
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2018

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 two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **14** printed pages, **2** 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>The Younger Lady:</i>	Where are the beds?	
<i>The Servant:</i>	There aren't any beds. Here are some sacks and blankets. You'll have to arrange them yourselves. Be glad you're not being put in a hole in the earth. Like lots of others. [<i>Exit.</i>]	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	Did you hear that? I'm going straight to the innkeeper. That man must be flogged.	5
<i>The Elder Lady:</i>	Like your husband?	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	Don't be so cruel! [<i>She weeps.</i>]	
<i>The Elder Lady:</i>	How are we going to arrange something to sleep on?	
<i>Grusha:</i>	I'll see to that. [<i>She puts down the child.</i>] It's always easier when there are several hands. You still have the carriage. [<i>Sweeping the floor.</i>] I was taken completely by surprise. 'My dear Anastasia Katarinovska,' my husband was saying before luncheon, 'do go and lie down for a while. You know how easily you get your migraine.' [<i>She spreads out sacks and makes beds. THE LADIES, watching her work, exchange glances.</i>] 'Georgi,' said I to the Governor, 'I can't lie down when there are sixty for luncheon. And one can't trust the servants. And Michael Georgivich won't eat without me.' [<i>To MICHAEL:</i>] See, Michael? Everything'll be all right, what did I tell you! [<i>She suddenly realizes that THE LADIES are watching her strangely and whispering.</i>] Well, there we are! At least one doesn't have to lie on the bare floor. I've folded the blankets double.	10 15 20
<i>The Elder Lady</i>	[<i>imperiously:</i>] You seem to be rather clever at making beds, my dear. Let's have a look at your hands!	25
<i>Grusha</i>	[<i>frightened:</i>] What?	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	You're being asked to show your hands. [GRUSHA shows THE LADIES her hands.]	
<i>The Younger Lady</i>	[<i>triumphant:</i>] Cracked! A servant!	30
<i>The Elder Lady</i>	[<i>goes to the door and shouts:</i>] Service!	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	You're caught! You swindler! Just confess what mischief you're up to!	
<i>Grusha</i>	[<i>confused:</i>] I'm not up to any mischief. I just thought you might take us a little way in your carriage. Please, I ask you, don't make a noise, I'll go on my own.	35
<i>The Younger Lady</i>	[<i>while THE ELDER LADY continues shouting for service:</i>] Yes, you'll go all right, but with the police. For the moment you'll stay. Don't you dare move, you!	

<i>Grusha:</i>	But I was ready to pay the 60 piastres. Here. [<i>She shows her purse.</i>] Look for yourself. I have them. Here are four tens, and here's a five—no, that's another ten, and ten, makes 60. All I want is to get the child on to the carriage. That's the truth.	40
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	Aha, so that's what you want. On to the carriage! Now it's come out.	45
<i>Grusha:</i>	Madam, I confess, I am from a humble family. Please don't call the police. The child is of noble birth, look at the linen. It's fleeing, like yourself.	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	Of noble birth! We know that one. The father's a prince, eh?	50
<i>Grusha</i>	[<i>to THE ELDER LADY, fiercely</i>]: Stop shouting! Have you no heart at all?	
<i>The Younger Lady</i>	[<i>to THE ELDER LADY</i>]: Look out! She'll attack you! She's dangerous! Help! Murder!	55
<i>The Servant</i>	[<i>entering</i>]: What's going on here?	
<i>The Elder Lady:</i>	This person here has smuggled herself in by playing the lady. She's probably a thief.	
<i>The Younger Lady:</i>	And a dangerous one, too. She wanted to murder us. It's a case for the police. Oh God, I can feel my migraine coming on!	60
<i>The Servant:</i>	There aren't any police at the moment. [<i>To GRUSHA</i>]: Pack up your things, sister, and make yourself scarce.	
<i>Grusha</i>	[<i>angrily picking up the child</i>]: You monsters! And they're already nailing your heads to the wall!	65
<i>The Servant</i>	[<i>pushing her out</i>]: Shut your trap. Or you'll have the Old Man here. And there's no trifling with him.	
<i>The Elder Lady</i>	[<i>to THE YOUNGER LADY</i>]: Just see if she hasn't stolen something already!	
	[<i>While THE LADIES, right, look feverishly to see whether something has been stolen, THE SERVANT and GRUSHA go out through the door, left.</i>]	70

In what ways does Brecht make this moment in the play so memorable?

