



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3 Set Text

For Examination from 2013

SPECIMEN PAPER

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.

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

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **12** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone*

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

Nurse: (*angry*). A nice thing for a king's daughter, I must say! You half kill yourself to bring them up, but they're all the same . . . And yet you used not to be like the others, preening in front of the glass and putting rouge on their lips and trying to attract attention. The times I've said to myself, 'My goodness, this child isn't vain enough! For ever in the same dress, with her hair all over the place – the lads'll all be after Ismene with her curls and her ribbons, and this one'll be left on my hands!' And all the time you were just like your sister – worse, you little hypocrite! . . . Who is it? Some young layabout, I suppose? A boy you can't even introduce to your family as the one you love and want to marry? That's it, isn't it? . . . Isn't it? Answer me, you brazen hussy!

5

10

Pause.

Antigone: (*with a faint smile again*). Yes, Nurse. That's it.

Nurse: 'Yes', she says! Heaven help us! I've had her since she was a tiny tot, I promised her mother I'd make a respectable young woman of her – and now look! But you haven't heard the last of this, my girl! I may only be your nurse, and you may treat me like an old fool, but your uncle Creon's going to find out about this I can tell you!

15

Antigone: (*suddenly weary*). Yes, Nan. I know. Leave me alone now.

20

Nurse: And do you know what he's going to say when he hears about you getting up in the middle of the night? And what about Haemon, your fiancé? She's engaged, and she gets up at four in the morning to gad about with someone else! And then she wants to be left alone – her highness doesn't want anyone to say anything about it! Do you know what I ought to do? I ought to give you a good spanking, like when you were a little girl.

25

Antigone: Don't make a fuss, Nan. You oughtn't to be too cross this morning.

Nurse: Not make a fuss! When I think how I promised her mother . . . ! What would she say if she were here? 'You silly old fool,' she'd say – 'so you couldn't keep my little girl virtuous for me! For ever fussing over them with cardigans so they shan't catch cold and egg custards to build up their strength. But at four in the morning, when you're really needed, you're sleeping like a log, you who claim you never get a wink all night, so you let them slip out of the house as easy as pie, and when you get there the bed's stone cold!' That's what your mother'll say to me up there, when I go. And I'll be so ashamed I could die, if I wasn't dead already, and all I'll be able to do is hang my head and say, 'Yes, Lady Jocasta – you're absolutely right.'

30

35

40

- Antigone:* Stop crying, Nan. You'll be able to look her straight in the eye, and she'll thank you for taking such good care of me. She knows why I went out this morning.
- Nurse:* You haven't got a sweetheart?
- Antigone:* No. 45
- Nurse:* So you've been making fun of me? I suppose it's because I'm old. You were always my favourite. And though your sister was easier to manage, I thought it was you who loved me best, too. But if you did love me you'd have told me the truth. Why was the bed empty when I came to tuck you in? 50
- Antigone:* Please don't cry. (*She kisses her.*) Come along, my little old red apple. Do you remember when I used to rub your cheeks till they shone? Don't fill all these little furrows with tears for nothing. I am virtuous, I swear I have no other sweetheart than Haemon. If you like, I'll swear I never shall. Save your tears – you may have need of them. When you cry I feel like a little girl again. And I mustn't be little today. 55

How does Anouilh vividly portray the Nurse's character and relationship with Antigone in this passage?

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

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

He complained that his heavy body sank into it as into a hammock, that the strings cut into him, that he could not turn on that wobbling net in which he was caught like some dying fish, gasping for air. It was no cooler than it had been indoors, he complained – there was not the slightest breeze, and the dust was stifling.

5

Otima soon lost the lightheartedness that had come to her with this unaccustomed change of scene. She tired of dragging around the pillows and piling up the bolsters, helping him into a sitting position and then lowering him into a horizontal one, bringing him his medicines, fanning him with a palm leaf and eventually of his groans and sobs as well. Finally she gave up and collapsed onto her own string bed, lying there exhausted and sleepless, too distracted by the sound of traffic to sleep. All through the night her husband moaned and gasped for air. Towards dawn it was so bad that she had to get up and massage his chest. When done long and patiently enough, it seemed to relieve him.

10

‘Now lie down for a while. I’ll go and get some iced water for your head,’ she said, lowering him onto the bed, and went tiredly down the stairs like some bundle of damp washing slowly falling. Her eyes drooped, heavy bags held the tiredness under them.

