
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/32

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2019

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages and **1** Insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

I was not sorry when my brother died. Nor am I apologising for my callousness, as you may define it, my lack of feeling. For it is not that at all. I feel many things these days, much more than I was able to feel in the days when I was young and my brother died, and there are reasons for this more than the mere consequence of age. Therefore I shall not apologise but begin by recalling the facts as I remember them that led up to my brother's death, the events that put me in a position to write this account. For though the event of my brother's passing and the events of my story cannot be separated, my story is not after all about death, but about my escape and Lucia's; about my mother's and Maiguru's entrapment; and about Nyasha's rebellion – Nyasha, far-minded and isolated, my uncle's daughter, whose rebellion may not in the end have been successful. 5 10

I was thirteen years old when my brother died. It happened in 1968. It was the end of term and we were expecting him home by the afternoon bus that passed through our village at three o'clock. My brother went to school at the mission where my uncle was headmaster and which was some twenty miles away from the village, to the west, in the direction of Umtali town. Sometimes, when my uncle was not too busy with reports and administration at the end of the school term, he was able to come away from his office at three o'clock in the afternoon, sacrificing the remaining hours in the day in order to bring Nhamo home. This was what Nhamo preferred. He did not like travelling by bus because, he said, it was too slow. Moreover, the women smelt of unhealthy reproductive odours, the children were inclined to relieve their upset bowels on the floor, and the men gave off strong aromas of productive labour. He did not like sharing the vehicle with various kinds of produce in suspicious stages of freshness, with frightened hens, with the occasional rich-smelling goat. 'We should have a special bus,' he complained, 'like they have for students who live in Fort Victoria and in Salisbury,' quite forgetting that these were towns, autonomous urban centres, whereas our home was in the communal lands that surround Umtali, and that since my uncle's mission was considered to be in Umtali there was no need to hire a bus in order to ferry him and the other pupil who lived in our area home. 15 20 25

Even so, hiring a bus would not have made the end of term comfortable enough for my brother. The bus terminus – which is also the market, with pale dirty tuckshops, dark and dingy inside, which we call magrosa, and women under msasa trees selling hard-boiled eggs, vegetables, seasonal fruit, boiled chicken which is sometimes curried and sometimes not, and anything else that the villagers or travellers might like to buy – is at least two miles distance from our homestead. Had a bus been hired or not my brother would still have had to walk the two miles home. This walk was another aspect of his homeward journey that my brother wished not to have to endure. 30 35

I, not having had to make the journey regularly each end of term and each beginning of a new term, could not understand why my brother disliked walking so much, especially after being cramped in an airless bus for such a long time: the bus journey to the mission took nearly an hour. Besides the relief of being able to stretch your legs after such a long journey, the walk home from the bus terminus was not a long wait when you had nowhere to hurry to. The road wound down by the fields where there were always some people with whom to pass ten minutes of the day – enquiring about their health and the 40

health of their family, admiring the broad-leafed abundance of the maize crop when it was good, predicting how many bags the field would yield or wondering whether the plants had tasselled too early or too late.

45

In what ways does Dangarembga make this such a revealing introduction to the narrator and her brother?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Two of us on <i>one</i> wreck surely stand a better chance than each on his own.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Kristine!	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Why do you suppose I came to town?	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	You mean, you thought of me?	5
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Without work I couldn't live. All my life I have worked, for as long as I can remember; that has always been my one great joy. But now I'm completely alone in the world, and feeling horribly empty and forlorn. There's no pleasure in working only for yourself. Nils, give me somebody and something to work for.	10
<i>Krogstad:</i>	I don't believe all this. It's only a woman's hysteria, wanting to be all magnanimous and self-sacrificing.	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Have you ever known me hysterical before?	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Would you really do this? Tell me—do you know all about my past?	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Yes.	15
<i>Krogstad:</i>	And you know what people think about me?	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Just now you hinted you thought you might have been a different person with me.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	I'm convinced I would.	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Couldn't it still happen?	20
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Kristine! You know what you are saying, don't you? Yes, you do. I can see you do. Have you really the courage ...?	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	I need someone to mother, and your children need a mother. We two need each other. Nils, I have faith in what, deep down, you are. With you I can face anything.	25
<i>Krogstad</i>	[<i>seizing her hands</i>]: Thank you, thank you, Kristine. And I'll soon have everybody looking up to me, or I'll know the reason why. Ah, but I was forgetting. ...	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Hush! The tarantella! You must go!	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Why? What is it?	30
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	You hear that dance upstairs? When it's finished they'll be coming.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Yes, I'll go. It's too late to do anything. Of course, you know nothing about what steps I've taken against the Helmers.	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Yes, Nils, I do know.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Yet you still want to go on. ...	35
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	I know how far a man like you can be driven by despair.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Oh, if only I could undo what I've done!	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	You still can. Your letter is still there in the box.	
<i>Krogstad:</i>	Are you sure?	
<i>Mrs. Linde:</i>	Quite sure. But ...	40
<i>Krogstad</i>	[<i>regards her searchingly</i>]: Is that how things are? You want to save your friend at any price? Tell me straight. Is that it?	