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

Nhamo, Nhamo, sneaky Nhamo! He did not speak more plainly than this because to have done so would have been blatantly nasty. Nhamo was seldom obviously offensive in case you confronted him with it and took him to task. His sins were mainly sins of omission. But on the occasions that he did do something actively nasty, he was satanically good at insinuating himself so sneakily into your most sensitive spots that if you did not know him well you could end up thinking you were being unfair to him when he annoyed you. 5

'Babamukuru says I am so bright I must be taken away to a good school and be given a good chance in life. So I shall go and live with Babamukuru at the mission. I shall no longer be Jeremiah's son,' he shouted, speaking my father's name in such derogatory tones that for once I was up in arms on my father's behalf. 'I shall wear shoes and socks, and shorts with no holes in them, all brand new, bought for me by Babamukuru. He has the money. I will even have underwear – a vest and pants. I shall have a jersey in winter, and probably a blazer too. I shall stop using my hands to eat. I will use a knife and fork.' 10 15

I think a little jealousy was permissible, even healthy under the circumstances. Unfortunately, since I had stopped reacting to Nhamo a long time ago, so that all the annoying things he did had been building up for a long time, and since this time the irritation was too persistent to ignore, I was more than a little, less than healthily jealous. This was untactical of me because Nhamo carried on in the way that he did, describing himself in unqualified superlatives and suggesting that his good fortune was unquestionably deserved, a natural consequence of the fact that he was Nhamo, only in order to bait me. And eventually, my composure of the past few years, dating from the time we had fought on the football pitch at Sunday School, disintegrated into so many fine particles. I rose magnificently to the bait. 20 25

'Ha! You are so stupid,' I jeered. 'If you are going to the mission to use a knife and fork, you will be disappointed. Didn't you see Babamukuru eat with his hands? All of them – Maiguru and those proud children. They all ate with their hands.'

'Did you want them to embarrass us?' he retorted. 'If they had wanted knives and forks, where would we have taken them from? But in their own home they use them. Each one has his own plate with his own portion of food and his knife and fork. I saw it. That's what happened when we went to eat in Salisbury at Maiguru's brother's house, the one who is a medical doctor. I asked Chido if they eat like that at home and he said yes.' 30

I could not argue with such concrete evidence so I attacked from another position. 'You will still be our father's son. You will still be my brother. And Netsai's. Even if you don't like it. So you had better stop being proud for nothing and be grateful to Babamukuru for helping you.' 35

'And you had better stop being jealous. Why are you jealous anyway?' he retaliated, free to use all his ammunition now because I had begun the engagement. 'Did you ever hear of a girl being taken away to school? You are lucky you even managed to go back to Rutivi. With me it's different. I was meant to be educated.' 40

'I'm glad you are going,' I said. 'Your voice makes noise. It hurts my ears.'

'And you have eyes like a chameleon! I can see you are getting angry. You are going dark like one. Be careful, otherwise you will stay that way and people will run away from you in case you bite them. Be careful, be careful! In case you bite!' 45

I picked up a rock and flung it at him. Nhamo sat unperturbed, following the missile's trajectory with exaggerated movements of his head. It landed harmlessly in the grass. He laughed. I dived for him, but he was up and running lightly towards the cattle kraal, laughing and chanting 'Du-du-muduri, kache! Rwavi muduri kache! Tambu muduri, kache! Pound well while I am eating potatoes at the mission!' 50

I considered running after him to give him the thrashing he deserved, but judging his head-start, saw that I would not catch him.

How does Dangarembga vividly convey Tambu's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

‘I’ll agree to your bargain,’ he said. ‘But you’ll be really engaged to me all the same.’
‘Yes; under those conditions. Then it will not matter if we have a tiff. We can part,
and no one will be the wiser.’

On my suggesting that it was now time to go to the house, he swung himself down by
a branch and turned to assist me. Descending from that tree was a feat which presented
no difficulties to me when no one was by, but now it seemed an awkward performance.