15

To her surprise, there was a light on in their flat. Then she heard the ticking of the fan. She had forgotten to turn it off when they went up to the terrace and it seemed the electricity had been switched on again, earlier than they had expected. The relief of it brought her energy back in a bound. She bustled up the stairs. ‘I’ll bring him down – he’ll get some hours of sleep after all,’ she told herself.

20

‘It’s all right,’ she called out as she went up to the terrace again. ‘The electricity is on again. Come, I’ll help you down – you’ll get some sleep in your own bed after all.’

25

‘Leave me alone,’ he replied, quite gently.

‘Why? Why?’ she cried. ‘I’ll help you. You can get into your own bed, you’ll be quite comfortable—’

‘Leave me alone,’ he said again in that still voice. ‘It is cool now.’

30

It was. Morning had stirred up some breeze off the sluggish river Jumna beneath the city walls, and it was carried over the rooftops of the stifled city, pale and fresh and delicate. It brought with it the morning light, as delicate and sweet as the breeze itself, a pure pallor unlike the livid glow of artificial lights. This lifted higher and higher into the dome of the sky, diluting the darkness there till it, too, grew pale, and gradually shades of blue and mauve tinted it lightly.

35

The old man lay flat and still, gazing up, his mouth hanging open as if to let it pour into him, as cool and fresh as water.

Then, with a swirl and flutter of feathers, a flock of pigeons hurtled upwards and spread out against the dome of the sky – opalescent, sunlit, like small pearls. They caught the light as they rose, turned brighter till they turned at last into crystals, into prisms of light. Then they disappeared into the soft, deep blue of the morning.

40

How effective do you find this ending to *Pigeons at Daybreak*?

Turn over for Question 3.

ATHOL FUGARD: “Master Harold”... and the Boys

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

<i>Willie:</i>	<p><i>(Singing as he works)</i> “She was scandalizin’ my name, She took my money She called me honey But she was scandalizin’ my name. Called it love but was playin’ a game . . .” <i>(He gets up and moves the bucket. Stands thinking for a moment, then, raising his arms to hold an imaginary partner, he launches into an intricate ballroom dance step. Although a mildly comic figure, he reveals a reasonable degree of accomplishment)</i> Hey, Sam. <i>(Sam, absorbed in the comic book, does not respond)</i> Hey, Boet Sam! <i>(Sam looks up)</i> I'm getting it. The quickstep. Look now and tell me. <i>(He repeats the step)</i> Well?</p>	5
<i>Sam:</i>	<i>(Encouragingly)</i> Show me again.	
<i>Willie</i>	Okay, count for me.	
<i>Sam:</i>	Ready?	
<i>Willie</i>	Ready.	20
<i>Sam:</i>	Five, six, seven, eight . . . <i>(Willie starts to dance)</i> A-n-d one two three four . . . and one two three four. . . <i>(Ad libbing as Willie dances)</i> Your shoulders, Willie . . . your shoulders! Don't look down! Look happy, Willie! Relax, Willie!	
<i>Willie</i>	<i>(Desperate but still dancing)</i> I am relax.	25
<i>Sam:</i>	No, you're not.	
<i>Willie</i>	<i>(He falters)</i> Ag no man, Sam! Mustn't talk. You make me make mistakes.	
<i>Sam:</i>	But you're too stiff.	
<i>Willie</i>	Yesterday I'm not straight . . . today I'm too stiff!	30
<i>Sam:</i>	Well, you are. You asked me and I'm telling you.	
<i>Willie</i>	Where?	
<i>Sam:</i>	Everywhere. Try to glide through it.	
<i>Willie</i>	Glide?	
<i>Sam:</i>	Ja, make it smooth. And give it more style. It must look like you're enjoying yourself.	35
<i>Willie</i>	<i>(Emphatically)</i> I wasn't.	
<i>Sam:</i>	Exactly.	
<i>Willie</i>	How can I enjoy myself? Not straight, too stiff and now it's also glide, give it more style, make it smooth. . . . Haai! Is hard to remember all those things, Boet Sam.	40
<i>Sam:</i>	That's your trouble. You're trying too hard.	