- Mrs. Linde:* When you've sold yourself *once* for other people's sake, you don't do it again.
- Krogstad:* I shall demand my letter back. 45
- Mrs. Linde:* No, no.
- Krogstad:* Of course I will, I'll wait here till Helmer comes. I'll tell him he has to give me my letter back ... that it's only about my notice ... that he mustn't read it. ...
- Mrs. Linde:* No, Nils, don't ask for it back. 50
- Krogstad:* But wasn't that the very reason you got me here?
- Mrs. Linde:* Yes, that was my first terrified reaction. But that was yesterday, and it's quite incredible the things I've witnessed in this house in the last twenty-four hours. Helmer must know everything. This unhappy secret must come out. Those two must have the whole thing out between them. All this secrecy and deception, it just can't go on. 55

Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes this moment in the play so dramatic and revealing.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

As the term tapered to an end, things went from bad to worse with her; and since, besides, the parting with Evelyn was at the door, she was often to be seen with red-rimmed eyelids, which she did not even try to conceal.

'As if she'd lost her nearest relation!' laughed her schoolfellows. And, did they meet her privately, on the stairs, or in a house corridor, they crossed their hands on their breasts and turned up their eyes, in tragedy fashion. 5

Laura hardly saw them; for once in her life, ridicule could not have her. The nearer the time drew, the more completely did the coming loss of Evelyn push other considerations into the background. It was bitter to reflect that her present dear friendship was no better able to endure, than the thin pretences of friendship she had formerly played at. Evelyn and she would, no doubt, from time to time meet and take pleasure in each other again; but their homes lay hundreds of miles apart; and the intimacy of the schooldays were passing away, never to return. And no one could be held to blame for this. Evelyn's mother and father thought, rightly enough, that it was time for their daughter to leave school—but that was all. They did not really miss her, or need her. No, it was just a stupid, crushing piece of ill-luck, which happened, one did not know why. The ready rebel in Laura came to life again; and she fought hard against the lesson, that there are events in life—bitter, grim and grotesque events—beneath which one can only bow one's head. A further effect of the approaching separation was to bring home to her a sense of the fleetingness of things; she began to grasp that, everywhere and always, even when you revelled in them, things are perpetually rushing to a close; and the fact of them being things you loved, or enjoyed, did not, in the least, diminish the speed at which they escaped you. 10 15 20

Of course, though, these were rather sensations than thoughts; and they did not hinder Laura from going on her knees to Evelyn, to implore her to remain. Day after day, Evelyn kindly and patiently explained why this could not be; and if she sometimes drew a sigh at the child's persistence, it was too faint to be audible. Now, Laura knew that it was possible to kill animal pets by surfeiting them; and, towards the end, a suspicion dawned on her that you might perhaps damage feelings in the same way. It stood to reason: no matter how fond two people were of each other, the one who was about to emerge, like a butterfly from its sheath, could not be asked to regret her release; and, at moments—when Laura lay sobbing face downwards on her bed, or otherwise vented her pertinacious and disruly grief—at these moments, she scented, as it were, a dash of relief in Evelyn, at the prospect of deliverance. 25 30

But such delicate hints on the part of the hidden self rarely have the power to gain a hearing; and, as the days dropped off one by one, like over-ripe fruit, Laura surrendered herself only the more blindly to her emotions. The consequence was M. P.'s prediction came true: in the test examinations, which took place at mid-winter, Laura, together with the dunces of her class, was ignominiously plucked. And still staggering under this blow, she had to kiss Evelyn goodbye, and to set her face for home. 35 40

How does Richardson vividly capture Laura's obsession with Evelyn at this moment in the novel?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

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

an afternoon nap

the ambitious mother across the road
is at it again. proclaiming her goodness
she beats the boy. shouting out his wrongs, with raps
she begins with his mediocre report-book grades.

she strikes chords for the afternoon piano lesson,
her voice stridently imitates 2nd. lang. tuition,
all the while circling the cowering boy
in a manner apt for the most strenuous p.e. ploy.

5

swift are all her contorted movements,
ape for every need; no soft gradient
of a consonant-vowel figure, she lumbers
& shrieks, a hit for every 2 notes missed.

