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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/33**

Paper 3 Set Text

**October/November 2019**

**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 **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:

‘Excuse me, Madam,’ Mr Matimba said in English, in the softest, slipperiest voice I had ever heard him use, speaking to an old white woman who walked arm in arm with her husband. ‘Excuse me, Madam, we are selling green mealies, very soft, very fresh, very sweet.’

Smiling brightly I held two cobs out while my stomach rolled itself into tight, nervous knots. I did not like the way they looked, with their skin hanging in papery folds from their bones, malignant-looking brown spots on their hands, a musty, dusty, sweetish odour clinging around the woman like a haze. Making sure not to wrinkle my nose, because these were the people who had the money that I needed to go back to school, I smiled more broadly, showing all my teeth, and said, ‘Nice maize, good maize. Nice, good,’ I repeated, because I had no more English adjectives with which to describe my produce.

The old woman looked at me shaking her head. ‘Ts-ts-ts-ts!’ she clicked.

‘Come, Doris,’ the man said, anxiously grasping her elbow. ‘We don’t need any mealies.’

‘Shocking, simply shocking,’ protested Doris. ‘I’d be shocking myself if I walked by and didn’t say anything, George! Oi, young man, yes you!’ she said, raising her voice to address Mr Matimba. ‘Is she your little girl?’ Without waiting for an answer she gave him a piece of her mind. ‘Child labour. Slavery! That’s what it is. And I’m sure you don’t need to make the poor mite work. You are natty enough, but look at the mite, all rags and tears.’

Doris’ husband turned down the corners of his mouth at Mr Matimba, apologetically, embarrassed, annoyed.

‘Come now, Doris, it’s none of our business.’

This appeared to be the opinion of the other Whites in the street. They crossed over before they reached us. Some did walk by, but I think they did not speak English; in fact no one spoke at all except for one beefy youth.

‘What’s the matter, lady? The munt being cheeky?’

A crowd of black people gathered. ‘What’s the matter with the old ones?’ asked a young man in sunglasses and a tweed cap irrepressibly set over one eye. He spiked the beefy youth with a vigilant eye. I was obliged to tell him that I did not know because I did not speak English. But, I assured him, I was going to learn English when I went back to school.

Doris would not keep quiet. ‘The child ought to be in school, learning her tables and keeping out of mischief,’ she railed. ‘Now, don’t tell me there aren’t any schools, young man, because I know the Governor is doing a lot for the natives in the way of education.’

‘They’re kaffirs,’ interjected the youth. ‘They don’t want to learn anything. Too much like hard work.’

‘Speak up for yourself, now,’ Doris commanded Mr Matimba.

Mr Matimba did speak for himself. He spoke most sorrowfully and most beseechingly. Doris darkened like a chameleon. Money changed hands, paper money from Doris’ hands to Mr Matimba’s. The beefy youth was disgusted. ‘That’s more than two crates of *shumba*. Wasted on a kaffir!’ Doris allowed her husband to lead her away. I offered my basket, repeating my slogan, for her to choose the biggest cobs. She patted my head and called me a plucky piccannin.

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Some of the crowd cheered, saying she was more human than most of her kind. Others muttered that white people could afford to be, in fact ought to be, generous.

'What is good is not given,' warned the man in the cap. 'What will she do when the money runs out. Look for another old White?' He spat on the pavement. I did not know why he was so angry, but Mr Matimba was smiling conspiratorially, so I knew that everything was all right. 50

'There is no reason to stay,' he said. 'Pack the maize and we will go.' I did as I was told, although I was worried that we had not sold any maize. In the truck Mr Matimba explained what had happened, how Doris had accused him of making me work instead of sending me to school and how he had told her that I was an orphan, taken in by my father's brother but, being the thirteenth child under their roof, had not been sent to school for lack of fees. He had said that I was very clever, very hardworking and was selling mealies to raise my school fees with his assistance. He told me that Doris had commended him for trying to help me, had donated ten pounds towards my school fees. He showed me the money, the crisp clean note. Ten pounds. We never even talked about that much money at home. Now here I was holding it in my hands! The money, the money, no thought for the method. 55 60

