



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education



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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/03**

Paper 3: Set Text

**October/November 2013**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

Additional Materials: Answer booklet/Paper

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**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.

**DO NOT WRITE IN ANY BARCODES.**

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.

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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **5** 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:

- Creon:* . . . Don't you think I'm as revolted as you are by that flesh rotting in the sun? You can smell it in the palace already, at night when the wind blows from the sea. It makes me feel quite sick. But I shan't even shut my window. The whole business is not only horrible, but also – between ourselves – abysmally stupid. But it's necessary that Thebes should smell the body for a while. I myself would have preferred to have your brother buried, just for reasons of hygiene. But to make those clods I govern understand what's what, the city has to stink of Polynices' corpse for a month. 5
- Antigone:* You're loathsome. 10
- Creon:* Yes, child. It's my job. Whether that job should or shouldn't be done is a matter for discussion. But if it is done, it has to be done like this.
- Antigone:* Why do you have to do it?
- Creon:* One morning I woke up King of Thebes. Though heaven knows there were things in life I loved better than power. 15
- Antigone:* Then you should have said no!
- Creon:* I might have. But suddenly I felt like a workman refusing a job. It didn't seem right. I said yes.
- Antigone:* That's your look-out. I didn't say yes! What do I care about your politics and what you 'have' to do and all your paltry affairs! I can still say no to anything I don't like, and I alone am the judge. You, with your crown and your guards and your paraphernalia – all you can do, because you said yes, is have me put to death. 20
- Creon:* Listen –
- Antigone:* I needn't if I don't want to. There's nothing more you can tell me. But you drink in every word I say. If you don't summon your guards it's because you want to hear me out. 25
- Creon:* Huh!
- Antigone:* You're not amused – you're afraid. That's why you're trying to save me. It would suit you best to keep me here in the palace, alive but silent. You're too sensitive to be a tyrant. But just the same, as you know very well, you're going to have me put to death presently. And that's why you're afraid. Not a pretty sight, a man who's afraid. 30
- Creon:* (*dully*) All right – I am afraid. Afraid you won't change your mind and I'll have to have you killed. And I don't want to. 35
- Antigone:* I don't have to do what I don't want to! Perhaps you'd rather not have refused my brother a grave either? . . . Well?
- Creon:* I've told you already.
- Antigone:* But you did it just the same! And now, though you'd rather not, you're going to have me put to death. Is that what it means to be a king? 40

*Creon:* Yes!

*Antigone:* Poor Creon. And I, with my broken nails, and the bruises your guards have made on my arms, and my stomach all knotted up with fear – I'm a queen.

*Creon:* Have pity on me, then, and live. Your brother's body rotting under my windows is a high enough price to pay for law and order. My son loves you. I've paid enough. Don't force me to pay with you too.

*Antigone:* No. You said yes. You'll never stop paying!

What does Anouilh's writing make you feel about Creon and Antigone as you read this passage?

**ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories***

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

'I have read!' she exclaimed. 'Didn't you hear me?'

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'One more,' he told her, 'just one more,' he teased, and they laughed.

How does Desai make this ending to *Private Tuition by Mr Bose* so memorable?



