



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
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WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3: Set Text

May/June 2012

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 all 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 questions may be on one set text or on 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 **4** 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:

<i>Creon:</i>	You despise me, don't you? (<i>She doesn't answer. He goes on as if to himself.</i>) Funny. I've often imagined having this conversation . . . with a pale young man who's tried to kill me . . . from whom I can extract nothing but scorn. But I never thought it would be with you, Antigone, and over something so foolish . . . (<i>He buries his head in his hands. We realise he is at the end of his tether.</i>) Listen to me for the last time. I'm cast as the villain, and I'm going to have you put to death. But before I do I want you to be sure of your role. Do you know why you're going to die, Antigone? Do you realise what a squalid story it is you're going to put your poor little bloodstained name to – for ever?	5
	<i>Pause.</i>	
<i>Antigone:</i>	What do you mean?	
<i>Creon:</i>	The story of your brothers, Eteocles and Polynices. You think you know it, but you don't. No one in Thebes knows except me. But I think that this morning you too have the right to know. (<i>He meditates for a moment, his head in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. As if to himself.</i>) It's not pretty. (<i>Dully, not looking at Antigone.</i>) To start with, what do you remember about your brothers? You probably remember two boys who looked down on you and wouldn't let you play with them . . . who broke your dolls and were always whispering secrets together to make you jealous . . .?	10 15 20
<i>Antigone:</i>	They were older than I was . . .	
<i>Creon:</i>	Later on, I suppose, you were impressed by their first cigarettes and their first long trousers. Then they started to go out in the evenings, to act like men, not to take any notice of you . . .?	25
<i>Antigone:</i>	I was only a girl . . .	
<i>Creon:</i>	You saw your mother weep, your father get angry. You heard your brothers slam the door when they came home, and guffaw all along the corridors. They'd lurk past making feeble jokes and reeking of wine . . .	30
<i>Antigone:</i>	Once I hid behind the door. We'd just got up, and they'd just come home. Polynices saw me. He was pale, with shining eyes – so handsome in his evening clothes! He gave me a big paper flower he'd brought home with him from the party.	
<i>Creon:</i>	And you kept it, didn't you? And last night, before you went out, you opened the drawer and looked at it, to help you summon up your courage?	35
<i>Antigone:</i>	(<i>with a start</i>) Who told you?	
<i>Creon:</i>	Poor Antigone! You and your paper flower! Do you know what your brother was really like?	40
<i>Antigone:</i>	I knew you'd say horrible things about him!	

Creon: A brainless roisterer, a cruel, soulless little thug whose only distinction was driving faster than his cronies and spending more money in bars! I was there once when your father refused to pay his gambling debts. He turned pale, let out an oath, clenched his fist –

Antigone: I don't believe it!

Creon: And drove his loutish paw right in your father's face! It was pitiful. Your father just sat at his desk with his face in his hands, his nose streaming with blood. Weeping. And Polynices stood sneering in a corner, lighting a cigarette.

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Antigone: (*almost imploring now*) It isn't true!

Creon: You were only twelve at the time. You didn't see him for years after that. Did you?

Antigone: (*dully*) No.

In what ways does Anouilh make this such a powerful moment in the play?

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

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

David attracted people like a magnet – with his charm, his nonchalance, his grace, he did it so well, so smoothly, his qualities worked more efficiently than any visiting card system – and they started going to parties. It began to seem to her that this was the chief occupation of people in Bombay – going to parties. She was always on the point of collapse when she arrived at one: the taxi invariably stank, the driver's hair dripped oil, and then the sights and scenes they passed on the streets, the congestion and racket of the varied traffic, the virulent cinema posters, the blazing colours of women's clothing, the profusion of toys and decorations of coloured paper and tinsel, the radios and loudspeakers never tuned to less than top volume, and amongst them flower sellers, pilgrims, dancing monkeys and performing bears . . . that there should be such poverty, such disease, such filth, and that out of it boiled so much vitality, such irrepressible life, seemed to her unnatural and sinister – it was as if chaos and evil triumphed over reason and order. Then the parties they went to were all very large ones. The guests all wore brilliant clothes and jewellery, and their eyes and teeth flashed with such primitive lust as they eyed her slim, white-sheathed blonde self, that the sensation of being caught up and crushed, crowded in and choked sent her into corners where their knees pushed into her, their hands slid over her back, their voices bored into her, so that when she got back to the hotel, on David's arm, she was more like a corpse than an American globe-trotter.