10

his tears are dear. each monday,
wednesday, friday, miss low & madam lim
appear & take away \$90 from the kitty
leaving him an adagio, clause analysis, little
pocket-money.

15

the embittered boy across the road
is at it again. proclaiming his bewilderment
he yells at her. shouting out her wrongs, with tears
he begins with her expensive taste for education.

20

(Arthur Yap)

How does Yap vividly portray the mother and son in *an afternoon nap*?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Oedipus:</i>	<p>What I did was best—don't lecture me, no more advice. I, with <i>my</i> eyes, how could I look my father in the eyes when I go down to death? Or mother, so abused ... I have done such things to the two of them, crimes too huge for hanging.</p>	5
	<p style="text-align: center;">Worse yet, the sight of my children, born as they were born, how could I long to look into their eyes? No, not with these eyes of mine, never.</p>	10
	<p>Not this city either, her high towers, the sacred glittering images of her gods— I am misery! I, her best son, reared as no other son of Thebes was ever reared, I've stripped myself, I gave the command myself.</p>	15
	<p>All men must cast away the great blasphemer, the curse now brought to light by the gods, the son of Laius—I, my father's son!</p>	
	<p>Now I've exposed my guilt, horrendous guilt, could I train a level glance on you, my countrymen? Impossible! No, if I could just block off my ears, the springs of hearing, I would stop at nothing— I'd wall up my loathsome body like a prison, blind to the sound of life, not just the sight.</p>	20
	<p>Oblivion—what a blessing ... for the mind to dwell a world away from pain.</p>	25
	<p>O Cithaeron, why did you give me shelter? Why didn't you take me, crush my life out on the spot? I'd never have revealed my birth to all mankind.</p>	
	<p>O Polybus, Corinth, the old house of my fathers, so I believed—what a handsome prince you raised— under the skin, what sickness to the core. Look at me! Born of outrage, outrage to the core.</p>	30
	<p>O triple roads—it all comes back, the secret, dark ravine, and the oaks closing in where the three roads join ... You drank my father's blood, my own blood spilled by my own hands—you still remember me? What things you saw me do? Then I came here and did them all once more!</p>	35
	<p style="text-align: center;">Marriages! O marriage, you gave me birth, and once you brought me into the world you brought my sperm rising back, springing to light fathers, brothers, sons—one murderous breed— brides, wives, mothers. The blackest things a man can do, I have done them all!</p>	40
	<p style="text-align: center;">No more—</p>	45

it's wrong to name what's wrong to do. Quickly,
 for the love of god, hide me somewhere,
 kill me, hurl me into the sea 50
 where you can never look on me again.

[*Beckoning to the CHORUS as they shrink away.*]

Closer,

it's all right. Touch the man of grief.
 Do. Don't be afraid. My troubles are mine 55
 and I am the only man alive who can sustain them.

[*Enter CREON from the palace, attended by palace guards.*]

Leader: Put your requests to Creon. Here he is,
 just when we need him. He'll have a plan, he'll act.
 Now that he's the sole defense of the country 60
 in your place.

Oedipus: Oh no, what can I say to him?
 How can I ever hope to win his trust?
 I wronged him so, just now, in every way.
 You must see that—I was so wrong, so wrong. 65

Creon: I haven't come to mock you, Oedipus,
 or to criticize your former failings.

In what ways does Sophocles make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Contest* (by Annie Proulx), and then answer the question that follows it:

On this April afternoon Creel was, aside from Amanda and Old Man DeBock, the only one in the bar. He was deeply thirsty when he came in, for the state was up to its eyebrows in drought and the small lakes and ponds on the wind-clawed prairie had dried up. The wind lifted fine alkali dust from the bottoms of the dead ponds, streamers of mineral particles blowing east. Creel, his throat stinging, had driven through clouds of the stuff. Rarely had beer soothed a more parched throat. 5

He could see his beard in the mirror and was not displeased. It had grown in thick and had a tendency to curl under, thereby disguising its true length. He thought that when the tape measure came out on the final day he would be a front runner.