**Turn over for Question 3.**

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

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

- Sam:** There's no collisions out there, Hally. Nobody trips or stumbles or bumps into anybody else. That's what that moment is all about. To be one of those finalists on that dance floor is like . . . like being in a dream about a world in which accidents don't happen.
- Hally:** (*Genuinely moved by Sam's image*) Jesus, Sam! That's beautiful! 5
- Willie:** (*Can endure waiting no longer*) I'm starting! (*Willie dances while Sam talks*)
- Sam:** Of course it is. That's what I've been trying to say to you all afternoon. And it's beautiful because that is what we want life to be like. But instead, like you said, Hally, we're bumping into each other all the time. Look at the three of us this afternoon: I've bumped into Willie, the two of us have bumped into you, you've bumped into your mother, she bumping into your Dad. . . . None of us knows the steps and there's no music playing. And it doesn't stop with us. The whole world is doing it all the time. Open a newspaper and what do you read? America has bumped into Russia, England is bumping into India, rich man bumps into poor man. Those are big collisions, Hally. They make for a lot of bruises. People get hurt in all that bumping, and we're sick and tired of it now. It's been going on for too long. Are we never going to get it right? . . . Learn to dance life like champions instead of always being just a bunch of beginners at it? 10
- Hally:** (*Deep and sincere admiration of the man*) You've got a vision, Sam! 15
- Sam:** Not just me. What I'm saying to you is that everybody's got it. That's why there's only standing room left for the Centenary Hall in two weeks' time. For as long as the music lasts, we are going to see six couples get it right, the way we want life to be.
- Hally:** But is that the best we can do, Sam . . . watch six finalists dreaming about the way it should be? 20
- Sam:** I don't know. But it starts with that. Without the dream we won't know what we're going for. And anyway I reckon there are a few people who have got past just dreaming about it and are trying for something real. Remember that thing we read once in the paper about the Mahatma Gandhi? Going without food to stop those riots in India? 25
- Hally:** You're right. He certainly was trying to teach people to get the steps right.
- Sam:** And the Pope.
- Hally:** Yes, he's another one. Our old General Smuts as well, you know. He's also out there dancing. You know, Sam, when you come to think of it, that's what the United Nations boils down to . . . a dancing school for politicians! 30
- Sam:** And let's hope they learn.
- Hally:** (*A little surge of hope*) You're right. We mustn't despair. Maybe there's some hope for mankind after all. Keep it up, Willie. (*Back to his table with determination*) This is a lot bigger than I thought. So what have we got? Yes, our title: "A World Without Collisions." 35
- Sam:** That sounds good! "A World Without Collisions."
- Hally:** Subtitle: "Global Politics on the Dance Floor." No. A bit too heavy, hey? What about "Ballroom Dancing as a Political Vision"? 40
- (*The telephone rings. Sam answers it*) 45
- Sam:** St. George's Park Tea Room . . . Yes, Madam . . . Hally, it's your Mom.

*Hally:* (*Back to reality*) Oh, God, yes! I'd forgotten all about that. Shit! Remember my words, Sam? Just when you're enjoying yourself, someone or something will come along and wreck everything.

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







Turn over for Question 5.

DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child*

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

'Please, master, I want to get down! I want to go home!' They did not take notice of him, they just laughed. 'Please, master!'

The tall one turned round sharply. 'Stop it now!' he said. 'We don't want trouble with you all the way, we've had enough difficulty in fetching you. If the constable had come to fetch you, you would have had a few good slaps by now. Keep quiet now and stop shifting about in your seat!'

'I want to go home, master. Please, master.'

'Stop your whining!'

He should have run away as Dawid had said.

Down at the foot of the mountain they came to a narrow, wooded ravine where the horses rested again. The short one got down to see whether the harness was still secure. When he lowered the hood, the world was lying open around them and the road along which they had come down the mountain was held up by stone walls all along the side of the mountain. Giant stone walls which only God could have built up there like that.

The road along the ravine was level and not so bad. But after about an hour, they were heading straight for another mountain – perhaps there would be a big hole through the mountain for the road and the cart. Three times nine is eighteen. No. The nearer they came to the mountain, the barer and rougher it looked.

'Is the road coming to an end out front there, master?'

'No. Sit still!' The tall one was still cross.

The road started to turn. Gradually. The more it turned, the wider the mountain split apart. The nearer they came to the split, the more it seemed as if it were two mountains, standing so close together that there would hardly be room for the horse-cart between them.

When the road turned in between the mountains it tumbled down a slope with the most frightening, soaring cliffs on either side. He knew they could never get down there without brakes, they would definitely be killed.

'Master, I want to get down!'

They did not look round or laugh. As the horses were taking the first bend, the short one threw himself to the middle and lay like that until they had rounded the bend.

'Master, I want to get down!'

Round the next bend the tall one threw *his* body to the middle of the seat. It was not two mountains; it was one mountain that had been rent in two, and the deeper they went down into the chasm, the higher the cliffs became on each side. A stream of water rushed along beside the road over boulders and waterfalls; at times they were high above the stream, then down below it and then alongside it again. Enormous stone walls held the road to the sides of the mountain. Every so often, the road crossed the water on a narrow wooden bridge over which the horses' hooves and the cart's wheels made a different, rumbling sound. Deeper and deeper they drove into the mountain's belly. The road was a red-brown snake twisting and searching for a way out.