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Folding her arms about her, she muttered at the window, 'I never expected them to be so primitive. I thought it would all be modern, up-to-date. Not this – this wild jungle stuff.'

He was pouring himself a night-cap and splashed it in genuine surprise. 'What do you mean? We've only been seeing the modern and up-to-date. These people would be at home at any New York cocktail party –'

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'No,' she burst out, hugging herself tightly. 'No, they would *not*. They haven't the polish, the smoothness, the softness. David, they're *not* civilized. They're still a primitive people. When I see their eyes I see how primitive they are. When they touch me, I feel frightened – I feel I'm in danger.'

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He looked at her with apprehension. They had drunk till it was too late to eat and now he was hungry, tired. He found her exhausting. He would have liked to sit back comfortably in that air-conditioned cool, to go over the party, to discuss the people they had met, to share his views with her. But she seemed launched in some other direction, she was going alone and he did not want to be drawn into her deep wake. 'You're very imaginative tonight,' he said lightly, playing with the bottle-opener and not looking at her. 'Here was I, disappointed at finding them so westernized. I would have liked them a bit more primitive – at least for the sake of my thesis. Now look at the Gidwanis. Did you ever think an Indian wife would be anything like Gidwani's wife – what was her name?'

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'Oh, she was terrible, terrible,' Pat whispered, shuddering, as she thought of the vermilion sari tied below the navel, of the uneven chocolate-smooth expanse of belly and the belt of little silver bells around it. She didn't care to remember the dance she had danced with David on the floor of the night-club. She had never even looked at the woman's face, she had kept her eyes lowered and not been able to go any further than that black navel. If that was not primitive, what could David, a sociology student, mean by the word?

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In what ways does Desai make this such a striking introduction to David and Pat in 'Scholar and

Turn over for Question 3.

ATHOL FUGARD: *'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys*

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

- Hally:* It started off looking like another of those useless nothing-to-do afternoons. I'd already been down to Main Street looking for adventure, but nothing had happened. I didn't feel like climbing trees in the Donkin Park or pretending I was a private eye and following a stranger . . . so as usual: See what's cooking in Sam's room. This time it was you on the floor. You had two thin pieces of wood and you were smoothing them down with a knife. It didn't look particularly interesting, but when I asked you what you were doing, you just said, "Wait and see, Hally. Wait . . . and see" . . . in that secret sort of way of yours, so I knew there was a surprise coming. You teased me, you bugger, by being deliberately slow and not answering my questions! 5
- (Sam laughs)*
- And whistling while you worked away! God, it was infuriating! I could have brained you! It was only when you tied them together in a cross and put that down on the brown paper that I realized what you were doing. "Sam is making a kite?" And when I asked you and you said "Yes" . . . ! *(Shaking his head with disbelief)* The sheer audacity of it took my breath away. I mean, seriously, what the hell does a black man know about flying a kite? I'll be honest with you, Sam, I had no hopes for it. If you think I was excited and happy, you got another guess coming. In fact, I was shit-scared that we were going to make fools of ourselves. When we left the boarding house to go up onto the hill, I was praying quietly that there wouldn't be any other kids around to laugh at us. 10
- Sam:* *(Enjoying the memory as much as Hally)* Ja, I could see that.
- Hally:* I made it obvious, did I?
- Sam:* Ja. You refused to carry it. 15
- Hally:* Do you blame me? Can you remember what the poor thing looked like? Tomato-box wood and brown paper! Flour and water for glue! Two of my mother's old stockings for a tail, and then all those bits and pieces of string you made me tie together so that we could fly it! Hell, no, that was now only asking for a miracle to happen. 20
- Sam:* Then the big argument when I told you to hold the string and run with it when I let go.
- Hally:* I was prepared to run, all right, but straight back to the boarding house.
- Sam:* *(Knowing what's coming)* So what happened? 25
- Hally:* Come on, Sam, you remember as well as I do.
- Sam:* I want to hear it from you.
- (Hally pauses. He wants to be as accurate as possible)*
- Hally:* You went a little distance from me down the hill, you held it up ready to let it go. . . . "This is it," I thought. "Like everything else in my life, here comes another fiasco." Then you shouted, "Go, Hally!" and I started to run. *(Another pause)* I don't know how to describe it, Sam. Ja! The miracle happened! I was running, waiting for it to crash to the ground, but instead suddenly there was something alive behind me at the end of the string, tugging at it as if it wanted to be free. I looked back . . . *(Shakes his head)* . . . I still can't believe my eyes. It was flying! Looping around and trying to climb even higher into the sky. You shouted to me to let it have more string. I did, until there was 30
- 45