- Willie* I try hard because it *is* hard.
- Sam:* But don't let me see it. The secret is to make it look easy. Ballroom must look happy, Willie, not like hard work. It must . . . Ja! . . . it must look like romance. 45
- Willie* Now another one! What's romance?
- Sam:* Love story with happy ending. A handsome man in tails, and in his arms, smiling at him, a beautiful lady in evening dress!
- Willie* Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. 50
- Sam:* You got it. Tapdance or ballroom, it's the same. Romance. In two weeks' time when the judges look at you and Hilda, they must see a man and a woman who are dancing their way to a happy ending. What I saw was you holding her like you were frightened she was going to run away. 55
- Willie* Ja! Because that is what she wants to do! I got no romance left for Hilda anymore, Boet Sam.
- Sam:* Then pretend. When you put your arms around Hilda, imagine she is Ginger Rogers.
- Willie* With no teeth? You try. 60
- Sam:* Well, just remember, there's only two weeks left.
- Willie* I know, I know! (*To the jukebox*) I do it better with music. You got sixpence for Sarah Vaughan?
- Sam:* That's a slow foxtrot. You're practicing the quick-step.
- Willie* I'll practice slow foxtrot. 65
- Sam:* (*Shaking his head*) It's your turn to put money in the jukebox.

In this opening what impressions does Fugard encourage you to form of the interests and personalities of Sam and Willie?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

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

<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Do you imagine that you can silence me and stifle the truth! You will not find it so easy as you suppose. Mr. Aslaksen, kindly take my manuscript at once and print it as a pamphlet—at my expense. I will have four hundred copies—no, five or six hundred.	5
<i>Aslaksen:</i>	If you offered me its weight in gold, I could not lend my press for any such purpose, Doctor. It would be flying in the face of public opinion. You will not get it printed anywhere in the town.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Then give it me back.	10
<i>Hovstad:</i>	<i>(giving him the MS).</i> Here it is.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	<i>(taking his hat and stick).</i> It shall be made public all the same. I will read it out at a mass meeting of the townspeople. All my fellow-citizens shall hear the voice of truth!	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	You will not find any public body in the town that will give you the use of their hall for such a purpose.	15
<i>Aslaksen:</i>	Not a single one, I am certain.	
<i>Billing:</i>	No, I'm damned if you will find one.	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	But this is too shameful! Why should every one turn against you like that?	20
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	<i>(angrily).</i> I will tell you why. It is because all the men in this town are old women—like you; they all think of nothing but their families, and never of the community.	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	<i>(putting her arm into his).</i> Then I will show them that an old woman can be a man for once. I am going to stand by you, Thomas!	25
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Bravely said, Katherine! It shall be made public—as I am a living soul! If I can't hire a hall, I shall hire a drum, and parade the town with it and read it at every street-corner.	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	You are surely not such an errant fool as that!	30
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Yes, I am.	
<i>Aslaksen:</i>	You won't find a single man in the whole town to go with you.	
<i>Billing:</i>	No, I'm damned if you will.	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	Don't give in, Thomas. I will tell the boys to go with you.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	That is a splendid idea!	35
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	Morten will be delighted; and Ejlif will do whatever he does.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Yes, and Petra! —and you too, Katherine!	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	No, I won't do that; but I will stand at the window and watch you, that's what I will do.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	<i>(puts his arms round her and kisses her).</i> Thank you, my dear! Now you and I are going to try a fall, my fine gentlemen!	40

I am going to see whether a pack of cowards can succeed in gagging a patriot who wants to purify society! (He and his wife go out by the street door.)

Peter Stockmann: (*shaking his head seriously*). Now he has sent her out of her senses, too. 45

Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes this such a dramatic moment in the play.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

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

'You little rascal!' he cried. 'Where the hell do you think you're going?' First the child had been startled, and then he turned round and started running. It left him no choice, he had to go after the little fool. But as he was running, he took the ox rein from his shoulder, unrolled it and took one end in each hand so that there was a long piece of slack in the middle. When the scoundrel looked round the third time, he was on him and he threw the loop neatly round his body and his arms and pulled him down like a calf. 5

'You rotten little sod!' he shouted, out of breath. 'Just try running away now!'

'Please, master! Please, master!'

'*What?*' It was more than a man could take. Your own flesh and blood calling you *master* like a Coloured! Lord knew, he had not been that angry in years. He took the one end of the ox rein and wound it round the wriggling body while he hit him with the other end. 'What did you say?' 10

'Please! Please! It hurts!'

'Please *who?*' With every lash the wretch screamed and struggled harder. 'Please *who?*' 15

'Please, uncle!'

'*Uncle?*' A man could not take that either. He would beat it out of him if it was the last thing he did for him. 'Please *who?*' The end of the rein he was holding him with cut into his hand but still the boy would not give in. 'I'll beat you dead!' 20

'Please! Please!'