5

‘Just lead your horse underneath, so that I can get on to his back, thence to the
ground quite easily,’ I said.

‘No fear! Warrigal wouldn’t stand that kind of dodge. Won’t I do? I don’t think your
weight will quite squash me,’ he returned, placing himself in leapfrog position, and I
stepped onto his back and slid from there to the ground quite easily.

10

That afternoon, when leaving the house, I had been followed by one of the dogs,
which, when I went up the willow tree, amused himself chasing water lizards along the
bank of the creek. He treed one, and kept up a furious barking at the base of its refuge.
The yelping had disturbed Grannie where she was reading on the veranda, and coming
down the road under a big umbrella to see what the noise was about, as luck would have
it she was in the nick of time to catch me standing on Harold Beecham’s back. Grannie
frequently showed marked displeasure regarding what she termed my larrikinism, but
never before had I seen her so thoroughly angry. Shutting her umbrella, she thrust at me
with it, saying, ‘Shame! Shame! You’ll come to some harm yet, you immodest, bold, bad
hussy! I will write to your mother about you. Go home at once, miss, and confine yourself
in your room for the remainder of the day, and don’t dare eat anything until tomorrow.
Spend the time in fasting, and pray to God to make you better. I don’t know what makes
you so forward with men. Your mother and aunt never gave me the slightest trouble in
that way.’

15

20

25

She pushed me from her in anger, and I turned and strode houseward without a
word or glancing behind. I could hear Grannie deprecating my conduct as I departed,
and Harold quietly and decidedly differing from her.

From the time of my infancy punishment of any description never had a beneficial
effect upon me. But dear old Grannie was acting according to her principles in putting
me through a term of penance, so I shut myself in my room as directed, with goodwill
toward her at my heart. I was burning with shame. Was I bold and immodest with men,
as accused of being? It was the last indiscretion I would intentionally have been guilty of.
In associating with men I never realize that the trifling difference of sex is sufficient to be
a great wall between us. The fact of sex never for an instant enters my head, and I find
it as easy to be chummy with men as with girls: Men in return have always been very
good, and have treated me in the same way.

30

35

On returning from her walk Grannie came to my room, brought me some preachy
books to read, and held out to me the privilege of saying I was sorry, and being restored
to my usual place in the society of the household.

40

‘Grannie, I cannot say I am sorry and promise to reform, for my conscience does
not reproach me in the least. I had no evil—not even a violation of manners—in my
intentions; but I am sorry that I vexed you,’ I said.

‘Vexing me is not the sinful part of it. It is your unrepentant heart that fills me with
fears for your future. I will leave you here to think by yourself. The only redeeming point
about you is, you do not pretend to be sorry when you are not.’

45

The dear old lady shook her head sorrowfully as she departed.

How does Franklin make this moment in the novel so entertaining?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