none left and I was just holding that piece of wood we had tied it to. You came up and joined me. You were laughing.

Sam: So were you. And shouting, "It works, Sam! We've done it!"

Hally: And we had! I was so proud of us! It was the most splendid thing I had ever seen. I wished there were hundreds of kids around to watch us. The part that scared me, though, was when you showed me how to make it dive down to the ground and then just when it was on the point of crashing, swoop up again!

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Sam: You didn't want to try yourself.

Hally: Of course not! I would have been suicidal if anything had happened to it. Watching you do it made me nervous enough. I was quite happy just to see it up there with its tail fluttering behind it. You left me after that, didn't you? You explained how to get it down, we tied it to the bench so that I could sit and watch it, and you went away. I wanted you to stay, you know. I was a little scared of having to look after it by myself.

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Sam: (*Quietly*) I had work to do, Hally.

In what ways does Fugard make this moment a revealing one about the nature of the relationship between Hally and Sam?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

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

<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	But why have you kept this all so secret, dear?	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Do you suppose I was going to run about the town gossiping about it, before I had absolute proof? No, thank you. I am not such a fool.	
<i>Petra:</i>	Still, you might have told us –	5
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Not a living soul. But tomorrow you may run around to the old Badger –	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	Oh, Thomas! Thomas!	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Well, to your grandfather, then. The old boy will have something to be astonished at! I know he thinks I am cracked – and there are lots of other people who think so too, I have noticed. But now these good folks shall see – they shall just see! (<i>Walks about, rubbing his hands.</i>) There will be a nice upset in the town, Katherine; you can't imagine what it will be. All the conduit-pipes will have to be relaid.	10 15
<i>Hovstad:</i>	(<i>getting up</i>) All the conduit-pipes –?	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Yes, of course. The intake is too low down; it will have to be lifted to a position much higher up.	
<i>Petra:</i>	Then you were right after all.	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Ah, you remember, Petra – I wrote opposing the plans before the work was begun. But at that time no one would listen to me. Well, I am going to let them have it now. Of course I have prepared a report for the Baths Committee; I have had it ready for a week, and was only waiting for this to come. (<i>Shows the letter.</i>) Now it shall go off at once. (<i>Goes into his room and comes back with some papers.</i>) Look at that! Four closely written sheets! – and the letter shall go with them. Give me a bit of paper, Katherine – something to wrap them up in. That will do! Now give it to-to- (<i>stamps his foot</i>) – what the deuce is her name? – give it to the maid, and tell her to take it at once to the Mayor.	20 25 30
	(<i>Mrs. Stockmann takes the packet and goes out through the dining-room.</i>)	
<i>Petra:</i>	What do you think Uncle Peter will say, father?	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	What is there for him to say? I should think he would be very glad that such an important truth has been brought to light.	35
<i>Hovstad:</i>	Will you let me print a short note about your discovery in the "Messenger"?	
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	I shall be very much obliged if you will.	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	It is very desirable that the public should be informed of it without delay.	40
<i>Dr. Stockmann:</i>	Certainly.	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	(<i>coming back</i>) She has just gone with it.	
<i>Billing:</i>	Upon my soul, Doctor, you are going to be the foremost man in the town!	45