'Master, if a cart comes the other way we're dead!'

On some of the bends the road was so narrow that he was sure the cart had gone round with one wheel in the air. White, foamy sweat broke out on the horses' backs. Everything around them became the same red-brown colour: the road, the rocks, the stone walls, the dust. Upright and upside-down became the same feeling – only the streak of sky above the gash was blue.

When the road found its way out of the mountain, his head was giddy. They came to a ford where the horses pulled and tugged them through and on the other side they unharnessed.

They were in a ravine once more. In front of them was yet another mountain. A higher one.

'Whichever way I look, it's just mountains, master!' he said to the short one.

'This is De Vlucht and the mountain you see ahead of us, is De Vlucht Mountain. It's a tough one.'

The two men ate. He was not hungry. He wanted to cry and he wanted to go home.

Explore the ways in which Matthee vividly captures the boy's thoughts and feelings here.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

Even the richest houses in the village did not have their own baths, and on this night Terukichi Miyata went to the public bath as usual. He brushed through the curtain at the entrance with a haughty toss of the head, ripped off his clothes as though plucking a fowl, and flung them toward a wicker basket. His singlet and sash missed the basket and scattered themselves across the floor. Clicking his tongue loudly, he picked the garments up with his toes and threw them in the basket. It was an awesome sight to those who were watching, but this was one of the few opportunities left for Hatsue's father to give public proof that, old though he was, his vigor was undiminished.

5

Actually, his aged nudity was a marvel to behold. His gold-and-copper-colored limbs showed no sign of slackness, and above his piercing eyes and stubborn forehead his white hair bristled wildly like the mane of a lion. His chest was a ruddy red from many years of heavy drinking, providing an impressive contrast for his white hair. His bulging muscles had become hardened through long disuse, reinforcing the impression of a crag that has become all the more precipitous under the pounding of the waves.

10

It might be better to say that Terukichi was the personification of all Uta-jima's toil and determination and ambition and strength. Full of the somewhat uncouth energy of a man who had raised his family from nothing to wealth in a single generation, he was also narrow-minded enough never to have accepted any public office in the village, a fact that made him all the more respected by the leading people of the village. The uncanny accuracy of his weather predictions, his matchless experience in matters of fishing and navigation, and the great pride he took in knowing all the history and traditions of the island were often offset by his uncompromising stubbornness, his ludicrous pretensions, and his pugnacity, which abated not a whit with the years. But in any case he was an old man who, while still living, could act like a bronze statue erected to his own memory – and without appearing ridiculous.

15

20

25

He slid open the glass door leading from the dressing-room into the bath.

The bathroom was fairly crowded, and through the clouds of steam there appeared the vague outlines of people moving about. The ceiling resounded with the sounds of water, the light tapping noises of wooden basins, and laughing conversation; the room was filled with abundant hot water and a feeling of release after the day's labor.

30

Terukichi never rinsed his body before entering the pool. Now as always he walked in long, dignified strides directly from the door to the pool and, without further ado, thrust his legs into the water. It made no difference to him how hot the water might be. Terukichi had no more interest in such things as the possible effect of heat upon his heart and the blood vessels in his brain than he had in, say, perfume or neckties.

35

Even though their faces got splashed with water, when the bathers realized it was Terukichi they nodded to him courteously. Terukichi immersed himself up to his arrogant chin.

40

How does Mishima make this such a striking introduction to the character of Terukichi Miyata?

**SECTION B**

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**JEAN ANOUILH: *Antigone***

- 7 In what ways does Anouilh make the differences between Antigone and her sister, Ismene, so dramatic?

**ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories***

- 8 How far does Desai make it possible for you to sympathise with Rakesh (the son) in *A Devoted Son*?

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

- 9 By the end of the play does Fugard make you feel angry with Hally or sorry for Hally?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People***

- 10 In what ways does Ibsen make Petra such an admirable character in the play?

**DALENE MATTHEE: *Fiela's Child***

- 11 How far does Matthee make it possible for you to sympathise with Elias van Rooyen?

**YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves***

- 12 In what ways does Mishima make Yasuo such an unpleasant character in the novel?

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