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

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

Nora:	What do you want out there?	
Helmer:	Just want to see if there are any letters.	
Nora:	No, don't, Torvald!	
Helmer:	Why not?	
Nora:	Torvald, <i>please!</i> There aren't any.	5
Helmer:	Just let me see.	
	<i>[He starts to go. NORA, at the piano, plays the opening bars of the tarantella.]</i>	
Helmer	<i>[at the door, stops]:</i> Aha!	
Nora:	I shan't be able to dance tomorrow if I don't rehearse it with you.	10
Helmer	<i>[walks to her]:</i> Are you really so nervous, Nora dear?	
Nora:	Terribly nervous. Let me run through it now. There's still time before supper. Come and sit here and play for me, Torvald dear. Tell me what to do, keep me right—as you always do.	
Helmer:	Certainly, with pleasure, if that's what you want.	15
	<i>[He sits at the piano. NORA snatches the tambourine out of the box, and also a long gaily-coloured shawl which she drapes round herself, then with a bound she leaps forward.]</i>	
Nora	<i>[shouts]:</i> Now play for me! Now I'll dance!	
	<i>[HELMER plays and NORA dances; DR. RANK stands at the piano behind HELMER and looks on.]</i>	20
Helmer	<i>[playing]:</i> Not so fast! Not so fast!	
Nora:	I can't help it.	
Helmer:	Not so wild, Nora!	
Nora:	This is how it has to be.	25
Helmer	<i>[stops]:</i> No, no, that won't do at all.	
Nora	<i>[laughs and swings the tambourine]:</i> Didn't I tell you?	
Rank:	Let me play for her.	
Helmer	<i>[gets up]:</i> Yes, do. Then I'll be better able to tell her what to do.	
	<i>[RANK sits down at the piano and plays. NORA dances more and more wildly. HELMER stands by the stove giving her repeated directions as she dances; she does not seem to hear them. Her hair comes undone and falls about her shoulders; she pays no attention and goes on dancing. MRS. LINDE enters.]</i>	30
Mrs. Linde	<i>[standing as though spellbound in the doorway]:</i> Ah...!	35
Nora	<i>[dancing]:</i> See what fun we are having, Kristine.	
Helmer:	But my dear darling Nora, you are dancing as though your life depended on it.	
Nora:	It does.	
Helmer:	Stop, Rank! This is sheer madness. Stop, I say.	40
	<i>[RANK stops playing and NORA comes to a sudden halt.]</i>	

- Helmer* [crosses to her]: I would never have believed it. You have forgotten everything I ever taught you.
- Nora* [throwing away the tambourine]: There you are, you see.
- Helmer:* Well, some more instruction is certainly needed there. 45
- Nora:* Yes, you see how necessary it is. You must go on coaching me right up to the last minute. Promise me, Torvald?
- Helmer:* You can rely on me.
- Nora:* You mustn't think about anything else but me until after tomorrow ... mustn't open any letters ... mustn't touch the letter-box. 50
- Helmer:* Ah, you are still frightened of what that man might ...
- Nora:* Yes, yes, I am.
- Helmer:* I can see from your face there's already a letter there from him.
- Nora:* I don't know. I think so. But you mustn't read anything like that now. We don't want anything horrid coming between us until all this is over. 55

Explore how Ibsen strikingly portrays Nora's state of mind at this moment in the play.

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

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

Her performance, moreover, was a startling one: the forte pedal was held down throughout; the big chords were crashed and banged with all the strength a pair of twelve-year-old arms could put into them; and wrong notes were freely scattered. Still, rhythm and melody were well marked, and there was no mistaking the agility of the small fingers.

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Dead silence, too, greeted the conclusion of the piece. Several girls were very red, from trying not to laugh. The Principal tugged at his moustache, in an abstracted fashion.

Laura had reached her seat again before Mrs Strachey said undecidedly: 'Thank you, dear. Did you...hm...learn that piece here?'

Laura saw nothing wrong. 'Oh, no, at home,' she answered. 'I wouldn't care to play the things I learn here, to people. They're so dull.'

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A girl emitted a faint squeak. But a half turn of Mrs Strachey's head subdued her. 'Oh, I hope you will soon get to like classical music also,' said the lady gravely, and in all good faith. 'We prefer it here, you know, to any other.'

'Do you mean things like the *Air in G with Variations*? I'm afraid I never shall. There's no tune in them.'

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Music was as fatal to Laura's equilibrium as wine would have been. Finding herself next to Mr Strachey, she now turned to him, and said, with what she believed to be ease of manner: 'Mr Strachey, will you please tell me what that picture is, hanging over the mantelpiece? I've been looking at it ever since I came in, but I can't make it out. Are those ghosts, those things behind the man, or what?'

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It took Mr Strachey a minute to recover from his astonishment. He stroked hard, and the look he bent on Laura was not encouraging.

'It seems to be all the same face,' continued the child, her eyes on the picture.

'That,' said Mr Strachey, with extreme deliberation: 'that is the portrait, by a great painter, of a great poet—Dante Alighieri.'

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'Oh, Dante, is it?' said Laura showily—she had once heard the name. 'Oh, yes, of course, I know now. He wrote a book, didn't he, called *Faust*? I saw it over there by the door. What lovely books!'