- Dr. Stockmann:* (*walking about happily*) Nonsense! As a matter of fact I have done nothing more than my duty. I have only made a lucky find – that's all. Still, all the same...
- Billing:* Hovstad, don't you think the town ought to give Dr. Stockmann some sort of testimonial?
- Hovstad:* I will suggest it, anyway.
- Billing:* And I will speak to Aslaksen about it.
- Dr. Stockmann:* No, my good friends, don't let us have any of that nonsense. I won't hear anything of the kind. And if the Baths Committee should think of voting me an increase of salary, I will not accept it. Do you hear, Katherine? – I won't accept it. 55
- Mrs. Stockmann:* You are quite right, Thomas.
- Petra:* (*lifting her glass*) Your health, father!
- Hovstad and Billing:* Your health, Doctor! Good health!
- Horster:* (*touches glasses with Dr. Stockmann*) I hope it will bring you nothing but good luck. 60
- Dr. Stockmann:* Thank you, thank you, my dear fellows! I feel tremendously happy! It is a splendid thing for a man to be able to feel that he has done a service to his native town and to his fellow-citizens. Hurrah, Katherine! (*He puts his arms round her and whirls her round and round, while she protests with laughing cries. They all laugh, clap their hands, and cheer the Doctor. The boys put their heads in at the door to see what is going on.*) 65

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

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

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

'Silence, please!' The magistrate looked at them crossly. 'You know why you're here and I don't have to remind you that this is a serious matter. You will behave yourselves and stay where you are until I dismiss you.'

The magistrate motioned to the constable and the constable left the room. Down the passage a door opened, someone came down the passage very slowly and then a funny-looking woman came into the room, together with the constable. It was a white woman. Her dress was greyish-black and most of her hair was pushed in under a headcloth. She was very scared. He could see it. At first she just stayed standing at the door without looking up.

Then the magistrate spoke very kindly to her. 'Come closer, Mrs van Rooyen, come close to them and take your time. Look as long as you want to.'

When she looked up, she just glanced at the other children before she came forward and pointed her finger straight at him; then she turned round and started crying.

Many other people came crowding in the door and whispered amongst themselves. A poorly dressed man pushed his way through them and came and stood next to the woman. She pointed at him again and the man stared at him as if he had had a shock. The tall one came into the room too, and went up to the magistrate and said something to him. The magistrate called the constable and said something to him, and then the constable told all the people to leave the room. Then he and the magistrate were alone again.

'Lad ...' The magistrate took off his spectacles and leaned forward. 'Do you understand what has just happened here?'

'Can I go home now, your worshipful lord?' He was suddenly very scared. 'Is the forest woman finished now?'

The cheeks bulged in and out. 'I don't think you really understand. Many years ago a child disappeared in the Forest, the child of the woman who was here a moment ago. The possibility that you could be that child was very great, but I had to make sure first. I sent for the woman, and I sent for you as well. Then I put you between four other boys so that it would be difficult for her to pick out her own child. But she came in and recognized you without a hint of doubt. Do you understand now what that means?'

'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child,' he cried. Something was very wrong.

'Wait, lad, this has not been an easy task for me. At the beginning you will find it strange to be back amongst your own people but you will soon get used to it. I am very disappointed, though, that no one reported that you were there with the Coloured people in the Long Kloof.'

'I'm Fiela Komoetie's hand-child.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I'm her hand-child. The good Lord gave me to her.' He was suddenly as afraid as on the day his boat had drifted too deep out into the pool. When he tried to reach it, there was suddenly only water around him. His feet could not touch the ground and every time his head came above the water, he was pulled down again. Then Tollie was there and Tollie helped him to where he could stand again. 'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child, your worshipful lord. I swear to it, master. The forest woman's lying if she says I'm her child.'

