradise 10  
in the unpacific ocean, where many drown;  
we know the zoology of your coral island;  
we have counted the skulls beneath your town.

Tended by tight-lipped servants, muse 15  
on the day the rabble will spit on your polished floor,  
yourself forgotten like foul weather, groomed  
by the worm, your patient servitor.

There will be little of your estate 20  
after the notary Clay has proved your will;  
your assets will melt in the great slump, and time's  
invisible violence do you ill.

You have forgotten the diver dead  
of a bad heart who groped for your wife's pearls.  
Her diamonds shine like water sprinkled on bought  
flowers, or the sweat of factory girls.

Your opulent curtains woven of blood 25  
lend a sweet charnel fragrance to your room.  
Under your rich carpet are bones buried  
that shall speak up at crack of doom.

You cover your pits with grass, ascribe 30  
our broken limbs to Providence; you advise  
gentleness and restraint, you counsel prayer,  
for when men pray they shut their eyes.

What is your world but a dark glass 35  
that is thronged with images of its own disruption,  
your soul but a facing mirror that reflects back  
the accurate pattern of corruption?

Two mirrors in rigid dialectic 40  
display the secular process of your life,  
leading through infinite recession to nothingness  
yourself, your world of strife.

*(A R D Fairburn)*

Explore the ways in which Fairburn makes this poem so powerful.

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6**

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 6 Read this extract from *The Moving Finger* (by Edith Wharton), and then answer the question that follows it:

This news of Mrs Grancy's death came to me with the shock of an immense blunder – one of fate's most irretrievable acts of vandalism. It was as though all sorts of renovating forces had been checked by the clogging of that one wheel. Not that Mrs Grancy contributed any perceptible momentum to the social machine: her unique distinction was that of filling to perfection her special place in the world. So many people are like badly-composed statues, over-lapping their niches at one point and leaving them vacant at another. Mrs Grancy's niche was her husband's life; and if it be argued that the space was not large enough for its vacancy to leave a very big gap, I can only say that, at the last resort, such dimensions must be determined by finer instruments than any ready-made standard of utility. Ralph Grancy's was in short a kind of disembodied usefulness: one of those constructive influences that, instead of crystallising into definite forms, remain as it were a medium for the development of clear thinking and fine feeling. He faithfully irrigated his own dusty patch of life, and the fruitful moisture stole far beyond his boundaries. If, to carry on the metaphor, Grancy's life was a sedulously-cultivated enclosure, his wife was the flower he had planted in its midst – the embowering tree, rather, which gave him rest and shade at its foot and the wind of dreams in its upper branches. 5

We had all – his small but devoted band of followers – known a moment when it seemed likely that Grancy would fail us. We had watched him pitted against one stupid obstacle after another – ill-health, poverty, misunderstanding and, worst of all for a man of his texture, his first wife's soft insidious egotism. We had seen him sinking under the leaden embrace of her affection like a swimmer in a drowning clutch; but just as we despaired he had always come to the surface again, blinded, panting, but striking out fiercely for the shore. When at last her death released him it became a question as to how much of the man she had carried with her. Left alone, he revealed numb withered patches, like a tree from which a parasite has been stripped. But gradually he began to put out new leaves; and when he met the lady who was to become his second wife – his one *real* wife, as his friends reckoned – the whole man burst into flower. 10

The second Mrs Grancy was past thirty when he married her, and it was clear that she had harvested that crop of middle joy which is rooted in young despair. But if she had lost the surface of eighteen she had kept its inner light; if her cheek lacked the gloss of immaturity her eyes were young with the stored youth of half a life-time. Grancy had first known her somewhere in the East – I believe she was the sister of one of our consuls out there – and when he brought her home to New York she came among us as a stranger. The idea of Grancy's remarriage had been a shock to us all. After one such calcining most men would have kept out of the fire; but we agreed that he was predestined to sentimental blunders, and we awaited with resignation the embodiment of his latest mistake. Then Mrs Grancy came – and we understood. She was the most beautiful and the most complete of explanations. We shuffled our defeated omniscience out of sight and gave it hasty burial under a prodigality of welcome. For the first time in years we had Grancy off our minds. 'He'll do something great now!' the least sanguine of us prophesied; and our sentimentalist emended: 'He *has* done it – in marrying her!' 15

In what ways does Wharton vividly reveal the effect Ralph Grancy's wives have on him? 30

**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 Explore the ways in which Brecht dramatically conveys the worst aspects of human nature.

Do **not** refer to the extract printed in **Question 1**.

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

- 8 How does Dangarembga strikingly depict the narrator's dislike of her brother, Nhamo?

**MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career***

- 9 How does Franklin memorably portray **two** of the following characters?

- Dick Melvyn (Sybylla's father)
- Everard Grey
- Mr M'Swat

**HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House***

- 10 Explore the ways in which Ibsen's portrayal of Dr Rank adds to the dramatic impact of the play.

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

- 11 How do the poets use words and images to powerful effect in **two** of the poems you have studied in this selection?

Do **not** refer to the poem printed in **Question 5**.

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 12 Explore the ways in which the writers make the endings to their stories so memorable in *The Bath* (by Janet Frame) and in **one** other story from the selection you have studied.





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