But here Mr Strachey abruptly changed his seat, and Laura's thirst for information was left unquenched.

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The evening passed, and she was in blessed ignorance of anything being amiss, till the next morning after breakfast, when she was bidden to Mrs Gurley.

A quarter of an hour later, on her emerging from that lady's private sitting room, her eyes were mere swollen slits in her face. Instead, however, of sponging them in cold water, and bravely joining her friends, Laura was still foolish enough to hide and have her cry out. So that when the bell rang, she was obliged to go into public prayers looking a prodigious fright, and thereby advertising to the curious what had taken place.

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Mrs Gurley had crushed and humiliated her.

In what ways does Richardson make this moment in the novel so vivid?

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

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

*The Enemies*

Last night they came across the river and  
 Entered the city. Women were awake  
 With lights and food. They entertained the band,  
 Not asking what the men had come to take  
 Or what strange tongue they spoke 5  
 Or why they came so suddenly through the land.

Now in the morning all the town is filled  
 With stories of the swift and dark invasion;  
 The women say that not one stranger told  
 A reason for his coming. The intrusion 10  
 Was not for devastation:  
 Peace is apparent still on hearth and field.

Yet all the city is a haunted place.  
 Man meeting man speaks cautiously. Old friends  
 Close up the candid looks upon their face. 15  
 There is no warmth in hands accepting hands;  
 Each ponders, 'Better hide myself in case  
 Those strangers have set up their homes in minds  
 I used to walk in. Better draw the blinds  
 Even if the strangers haunt in my own house.' 20

*(Elizabeth Jennings)*

How does Jennings create a sense of mystery in *The Enemies*?

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Jocasta:</i>	Tell me clearly, how did the quarrel start?	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	He says <i>I</i> murdered Laius—I am guilty.	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	How does he know? Some secret knowledge or simple hearsay?	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Oh, he sent his prophet in to do his dirty work. You know Creon, Creon keeps his own lips clean.	5
<i>Jocasta:</i>	A prophet? Well then, free yourself of every charge! Listen to me and learn some peace of mind: no skill in the world, nothing human can penetrate the future. Here is proof, quick and to the point.	10
	An oracle came to Laius one fine day (I won't say from Apollo himself but his underlings his priests) and it declared that doom would strike him down at the hands of a son, our son, to be born of our own flesh and blood. But Laius, so the report goes at least, was killed by strangers, thieves, at a place where three roads meet ... my son— he wasn't three days old and the boy's father fastened his ankles, had a henchman fling him away on a barren, trackless mountain.	15
	There, you see? Apollo brought neither thing to pass. My baby no more murdered his father than Laius suffered— his wildest fear—death at his own son's hands. That's how the seers and all their revelations mapped out the future. Brush them from your mind. Whatever the god needs and seeks he'll bring to light himself, with ease.	20
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Strange, hearing you just now ... my mind wandered, my thoughts racing back and forth.	25
<i>Jocasta:</i>	What do you mean? Why so anxious, startled?	30
<i>Oedipus:</i>	I thought I heard you say that Laius was cut down at a place where three roads meet.	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	That was the story. It hasn't died out yet.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Where did this thing happen? Be precise.	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	A place called Phocis, where two branching roads, one from Daulia, one from Delphi, come together—a crossroads.	40
<i>Oedipus:</i>	When? How long ago?	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	The heralds no sooner reported Laius dead than you appeared and they hailed you king of Thebes.	45
<i>Oedipus:</i>	My god, my god—what have you planned to do to me?	



- Jocasta:* What, Oedipus? What haunts you so?
- Oedipus:* Not yet.  
Laius—how did he look? Describe him.  
Had he reached his prime? 50
- Jocasta:* He was swarthy,  
and the gray had just begun to streak his temples,  
and his build ... wasn't far from yours.
- Oedipus:* Oh no no,  
I think I've just called down a dreadful curse  
upon myself—I simply didn't know! 55
- Jocasta:* What are you saying? I shudder to look at you.
- Oedipus:* I have a terrible fear the blind seer can see.  
I'll know in a moment. One thing more—
- Jocasta:* Anything, 60  
afraid as I am—ask, I'll answer, all I can.
- Oedipus:* Did he go with a light or heavy escort,  
several men-at-arms, like a lord, a king?
- Jocasta:* There were five in the party, a herald among them,  
and a single wagon carrying Laius. 65
- Oedipus:* Ai—  
now I can see it all, clear as day.