'I'll have me another,' he said to Amanda, who pulled him a fresh beer and slid it skillfully down the bar. He had barely lifted the glass when the throaty guzzle of a motorcycle out front drew his attention. An overweight, elderly man got off a silver bike the size of a short-legged horse. He wore a bandanna on his head and a red silk scarf around his mouth in the classic style of stagecoach robbers. As he came into the bar he unwound the scarf and pulled off the bandanna, and Creel Zmundzinski's mouth fell open. From under the silk emerged a huge white beard that could have filled a bushel basket. It covered the man from upper lip to belt buckle and was of a snowy, radiant white that seemed backlit by a full moon. Flowing into it as twin Missouris into the Mississippi were masses of hair that on a lesser man would have been sideburns. And from crown to shoulder blade cascaded heavy, silvery waves of hair. Creel Zmundzinski slowly grasped that he was looking at a tsunami of a beard. 10

The stranger, ignoring Amanda Gribb's stare, called for a beer, but before he drank he removed a silver straw from his breast pocket, an accoutrement favored by maté drinkers of the pampas. Amanda Gribb nodded with approval. Too often she had been called on to measure damp beards, whiskers clotted with hardened egg yolk, residues of mustard, individual crumbs clinging to hairs like boys swinging on ropes above a swimming hole. Here was a man who cared about his beard. Its luteous glow, its fluffed fullness, the mild fragrance of rose petals that wafted from it all declared a pogonophile-meister, as Reginald Reynolds might have said. 15

Creel Zmundzinski wanted a look at the stranger's license, and he slipped out expecting it would be a Montana plate. There was a belt of eccentrics and oddballs from Cooke City to Livingston. Or maybe he would be from Nevada, a state which featured heavily bearded men everywhere except Las Vegas. This stranger would be a threat in Las Vegas for he could easily hide a full deck of cards in his facial hair. Creel was nonplussed to find identification from Rhode Island, a state he imagined the size of the Wal-Mart parking lot. The motorcycle got a second look as well – one of the new Harleys, a Softail V-Rod. Creel had been saving up for eleven years to buy a Harley, but not this water-cooled model, which he knew had to have set the bearded one back seventeen big bills. He reentered the Pee Wee shaking his head. Amanda caught his eye, and he mouthed 'Rhode Island.' 20

'Find what you were looking for?' said the stranger, and Creel realised belatedly that the man had been watching him in the bar mirror. 25

'Just wanted to see where you were from,' mumbled Creel. He could feel his own beard withering and turned half away from the easterner.

'Since you want to know, I was born in Secaucus, New Jersey, on October 13, 1939. Name is Ralph Kaups. My father, Hayden Kaups, was a successful limnologist, and my mother, Virginia Rusling, studied batik in Borneo before the Second World War, then served as curator of Asian fabrics for the New Jersey Textile Institute. I went to Princeton, graduated summa cum laude, did my graduate work in ergonomics, married, divorced, one daughter, taught for thirty-two years at various eastern ratholes, and last week I retired. I am out here to see Mercedes de Silhouette, whose late husband was 30

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my roommate at Princeton in the sweet long ago. I plan to buy the old line camp on their place and fix it up. Moving to Elk Tooth for my retirement. That help you out?’

Creel, his ears burning, said ‘See you later’ to Amanda and left the bar.

As he got in his truck he saw Plato Bucklew coming out of the Western Wear & Feed store with a hatbox under his arm. His bruised face and black eye showed the results of a weekend fight in a distant parking lot. Plato liked to fight. 55

Creel beckoned him over.

‘You want a have the heart taken out a you, go in Pee Wee’s and see what’s settin at the bar. There’s no sense in goin along with this damn beard thing another day.’ But as he spoke the stranger came out of Pee Wee’s and began tying his monstrous beard up in its scarves. 60

‘Jesus,’ said Plato, scratching his crotch, a nervous habit he’d picked up in the army.

They stared as the man started up his V-Rod and swept away.

‘He’s movin a Elk Tooth,’ said Creel morosely. ‘Buyin the old line camp on the de Silhouette place.’ There was a considerable silence. 65

‘You know,’ said Plato Bucklew, ‘I don’t care for them new V-Rods. If I was to get a motorsickle it would be one a the old Buffalos. You ever hear a them?’

‘Heard a them but never seen one. Heard they never got it off the drawin board,’ said Creel Zmundzinski. 70

‘That might just be the best part of it,’ said his friend enigmatically.

‘Take a horse, myself.’

As far as they were concerned the beard contest was over.

How does Proulx make this ending to *The Contest* so entertaining?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 In what ways does Dangarembga strikingly depict the relationship between Maiguru and Babamukuru?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 Explore how Ibsen dramatically portrays the changing relationship between Nora and Torvald in the play.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 How far does Richardson persuade you that Laura is a likeable character?

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

Songs of Ourselves Volume 2: from Part 3

- 10 How does the poet memorably convey the experience of being on a bus in *The Instant of My Death* (by Sarah Jackson)?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 11 How does Sophocles' portrayal of Tiresias add to the dramatic impact of the play?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 Explore the ways in which Gilman vividly portrays the narrator's state of mind in *The Yellow Wall Paper*.

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