<i>Helmer</i>	[<i>kisses her forehead</i>]: Goodnight, my little singing bird. Sleep well, Nora, I'll just read through my letters. [<i>He takes the letters into his room and shuts the door behind him.</i>]	
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>gropes around her, wild-eyed, seizes HELMER's cloak, wraps it round herself, and whispers quickly, hoarsely, spasmodically</i>]: Never see him again. Never, never, never. [<i>Throws her shawl over her head.</i>] And never see the children again either. Never, never. Oh, that black icy water. Oh, that bottomless ...! If only it were all over! He's got it now. Now he's reading it. Oh no, no! Not yet! Torvald, goodbye ... and my children ...	5
	[<i>She rushes out in the direction of the hall; at the same moment HELMER flings open his door and stands there with an open letter in his hand.</i>]	10
<i>Helmer:</i>	Nora!	
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>shrieks</i>]: Ah!	15
<i>Helmer:</i>	What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?	
<i>Nora:</i>	Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me out!	
<i>Helmer</i>	[<i>holds her back</i>]: Where are you going?	
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>trying to tear herself free</i>]: You mustn't try to save me, Torvald!	
<i>Helmer</i>	[<i>reels back</i>]: True! Is it true what he writes? How dreadful! No, no, it can't possibly be true.	20
<i>Nora:</i>	It <i>is</i> true. I loved you more than anything else in the world.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Don't come to me with a lot of paltry excuses!	
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>taking a step towards him</i>]: Torvald ...!	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Miserable woman ... what is this you have done?	25
<i>Nora:</i>	Let me go. I won't have you taking the blame for me. You mustn't take it on yourself.	
<i>Helmer:</i>	Stop play-acting! [<i>Locks the front door.</i>] You are staying here to give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you have done? Answer me! Do you understand?	30
<i>Nora</i>	[<i>looking fixedly at him, her face hardening</i>]: Yes, now I'm really beginning to understand.	
<i>Helmer</i>	[<i>walking up and down</i>]: Oh, what a terrible awakening this is. All these eight years ... this woman who was my pride and joy ... a hypocrite, a liar, worse than that, a criminal! Oh, how utterly squalid it all is! Ugh! Ugh! [<i>NORA remains silent and looks fixedly at him.</i>] I should have realized something like this would happen. I should have seen it coming. All your father's irresponsible ways ... Quiet! All your father's irresponsible ways are coming out in you. No religion, no morals, no sense of duty ... Oh, this is my punishment for turning a blind eye to him. It was for your sake I did it, and this is what I get for it.	35
<i>Nora:</i>	Yes, this.	40
<i>Helmer:</i>	Now you have ruined my entire happiness, jeopardized my whole future. It's terrible to think of. Here I am, at the mercy of a thoroughly unscrupulous person; he can do whatever he likes with me, demand	45

anything he wants, order me about just as he chooses ... and I daren't even whimper. I'm done for, a miserable failure, and it's all the fault of a feather-brained woman!

Nora: When I've left this world behind, you will be free.

Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes this moment in the play so dramatically powerful.

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

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

The Instant of My Death

The bus was crammed and the fat man rubbed against my leg like a damp cat
while you read *The Jataka Tales* three rows from the back

and we all stumbled on; wheels and hours grinding, tripping
as Spiti rose up around us, sky propped open by its peaks.

I traced the rockline on the window with my finger, 5
counted cows and gompas, felt my eyes glaze over

until we reached Gramphoo. There, where the road divided,
I saw a thin boy in red flannel squat between two dhabas;

a black-eyed bean, slipped-in between two crags, he was so small 10
that I almost missed him, until he turned, gap-toothed, and shot me

with a toy gun. And a piece of me stopped then, though the bus moved on,
and the fat man beside me cracked open an apple with his thumb.

(Sarah Jackson)

In what ways does Jackson vividly convey the speaker's thoughts and feelings in this poem?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Yellow Wall Paper* (by Charlotte Perkins Gilman), and then answer the question that follows it:

The colour is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering, unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long. 5

There comes John, and I must put this away – he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength. 10

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no *reason* to suffer, and that satisfies him. 15

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able – to dress and entertain, and order things. 20

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby! And yet I *cannot* be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wall paper! 25

At first he meant to repaper the room, but afterwards, he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wall paper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then that gate at the head of the stairs, and so on. 30

'You know the place is doing you good,' he said, 'and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental.'

'Then do let us go downstairs,' I said, 'there are such pretty rooms there.'

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down to the cellar if I wished, and would have it whitewashed into the bargain. 35

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is as airy and comfortable a room as any one need wish, and of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbours, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees. 40

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbours, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try. 45

I think sometimes that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the
press of ideas and rest me.

50

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work.
When I get really well John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit;
but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillow-case as to let me have those
stimulating people about now.

55

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a vicious
influence it had!

How does Gilman make this such a revealing portrayal of the relationship between the narrator
and her husband?

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's portrayal of **two** of the following characters contributes to the dramatic impact of the play:
- the Governor's Wife
 - the Mother-in-Law
 - the Fat Prince.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 8 How does Dangarembga memorably portray the relationship between Tambu (the narrator) and Nyasha?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 9 In what ways does Franklin make Sybylla such a compelling narrator?

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

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 10 How does Ibsen make **two** moments in the play particularly powerful for you?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 4** when answering this question.

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

- 11 How do the poets memorably convey strong feelings in *A Long Journey* (by Musaemura Zimunya) and in **one** other poem from this selection?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 In what ways does Crane powerfully depict the men's battle for survival in *The Open Boat*?

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