In what ways does Sophocles build tension at this moment in the play?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 6 Read this extract from *The Bath* (by Janet Frame), and then answer the question that follows it:

Picking up the rusted garden fork that she knew lay always in the grass of the next grave, long neglected, she set to work to clear away the twitch and other weeds, exposing the first bunch of dark blue primroses with yellow centres, a clump of autumn lilies, and the shoots, six inches high, of daffodils. Then removing the green-slimed jam jars from their grooves on each side of the tombstone she walked slowly, stiff from her crouching, to the ever-dripping tap at the end of the lawn path where, filling the jars with pebbles and water she rattled them up and down to try to clean them of slime. Then she ran the sparkling ice-cold water into the jars and balancing them carefully one in each hand she walked back to the grave where she shook the daffodils, anemones, red leaves from their waxed paper and dividing them put half in one jar, half in the other. The dark blue of the anemones swelled with a sea-colour as their heads rested against the red leaves. The daffodils were short-stemmed with big ragged rather than delicate trumpets – the type for blowing; and their scent was strong.

Finally, remembering the winds that raged from the sea she stuffed small pieces of the screwed-up waxed paper into the top of each jar so the flowers would not be carried away by the wind. Then with a feeling of satisfaction – I look after my husband's grave after seventeen years. The tombstone is not cracked or blown over, the garden has not sunk into a pool of clay. I look after my husband's grave – she began to walk away, between the rows of graves, noting which were and were not cared for. Her father and mother had been buried here. She stood now before their grave. It was a roomy grave made in the days when there was space for the dead and for the dead with money, like her parents, extra space should they need it. Their tombstone was elaborate though the writing was now faded; in death they kept the elaborate station of their life. There were no flowers on the grave, only the feathery sea-grass soft to the touch, lit with gold in the sun. There was no sound but the sound of the sea and the one row of fir trees on the brow of the hill. She felt the peace inside her; the nightmare of the evening before seemed far away, seemed not to have happened; the senseless terrifying struggle to get out of a bath!

She sat on the concrete edge of her parents' grave. She did not want to go home. She felt content to sit here quietly with the warm soft wind flowing around her and the sigh of the sea rising to mingle with the sighing of the firs and the whisper of the thin gold grass. She was grateful for the money, the time and the forethought that had made her parents' grave so much bigger than the others near by. Her husband, cremated, had been allowed only a narrow eighteen inches by two feet, room only for the flecked grey tombstone In Memory of My Husband John Edward Harraway died August 6th 1948, and the narrow garden of spring flowers, whereas her parents' grave was so wide, and its concrete wall was a foot high; it was, in death, the equivalent of a quarter-acre section before there were too many people in the world. Why when the world was wider and wider was there no space left?

Or was the world narrower?

She did not know; she could not think; she knew only that she did not want to go home, she wanted to sit here on the edge of the grave, never catching any more buses, crossing streets, walking on icy footpaths, turning mattresses, trying to reach jam from the top shelf of the cupboard, filling coal buckets, getting in and out of the bath. Only to get in somewhere and stay in; to get out and stay out; to stay now, always, in one place.

Ten minutes later she was waiting at the bus stop; anxiously studying the destination of each bus as it passed, clutching her money since concession tickets were not allowed in the weekend, thinking of the cup of tea she would make when she got home, of her evening meal – the remainder of the liver and bacon – of her nephew in Christchurch who was coming with his wife and children for the school holidays, of her niece in the

home expecting her third baby. Cars and buses surged by, horns tooted, a plane droned, near and far, near and far, children cried out, dogs barked; the sea, in competition, made a harsher sound as if its waves were now breaking in foam.

For a moment, confused after the peace of the cemetery, she shut her eyes, trying to recapture the image of her husband's grave, now bright with spring flowers, and her parents' grave, wide, spacious, with room should the dead desire it to turn and sigh and move in dreams as if the two slept together in a big soft grass double-bed. 55

She waited, trying to capture the image of peace. She saw only her husband's grave, made narrower, the spring garden whittled to a thin strip; then it vanished and she was left with the image of the bathroom, of the narrow confining bath grass-yellow as old baths are, not frost-white, waiting, waiting, for one moment of inattention, weakness, pain, to claim her for ever. 60

How does Frame make this such a sad ending to the story?

**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 vividly depict Tambu's life at home with her family?

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

- 8 How far does Ibsen's portrayal of Torvald Helmer make it possible for you to feel sympathy for him?

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 2** when answering this question.

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

- 9 To what extent does Richardson's writing lead you to feel sympathy for Laura?

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

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

- 10 How does Hendriks strikingly convey a sense of unfairness in *The Migrant*?

**SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King***

- 11 How does Sophocles' presentation of the relationship between Oedipus and Creon contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 12 Explore the ways in which Lahiri vividly portrays married life in *The Third and Final Continent*.

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