The magistrate came down from the pulpit and came and stood right in front of him. 'You are not Fiela Komoetie's child. I think you are big enough to realize it yourself and that is why I don't want you to be unnecessarily difficult. You are going home with your parents now and I will be inquiring regularly how things are going. One day when you're grown up, you will come back and thank me for this deed.'

'I'm Fiela Komoetie's child, master, we're not penniless people, I swear. I have five shillings to prove it.' He was saying everything round the wrong way because he had to hurry for the magistrate was already on his way to the door. 'Please, master!'

'I never want to hear you use the word *master* again! You're a white child and you will learn to speak like a white child.'

'Please, your worshipful lord, I'm Fiela Komoetie's child and Selling Komoetie is my father!'

But the magistrate did not believe him.

In what ways does Matthee make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel?

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

The house was filled with silence, and the odor of the toilet floated on the air. The rooms opening off the earthen floor were dark, but sunlight was streaming in through a window somewhere at the back of the house and had spread a bright patch, like a saffron-colored wrapping cloth, in the middle of the floor of one of the farther rooms.

5

“Good day,” the mother called.

She waited awhile. There was no answer. She called again.

Hatsue came down the ladder-like steps at the side of the earth-floored room.

“Why, Auntie!” she said. She was wearing quiet-colored work-pants, and her hair was tied with a yellow ribbon.

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“That’s a pretty ribbon,” the mother complimented her. As she spoke she made a thorough inspection of this girl for whom her son was so lovesick.

It may have been her imagination, but Hatsue’s face seemed a little haggard, her complexion a little pale. And because of this her black eyes, clear and shining, seemed all the more prominent.

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Becoming aware of the other’s scrutiny, Hatsue blushed.

The mother was firm in her courage. She would meet Terukichi, champion her son’s innocence, lay bare her heart, and get the two married. The only solution to the situation was for the two parents to talk it over face to face. . . .

“Is your father at home?”

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“Yes, he is.”

“I’ve something to talk over with him. Will you please tell him so?”

“Just a minute.”

Hatsue climbed the stairs, an uneasy expression on her face.

The mother took a seat on the step leading up from the earthen room into the house proper. . . .

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She waited a long time, wishing she had brought cigarettes with her. And as she waited her courage drooped. She began to realize what folly her imagination had led her into.

The stairs creaked softly as Hatsue started down. But she did not come all the way. She called from mid-stairs, seeming to bend her body slightly. The stairs were dark and her face could not be seen clearly as she looked down.

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“Uh . . . Father says he won’t see you. . . .”

“He won’t see me?”

“That’s right, but . . .”

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With this reply the mother’s courage was utterly crushed, and her feeling of humiliation spurred her to a fit of passion. In a flash she recalled her long life of sweat and toil, all the hardships she had faced as a widow. Then, in a tone of voice that sounded as though she were spitting in someone’s face—but not until she was already half out the front door—she bawled out:

40

“All right then! So you say you don’t want to see a poor widow. You mean you don’t want me to cross your threshold ever again. Well, let me tell you something—and you tell that father of yours—hear! Tell him I said it first—that never in my life will I ever cross his damned threshold again!”

In what ways does Mishima create tension at this moment in the novel?

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone*

- 7 How does the way in which Anouilh portrays the guards contribute to the impact of the play?

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

- 8 How does Desai vividly convey Ravi's excitement and his disappointment in the story 'Games at Twilight'?

ATHOL FUGARD: *'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Fugard makes Hally's father have a dramatic impact in the play even though he never appears on stage.

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 10 How does Ibsen make Peter Stockmann, the Mayor, such a memorable and important character in the play?

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

- 11 Explore how Matthee makes Fiela Komoetie such a powerful character through the description of her life in the Long Kloof.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 12 To what extent does Mishima encourage you to sympathise with Chiyoko, the lighthouse keeper's daughter?

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