'Who am I?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know?' 25

'I don't know.' But his giving in was near, he had started to cry.

'I'm your pa! That's who I am! Say it! Say who I am!' He was as tough as a piece of ironwood. 'Say who I am!'

'Pa.'

'Who's your ma?' 30

'Ma.'

'Who are your brothers?'

'Willem and Kristoffel.'

'Who's your sister?'

'The girl.'

'What's her name?' 35

'Nina.'

For every answer he gave him a lash. 'And who are you?'

'Benja—Lukas.'

'Lukas who?' 40

'I don't know.'

'Lukas van Rooyen. Say it!'

'Lukas van Rooyen.'

'Will you stop your nonsense now?'

'Yes.'

'Yes who?' 45

'Yes, Pa.'

The child had worn him out. He could not let go of him, for how could he catch him again in the dark? So he tied him up with the ox rein and left just enough slack round his legs to allow him to take a small step at a time. Then he lit the lantern and made the rascal walk home in front of him. 50

Barta was horrified of course.

'There was no time to look where I was hitting, woman! The blighter was as stubborn as a devil!'

But the weal across his face, Elias?' she asked, frightened. If the forester sees it and tells the magistrate, you'll be in trouble.'

55

In what ways does Matthee make this such a powerful moment in the novel?

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

Immediately after lunch Shinji began getting ready to go out again. Seeing him going out into the storm for a second time, the mother paused in her dishwashing to stare fixedly after him. But she did not venture to ask where he was going: there was something about her son's back that warned her to keep silent. How she regretted she had not had at least one daughter, who would always have been at home to help with the housework. . . . 5

Men go out fishing. They board their coasting ships and carry cargo to all sorts of ports. Women, not destined for that wide world, cook rice, draw water, gather sea-weed, and when summer comes dive into the water, down to the sea's deep bottom. Even for a mother who was a veteran among diving women this twilight world of the sea's bottom was the world of women. . . . 10

All this she knew. The interior of a house dark even at noon, the somber pangs of childbirth, the gloom at the bottom of the sea—these were the series of interrelated worlds in which she lived her life.

The mother remembered one of the women of the summer before last, a widow like herself, a frail woman still carrying a nursing child. The woman had come up from diving for abalone, and had suddenly fallen unconscious as she stood before the drying-fire. She had turned up the whites of her eyes, bitten her blue lips, and dropped to the ground. When her remains were cremated at twilight in the pine grove, the other diving women had been filled with such grief that they could not stand, but squatted on the ground, weeping. 15

A strange story had been told about that incident, and some of the women had become afraid to dive any more. It was said that the dead woman had been punished for having seen a fearful something at the bottom of the sea, a something that humans are not meant to see. 20

Shinji's mother had scoffed at the story and had dived to greater and greater depths to bring up the biggest catches of the season. She had never been one to worry about unknown things. . . . 25

Even such recollections as these could not dent her natural cheerfulness: she felt boastful about her own good health, and the storm outside quickened her feeling of well-being, just as it had her son's. 30

Finishing the dishwashing, she opened wide the skirts of her kimono and sat down with her bare legs stretched out in front of her, gazing at them earnestly in the dim light from the creaking windows. There was not a single wrinkle on the sunburnt, well-ripened thighs, their wonderfully rounded flesh all but gleaming with the color of amber. 35

"Like this, I could still have four or five children more." But at the thought her virtuous heart became filled with contrition.

Quickly tidying her clothing, she bowed before her husband's memorial tablet. 40

In what ways does Mishima convey to you in this passage a striking impression of Shinji's mother and her life?

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone*

- 7 Explore **one** moment in the play where Anouilh makes you feel sympathy for Creon.

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

- 8 In what ways does Desai vividly portray the unequal relationship between the artist and his possible buyers in *Sale*?

ATHOL FUGARD: “*Master Harold*”... and the Boys

- 9 *A spoilt and arrogant teenager*
A misunderstood young man

Which of these two views is closer to your own view of Hally?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 10 Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes Morten Kiil such an unpleasant character.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela’s Child*

- 11 Choose **one** moment in the novel you find particularly dramatic, and explore the ways in which Matthee makes it so dramatic. (Do NOT use the extract in Question 5 when answering this question.)

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 12 Explore **two** moments in the novel where Mishima vividly portrays the power of nature. Support your ideas with detail from the novel.

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